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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. CLXXX.

JULY—DECEMBER 1906.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;
AND
37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

1906.

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MLXXXIX

JULY 1906.

VOL. CLXXX.

CONTENTS.

GEORGE BUCHANAN. BY CHARLES WHIBLEY, . . .	1
THE DAFT DAYS. A NOVEL. CHAPS. I.-III.	
BY NEIL MUNRO,	17
SONNETS. A SOLDIER TO A SECRETARY OF STATE FOR	
WAR,	34
REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.—1606-1906. BY D. S. MELDRUM,	36
A SOUTHRON IN SUTHERLAND. BY A. T. S. GOODRICK,	55
THE FAIRWAY. BY OLIVER ONIONS,	70
FORTY SINGING SEAMEN. BY ALFRED NOYES, . . .	86
COUNT BUNKER.—CONCLUSION. BY J. S. CLOUSTON, .	90
THE GREATEST GAME-BEAST IN EUROPE.	
BY HESKETH PRICHARD,	104
'THE TIMES' HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH	
AFRICA.—I.,	116
RECENT SOCIAL EVENTS OF STRIKING SIGNIFICANCE, .	124
THE KATORI—THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ORDER OF ST MICHAEL	
AND ST GEORGE.	
MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD,	128
THE OUTRAGE AT MADRID—THE QUALITIES OF THE ANARCHIST	
—A VICTIM OF TEMPERAMENT—"POLITICAL CRIME"—THE	
"HONOUR" OF ASSASSINS—HOW TO TREAT THE ANARCHIST—	
HENRIK IBSEN—HIS LIFE AND WORKS—THE FOLLY OF IBSENISM.	
MOVING TOWARDS A TERRITORIAL ARMY.	
BY GENERAL E. F. CHAPMAN, C.B.,	137
EDUCATION BILL IN COMMITTEE. A POLITICAL KAL-	
EIDOSCOPE,	142

EDINBURGH:

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 GEORGE STREET,
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To whom all Communications must be addressed.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MXC.

AUGUST 1906.

VOL. CLXXX.

CONTENTS.

LAND FOR MILITARY TRAINING. AN APPEAL AND A SUGGESTION.	
BY COLONEL G. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF, C.I.E., R.E.,	153
THE UNEXPECTED. BY JACK LONDON,	164
THE DAFT DAYS. A NOVEL. CHAPS. IV.-VI.	
BY NEIL MUNRO,	181
FOLK, FISH, AND FLOWERS IN MONTENEGRO.	
BY RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., .	197
"WHITE V'LETS." BY E. GARTH FELIX,	212
THE SWEETHEART SWEEP.	
BY SIR J. GEORGE SCOTT, K.C.I.E.,	227
THE HIGHWAYMAN. BY ALFRED NOYES,	244
'THE TIMES' HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.—II.,	248
ON HEATHER-BURNING.	
BY LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR HENRY SMITH, K.C.B., .	258
CROFTERS, PAST AND PRESENT,	264
THE MILITARY OBLIGATIONS OF EMPIRE,	275
THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, THE SCHOOLS, AND THE LORDS,	282

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AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

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BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MXCI

SEPTEMBER 1906.

VOL. CLXXX.

CONTENTS.

ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN AND KHALIF, AND THE PAN- ISLAMIC MOVEMENT,	291
A MAN'S <i>BÊTE-NOIRE</i> ,	311
"A GENTLEMAN OF RANK." BY WALTER B. HARRIS, .	327
THE COALITION CABINET: BEHIND THE SCENES, .	343
PO-THET. BY MAJOR MORRIS BENT,	351
THE DAFT DAYS. A NOVEL. CHAPS. VII.-IX. BY NEIL MUNRO,	361
THE STAGHOUND—PAST AND PRESENT. BY T. F. DALE,	381
A TREK IN THE KALAHARI. BY HON. R. H. BRAND, .	389
THE NEW SPIRIT IN INDIA. BY SIR C. H. T. CROSTHWAITE, K.C.S.I.,	403
MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD,	415
THE RADICAL GOVERNMENT—OUR PRIME MINISTER'S POLICY AND MANNERS—THE TYRANNY OF THE "MANDATE"—NONCON- FORMITY AND LABOUR—THE BASE SURRENDER IN SOUTH AFRICA —VAIN HATERS OF THEIR OWN COUNTRY—THE WORSHIP OF THE PARISH PUMP—THE SINGLE TRIUMPH OF THE RADICALS.	
THE SEVENTH DUKE OF RUTLAND,	425

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AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications must be addressed.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MXCII.

OCTOBER 1906.

VOL. CLXXX.

CONTENTS.

THE SPEED OF THE CAPITAL SHIP, . . .	435
THE BLUE-STOCKINGS. BY J. H. LOBBAN, . .	452
MY GREEN FROGS,	470
CONSTANTINOPLE: A REMINISCENCE, . . .	485
THE DAFT DAYS. A NOVEL. CHAPS. X.-XII.	
BY NEIL MUNRO,	502
CONCERNING A GENERAL STAFF.	
BY MAJOR G. F. MACMUNN, D.S.O., . .	520
GUNGA WATER. BY EDMUND CANDLER, . .	534
FROM THE SHORE. BY ALFRED NOYES, . .	548
MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.—CHARLES JAMES FOX, .	550
THE RADICALS AND THE LAND.	
BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART., . .	561
THE GOVERNMENT BILL AND THE WEST RIDING	
JUDGMENT,	575

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AND 37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

To whom all Communications must be addressed.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MXCIIL.

NOVEMBER 1906.

VOL. CLXXX.

CONTENTS.

A WINTER AT THE COURT OF AN ABSOLUTE MONARCH. WITH THE DANE MISSION TO KABUL.	
BY A. H. GRANT, I.C.S., POLITICAL ASSISTANT,	587
SIR HENRY IRVING,	613
NEW YORK. BY CHARLES WHIBLEY,	622
OUR FRIEND THE MULE. BY J. K.,	631
THE DAFT DAYS. A NOVEL. CHAPS. XIII.-XV.	
BY NEIL MUNRO,	639
A PEEP AT CORSICA. BY ANDREW BALFOUR,	656
THE PATRON. BY CHARLES OLIVER,	668
DEAN SWIFT IN DUBLIN.	
BY J. H. BERNARD, DEAN OF ST PATRICK'S,	676
SOME ETHICS AND AN ACCIDENT: A DAY'S FISHING IN WYOMING. BY JOHN MARVYN,	694
THE VOYAGE OF THE "SCOTIA."	
BY ADMIRAL SIR A. H. MARKHAM, K.C.B.,	705
MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD,	719
'THE TIMES' AND THE PUBLISHER—THE REAL OBJECT OF 'THE TIMES.'	
THE SCOTTISH CHURCHES: AN APPEAL.	
BY THE VERY REV. WILLIAM MAIR, D.D., EX-MODERATOR OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND,	728

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To whom all Communications must be addressed.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MXCIV.

DECEMBER 1906.

VOL. CLXXX.

CONTENTS.

TURKISH CAPTIVES: HAREM LIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE,	733
LONDON. BY A FRONTIERSMAN,	750
THE CAKE OF MITHRIDATES. BY JOHN DAVIDSON, .	760
THE WORKING OF A FRENCH GENERAL ELECTION.	
BY V. HUSSEY WALSH,	763
THE MAN WHO HAD NO COURAGE.	
BY LYDIA MILLER MACKAY,	774
THE ZIONISTS. BY COLONEL C. R. CONDER, R.E., .	780
IN SOUTH DOWN GORSE COVERTS.	
BY ERNEST ROBINSON,	789
THE DAFT DAYS. A NOVEL. CHAPS. XVI., XVII.	
BY NEIL MUNRO,	797
THE FESTIVAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION AT TENOS.	
BY MARY HAMILTON,	810
THE LIFE OF ISABELLA BIRD (MRS BISHOP), . . .	821
WITH A CAR TO THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES.	
BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ON THE HEELS OF DE WET,'	831
BOSTON. BY CHARLES WHIBLEY,	850
THE NEW EQUALITY. BY J. K.,	859
MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD,	861
THE POPLAR UNION—THE RAPID GROWTH OF PAUPERISM—THE POLICY OF MESSRS CROOKS AND LANSBURY—THE DIVERSIONS OF MR M'CARTHY—AN EXPERIMENT IN SOCIALISM—RECENT LEGIS- LATION—THE GOVERNMENT'S ILL-OMENED ECONOMY.	
INDEX,	870

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JULY 1906.

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GEORGE BUCHANAN.

"THERE is (to me)," wrote Charles Lever to John Blackwood in 1863, "a memory of school-days in the grim old face on the cover of the Magazine, that brings back more fitting thoughts of long ago than I believed could have been evoked by anything." To many besides Lever there has been a memory in the grim old face, even though they knew not to whom it belonged,—a memory of sound learning and Tory politics, of travel and romance. And who is the patron, under whose beard the many triumphs of 'Blackwood's Magazine' have been achieved? He

has been variously mistaken for Christopher North, Dr Maginn, and the Ettrick Shepherd. While some have declared him the author of 'The Book of the Farm,' others are confident that he is the founder of the House. And it will come as a disappointment to many that he is none other than George Buchanan, who was once universally believed to be the greatest man of letters ever born in Scotland, and who, even though he has outlived his glory, deserves all the respect that can be shown him on this the four-hundredth anniversary of his birth.

I.

George Buchanan was the type and exemplar of the wandering Scot. He was of the adventurous band which made its country's name glorious for arms and arts from one end

of Europe to another. If the hard life of an inhospitable land sent forth the many profound scholars and brave soldiers, who taught and fought wherever there was a professor's

rostrum or a field of battle, the kindlier soil of France or High Germany encouraged the growth both of learning and courage. The Scots abroad proved themselves as nimble with their swords as with their brains. They were as ready to enter a quarrel as to begin an argument. *Fier comme ung Escossois* passed into a commonplace; and it is not surprising, when we remember how quick to anger and valiant in combat were the heroes of the sixteenth century. There was Thomas Dempster, for instance, who not only professed the humanities at Toulouse and Paris, at Pisa and Bologna, but who was so stout a man of his hands that he once made prisoners three soldiers sent to castigate him. And there was Francis Sinclair, who fought mathematically, and professed mathematics like a soldier. And there was James Crichton, *Scotus Admirabilis*, whose prowess in the schools and in the tourney has been celebrated by the most eloquent of his compatriots, and who for three centuries has inhabited the gracious realm of romance.

Thus from the Netherlands to Muscovy the Scots met the scholars of all nations on equal terms. The world, sharply divided by politics, knew no boundaries of intelligence, and, as Latin was the universal language, human intercourse was not hindered by diversity of speech. There was no essential difference, save in the quality of the professors, between the colleges of Scotland and France. And George Buchanan, in leaving his own land, changed

neither his tongue nor the course of his instruction. Born in 1506, of a family that was more ancient than rich, he lost his father in early youth, and was sent by an uncle to Paris in 1520; and thus he began the life of a wandering scholar, which ceased only with his return to Scotland after forty adventurous years. The Paris to which he came was the last stronghold of scholasticism. The New Learning had not yet crossed the Alps, and the study of Greek, which Erasmus had carried to Cambridge twenty years before, was still regarded in Paris as pestilent and heretical. But Buchanan was not checked on the road of scholarship by the scruples of faith. Already profoundly versed in the reading and writing of Latin, he presently taught himself Greek, and, when the years had matured his talent, his knowledge of the classical tongues was unrivalled in France. Meanwhile his ardour for learning had suffered a check. In 1522 his uncle died, and poverty sent him back to Scotland. Here he took part in the Duke of Albany's hapless expedition against England, and won that acquaintance with warfare which well became the scholars of his time. A year later he visited St Andrews, that he might sit at the feet of John Major, who, to cite Buchanan's own words, *tum ibi dialecticen, aut verius sophisticen, in extrema senectute docebat*. That Buchanan ever had much sympathy with the system of John Major, the

last and greatest of the schoolmen, is unlikely, and before long he became one of the old professor's bitterest opponents. But his sojourn at St Andrews taught him the worst of the ancient method, and inspired the lines which, together with Rabelais' contemptuous reference, keep alive the fame and name of Major. Among the books which Pantagruel found in the library of St Victor was Major's treatise *De modo faciendi boudinos*. Buchanan is more highly elaborate in his satire than Rabelais. Here is his epigram :

"Cum scateat nugis solo cognomine
Major,
Nec sit in immenso pagina sana
libro :
Non mirum, titulis quod se veracibus
ornat :
Nec semper mendax fingere Creta
solet."

Buchanan, however, did not remain long in Scotland. In a few years he was back in Paris, living the hard life of a beggar-student, picking up a crust where he might, and engaged in a fierce tussle with fortune. And then increasing renown brought him prosperity. Not merely was he Regent at St Barb, the most highly enlightened college in Paris, but he held the honourable office of Procurator in the German Nation. Yet none knew better than he the penalties of scholarship. In the sixteenth as in the eighteenth century the reward of learning and poetry was "toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail." The deepest erudition was not enough to save a pro-

fessor from neglect. Devotion to the classics was powerless against the indifference of loafing students. In an elegy on the miserable lot of those who taught the humanities in Paris, George Buchanan has described with much feeling the hardships which he himself suffered. At four o'clock a watchman aroused the college from a tardy and broken slumber. At five a bell summoned the scholars to their work. Then there enters the master in cap and gown, his cane in one hand, his Virgil in the other : in vain he insists upon silence ; in vain he expounds the text of the poet ; the scholars sleep or look about them, complain of sickness or write their letters home. Then the master must needs use his rod, and the day, begun in sloth, is passed in tears. So the foolish round of sleep and toil is complete, with hardly an hour for dinner. And, even if the master ensures a moment's tranquillity, he is soon disturbed by a racketing crowd of idlers from the city, under whose iron-bound shoes the very earth trembles. And how is the wretch repaid ? By the ingratitude of scholars, the discontent of parents, and by grinding poverty :

"Denique quicquid agis, comes assidet
improba egestas,
Sive poema canis, sive poema
doces."

Buchanan both sang and taught, with small profit to himself, and his farewell to the Muses, said when he left the college of St Barb, was doubtless sincere, despite its formal-

ity. "Ite leves nugæ," said the poet in bitterness of heart—

"Ite leves nugæ, sterilesque valetæ
Camænæ,
Gratæque Phœbeæ Castalis unda
choro.

Ite, sat est : primos vobiscum absump-
simus annos,
Optima pars vitæ deperiitque meæ."

Nevertheless, Buchanan's vocation was loud and imperious. Like many a college don before and since, he clung to the office which he affected to despise. Born to scholarship, he could not avoid his destiny; and his happiness was complete if only he were permitted the privilege of complaint. After all, were there not compensations in a life of study? What mattered it that he got up early, sat up late, and ate the bread of sorrow, if he might surprise the secrets of the past and echo in his numbers the voice of Virgil and Horace? Nor must it be forgotten that Buchanan's profession summoned him to the land he loved best in the world. To him, indeed, as to countless others, France was at once a solace and an inspiration. Three centuries after Buchanan, Thackeray paid his tribute of respect. "I never landed at Calais pier," said he, "without feeling that a load of sorrow was left on the other side of the water." And when Buchanan had deserted the arid wastes of Lusitania and the pasturage fertile only in poverty, he sang so noble a pean to France as proved that the horror of the watchman's bell was not

always in his ear. In his best iambics he greets the happy land of Gaul, *bonarum blanda nutrix artium*. He celebrates her nimble air and fertile soil, her wooded glades and sheep-covered downs, her mountain streams, her stately rivers, and her hospitable ports. He pays homage to her splendid cities, her modest life, her easy converse, her polished manners. But, declares he, if she be amiable in peace, she is unconquerable in war—an amiable friend and a gallant enemy. What wonder, then, if he pay the allegiance of a son? "Ni patrio te amore diligam," he writes,

"et colam

Dum vivo, rursus non recuso visere
Jejuna misere tesqua Lusitanie,
Glebasque tantum fertiles penurie."

His fidelity to France severed him for many a year from his native land. But in 1535 he returned thither with the Earl of Cassilis for a pupil, and, as is proved by the Treasurer's Accounts,¹ was closely bound for some years to the Court. On February 16, 1535, by the King's gracious precept and special command, George Buchanan received so many ells of "pareis blak" for the making of a gown and other liveries—viz., hose, bonnets, hocquetons, and doublets. And three years later the munificent gift was repeated. But, confident in the friendship of the Court, Buchanan had grossly offended the rulers of the Church. Inspired, one likes to think, by the example

¹ These are quoted in Mr Hume Brown's erudite 'Life of George Buchanan.'

of Rabelais, he had attacked the Franciscans in a set of bitter, rasping satires. He had held up to the general ridicule their sloth, their greed, their ignorance. His verses, courageous as they were sincere, won the approval of the King; but not even the King could save the poet from punishment, and he was thrown into prison under suspicion of harbouring Lutheran doctrines. On his enlargement nothing remained save flight, and after a brief sojourn in England he once more found refuge in the kindly city of Paris.

But a bitter disappointment awaited him. The worst of all his enemies, Cardinal Beaton, was there on an embassy, and lost no time in stirring up the French Government to avenge the insulted Franciscans. Unwilling to offend the Scottish Ambassador, Paris threatened Buchanan with expulsion or imprisonment; and he, like many another persecuted scholar, bowed to the storm. Discreetly leaving the capital, he made his way to Bordeaux, where his friend, André de Gouvéa, presided over the Collège de Guyenne, and where a chair was speedily found for him. Fortunate in his colleagues, he was fortunate also in his pupils. Among them he numbered Montaigne, who amply repaid the debt of gratitude he owed his master by such a meed of praise as was sufficient of itself to confer immortality. "The famous Scottish Poet"—thus he described him, and after this handsome tribute we cannot grudge the Essayist the

trifling boast, wherewith he capped it. George Buchanan and his other domestic tutors often told him, said he, "that in his infancy he had the Latin tongue so ready and perfect that themselves feared to take him in hand." Nor was this all: he further declared that when Buchanan—whom afterward he saw attending the Mareschal de Brissac—was about to write a treatise on the instruction of children, he took the model and pattern from him. For this statement there is no support, yet it matters not, since Montaigne has explained his own method with a fulness of eloquence and illustration after which Buchanan, his master, might have limped in vain.

Such was Buchanan's good fortune, even in times of stress, to be honoured in the honour of his pupils. And his sojourn at Bordeaux, by knitting more closely the ties of friendship which bound him to André de Gouvéa, persuaded him to the adventure which he regarded as the unhappiest of his career, but which the eye of romance may contemplate without displeasure. In 1547 King John of Portugal desired to restore the University of Coimbra to eminence, and he invited André de Gouvéa to undertake the task. De Gouvéa, consenting, enrolled such of his ancient colleagues as were willing to teach humane letters and the rudiments of Aristotle's philosophy. Buchanan, as he tells us, needed little inducement to accept de Gouvéa's proposal. The whole of Europe was at

war or on the verge of war; and the scholar, who had now passed his eighth lustrum, confesses that he saw in Portugal the one corner likely to remain undisturbed. Moreover, he was invited not so much to travel as to live among friends and neighbours, and so hopefully did he view the prospect that he asked his brother Patrick to be of the party. Alas, for human hopes! Within a year de Gouvêa was dead, the College of Coimbra had closed its doors, and Buchanan and his colleagues were handed over to the Inquisition. Upon Buchanan the misfortune fell most heavily. The Church had an ancient score to settle with the scourger of monks, though the King had promised to overlook the offence; and the voice

of detraction was soon busy. He had eaten meat in Lent, said one, which, in fact, was the general habit of Spain. He had declared, said another, that Augustine's views on the Eucharist were heretical. It was affirmed by more than one witness that he was not a sound Catholic. And his persecutors, in zeal for their faith, shut him up in a monastery, that he might be taught the true doctrine by a set of monks who, as he confesses, were not inhuman nor evilly-disposed, but merely ignorant. That the scholar chafed at the impertinence is plain enough. But he solaced his leisure by turning the Psalms into Latin verse, and he took the first chance, offered by a Cretan ship, to make his way to England.

II.

Such are some of the adventures which befell this travelling Scot on his journey through the world. With Latin for a key to unlock the gates of learning, he taught and lectured wherever his destiny placed him. And all the while he had pursued his true craft of letters with zeal and success. During his sojourn in France the triumph of Humanism had been complete, and few scholars had made themselves better masters of the New Learning than George Buchanan. Wherever scholasticism found an enemy, Buchanan found a friend. He fought against the folly of

Duns Scotus and the superstitions of the monks with as keen a blade as any of them. And his literary fame made him a citizen of the whole world. Nor is it a wild conjecture to suppose that he lived on terms of easy friendship with the leaders of the school. Guillaume Budé and Vinet were his intimates, and surely Budé must have made him acquainted with the great Rabelais himself. That Rabelais frequented the society of Scots has been proved by the fact, ingeniously demonstrated by Professor Ker, that Panurge, in displaying his knowledge of the English tongue, used the dialect of

North Britain.¹ Nor was Budé the only link which might have united Buchanan and Rabelais. Briand de Vallée was the friend of both, and while Buchanan addressed to this Senator of Bordeaux a witty and characteristic elegy, *pro Lena Apologia*, to Rabelais he was "le tant bon, tant vertueux, tant docte et équitable président Briand de Vallée, Seigneur du Douhet." There remains Cardinal du Bellay, who knew them both, and doubtless extolled to each the virtues of the other.

But there is a yet graver reason why Buchanan and Rabelais should have been well acquainted. The end and purpose of their writings was the same. They assailed the same abuses, they preached the same gospel. If you may compare dissimilar things, it might be said that Buchanan was the Scottish Rabelais. His early works were designed, like *Gargantua* and *Pantagruel*, for the encouragement of sound learning and good-humour, and for the discomfiture of idle friars and other squint-minded persons. Though nothing could be farther apart than Buchanan's trim Latin and the coloured, authentic speech of Rabelais, *Somnium*, *Palinodia*, and *Franciscanus* are a genuine, if frugal, rendering of *Pantagruelism*. Buchanan was as

little devoted to a cloistered life as Rabelais. He, too, lived freely in the world; he, too, enjoyed the sounds and sights of the open air; he, too, refused to pass his days in the idle mortification of the flesh; and it is difficult to believe that the two evangelists of learning and merriment, sharing the same friends, did not also frequent the same taverns.

And during his many years of wandering, Buchanan met with all the respect that is shown to a master. He was poor; perhaps he was hungry; but he always preserved the dignity of his calling. If literature was not lucrative, at least it was distinguished; and if the writer's pocket were empty, his profession skilled him in the writing of begging-letters. Though he was no rival to Erasmus in the delicate art of extracting money from the rich man's pocket by cunning words, he was not without proficiency, as many an epigram remains to show. It was his amiable practice to flatter his patron in verse, and to hide the serious object of his quest beneath the sheltering cloak of humour. On one occasion he suggests to Lennox that he will gladly receive anything he may give him except his gout; and it is thus that he persuades Mary to benevolence, in the days before

¹ Is it too fantastic to suggest that Rabelais learned the little English (or Scots) that he had from Buchanan himself? The careers of the two men were parallel, and the legendary Buchanan owed not a little to Rabelais. All the chapbooks describe George Buchanan's encounter with a French or Italian professor of signs, and it is clear where he came from. If Buchanan was not Rabelais' master of Scots, then surely it was Florence Wilson, another friend and secretary of Cardinal du Bellay.

he assailed her with bitter words—

“Do quod adest : opto quod abest tibi :
dona darentur

Aurea, sors animo si foret æqua meo.
Hoc leve si credis, paribus me ulciscere
donis :

Et quod abest, opta tu mihi : da quod
adest.”

To-day the patron is dead, and the client is despised. It is not surprising, therefore, that Buchanan's importunity has appeared disgraceful to many. But without reason. In the sixteenth century there was no eager public to dictate what should be written for its amusement, and the man of letters thought it as little shame to ask for money as kings and nobles to give it. And who should demand these honourable alms, if not George Buchanan? By common consent he was regarded as the first poet of his time. Montaigne's tribute has already been quoted—“ce grand

poète escossois,”—and it does not stand alone. Estienne, in a preface to the poet's version of the Psalms, described him as “poetarum nostri sæculi facile princeps.” Guy Patin, using the very language of hyperbole, declared that Virgil wrote no better verses than Buchanan, and that it took fifteen centuries to make another Virgil. And Joseph Scaliger, not to be outdone, composed an epigram of equal happiness and extravagance to the one poet who, as he said, left all others in Europe behind :

“Namque ad supremum perducta
Poetica culmen

In te stat, nec quo progrediatur
habet.

Imperii fuerat Romani Scotia limes :
Romani eloquii Scotia finis erit.”

In these four lines are all the qualities of the lapidary style. They are not too long to be cut upon stone, and it is evident that Scaliger, in writing them, was not upon oath.

III.

Thus the chorus of praise was swelled, and we cannot but ask, Was it justified? At the outset, let it be said that we must not judge the poets and critics of the sixteenth century by the standards of to-day. Latin was then the universal language of cultivated Europe, and scholars wrote, as they thought, in what is now a dead language. Where Erasmus, the greatest man of letters among them all, led the way, why should not Buchanan follow? By avoiding his own vernacular he put the polish of

culture on his verse, and immeasurably increased his audience. He knew not that thus he was bartering the chance of immortality for an immediate fame. Great in his own age, he is but the shadow of a name in ours. He added nothing to the sum of human expression. He did not extend the boundary-stone of poetry by a single hand's-breath. He put on the style of others, as a man may wear a borrowed overcoat, and though the style fitted him it was not his own. Now, convention is the essence

of all the arts. Conventionality, which is the vice of convention, as sentimentality is the vice of sentiment, is their bane. Poets, like runners, *vitai lampada tradunt*. And Buchanan did not take the lamp from him who went before; he rummaged in the dust-heap of antiquity for an ancient lantern. Though the lantern which he found had once been bright, the choice was arbitrary. In other words, he used phrases, the coinage of a broken and revived tradition, which were more nearly allied to the *Gradus ad Parnassum* than to literature. His poems were written not because Buchanan was forced to write them, but because somebody else had written something which he thought worthy of imitation. Such is the road not of life but of death, and he who follows it is an antiquary rather than a poet. And thus it is that two lines written in the white heat of inspiration by Robert Burns are worth the complete works of him who, in Scaliger's eyes, had reached the top and pinnacle of poetic eminence.

It is, therefore, not among the authentic poets of the world that we must rank Buchanan. He did but compose exercises of unrivalled wit and elegance. Not even his *Calendæ Maiæ*, which won the admiration of Wordsworth, entitles him to wear the bays. But his Muse, as he called her, was apt for every enterprise, grave or joyous, complimentary or satiric. Her ease was as conspicuous

as her variety. Wherever Horace or Virgil, Seneca or Martial, gave the lead, she followed with spirit and address. As a Latin versifier, indeed, Buchanan deserved all the praise that has been heaped upon him by the lavish hand of Scaliger and others. Though he was not guiltless of false quantities, the fact that he allowed himself certain freedoms forbidden to schoolboys proves that he handled his material like a man of letters, and not like a pedant. Whether he excelled in satire or in drama, in epigram or in elegy, in epic or in song, the curious may dispute. It is the dead level of excellence which appears ominous to the critic. His mastery of many forms is equalled by his skill in the treatment of the classic metres. Hexameters, elegiacs, hendecasyllabics, iambics, sapphics, alcaics, asclepiads,—he uses them all with licence and facility. He was an adept in all the arts of honour and compliment. Of the many kings who ruled in his time, there are few at whose feet he did not lay the tribute of his praise. Charles V., “*Vasconidis regnator aquæ*”; Mary Stuart and Francis, “*fortunati ambo, et felici tempore nati, et thalamis juncti*”; Elizabeth, “*regina, princeps optima principum*”; Henry VIII., whom “*virtus Diis immortalibus æquum efficit*,”—he hymned them all in terms of elegant extravagance. It need not be supposed that in these exercises Buchanan's loyalty was deeply engaged. It is the man of letters, not the patriot, who

speaks in their well-turned lines. And he was as eloquent in satire as in encomium. It has already been said how he followed the same road as Rabelais in denouncing the monks: his *Franciscanus* and his *Fratres Fraterrimi* will remain models of their kind so long as they find readers. In his tragedies *Jephthes* and *Baptistes* he set himself to rival Seneca; in his translations from Euripides, wherein Montaigne took a part, he broke a lance with Erasmus himself. That he did all these things well is beyond cavil or dispute. Were they worth doing? Time has given a melancholy answer to the question.

When Buchanan was imprisoned in Portugal, he beguiled his leisure, as has been said, by making his celebrated paraphrase of the Psalms, the best known and in some respects the most skilful of his works. It is not a translation in the literal sense, but a collection of poems, composed in various metres, on the themes of the Psalms. Read wherever the Latin tongue was understood, Buchanan's paraphrase gave him a universal fame, and it is only a growing ignorance of the dead languages that has thrust it back into the bundle of literary curiosities. And, by a coincidence that has surprised some, Buchanan was addressing verses to Neæra, Leonora, and the rest at the very moment that he was composing his version of the Psalms. The coincidence is not surprising. As Paul Verlaine, a poet of our own times,

has insisted, man is a duplex creature, whom it amuses to express both sides of his genius at the same time. So Verlaine himself wrote *Parallèlement* as a relief to the austerity of *Sagesse* and *Bonheur*. So Buchanan took refuge from the Psalms in such love-poems as his rugged temper could devise. And the conjunction is less remarkable in Buchanan, because Leonora and Neæra were no more to him than were Julia and Anthea to the author of the *Hesperides*. His Muse, like Herrick's, was doubtless more jocund than his life; and the biographer who has been at the pains to clear him of a moral taint is merely ploughing the sands. Had not Catullus reproached his Lesbia with infidelity in sincere and immortal verse, Buchanan would have found no fault with the ladies of Portugal. But he was not one to shrink from his duty, and without diffidence he attempted to rival the greatest poet of them all. His courage, indeed, outran his discretion. Catullus puts no word upon paper at which he has not writhed and bled. Buchanan, in obedient pupilage, turns the armoury of rhetorical abuse upon Leonora, who was bred and lived in his fancy. With her for excuse, he exhausts the terms of obloquy and reproach. "*Matre impudica filia impudicior*,"—thus he addresses her, conscious, as you are, of the phrase's origin. With the candour of one who has never known or respected women, he catalogues her imperfections:

"Miniata labra, sordidæ creta genæ,
Hiatus oris indecens
Rictu canino."

And so on with wearisome iteration. He declares that she is as false as her painted face, her lying tongue, her brazen ring, and her gem that is but glass. And the declaration is made with so frank a brutality, that she is obviously no more than an exercise in Latin versification. Neæra is the invention of a finer subtlety. Though she, too, is the child of letters, not of experience, she is nearer to human life than her erring sister. One epigram there is, dedicated to her name, which should hold a place in every anthology:

"Illa mihi semper præsentī dura
Neæra,
Me quoties absum semper abesse
dolet;
Non desiderio nostri, non mæret
amore,
Sed se non nostro posse dolore frui."

Ingenious as they are, these lines have been turned into English with equal ingenuity by James Hannay:

"Neæra is harsh at our every greeting;
Whene'er I am absent, she wants
me again;
'Tis not that she loves me, or cares for
our meeting,—
She misses the pleasure of seeing
my pain."

And Neæra has yet another claim to our gratitude. Did not the tangles of her hair suggest to Milton an exquisite phrase?

IV.

In 1561 Buchanan, after many years of absence, returned to Scotland. He returned in an evil hour. Hitherto he had lived the tranquil life of a scholar and poet. It was now his destiny to mingle in the bitter fray of politics and theology. That he should have come badly out of it was foregone. As he had not been bred to affairs, so he had escaped the religious persecutions which had disgraced the continent of Europe. He was made of the same stuff as Erasmus and Rabelais, who thought that scholars might better serve the cause of learning than by being burnt alive. And he came to a country devastated by the passion of fanatical divines. His humanism could not endure the strain of Knox's friendship. He de-

scended from the professor's chair to the stool of the pamphleteer, and ever since his reputation has suffered. At first fortune smiled upon him. He found employment about the Court. He became a favourite of Queen Mary, with whom he read Livy, and to whom he addressed verses of ecstatic adulation. And then Darnley was murdered, and for Buchanan all was changed. Turned in an instant to a bitter partisan, he dipped his pen in the gall of gossip and slander, and in his famous *Detectio* he assailed Mary without ruth or scruple. For so doing his enemies have reproached him with ingratitude and inconsistency, and they have reproached him, it seems, unjustly. No man is compelled to hold with unwavering

tenacity the opinion which once he thought prudent. A crime may absolve the blandest courtier from the duty of continued devotion. The death of Darnley may have been for Buchanan a sufficient reason for opposing Mary and her policy with all his strength. We cannot blame him for transferring his allegiance. What is unpardonable in Buchanan is the method of his attack. A scholar and a humanist should not stoop to collect the tittle-tattle of the kitchen. He should not listen with an avid ear to the voice of malice. It is consonant neither with learning nor chivalry to insult a woman and a queen. The guilt or innocence of Mary does not palliate or enhance the crime of Buchanan. Whoever was right, he was wrong; and he may not even plead the poor excuse of religious fanaticism. Nevertheless, as we read the *Detectio* we cannot but admire the skill of its author. It is a masterpiece of violent, calculated invective. So well arranged is it, so faithfully does it obey the laws of controversy, that Buchanan's head seems more deeply engaged than his heart. And the kindest view to take of the episode is that Mary was to his imagination as unreal a personage as the shameful, shameless Leonora herself.

But while the manner of the work is an evident disgrace, it did no violence to the author's political creed. Now, Buchanan, who believed in the pagan world as devoutly as his pupil Montaigne, derived his opin-

ions concerning governors and government from the same source as the Essayist. It was Plutarch and the classics from whom he learnt the familiar lesson of liberty and of the popular control of kings. He was no believer in the doctrine of divine right. Harmodios and Aristogeiton were doubtless among his heroes, and he, too, would have approved by word, if not by deed, the supreme act of tyrannicide. He held, in brief, that a king might rule only so long as he retained the confidence and respect of the people; and if his point of view was philosophic rather than political, he did not change it in the course of a long life. In verse and prose he taught the same lesson. A king, said he, must be wise, or his subjects have the right of vengeance; and it is interesting to note that, while he himself trained the most foolish king that ever sat upon the throne, his treatise *De Jure Regni* helped to prepare the way for the Great Rebellion and the Deposition of Charles I.

Buchanan's attack upon Mary was rewarded by more than thirty pieces of silver. Though wealth escaped him, he lived henceforth in dignity and esteem. He was of the Commission which carried the indictment against Mary to London. He was appointed tutor to James VI., and thereafter he held many distinguished and honourable posts. As Director of the Chancery and Keeper of the Privy Seal, he could exert an influence which never had been his in the Universities of Europe.

But his career lay not in the field of politics. Being a theorist and a man of letters, he was more at ease in making the best of King James's intellect, and in composing his last work—*Rerum Scoticarum*

Historia,—a vast tome, which is shut off from the general reader by its excellent Latinity, and which, composed before the days of historical criticism, does not carry a heavy weight of authority.

V.

It is not easy to discover the essential character of George Buchanan. This one episode in his career—the attack upon Queen Mary—has aroused so thick a cloud of controversy, that the man himself has been obscured. But it was a mere episode, and though it has coloured the popular opinion with prejudice, it cannot diminish Buchanan's services to humanism and literature. When he wrote the *Detectio* he had passed his sixtieth year, and he may fairly be judged by what he achieved before ever he soiled his hands with politics. As has been said, he was a scholar of liberal understanding and vast erudition. If he was neither so witty as Erasmus nor so humorous as Rabelais, the spirit of those great men breathed within him. Though he did not possess the same originality of mind which persuaded Master Alcofribas to discard Latin and to discover a noble, authentic prose of his own, though he erred in believing that classical Latin was the universal language of scholarship, he erred with Erasmus and Boccaccio and many another greater man than himself. And assuredly he was all untainted by the sin of

pedantry. No man was ever more fitted by temper and breeding to live in the larger, fresher air of life. Ronsard, a witness of truth, said that there was nothing of the pedant in him save the cap and gown; and had it not been for the strife of politics the charge of pedantry would never have been brought against him. As he bitterly opposed John Major and the Schoolmen, so for the greater part of his life he kept aloof from the murderous quarrels of the theologians. He was neither Catholic nor Lutheran. While he fortified himself with reasons why he should not become a Franciscan, he never had even a momentary intention of taking the vows. His portraits suggest that he was a man of a dry, sardonic humour, contemptuous of fools, and absolute in courage. Yet in the ruggedness of his unkempt features there is a touch of kindliness, an evident love of banter, which make us regret that we know little of him that is not revealed in his work. And how shall elegy or epigram be a true index of character? The rarest humanist may be forgiven if he cannot express his soul in classical Latin.

And for the most part

Buchanan's contemporaries are silent concerning him. James Melville in his 'Diary' gives us a sketch, which we gladly accept in default of a better. Now, Melville visited him with some friends a year before his death, when his History was under the press. "When we cam to his chalmer"—thus writes the diarist—"we fand him sitting in his chaire, teatching his young man that servit in his chalmer to spell a, b, ab; e, b, eb. Efter salutation, Mr Andro sayes, 'I sie, sir, yie are nocht ydle.' 'Better this,' quoth he, 'nor stelling sheipe, or sitting ydle, quhilk is als ill.' Therefter he schew us the Epistle Dedicatorie to the King; the quhilk, when Mr Andro had read, he tauld him that it was obscure in sum places, and wanted certean words to perfyt the sentence. Sayes he, 'I may do na mair for thinking on another mater.' 'What is that?' sayes Mr Andro. 'To die,' quoth he; 'but I leave that and manie ma things for you to help.'"

It is not much, but it is the sole authentic utterance of George Buchanan, and if it does nought else, it proves him to have been abrupt in utterance and parsimonious of speech. Another Melville—Sir James—has drawn a character of Buchanan which is at once truthful and ingenious, and which is perhaps the justest estimate left us by a contemporary. "Mester George," says he, contrasting him with

Peter Young, "laith till offend the King at any tym,"

"was a stoik philosopher, and looked not far before the hand; a man of notable qualities for his learning and knowledge in Latin poesie, mekle maid accompt of in other ctreets, plaisant in company, rehersing at all occasions moralities short and fecfull, whereof he had abundance, and invented wher he wanted. He was also of gud religion for a poet, bot he was easily abused, and sa facill that he was led with any company that he hanted for the tyme, quhilk maid him factious in his auld dayes; for he spak and wret as they that wer about him for the tym infourmed him. For he was become sleperie and cairles, and followed in many thingis the vulgair oppinion, for he was naturally populaire, and extrem vengeable against any man that had offendit him, quhilk was his gretest fault."

Here are summed up the diverse qualities of the man. Here, also, is explained the sorry figure he cut in the political strife of his day. He spoke and wrote as he was told to write and speak by those about him. Surely that is the kindest construction to put upon the *Detectio*. "He was become sleperie and cairles"—is that not a sufficient reason, and a wholly inadequate excuse, for his violence and scurrility? In brief, Buchanan, like all great men, was guilty of mistakes in conduct and policy. But when the death on which he long had pondered overtook him, he might depart with the happy reflection that only one gross sin burdened his soul, and that he had played an honourable part on the stage not only of Scotland but of Europe.

VI.

As in life Buchanan most nearly resembled Rabelais of all his contemporaries, so after death he shared the same fate as the author of *Pantagruel*, and for the same reason. He passed into a legend of infamy and contempt. He became the hero of a chapbook,¹ the protagonist in many a foolish farce. That the greater injury might be done to his character, he was endowed by the authors of these scurrilous gibes with a ready understanding and a cunning wit. He is represented not merely as the teacher of King James, but as his private counsellor and his public fool. An adept in the selling of bargains and other kindred sports, he plays his silly games and cuts his coarse jests beneath many a rough woodcut. It may be said that this confusion of learning and folly symbolises the popular view of things. To know is to be an ass. Wisdom is but jesting. But that does not wholly explain the Buchanan of the chapbooks. He was born, as the legendary Rabelais was born, of monkish spite. What Puy-Herbault and the friars did for the reputation of Rabelais, the champions of the Catholic Church did for Buchanan. There was many an old score to be paid off. The satire of

Franciscanus still rankled, and the attack upon Queen Mary merited revenge. And it is not difficult to see when and how the infamous legend was constructed. Buchanan, as Melville tells us, was "plaisant in company, rehearsing at all occasions moralities short and feecfull, whereof he had abundance, and invented wher he wanted." That was enough for a beginning. Granted a ready wit, the rest was easy. At first he was painted as merely vicious, or as a miscreant, "convicted of a design to eat the Paschal Lamb, after the manner of the Jews." But he soon vied with the Rabelais of Puy-Herbault in being "never praised but for drunkenness." Garasse, the eminent divine, assailed him while James I. was still upon the throne. "I will tell our Atheists,"² said he, "the wretched end of a Man of their Belief and Humour, as to eating and drinking. It was George Buchanan, a perfect Epicure during his Life, and a perfect Atheist at his Death." According to Garasse, then, Buchanan was told by his doctors that if he abstained from wine he might live five or six years, and that if he continued to drink he could hold out three weeks at

¹ The chapbooks containing "The Witty and Entertaining Exploits of George Buchanan" have been popular in Scotland for several centuries, and are doubtless still to be purchased of book-pedlars and others.

² This story and many others to the same purpose are cited in Bayle's Dictionary.

longest. "Get you gone," he exclaimed, "with your Prescriptions and your course of Diet, and know that I would rather live three weeks and be drunk every day, than six years without drinking wine." He was as good as his word. "Having discharged his physicians like a desperate man, he ordered a Hogshead of *Graves Wine* to be set at his Bed's-head, resolved to see the bottom of it before he died, and he carried himself so valiantly that he emptied it to the lees." And the worst is not yet told. Having death and the glass between his lips, he was exhorted to pray. "'As for me,' said he, still in his undisturbed and perfect senses, 'I never knew any other prayer than this:

"*Cynthia prima suis miserum me cepit
ocellis,
Contactum nullis ante cupidinibus.*"

And scarce had he repeated ten or twelve verses of that *Elegy of Propertius*, when he expired among the glasses and pints."

It is a good story, and sufficient for a whole library of slanders. It is vicious, it is valiant, it is quick in repartee; and the makers of the legend had soon a solid foundation whereon to build. But it can-

not be said that the priestly enemies of Buchanan were rich in invention. Not content with subjecting him to the process of detraction to which they had subjected Rabelais, they thought that the same stories might serve for both. Of Rabelais it is told how once he wished to get from Montpellier to Paris without encroaching on his own pocket. And so he wrote upon packets of dust "Poison for the King," "Poison for the Queen," and straightway being arrested made his journey at the public expense. Buchanan, if we may believe the chap-books, played the same prank, and travelled from Cornwall to London under a welcome arrest. But these slanders touch Buchanan as lightly as they touch Rabelais. Poor in fancy, they are chiefly memorable because they prove the limits of the human intellect and the unchanging stupidity of revenge. And as for Buchanan, so grave a scholar was he, so elegant a poet, that he can wear the fool's cap and jingle the fool's bells in the ears of the people without plucking a leaf from his crown of glory, without besmirching by a single blot the white shield of his fame.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE DAFT DAYS.

A NOVEL.

BY NEIL MUNRO,

AUTHOR OF 'JOHN SPLENDID,' 'THE LOST PIBROCH,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE town's bell rang through the dark of the winter morning with queer little jolts and pauses, as if Wanton Wully Oliver, the ringer, had been jovial the night before. A blythe New-Year-time bell; a droll, daft, scatter-brained bell, it gave no horrid alarums, no solemn reminders that commonly toll from steeples and make good-fellows melancholy to think upon things undone, the brevity of days and years, the parting of good company, but a cheery ditty—"boom, boom, ding-a-dong boom, booming, hic, ding-dong," infecting whoever heard it with a kind of foolish gaiety. The burgh town turned on its pillows, drew up its feet from the bed-bottles, last night hot, now turned to chilly stone, rubbed its eyes, and knew by that bell it was the daftest of the daft days come. It cast a merry spell on the community; it tickled them even in their cosy beds. "Wanton Wully's on the ran-dan!" said the folk, and rose quickly, and ran to pull aside screens and blinds to look out in the dark on window-ledge cushioned deep in snow. The children hugged themselves

under the blankets, and told each other in whispers it was not a porridge morning, no, nor Sunday, but a breakfast of shortbread, ham and eggs; and behold! a beautiful loud drum, careless as 'twere a reveille of hot wild youths, began to beat in a distant lane. Behind the house of Dyce the lawyer, a cock that must have been young and hearty crew like to burst; and at the stables of the post-office the man who housed his horses after bringing the morning mail through night and storm from a distant railway station sang a song,—

"A damsel possessed of great beauty
 Stood near by her own father's gate :
 The gallant hussars were on duty ;
 To view them this maiden did wait.
 Their horses were capering and prancing,
 Their accoutrements shone like a star ;
 From the plains they were quickly advancing,—
 She espied her own gallant hussar."

"Mercy on us! six o'clock!" cried Miss Dyce, with a startled jump from her dreams to the floor of her bedroom. "Six o'clock on the New Year's morning, and I'll warrant that randy Kate is sound asleep yet," she said, and quickly clad

herself and went to the head of the stair and cried, "Kate, Kate! are ye up yet, Kate? Are ye hearing me, Kate MacNeill?"

From the cavern dark of the lower storey there came back no answer.

She stood with a curious twirly wooden candlestick in her hand in the midst of a house that was dead dumb and desperate dark, and smelled deliciously of things to eat. Even herself, who had been at the making of most of them the day before, and had, by God's grace, still much of a child's appetite, could not but sniff with a childish satisfaction at this air of a celestial grocery — of plum-puddings and currant-buns, apples and oranges, cordials and spices, toffee and the treacly angelic sweet we call Black Man,—her face lit rosily by the candle lowe, a woman small and soft and sappy, with the most wanton reddish hair, and a briskness of body that showed no sign as yet of her accomplished years. What they were I will never tell you; but this I'll say, that even if they had been eighty she was the kind to cheerily dance quadrille. The daft bell, so plainly in the jovial mood of Wanton Wully Oliver, infected her: she smiled to herself in a way she had when remembering droll things or just for simple jollity, and whoever saw Bell Dyce smile to herself had never the least doubt after that she was a darling. Over the tenements of the town the song of the bell went rollicking, and in its

hiccuping pauses went wonderfully another sound far, far removed in spirit and suggestion—the clang of wild geese calling: the "honk, honk" of the ganders and the challenge of their ladies come down adrift in the snow from the bitter north.

But there was no answer from the maid in the kitchen. She had rolled less deliberately than was usual from her blankets to the summons of the six o'clock bell, and already, with the kitchen window open, her bounteous form surged over the two sashes that were always so conveniently low and handy for a gossip with any friendly passer-by on the pavement. She drank the air of the clean chill morning dark, a heady thing like old Tom Watson's autumn ale, full of the sentiment of the daft days. She tilted an ear to catch the tune of the mail-boy's song that now was echoing mellow from the cob-webbed gloom of the stable stalls, and making a snowball from the drift of the window ledge she threw it, woman-wise, aimlessly into the street with a pretence at combat. The chill of the snow stung sweet in the hot palm of her, for she was young and strong.

"Kate, you wretch!" cried a voice behind her. She drew in her head, to find her mistress in the kitchen with the candlestick in her hand.

"Oh, m'em," cried the maid, no way abashed, banging up the window and hurriedly crushing her more ample parts under the final hooks and eyes of her morning wrapper—"oh,

m'em, what a start you gave me! 'I'm all in a p-p-palpitation. I was just takin' one mouthful of air and thinkin' to myself yonder in the Gaelic that it was time for me to be comin' in and risin' right."

"A Happy New Year to you, Kate MacNeill," said the mistress, taking her hand.

"Just that, just that! and the same to you yourself, Miss Dyce. I'm feeling fine; I'm that glad with everything," said the maid, in some confusion at this unusual relation with her mistress. She shook the proffered hand rapidly from side to side as if it were an egg-switch.

"And see and get the fires on quick now, like a good lass. It would never do to be starting the New Year late,—it would be unlucky. I was crying to you yonder from the stair-head, and wondering if you were ill, that you did not answer me so quickly as you do for ordinar'."

"Ill, Miss Dyce!" cried the maid astounded. "Do you think I'm daft to be ill on a New Year's day?"

"After yon—after yon short-bread you ate yesterday I would not have wondered much if you were," said Miss Dyce. "I'm not complaining, but, dear me! it was an awful lump; and I thought it would be a bonny-like thing too if our first-foot had to be the doctor."

"Doctor! I declare to goodness I never had need of a doctor to me since Dr Macphee in Colonsay put me in order with oil and things after I had the measles," exclaimed

the maid, as if mankind were like wag-at-the-wa' clocks and could be guaranteed to go right for years if you blew through them with a pair of bellows, or touched their works with an oily feather.

"Never mind about the measles just now, Kate," said Miss Dyce, with a meaning look at the black-out fire.

"Neither I was mindin' them, m'em,—I don't care a spittle for them; it's so long ago I would not know them if I saw them; I was just——"

"But get your fire on. You know we have a lot to do to-day to get everything nice and ready for my nephew who comes from America with the four o'clock coach."

"America!" cried the maid, dropping a saucepan lid on the floor in her astonishment. "My stars! Did I not think it was from Chickagoo?"

"And Chicago is in America, Kate," said her mistress.

"Is it? is it? Mercy on me, how was Kate to know? I only got part of my education, up to the place where you carry one. America! Dear me, just fancy! The very place that I'm so keen to go to. If I had the money, and was in America——"

It was a familiar theme; Kate had not got fully started on it when her mistress fled from the kitchen and set briskly about her morning affairs.

And gradually the household of Dyce the lawyer awoke wholly to a day of unaccustomed stillness and sound, for the deep snow piled in the street and hushed the traffic of wheel, and hoof, and shoe,

but otherwise the morning was cheerful with New Year's day noise. For the bell-ringing of Wanton Wully was scarcely done, died down in a kind of brazen chuckle, and the "honk, honk" of the wild geese sped seaward over gardens and back lanes, strange wild music of the north, far-fetched and undomestic,—when the fife band shrilly tootled through the town to the tune of "Hey, Johnny Cope, are ye waukin' yet?" Ah, they were the proud, proud men, their heads dizzy with glory and last night's wine, their tread on air. John Taggart drummed — a mighty drummer, drunk or sober, who so loved his instrument he sometimes went to bed with it unfastened from his neck, and banged to-day like Banacher, who banged furiously, never minding the tune much, but happy if so be that he made noise enough. And the fifiers were not long gone down the town, all with the wrong step but Johnny Vicar, as his mother thought, when the snow was trampled under the feet of playing children, and women ran out of their houses, and crossed the street, some of them, I declare, to kiss each other, for 'tis a fashion lately come, and most genteel, grown wonderfully common in Scotland. Right down the middle of the town, with two small flags in his hat and holly in the lapel of his coat, went old Divine the hawker, with a great barrow of pure gold, crying "Fine Seville oranges! wha'll buy sweet Seville oranges? Nane o' your foreign trash. Oranges!

Oranges! — rale New Year oranges, three a penny; bloods, a bawbee each!"

The shops opened just for an hour for fear anybody might want anything, and many there were, you may be sure, who did, for they had eaten and drunken everything provided the night before — which we call Hogmanay, — and now there were currant-loaves and sweetie biscuits to buy; shortcake, sugar and lemons, ginger cordial for the boys and girls and United Presbyterians, boiled ham for country cousins who might come unexpected, and P. & A. Macglashan's three-penny mutton-pies (twopence if you brought the ashet back), ordinarily only to be had on fair-days and on Saturdays, and far renowned for value.

Miss Minto's Millinery and Manteau Emporium was discovered at daylight to have magically outlined its doors and windows during the night with garlands and festoons of spruce and holly, whereon the white rose bloomed in snow; and Miss Minto herself, in a splendid crimson cloak down to the heels, and cheeks like cherries, was standing with mittens and her five finger-rings on, in the middle door, saying in beautiful gentle English "A Happy New Year" to every one who passed—even to George Jordan, the common cowherd, who was always a little funny in his intellects, and, because his trousers were bell-mouthed and hid his feet, could never remember whether he was going to his work or coming from it, unless he consulted

the Schoolmaster. "The same to you, m'em, excuse my hands," said poor George, just touching the tips of her fingers. Then, because he had been stopped and slewed a little from his course, he just went back the way he had come.

Too late got up the red-faced sun, too late to laugh at Wanton Wully's jovial bell, too late for Taggart's mighty drumming, but a jolly winter sun,—'twas all that was wanted among the chimneys to make the day complete.

First of all to rise in Dyce's house, after the mistress and the maid, was the master, Daniel Dyce himself.

And now I will tell you all about Daniel Dyce: it is that behind his back he was known as Cheery Dan.

"Your bath is ready, Dan," his sister had cried, and he rose and went with chattering teeth to it, looked at it a moment, and put a hand in the water. It was as cold as ice, because that water, drinking which, men never age, comes from high mountain bens.

"That for ye to-day!" said he to the bath, snapping his fingers. "I'll see ye far enough first!" And contented himself with a slighter wash than usual, and shaving. As he shaved he hummed all the time, as was his habit, an ancient air of his boyhood; to-day it was

"Star of Peace, to wanderers weary,"

with not much tone but a great conviction,—a tall, lean, clean-shaven man of fifty, with

a fine long nose, a ruddy cheek, keen grey eyes, and plenty of room in his clothes, the pockets of him so large and open it was no wonder so many people tried, as it were, to put their hands into them. And when he was dressed he did a droll thing, for from one of his pockets he took what hereabouts we call a pea-sling, that to the rest of the world is a catapult, and having shut one eye, and aimed with the weapon, and snapped the rubber several times with amazing gravity, he went upstairs into an attic and laid it on a table at the window with a pencilled note, in which he wrote—

A NEW YEAR'S DAY PRESENT

FOR A GOOD BOY

FROM AN

UNCLE WHO DOES NOT LIKE CATS.

He looked round the little room that seemed very bright and cheerful, for its window gazed over the garden to the east. "Wonderful! wonderful!" he said to himself. "They have made an extraordinary job of it. Very nice indeed, but just a shade lady-like. A stirring boy would prefer fewer fal-lals."

There was little indeed to suggest the occupation of a stirring boy in that attic, with its draped dressing-table in lilac print, its looking-glass flounced in muslin and pink lover's-knots, its bower-like bed canopied and curtained with green lawn, its shy scent of pot-pourri and lavender. A framed text in crimson wools, the work of Bell Dyce when

she was in Miss Mushet's seminary, hung over the mantelpiece enjoining all beholders to

WATCH AND PRAY.

Mr Dyce put both hands into his trousers pockets, bent a little, and heaved in a sort of chirruping laughter. "Man's whole duty, according to Bell Dyce," he said, "'Watch and Pray'; but they do not need to have the lesson before them continually yonder in Chicago, I'll warrant. Yon's the place for watching, by all accounts, however it may be about the prayer. 'Watch and Pray'—h'm! It should be *Watch or Pray*—it clearly cannot be both at once with the world the way

it is; you might as well expect a man to eat pease-meal and whistle strathspeys at the same time."

He was humming "Star of Peace"—for the tune he started the morning with usually lasted him all day,—and standing in the middle of the floor contemplating with amusement the ladylike adornment of the room prepared for his Chicago nephew, when a light step fell on the attic stairs, and a woman's voice cried, "Dan! Dan Dyce! Coo-ee!"

He did not answer.

She cried again after coming up a step or two more, but still he did not answer. He slid behind one of the bed-curtains.

CHAPTER II.

Alison Dyce came lightly up the rest of the stair, whistling blithely, in spite of her sister Bell's old notion that whistling women and crowing hens are never canny. She swept into the room. People in the town—which has a forest of wood and deer behind it—used to say she had the tread and carriage of a young wild roe, and I can well assure you she was the girl to walk with on a winter day! She had in her hand a book of poems called 'The Golden Treasury' and a spray of the herb called Honesty, that thrives in poor men's gardens. Having laid them down on the table without noticing her brother's extraordinary Present for a Good Boy, she turned about and fondled things. She smoothed the bed-clothes as if they cov-

ered a child, she patted the chair-backs with an air of benediction, she took cushions to her breast like one that cuddled them, and when she touched the mantelpiece ornaments they could not help it but must start to chime. It was always a joy to see Alison Dyce redding-up, as we say; though in housewifery, like sewing, knitting, and cooking, she was only a poor second to her sister Bell. She tried, from duty, to like these occupations, but, oh dear! the task was beyond her: whatever she had learned from her schooling in Edinburgh and Brussels, it was not the darning of hose and the covering of rhubarb-tarts.

Her gift, said Bell, was management.

Tripping round the little attic, she came back by-and-

by to the table at the window to take one last wee glimpse inside 'The Golden Treasury,' that was her own delight and her notion of happy half-hours for the ideal boy, and her eye fell for the first time on the pea-sling and the note beside it.

She read, and laughed, and upon my word, if laughter like Ailie Dyce's could be bought in perforated rolls, there would be no demand for Chopin and Schumann on the pianolas. It was a laugh that even her brother could not resist: a paroxysm of coughing burst from behind the curtains, and he came out beside her chuckling.

"I reckoned without my hoast," said he, gasping.

"I was sure you were upstairs," said Alison. "You silly man! Upon my word! Where's your dignity, Mr Dyce?"

Dan Dyce stood for a second a little bit abashed, rubbing his chin and blinking his eyes as if their fun was a thing to be kept from brimming over. "I'm a great wag!" said he. "If it's dignity you're after, just look at my velvet coat!" and so saying he caught the ends of his coat skirts with his fingers, held them out at arm's-length, and turned round as he might do at a fit-on in his tailor's, laughing till his hoast came on again. "Dignity, quo' she, just look at my velvet coat!"

"Dan, Dan! will you never be wise?" said Ailie Dyce, a humoursome demoiselle herself, if you believe me.

"Not if I keep my health,"

said he. "You have made a bonny-like show of the old garret, between the two of you. It's as smart as a lass at her first ball."

"I think it's very nice," interrupted Alison defensively, glancing round with satisfaction and an eye to the straight-edge of the frame round "Watch and Pray." Bell's wool-work never agreed with her notions, but, as she minded that her tarts never agreed with Bell, she kept, on that point, aye discreetly dumb.

"Poor little Chicago!" said her brother. "I'm vexed for the wee fellow. Print chintz, or chint prints, or whatever it is; sampler texts, and scent, and poetry books—what in the world is the boy to break?"

"Oh, you have seen to that department, Dan!" said Ailie, taking the pea-sling again in her hand. "'A New Year's Day Present for a Good Boy from an Uncle who does not like Cats.' I declare that is a delightful way of making the child feel quite at home at once."

"Tuts! 'Tis just a diversion. I know it'll cheer him wonderfully to find at the start that if there's no young folk in the house there's some of the eternal Prank. I suppose there are cats in Chicago. He cannot expect us to provide him with pigs, which are the usual domestic pets there, I believe. You let my pea-sling alone, Ailie; you'll find it will please him more than all the poetry and pink bows. I was once a boy myself, and I know."

"You were never anything

else," said Alison. "And never will be anything else. It is a pity to let the child see at the very start what an irresponsible person his uncle is; and besides, it's cruel to throw stones at cats."

"Not at all, not at all," said her brother briskly, with his head quizzically to the side a little, in a way he had when debating in the Court. "I have been throwing stones for twenty years at those cats of Rodger's that live in our garden and I never hit one yet. They're all about six inches too short for genuine sport. If cats were Dachshund dogs, and I wasn't so fond of dogs, I would be deadly. But my ado with cats is just one of the manly old British sports, like trout-fishing and curling. You take your fun out in anticipation, and the only difference is you never need to carry a flask. Still, I'm not without hope that my nephew from Chicago may have a better aim than I have."

"You are an old—an old goose, Dan Dyce, and a Happy New Year to you!" said his sister, putting her arms suddenly round his neck and kissing him.

"Tuts!" said the brother, reddening, for sisters never kiss their own brothers in our part,—it's so sentimental, it's so like the penny stories. "A Good New Year to you, Ailie," and "Tuts!" he said again, looking quite upset, till Ailie laughed and put her arm through his and drew him downstairs to the breakfast to which she had come to summon him.

The Chicago child's bedroom,

left to itself, chilly a bit like Highland weather, but honest and clean, looked more like a bower than ever: the morning sun, peeping over garden trees and the chimneys of the lanes, gazed particularly on the table where the pea-sling and the poetry book lay together.

And now the town was thronged like a fair-day, with such stirring things happening in the street every moment that the servant, Kate, had a constant head out at the window, "putting by the time," as she explained to the passing inquirer, "till the Mustress would be ready for the breakfast." That was Kate,—she had come from an island where they make the most of everything that may be news, even if it's only brandy-sauce to pudding at the minister's; and Miss Dyce could not start cutting a new bodice or sewing a button on her brother's trousers but the maid billowed out upon the window-sash to tell the tidings to the first of her sex that passed.

Over the trodden snow she saw the people from the country crowd in their Sunday clothes, looking pretty early in the day for gaiety, all with scent on their handkerchiefs (which is the odour of festive days for a hundred miles round burgh towns); and town people, less splendid in attire, as folk that know the difference between a holiday and a Sabbath, and leave their religious hard hats at home on a New Year's day; children, too, replete with bun already, and all succulent with the juice of Divine's oranges. She heard the bell begin to

peal again, for Wully Oliver—fie on Wully Oliver!—had been met by some boys who told him the six o'clock bell was not yet rung, and sent him back to perform an office he had done with hours before. He went to his bell dubiously, something in the abyss he called his mind that half convinced him he had rung it already.

"Let me pause and consider," he said once or twice when being urged to the rope, scratching the hair behind his ears with both hands, his gesture of reflection. "Was there no' a bairn—an auld-fashioned bairn—helped to ca' the bell already, and wanted to gie me money for the chance? It runs in my mind there was a bairn, and that she had us aye boil-boiling away at eggs, but maybe I'm wrong, for I'll admit I had a dram or two. I don't believe in dram-dram-dramming, but I aye say if you take a dram, take it in the morning and you get the good of it all day." But at last they convinced him the bairn was just imagination, and Wanton Wully Oliver spat on his hands and grasped the rope, and so it happened that the morning bell on the New Year's day on which my story opens was twice rung.

The Dyce handmaid heard it pealing as she hung over the window-sash with her cap agee on her head. She heard from every quarter—from lanes, closes, tavern rooms, high attics, and back-yards—fifes playing; it was as if she leaned over a magic grove of great big birds, each singing its own song—

"Come to the Bower," or "Monymusk," or "The Girl I left Behind Me," noble airs, wherein the captain of the band looked for a certain perfection from his musicians before they marched out again at midday. "For," said he often in rehearsals, "anything will do in the way of a tune in the dark, my sunny boys, but it must be the tiptop of skill, and no discordancy, when the eyes of the world are on us. One turn more at 'Monymusk,' sunny boys, and then we'll have a skelp at yon tune of my own composure."

Besides the sound of the bell and the universal practice of the fifes there were loud vocalists at the Cross, and such laughter in the street that Kate was in an ecstasy. Once, uplifted beyond all private decorum, she kilted her gown and gave a step of a reel in her kitchen solitude.

"Isn't it cheery, the noise!" she exclaimed delightedly to the letter-carrier who came to the window with the morning's letters. "Oh, I am feeling beautiful! It is—it is—it is just like being inside a pair of bagpipes."

He was a man who roared, the postman, being used to bawling up long common-stairs in the tenements for the people to come down to the foot themselves for their letters—a man with one roguish eye for the maiden and another at random. Passing in the letters one by one, he said in tones that on a quieter day might be heard half up the street, "Nothing for you, yourself, personally, Kate, but maybe there'll be

one to-morrow. Three big blue anes and seven wee anes for the man o' business himsel', twa for Miss Dyce (she's the wonderfu' correspondent!), and ane for Miss Alison wi' the smell o' scented perfume on't—that'll be frae the Miss Birds o' Edinburgh. And I near forgot—here's a post-caird for Miss Dyce: hearken to this—"Child arrived Liverpool yesterday; left this morning for Scotland. Quite safe to go alone, charge of conductor. Pip, pip! Molyneux." Whatna child is it, Kate?"

"Pip, pip!" What in the world's 'Pip, pip'? The child is Brother William's child, to be sure," said Kate, who always referred to the Dyce relations as if they were her own. "You have heard of Brother William?"

"Him that was married on the play-actress and never wrote home?" shouted the letter-carrier. "He went away before my time. Go on; quick, for I'm in a desperate hurry this mornin'."

"Well, he died abroad in Chickagoo. God have mercy on him dying so far away from home, and him without a word of Gaelic in his head! and a friend o' his father's bringing him home to his aunties."

"Where in the world's Chickagoo?" bellowed the postman.

"In America, of course,—where else would it be but in America?" said Kate contemptuously. "Where is your education not to know that Chickagoo is in America, where the servant-maids have a pound a-week of wages, and learn the piano, and can get

married when they like quite easy?"

"Bless me! do you say so?" cried the postman in amazement, and not without a pang of jealousy.

"Yes, I say so!" said Kate in the snappish style she often showed to the letter-carrier. "And the child is coming this very day with the coach-and-twice from Maryfield railway station—oh them trains! them trains! with their accidents; my heart is in my mouth to think of a child in them. Will you not come round to the back and get the Mustress's New Year dram? She is going to give a New Year dram to every man that calls on business this day. But I will not let you in, for it is in my mind that you would not be a lucky first-foot."

"Much obleeged," said the postman, "but ye needna be feared. I'm not allowed to go dramming at my duty. It's offeecial, and I canna help it. If it was not offeecial, there's few letter-carriers that wouldna need to hae iron hoops on their heids to keep their brains from burstin' on the day efter New Year."

Kate heard a voice behind her, and pulled her head in hurriedly with a gasp, and a cry of "Mercy, the start I got!" while the postman fled on his rounds. Miss Dyce stood behind, in the kitchen, indignant.

"You are a perfect heart-break, Kate," said the mistress. "I have rung for breakfast twice, and you never heard me, with your clattering out there to the letter-carrier. It's a

pity you cannot marry the glee party and be done with it."

"Me marry him!" cried the maid indignantly. "I think I see myself marryin' a man like yon, and his eyes not neighbours."

"That's a trifle in a husband if his heart is good: the letter-carrier's eyes may—may skew a little; it's not to be wondered at, considering the look-out he has to keep on all sides of him to keep out of reach of every trollop in the town who wants to marry him."

And leaving Kate speechless at this accusation, the mistress of the house took the letters from her hands and went to the breakfast-table with them.

She had read the contents of the post-card before she reached the parlour; its news dismayed her.

"Just imagine!" she cried. "Here's that bairn on his way from Liverpool his lee-lone, and not a body with him!"

"What! what!" cried Mr Dyce, whose eyes had been shut to say the grace. "Isn't that actor-fellow, Molyneux, coming with him, as he promised?"

Miss Dyce sunk in a chair and burst into tears, crushing the post-card in her hand.

"What does he say?" demanded her brother.

"He says—he says—oh, dear me!—he says 'Pip, pip!'" quoth the weeping sister.

CHAPTER III.

"I misdoubted Mr Molyneux from the very first," said Ailie, turning as white as a clout. "From all his post-cards he was plainly too casual. Stop it, Bell, my dear—have sense; the child's in a Christian land, and in care of somebody who is probably more dependable than this delightful Molyneux."

Mr Dyce took out an old, thick, silver verge. "Nine o'clock," he said, with a glance at its creamy countenance. "Molyneux's consignment is making his first acquaintance with Scottish scenery and finding himself, I hope, amused at the Edinburgh accent. He'll arrive at Maryfield—poor wee smout!—at three; if I drive over at twelve, I'll be in time to meet him. Tuts, Bell, give over; he's a ten-year-old and a

Dyce at that,—there's not the slightest fear of him."

"Ten years old, and in a foreign country—if you can call Scotland a foreign country," cried Miss Dyce, still sobbing with anger and grief. "Oh, the cat-witted scamp, that Molyneux,—if I had him here!"

The dining-room door opened and let in a yawning dog of most plebeian aspect, longest lie-abed of the household, the clamour of the street, and the sound of sizzling bacon, followed by Kate's majestic form at a stately glide, because she had on her new stiff lilac print that was worn for breakfast only on Sundays and holidays. "You would think I was never coming," she said genially, and smiled widely as she put the

tray on the sideboard. This that I show you, I fear, is a beggarly household, absurdly free from ceremony. Mr Dyce looked at his sister Ailie and smiled, Ailie looked at her sister Bell and smiled. Bell took a hairpin or two out of their places and seemed to stab herself with them viciously in the nape of the neck, and smiled not at all nor said anything, for she was furious with Molyneux, whom she could see in her mind's eye—an ugly, tipping, frowsy-looking person with badly polished boots, an impression that would have greatly amused Mrs Molyneux, who, not without reason, counted her Jim the handsomest man and the best dressed in the profession in all Chicago.

"I'm long of coming, like Royal Charlie," Kate proceeded, as she passed the ashets on to Miss Dyce; "but, oh me! New Year's day here is no' like New Year's day in the bonny isle of Colonsay."

Mr Dyce said grace and abstractedly helped himself alternately from both ends of a new roll of powdered butter. "Dan, dear, don't take the butter from both ends,—it spoils the look," said Bell. "Tuts!" said he. "What's the odds? There'll be no ends at all when we're done with it. I'm utterly regardless of the symmetrical and the beautiful this morning. I'm savage to think of that man Molyneux. If I was not a man of peace I would be wanting to wring Mr Molyneux's neck," and he twisted his morning roll in halves with ferocious hands.

"Dan!" said Ailie, shocked. "I never heard you say anything so bloodthirsty in all my life before. I would never have thought it of you."

"Maybe not," he said. "There's many things about me you never suspected. You women are always under delusions about the men—about the men—well, dash it! about the men you like. I know myself so well that there is no sin, short of one or two not so accounted, that I cannot think myself capable of. I believe I might be forced into robbing a kirk if I had no money and was as hungry as I was this morning before that post-card came to ruin a remarkably fine New-Year's-day appetite, or even into murdering a man like Molyneux who failed in the simplest duties no man should neglect."

"I hope and trust," said Bell, still nervous, "that he is a wiselike boy with a proper upbringing, who will not be frightened at travelling and make no mistakes about the train. If he was a Scotch laddie, with the fear of God in him, I would not be a bit put about for him, for he would be sure to be asking, asking, and if he felt frightened he would just start and eat something, like a Christian. But this poor child has no advantages. Just American!"

Ailie sat back in her chair, with her teacup in her hand, and laughed, and Kate laughed quietly—though it beat her to see where the fun was; and the dog laughed likewise—at least it wagged its tail and twisted its body and made such extra-

ordinary sounds in its throat that you could say it was laughing.

"Tuts! you are the droll woman, Bell," said Mr Dyce, blinking at her. "You have the daftest ideas of some things. For a woman who spent so long a time in Miss Mushet's seminary and reads so much at the newspapers, I wonder at you."

"Of course his father was Scotch, that's one mercy," added Bell, not a bit annoyed at the reception of her pious opinions.

"That is always something to be going on with," said Mr Dyce mockingly. "I hope he'll make the most of that great start in life and fortune. It's as good as money in his pocket."

Bell put up a tiny hand and pushed a stray curl (for she had a rebel chevalure) behind her ear, and smiled in spite of her anxiety about the coming nephew. "You may laugh if you like, Dan," she said emphatically, perking with her head across the table at him; "but I'm *proud*, I'm PROUD, I'm PROUD I'm Scotch." ("Not apologising for it myself," said her brother softly.) "And you know what these Americans are! Useless bodies, who make their men brush their own boots, and have to pay wages that's a sin to housemaids, and eat pie even-
on."

"Dear me! is that true, or did you see it in a newspaper?" said her brother. "I begin to be alarmed myself at the possibilities of this small gentleman now on his way to

the North, in the complete confidence of Mr Molyneux, who must think him very clever. It's a land of infant prodigies he comes from; even at the age of ten he may have more of the stars and stripes in him than we can eradicate by a diet of porridge and a curriculum of Shorter Catechism and Jane Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs.' Faith, I was fond of Jane myself when I read her first: she was nice and bloody. A big soft hat with a bash in it, perhaps; a rhetorical delivery at the nose, 'I guess and calculate' every now and then; a habit of chewing tobacco" ("We'll need a cuspidor," said Ailie *sotto voce*); "and a revolver in his wee hip-pocket. Oh, the darling! I can see him quite plainly."

"Mercy on us!" cried the maid Kate, and fled the room all in a tremor at the idea of the revolver.

"You may say what you like, but I cannot get over his being an American," said Bell solemnly. "The dollar's everything in America, and they're so independent!"

"Terrible! terrible!" said her brother ironically, breaking into another egg fiercely with his knife, as if he were decapitating the President of the United States.

Ailie laughed again. "Dear, dear, Bell!" she said, "it sounds quite Scotch. A devotion to the dollar is a good sound basis for a Scotch character. Remember there are about a hundred bawbees in a dollar: just think of the dollar in bawbees, and you'll not be

surprised that the Americans prize it so much."

"Renegade!" said Bell, shaking a spoon at her.

"Provincial!" retorted Ailie, shaking a fork at Bell.

"Star of Peace, to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that shine on me,"

—children, be quiet," half-sung, half-said their brother. "Bell, you are a blether; Ailie, you are a cosmopolitan, a thing accursed. That's what Edinburgh and Brussels and your too brisk head have done for you. Just bring yourself to our poor parochial point of view, and tell me, both of you, what you propose to do with this young gentleman from Chicago when you get him."

"Change his stockings and give him a good tea," said Bell promptly, as if she had been planning it for weeks. "He'll be starving of hunger and damp with snow."

"There's something more than dry hose and high tea to the making of a man," said her brother. "You can't keep that up for a dozen years."

"Oh, you mean education!" said Bell resignedly. "That's not in my department at all."

Ailie expressed her views with calm, soft deliberation, as if she, too, had been thinking of nothing else for weeks, which was partly the case. "I suppose," she said, "he'll go to the Grammar School, and get a good grounding on the classic side, and then to the University. I will just love to help him so long as he's at the Grammar School. That's what I should have been, Dan, if you had let me—a teacher.

I hope he's a bright boy, for I simply cannot stand what Bell calls—calls——"

"Diffies," suggested Bell.

"Diffies; yes, I can *not* stand diffies. Being half a Dyce I can hardly think he will be a diffy. If he's the least like his father, he may be a little wild at first, but at least he'll be good company, which makes up for a lot, and good-hearted, quick in perception, fearless, and——"

"And awful funny," suggested Bell, beaming with old, fond, glad recollections of the brother dead beside his actor wife in far Chicago.

"Fearless, and good fun," continued Ailie. "Oh, dear Will! what a good soul he was. Well, the child cannot be a fool if he's like his father. American independence, though he has it in—in—in clods, won't do him any harm at all. I love Americans—do you hear that, Bell Dyce?—because they beat that old stupid George II., and have been brave in the forest and wise on the prairie, and feared no face of king, and laughed at dynasties. I love them because they gave me Emerson, and Whitman, and Thoreau, and because one of them married my brother William, and was the mother of his child."

Dan Dyce nodded; he never quizzed his sister Ailie when it was her heart that spoke and her eyes were sparkling.

"The first thing you should learn him," said Miss Dyce, "is 'God save the Queen.' It's a splendid song altogether; I'm glad I'm of a kingdom every time I hear it at a meeting, for it's all that's left of the olden

notions the Dyces died young or lost their money for. You'll learn him that, Ailie, or I'll be very vexed with you. I'll put flesh on his bones with my cooking if you put the gentleman in him."

It was Bell's idea that a gentleman talked a very fine English accent like Ailie, and carried himself stately like Ailie, and had wise and witty talk for rich or poor like Ailie.

"I'm not so sure about the university," she went on. "Such stirks come out of it sometimes; look at poor Maclean, the minister! They tell me he could speak Hebrew if he got anybody to speak it back slow to him, but just imagine the way he puts his clothes on! And his wife manages him not so bad in broad Scotch. I think we could do nothing better than make the boy a lawyer; it's a trade looked up to, and there's money in it, though I could never see the need of law myself if folk would only be agreeable. He could go into Dan's office whenever he is old enough."

"A lawyer!" cried her brother. "You have first of all to see that he's not an ass."

"And what odds would that make to a lawyer?" said Bell quickly, snapping her eyes at the brother she honestly thought the wisest man in Scotland.

"Bell," said he, "as I said before, you're a haivering body — nothing else, though I'll grant you bae no' a bad scone. And as for you, Ailie, you're beginning, like most women, at the wrong end. The first thing to do with your nephew is to teach him to be happy,

for it's a habit that has to be acquired early, like the taste for pease-brose."

"You began gey early yourself," said Bell. "Mother used to say that she was aye kittling your feet till you laughed when you were a baby. I sometimes think that she did not stop it soon enough."

"If I had to educate myself again, and had not a living to make, I would leave out a good many things the old dominie thought needful. What was yon awful thing again?—mensuration. To sleep well and eat anything, fear the face of nobody in bashfulness, to like dancing, and be able to sing a good bass or tenor,—that's no bad beginning in the art of life. There's a fellow Brodie in the kirk choir that seems to me happier than a king when he's getting in a fine boom-boom of bass to the tune *Devizes*; he puts me all out at my devotions on a Lord's day with envy of his accomplishment."

"What! envy too!" said Alison. "Murder, theft, and envy—what a brother!"

"Yes, envy too, the commonest and ugliest of our sins," said Mr Dyce. "I never met man or woman that lacked it, though many never know they have it. I hope the great thing is to be ashamed to feel it, for that's all that I can boast of myself. When I was a boy at the school there was another boy, a great friend of my own, was chosen to compete for a prize I was thought incapable of taking, so that I was not on the list. I envied him to hatred—almost; and

saying my bits of prayers at night I prayed that he might win. I felt ashamed of my envy, and set the better Daniel Dyce to wrestle with the Daniel Dyce who was not quite so big. It was a sair fight, I can assure you. I found the words of my prayer and my wishes considerably at variance——”

“Like me and ‘Thy will be done’ when we got the word of brother William,” said Bell.

“But my friend—dash him!—got the prize. I suppose God took a kind of vizzly down that night and saw the better Dan Dyce was doing his desperate best against the other devil’s-Dan, who mumbled the prayer on the chance He would never notice. There was no other way of accounting for it, for that confounded boy got the prize, and he was not half so clever as myself, and that was Aliok Maitland. Say nothing about envy, Ailie; I fear we all have some of it until we are perhaps well up in years, and understand that between the things we envy and the luck we have there is not much to choose. If I got all I wanted, myself, the world would have to be much enlarged. It does not matter a docken leaf. Well, as I was saying when my learned friend interrupted me, I would have this young fellow healthy and happy and interested in everything. There are men, I see, who would mope and weary in the middle of a country fair—God help them! I want to stick pins in them sometimes and make them jump. They take as little interest in life as if they were undertakers.”

“Hoots! nobody could weary in this place, at any rate,” said Bell briskly. “Look at the life and gaiety that’s in it. Talk about London! I can hardly get my sleep at night quite often with the traffic. And such things are always happening in it—births and marriages, engagements and tea-parties, new patterns at Miss Minto’s, two coaches in the day, and sometimes somebody doing something silly that will keep you laughing half the week.”

“But it’s not quite so lively as Chicago,” said Mr Dyce. “There has not been a man shot in this neighbourhood since the tinker kind of killed his wife (as the fiscal says) with the pistol. You’ll have heard of him? When the man was being brought on the scaffold for it, and the minister asked if he had anything to say before he suffered the extreme penalty of the law, ‘All I have got to say,’ he answered, starting to greet, ‘is that this’ll be an awful lesson to me!’”

“That’s one of your old ones,” said Bell; but even an old one was welcome in Dyce’s house on New Year’s day, and the three of them laughed at the story as if it had newly come from London in ‘Punch.’ The dog fell into a convulsion of merriment, as if inward chuckles tormented him—as queer a dog as ever was, neither Scotch terrier nor Skye, Dandy Dinmont nor Dachshund, but just dog,—dark wire-haired behind, short ruddy-haired in front, a stump tail, a face so fringed you

could only see its eyes when the wind blew. Mr Dyce put down his hand and scratched it behind the ear. "Don't laugh, Footles," he said. "I would not laugh if I were you, Footles,—it's just an old one. Many a time you've heard it before, sly rogue. One would think you wanted to borrow money." If you could hear Dan Dyce speak to his dog, you would know at once he was a bachelor: only bachelors and bairnless men know dogs.

"I hope and trust he'll have decent clothes to wear, and none of their American rubbish," broke in Bell, back to her nephew again. "It's all nonsense about the bashed hat; but you can never tell what way an American play-actor will dress a bairn: there's sure to be something daft-like about him—a starry waistcoat or a pair of spats,—and we must make him respectable like other boys in the place."

"I would say Norfolk suits, the same as the banker's boys," suggested Ailie. "I think the banker's boys always look so smart and neat."

"Anything with plenty of pockets in it," said Mr Dyce. "At the age of ten a boy would prefer his clothes to be all pockets. By George! an entire suit of pockets, with a new penny in every pocket for luck, would be a great treat," and he chuckled at the idea, making a mental note of it for a future occasion.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried

Bell emphatically, for here she was in her own department. "The boy is going to be a Scotch boy. I'll have the kilt on him, or nothing."

"The kilt!" said Mr Dyce.

"The kilt!" cried Ailie.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat!

It was a loud knocking at the front door. They stopped the talk to listen, and they heard the maid go along the lobby from the kitchen. When she opened the door, there came in the cheerful discord of the street, the sound of a pounding drum, the fifes still busy, the orange-hawker's cry, but over all they heard her put her usual interrogation to visitors, no matter what their state or elegance.

"Well, what is't?" she asked, and though they could not see her, they knew she would have the door just a trifle open, with her shoulder against it, as if she was there to repel some chieftain of a wild invading clan. Then they heard her cry, "Mercy on me!" and her footsteps hurrying to the parlour door. She threw it open, and stood with some one behind her.

"What do you think? Here's brother William's wean!" she exclaimed in a gasp.

"My God! Where is he?" cried Bell, the first to find her tongue. "He's no hurt, is he?"

"*It's no' a him at all—it's a her!*" shrieked Kate, throwing up her arms in consternation, and stepping aside she gave admission to a little girl.

(To be continued.)

SONNETS.

A SOLDIER TO A SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR.

I.

O MINISTER of Mars, whose puissant pen
Can make a regiment, dissolve a corps,
Reduce our pay, or give us fourpence more,
Pray hearken to a soldier, so that when
You're tempted to achieve Brodrickian fame
By carving phantom legions out of space,
By toying with our uniform and lace,
You yet may pause awhile. War is a game
Too bloody for our army to be thrown
As plaything to successive amateurs,
Who blatantly inform their followers
That every scheme is faulty save their own.
"And thus and thus," each cries, "I now commence
To make efficiency and halve expense."

II.

One Secretary of State despairing went,
As Yeoman Colonel martially attired,
To Germany. From Germans he inquired
How armies should be made, how money spent,
How young recruits should learn to point the toe,
The proper way to build a modern fort,
And how to house and feed the men,—in short,
The *secret* of the thing he'd like to know?
The wily Teutons listened in surprise,
And eyed the one the other for a while,
Suspecting seemingly some British guile,
Till one old warrior, looking passing wise,
Gave answer: "Sir, the secret of success
Lies in the cut and fashion of our dress."

III.

That Secretary of State, enlightened, sought
Our country's shores, and straightway in his mind
Devised a soldier's cap of wondrous kind.
In type 'twas German, so at least he thought;

Its aspect monstrous. On the front it bore
A piece of cloth of crescent shape, but why
We could not tell. The men would tie
It on with handkerchiefs, to make it more
Secure. Lo! when it fell the dogs would bark
To see it roll before the playful wind,
And many a nurse turned pale, and changed her mind,
And left her sweetheart sorrowing in the Park;
While aged colonels I have known collapse,
To see their regiments adopt such caps!

IV.

Bequeathing us this cap, and sage instructions,
Our Secretary left us. He, poor man,
Entrusted with the care of Hindustan,
Was soon involved in most unseemly ructions,
On which I shall not dwell. To us there came
Another, who proclaimed he would reform us,
His zeal intense, his power of work enormous,
But somehow we felt very much the same,—
Save when he made some paltry alteration,
Compounding eyewash for the public eye,
An eyewash made to soothe and satisfy
The boulder in the street—that is, the nation!
We soldiers understand these quackish lotions,
Dispensed with care to suit a party's notions!

V.

He too has gone, his schemes but half begun.
To criticise is easy, and my pen
May seem corroded by ill-feeling when
I write in flippant vein of what was done.
But you, philosopher, who take his place,—
You, who displayed consummate skill and ease
In coping with the un-United Frees,—
Will *you* descend to trifles commonplace,
Increase our buttons, titivate the more?
Or is "reduction" now the narrow creed
Of your unstable party? Sir, take heed,
Lest, when you would "let slip the dogs of war,"
The hounds, half-crippled by a niggard State,
Be unprepared to leave the kennel gate!

REMBRANDT VAN RIJN.

1606-1906.

I.

THE tradition that Rembrandt was born in a mill has had to be abandoned, with others less likely and picturesque. He was the sixth child of Harmen Gerritszoon, who lived in the Weddesteeg in Leyden, and by the usage of his time and country he was called Harmenszoon—Harmen's son. A connection of the family married one Adriaentje Rembrandtsdochter, from whom the painter may have received his name Rembrandt. Both the father and the eldest son appear to have adopted the "van Rijn," and Rembrandt followed them at times in using it to sign his pictures.

The Weddesteeg, then an alley of a few houses flanked by gardens, lies at the junction of the two branches of the Old Rhine, at the Witte Poort, adjoining the Pelican Quay, in the Pelican quarter (as it was called) of the town. How old this name is or whence derived we do not know, but it is not difficult to imagine that it commemorates the salvation of Leyden by the sacrifice of the Dutch meadows to the sea, as the pelican feeds her young with blood from her own breast. A native of Leyden, Rembrandt's father married Neeltje (that is, Cornelia) Willemsdr, the daughter of a Leyden baker, and they took

up house among a little colony of relatives and connections at the Witte Poort, where the painter was born, July 15, 1606. On the rampart, by the Gateway, stood the family mill.

The father was a man of substance, if the son, as Huygens said, was made of other flour. He owned his house and the greater part of the mill, and also, outside the walls, one of those pleasure-gardens with little summer-houses which Dutch men and women even to-day look back upon as among the delights of their childhood. When he died he left his widow with a provision which, even after some failure in the family fortunes, was at her own death ten years later still considerable; and he possessed a burying-place in the Pieterskerk, "near the chancel," where he and she rest.

Of Rembrandt's boyhood and early youth nothing is known, save that at fourteen he was enrolled among the students of Latin literature at the University. He may, as Burgo-master Orlers says (and as the biographers of most painters say), have had the inclination for no study save drawing. He was no bibliophile: the famous inventory of his possessions mentions only sixteen

books. One of them (the only one given its title) was "an old Bible," and that he was brought up on the Bible he tells us himself in a hundred canvasses. We can all fancy with Vosmaer his delight in the recurring anniversaries of Leyden's relief, with their feasts and fairs, the sermons in the churches, the longer orations of the Rhetoricians, the parades of the civil guard with tambour and pipe, the streets and crowds bedecked and gay, and the air resounding with "Leve de Geuzen!" The great siege was still a living memory. His father probably, certainly many of his neighbours, had suffered its horrors: of the events being commemorated their talk gave him many a vision, as well as of others nearer his own day, like Reinier Klassen's gallant sacrifice at St Vincent's in Rembrandt's own birth-year.

His family had a connection with a magistrate of the town, Isaac Claes van Swanenburg, a painter, and the father of three painters. In the studio of one of these, Jacob, Rembrandt served apprentice for the usual space of three years,—“progressing” (says Orlers) “in a manner that amazed those interested in him, and caused them to foresee the glorious career that awaited him.” The next step in that career was to the studio of Pieter Lastman, in Amsterdam, from which another Leyden boy, Jan Lievens, had recently returned, doubtless extolling the greatness of its master. It may

have been this competent disciple of Elsheimer, or it may have been the far less distinguished painter-citizen of Leyden, who first warmed to life the great genius lying within Rembrandt van Rijn. There is nothing impossible in that because no genius glows in work of theirs. Or it may have quickened at the precocity of Lievens, or in some later conversations with Gerard Dou (for late its awakening probably was). If he himself knew, he has not told us. No doubt he did know: so enormous an intelligence applied to the understanding of men as was his cannot have failed to search and to know himself. But the flame, once it burst forth, was too fierce and enveloping to leave behind a trace of where it first took fire.

Sometime in 1624 Rembrandt, now eighteen, returned home from his short schooling in Amsterdam. For seven or eight years thereafter he painted and drew industriously at Leyden—probably in his father's mill. There is no more likely genesis of Rembrandt's chiaroscuro than in pondering amid the mysterious shadows of its shafted structure the problems of Caravaggio set him in Lastman's studio. The earliest existing paintings which we know are of date 1627 (earliest etchings, 1628). That he had by then won a recognition may properly be inferred from the enrolment of Gerard Dou as his pupil in 1628; and there is the direct testimony of the poet Huy-

gens, to be spoken of later. He was evidently the centre of a little group of friends and pupils, Lievens and Dou the chief representatives of each, who in these years worked at their art with an unflagging energy. There was no guild of painters at Leyden to encourage the profession of artist's model, and unless old tradition and modern learning are both at fault, his mother, father, sister probably, appear again and again in his pictures and etchings at this time. Now, as at every period of his art, he was his own model, posing for the vivid studies of expression and lighting which both paintings and etchings exhibit. These portraits apart, the works of this period, with scarce an exception, represent scenes from the sacred narrative. The earliest of all probably is a "Saint Paul in Prison," an episode much dwelt upon in a Calvinistic household; and from single-figure studies such as it we pass to others with groups, some on a considerable scale. In all of them it is not more the preoccupation with lighting than the concentrated energy that strikes us.

Fuseli was surely wrong (unless he had been speaking of the etchings) when he said that Rembrandt never made any regular approaches to the Temple of Fame, but seems to have stolen the key and entered the building. (Opie opined that he entered it burglariously by the window!) In the very earliest work, judged by the achievement of

young Dutch painters, there was no obvious display of genius. He made sudden great strides, and had his relapses; after each audacious flight, he came back to closeness with the model. It was Lievens, Huygens found, who "dwelt upon the sublime and magnificent and attempted the colossal." But Lievens, and even Gerard Dou with his eyes glued to pettier truths, must have recognised the accomplishment, if no one could have guessed the significance of the work being done at their side. With a determined confidence Rembrandt sought to conquer the appearances of the world around him, as if with an instinct that he must be ready for the exalted mood which would surely come.

All through his life this was so. Again and again his genius put forth some splendid and super-excellent flower. As near the end of it, it was "The Syndics," so now at Leyden it was "The Presentation in the Temple" (Mauritshuis), the work of his twenty-fifth year. It is as if, leaving behind all the experiments and rough castings of the workshop, he here, in the service of his inspiration, produced a finished and beautiful work, in which his acquired knowledge and technique, like the columns of the Temple in its vast spaces, are merged in a devout and tender sentiment. Rembrandt never did anything more pure and simple in feeling, nothing so virgin, we are tempted to say, as this. At the same time, it has all his dramatic signifi-

cance. To one who did not know the sacred story, it is revealed in this little panel: in the shaft of sunlight that exalts the Babe in Simeon's arms, in the ecstasy of the aged face, the wondering gaze of the Virgin, the attitude of the High

Priest coerced into involuntary benediction. And for those who know the story, the words of Simeon leap to the mind with a sudden illumination—

“Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. . . .”

II.

A notarial paper tells us that Rembrandt was living in Leyden in the summer of 1631. Amsterdam, however, was only six hours distant by canal, or three if a favourable wind permitted the crossing of the lake of Haarlem, then still undrained. For some time previously to settling in the capital, in 1631-32, the painter had been going to and fro between it and his home,—already, perhaps, engaged on commissions for portraits which his rising fame had brought him. It is possible even that the project of painting the Anatomy picture had been mooted by the Surgeon's Guild, and determined the step which he now took.

Holland at that moment was fulfilling a destiny which the most prescient could not have dreamed for her. At the beginning of the war there had been no Holland, but only a cluster of provinces, with little unity save the sense of a common danger. But not only her political, but her physical and geographical situation as well, engendered individuality, and the triumph of individuality is the very essence of her story, as it is also of her art. Were that not so, there

would be no need to glance at it in writing of Rembrandt. In the fifty years in which they were fighting for their existence, the Dutch had contrived to become the greatest commercial people in the world. Of this astonishing development Amsterdam was the material and visible sign. Commerce was its breath. It possessed none of the antiquity of its neighbours: until the end of the fifteenth century it was without walls, and even then was not reckoned with Dordrecht, Haarlem, Delft, and Leyden, among the capital or big towns. But Rembrandt's Amsterdam was a very different place. Already, when he settled in it, it had pushed far out beyond the Singel. “Where is the end of your walls?” Huygens had cried, surveying the city's marvels. They now ran—by English Leicester's permission—along the outer bank of the Heerengracht. On the west had sprung up the quarter known as De Jordaan. Here the French Huguenots were settled in streets and on canals which bore the names of flowers—Rozenstraat, Palmstraat, Lauriersgracht: hence

le jardin. Here lay the Bloemgracht, where Rembrandt first established himself. Hither also he was to return in his old age; but between lay the long years, both happy and sad, in the Jewish quarter, farther east. There, when Sir William Brereton visited the city (1630), lived some three hundred Jewish families, mostly from Portugal, and mostly in the Jodenstraat; and this part of the city (not a ghetto) was immediately afterwards swelled by the German influx. Under the wand of de Keyser chiefly, new buildings had sprung up. There were, of course, churches innumerable. Amsterdam was "a harbour of all opinions, of all heresies"—

"That bank of conscience, where not
one so strange
Opinion, but finds credit and ex-
change."

It possessed another bank besides that of conscience, under the management of the City government, which issued notes against metallic deposits of 180,000,000 guilders. In its corn exchange, Sir Walter Raleigh wrote, there were always five or six million bushels of corn, not a grain of which had been grown in Holland; and a famine in any other country of the Continent enriched the Dutch for seven years. The city, which a century before had ranked only fifth in the States, now contributed half the capital of the East India Company, and that capital was £550,000 as against £72,000 with which Queen Elizabeth erected the English Company. From her harbour

sailed most of the ships of the fleet which, first flying the orange, white, and blue beside the navy of England in the expedition to Cadiz, was later to appear in the Thames with the besom set contemptuously at the mast-head.

Amsterdam was the chief of the Dutch "towns of traffic." Yet, though most were engrossed in their profits, there were many in it besides Descartes, the philosopher, whose reveries were not interrupted amid the Babel of its thoroughfares. The whole genius of the Dutch blossomed with the war. The commercial development was not more marked than the intellectual revival, and there sprang up a literature which, if not in passion yet in a fresh simplicity that dwells near the founts of passion, reflected a feverish people who "still retained the innocence of their ancestors." But painting was the chief flower of the Dutch agony. For a sketch, even the briefest, of Dutch art before Rembrandt there is little room here. Early in the fifteenth century something like a school of painting existed in Haarlem, as, indeed, we should expect at the seat of the powerful Counts of Holland. Its importance lies in the reputation it had won for landscape, which marks even so early in the native Northern painter an original gift of expression and a certain emancipation from purely foreign influences. It was not long before there appeared, not in Haarlem but in Leyden, a genius to be ranked with the great Nuremburg Master him-

self. With Lucas van Leyden has to be considered another Dutchman, Jan van Schorel, an artist of greatly less originality, who nevertheless exercised a more immediate influence upon the art of his countrymen. The two men, born within a year of each other, stand for the two great forces which, uniting after a lapse of a century, fashioned the great school of Dutch painting. In the guilds established in the different cities of Holland we see the Italian influence — the cultivation of the Renaissance — pass like a name from father to son, and we can chronicle it almost as precisely in all the genealogies. The native gift, like the quality of race, is a spirit occult and all reserve. It enunciated itself to Rembrandt, we may feel sure, from "The Last Judgment" in the Leyden Stadhuis: some writers seem to suggest that in the younger man there was such a feeling or sentiment of being possessed by the other as Stevenson had in regard to Robert Fergusson. Whether Rembrandt thought of it or not, it did possess him: it was the only real influence in his day at Leyden. Elsewhere in the provinces, however, there were strong schools, each with great painters at their head, more or less markedly discovering the two forces to which we have referred. And in Amsterdam, when Rembrandt settled in it now, Thomas de Keyser was at the head of a band of painters sufficient in themselves to found a national school and to render it illustrious.

Here was a city inviting the display of painting talent, but in which only a genius could hope to keep his head aloft. Rembrandt's answer to its challenge was "The Anatomy Lesson." Beside some of his own later pictures, "The Synetics" for example, or the more summary "Burgomaster Six," it is a youthful work. The unity at which, as van Hoogstraaten said, he always aimed is attained by a greater convention of enveloping tone and by a less masterful realism than in "The Staelmeesters." But if the eye, with some slight check to its satisfaction, is driven back from the outer circle to the central group, there, at any rate, it finds everything to surprise and to delight. In Dr Tulp and the three surgeons bent over the gruesome corpse of the miscreant, as some one has said, the living are so living that we forget the dead.

With this picture Rembrandt took Amsterdam by storm, and it in turn laid its hold upon him. The effect on the Dutch of the long struggle now coming to an end was not entirely chastening, and no doubt especially in Amsterdam, so marvellously flourishing, there were to be seen the less lovely manifestations of their consciousness of wealth and power. Some critics would relate with these national characteristics the sensationalism of Rembrandt's early work (at times even of his later), but it, surely, was not new in Dutch art. There was in Rembrandt also a streak of the East: we find ourselves asking again and

again, Was not Rembrandt a Jew? and receiving corroboration, not only in the cast of features in the man in the portraits generally identified with his father, and his own affinity with the citizens in the Jewish quarter, but also in a garishness that peeps out in his work, and in still more recondite elements, such as an indifference to the sea as a motive for his art which seems to us remarkable. Here, however, we are thinking only of a temporary and superficial phase of it, and of himself as reflecting the "headiness" of the Dutch and especially of Amsterdammers at this moment, shown in their feverish revelling in luxury. Their historian has pointed out, for example, the increased elegance of their costume; the adoption of rich fabrics and

foreign modes, the elaborate dressing of the hair, and other inroads upon the old Dutch simplicity and austerity. All this was the subject of their poet's satire—it was general beyond Holland, for at the same moment changes among ourselves of a similar kind were being lamented in the ballad of "The Old and Young Courtier"; and it is illustrated in the gallery of commissioned portraits¹ which Rembrandt painted, not without gusto, in his first year or two in the city. In them, for the only time in his life, he subordinated his own interests in art to the taste of his patrons. As the immediate result of his triumph with "The Anatomy Lesson," he leapt into the position of the fashionable portrait-painter of Amsterdam.

III.

Rembrandt had not been long in Amsterdam when he met his Saskia: it is indeed possible that they had known each other earlier. She was the daughter of Rombertus van Uylenburg, a man of good Friesland family, Burgomaster of Leeuwarden and an advocate, who, when on a political mission to Delft in 1584, dined

with William the Silent a little before he fell to the bullet of Balthazar Gerard. Left an orphan at twelve, one of a large family, Saskia seems to have passed her teens in the households of her married sisters and of a cousin. The last was the wife of the minister, Jan Sylvius, in Amsterdam, and with her, we know,

¹ Dr Bode reminds us that these portraits were long suspect; a pair of them—the man is named "Cornelia Pronck's Husband"—contained in the Wynn Ellis bequest being refused by the National Gallery, and selling at Christie's later for £100 each, or a little more. He also remarks on the blindness shown in 1876 to the beauty of the (so-called) Hans Alenson portraits, interesting in another connection. Mr Holford's "Martin Looten," the "Pellicorne" pictures in the Wallace Collection, portraits of men at Dulwich and in Lord Ashburton's collection, of women in Bridgewater House and at Petworth, are examples in England. Another, in New York, the "Petronella Buys," was sold there last month for 20,600 dollars.

she was living in 1632. It was natural that she and Rembrandt should become acquainted; for another cousin was Hendrik van Uylenburg, a painter, afterwards art-dealer, with whom probably the young Leydener lodged on first coming to the city. We see Saskia first, a girl of twenty, with unmistakable marks of race, in a portrait of 1632, and in a score of works from then until her death (and even after it) the small head, features blunt and a little heavy in profile, benign and vivacious in full face, the brilliant eyes, chestnut hair, and vivid colouring of the Frisian girl appear.¹ The course of their true love ran smooth. The Berlin print-room contains a drawing in silver-point, signed and dated by the artist, who has written beneath it, "This is the portrait of my wife at the age of twenty-one, drawn the third day after we were betrothed (*getrouwd*), June 8, 1633." She was only his bride, however; the marriage was postponed until Saskia should be of age,—in Holland, then, at twenty-three. On June 10 of the following year Rembrandt made the necessary declaration before the Commissaries in Amsterdam; and on the 22nd the two were married in the Town-hall and the church of the Bildt, in the parish (as we should say) of Anna Parochie, Friesland, in the presence of her brother-in-law, Secretary to the Commune.

There followed the golden period of Rembrandt's life, if the greatest achievements in his art lay beyond it. The road to fortune was open to him, and in the next eight years, until Saskia's death, he went a far way along it. His marriage into a patrician family, and the welcome he apparently received by it, are proof of the character and position which he had established in the capital already by his painting. As we have seen, Fashion was crowding to his studio, and pupils were no less anxious to gain admission. In addition to the money which he earned from his art, he had a little patrimony of his own, and Saskia brought with her a fortune of 40,000 florins (the equivalent of about £16,000 of our money to-day),—the least of all her gifts. It is estimated that his income at this time was from £5000 to £6000 a-year: the point is given importance in view of his later fortunes.

Rembrandt had three passions—Saskia, collecting, and his art (if the last two are not one and the same). All that we know of them tells of the happiness of husband and wife. The simple, homely affection of the man, which we can read into all his family relations, was elevated in the case of Saskia (if his portraits of her tell anything) by his pride in her, and a frank regard that yet never lost the reserve of the lover. The will she made on her deathbed showed her

¹ Dr Bode admits fourteen. Another portrait of Saskia (dated 1634) has been discovered within the last few months in a private collection in Friesland.

affection and implicit respect for him. This period of their happy union was one of transition in Rembrandt's art. From such works as the "Mene Tekel" (Knowsley House) and "The Blinding of Samson," coincident with the fashionable portraits, and displaying the "headiness" of which we have spoken already, we pass to others like "The Angel leaving Tobias," "The Holy Family" (Louvre), "Manoah's Prayer," in which (if of some we may speak from reproductions only) the energy of conception is applied to the spiritual elements in the theme. Its crowning triumph was "The Night - Watch" (so - called), which on account of its fame alone must be noticed more particularly.

"The Night-Watch," which really represents a March Out by day, was given its title in the eighteenth century through a mistaken idea of its subject, due to the dirty state of the canvas. Painted in the first half of 1642 for Captain Frans Banning Cocq and the other officers of the Schutters of the Amstel 2nd Wijk (the Ward in which Rembrandt resided), it hung in their Doelen for seventy years, during which time it received scant attention, and became crusted with the smoke of pipe and peat. Meanwhile the new church on the Dam had been greatly de-

stroyed by fire, and there broke out among the authorities a pretty quarrel as to whether it should be restored with a tower that would rival the Dom of Utrecht, or whether the old Stadhuis should be pulled down and a new one built upon its site. There was not money in hand for both projects. By a providential arrangement which gave great satisfaction to one of the parties to this municipal squabble, the old Town-hall was at this time mysteriously burned down. (There is a drawing of the ruins by Rembrandt.) Thus there was erected in its place the present Palace (the burgher appearance of which is explained by its original purpose), which, after the delays caused by the War with England, was finished in 1655. It was to decorate this new Stadhuis that some pictures were brought from the Doelen, and it would seem that the transfer was delayed until 1715, because the War Chamber in the second storey, where it was intended to place "The Night-Watch," suffered from damp. When "The Night-Watch" was at length brought thither, it was found to be too large for its place between two doors, and with a determination to cut it to fit, but to cut it proportionately, the authorities ordered strips to be taken off all round.¹

"The Night - Watch," or

¹ This vandalism, it is true, is still somewhat hotly denied, but for reasons that are not convincing. There is little room for doubt that the picture is not now as it was when placed in the Surgeons' Hall. When Reynolds saw it, in 1781, he could scarce determine Rembrandt's handiwork in it; and it was not until 1889 that the restoration was accomplished successfully, and the subject, which Wilkie thought so disappointing, discovered to modern eyes as a March Out of the Civic Guards by day.

"March Out," is the landmark in Rembrandt's work that corresponds with the close of the happy chapters of his life. Soon after his marriage he showed signs of that "going in his ain gait," in work and career alike, which led to the failure of his material fortunes and to the fulfilment of his transcendent art. In that road we shall have to follow him. It is enough to point out here that in his portraits he became more intimate, in his paintings of "history" more personal, than he had hitherto been. Hints of his greater manner there had been earlier, as now and again later there were unexpected returns to earlier methods. In "The Night-Watch" itself the masterfulness and originality which raises it above all other Corporation pictures, so that, van Hoogstraaten said, beside it they look like coloured cards, brought about a reaction from the favour with which the artist had been regarded. In the Corporation pictures the various persons introduced subscribed to the price of the picture in some rough proportion to the prominence which was given them in it; and in the case of Rem-

brandt's it was not congenial to the Civic Guards to pay for likenesses of their martial features, and to have these obscured in a *chiaroscuro*, however wonderful and mysterious. It was perhaps too much to expect of human nature that it should suppress the vanity which suggests a portrait in acquiescence with the ennobling of the design—a design so far in advance of its time that even by the disinterested its artistic value was not generally recognised.

Here, however, were only threatenings of the disapproval which was to overshadow Rembrandt. Meanwhile the first strokes of fate fell. His mother died in 1640. In 1642, just after the completion of "The Night-Watch," Saskia died. None of the three children first borne to the painter had survived infancy, and Saskia, who came of a short-lived family seemingly, and probably always showed in her brilliant colouring symptoms of the deadly weakness of those lowlands, fell into a low state of health. In 1641 was born Titus, and within a year Rembrandt was left a widower with this beautiful boy in whose features Saskia lived on.

IV.

Rembrandt was now thirty-six. Standing thus half-way in his working career, let us, looking back as well as forward, seek some knowledge of his life and work through his friends and sitters.

We have seen who his masters and early associates

were. The art colony at Leyden was small; so that Dou, when he first sought instruction, had to find it with an engraver, and next with a painter on glass. But there were some artists, travelled and of repute, like van Goyen and Jan Perceillis, in the town or

its immediate neighbourhood, and it is strange if they did not seek out the young painter who was certainly being talked about beyond it. Very soon, at any rate, Rembrandt came into touch with a greater world. It is possible that Constantyn Huygens was the patron of The Hague who bought one of his pictures for 100 florins. Vosmaer surmised that he was, and Vosmaer did not know of the Autobiography of Huygens, brought to light later. In it he speaks of "two beardless painters, rather boys than young men," who owed all they were to sheer force of genius,—and what Rembrandt and Lievens were must have been considerable to be noticed by Prince Henry's art adviser at all. It was at Huygens' instance, no doubt, that Rembrandt painted the portrait of his brother, Maurice Huygens, the first of the series of commissioned portraits of the early Amsterdam days. Through him also came in 1632 a greatly more important commission for five religious pictures (followed ten years later by two others), for the Stadhouder, who inherited artistic tastes from his mother, Louise de Coligny, and was indulging them in the decoration of his various seats.

Though upon this early appreciation of Huygens a lasting respect and even friendship was built, Rembrandt appears little in the company of his country's poets. Scarce any of them sat for him. He almost certainly did not paint Cats, though he did his disciple Krul. Hooft and his circle in the elegant retirement of

Muiden, though they drew their inspiration from the city itself, in art were like the Stadhouder, Italian by acquired taste, and, as far as their natural predilections went, favouring the Flemings. Plentiful of praise for other painters, they ignored Rembrandt. One poet there had been who, putting aside the pencil for the pen in "getting down" the humours of the Amsterdammers, wrote poems that, like Jan Steens in paint, are the very marrow of their Burgher life. But Brederoo died when Rembrandt was twelve. Though for forty years they resided in the same city and their lives touched at many points, Vondel and Rembrandt were not friends. The poet's only mention of the painter in his works, which mention many painters, is in the stanza written on the (1640) etching of the clergyman Anslo, in which he declares that the artist ought to have painted the minister's voice,—a grudging enough comment certainly on a fine portrait. In his other reference, to his friend Six's portrait, he does not give the artist's name. Mr Middleton-Wake somewhat fiercely accuses Vondel of jealousy,—rather a dangerous and far-reaching deduction from this neglect or indifference. After all, there is nothing very unusual in men of letters being blind to originality in a sister art. It is difficult for them to be awake to originality in their own. If we may conjecture anything of their relations, however, it is that between Rembrandt and

Vondel there was a direct failure of understanding; yet de Decker, the pupil of the one, the friend of the other, must have known how profoundly similar was the spirit dwelling in the greatest poet and the greatest painter of their people.

A little later than his acquaintance with Huygens began another which had even greater results. Nicolaes Tulp pursued two lines of activity: he was a magistrate of Amsterdam, who later became its Burgomaster, and he was a man of science and a physician, who wrote medical books and compiled a pharmacopœia. When Rembrandt first knew him he was beginning a long tenure of the Chair of Anatomy in the Guild of Surgeons, in the Nes. The first-fruits of the friendship (for friendship it became) was "The Anatomy Lesson." Tulp's daughter, Marguerite, for whose hand Jan de Wit was also a suitor, married the poet and magistrate Jan Six, and thus we are introduced to a name that was closely connected with Rembrandt's in his lifetime, and is still, through the treasures in the house on the Heerengracht. One of them is the portrait (1641) of Anna Wymer, Six's mother, painted in that great period to which also belongs the portrait of the old Burgher lady, daughter of a master-baker, wife of an admiral, the wonderful "Elizabeth Bas" in the Ryks Museum, probably the most popular of Rembrandt's works.

We are still in the Amsterdam years before the death of Saskia, but have rather outrun

the sequence of events. First (to be clear), there was the series of fashionable portraits already referred to: their sitters are in most cases not identified, or if their names have been preserved, that is all we know of them. Some other painted and etched work Rembrandt did at this time which may be called popular, or, if any one likes, commercial. But simultaneously with it he was painting pictures and etching plates in which he worked out his own ideals,—after his marriage he did nothing else,—and so far as these are portraits they represent, as we might expect, those closest to his own life. Thus we have the series with his sister Lysbeth, who kept house for him in the Bloemgracht until Saskia appeared, and they lived in the various addresses in the Jewish quarter; then the Saskia gallery and the portraits of her relations and of himself; and there were those also of his friends, like Coppenol and the Rabbi Manasseh Ben Israel (etching, 1636), who lived near him in the Breestraat. Perhaps the Remonstrant minister Jan Uytenbogaerd was scarce a friend. Rembrandt made a fine etching of him in 1635, and a portrait recently discovered in Lord Rosebery's collection is supposed to be a painting by him referred to in the minister's diary. There was another Uytenbogaerd, however, who was a friend, and appears on the scene at this time. This was "The Treasurer," through whom were made the payments for

the Prince's pictures referred to in the correspondence with Huygens. It may have been a visit to his office in connection with these that suggested the head of him as "The Gold-weigher," which Rembrandt etched in 1639, the year of the great plate, "The Death of the Virgin."

The loss of Saskia was a turning-point in Rembrandt's career, but not in his art. It would be wrong to say that it had no effect upon his work, but it certainly did not give it a sentimental dye. On the contrary, if we sum it up broadly (as space allows only), we find the maturing of his style and his mastery of technique going on unbrokenly from 1632 to 1650, with no decrease of restfulness and calm, even of cheerfulness, after 1642. The Jewish heads of about 1645, compared with those of the 'Thirties, are greatly more impersonal. The scope of his work is enlarged. The Scriptural pieces gain in spiritual interpretation. To 1646 belongs "The Adoration of the Shepherds" (National Gallery), to 1648 "The Disciples at Emmaus" (Louvre). It is not until after 1650 that the note of sadness begins to dominate the work. Then old men and women, pathetic in their infirmity and tragic with the experience of life, fill the gallery. The artist himself looks out from many canvasses, worn and battered. Our Saviour becomes the central figure in the sacred representations. Technical problems which hitherto had occupied the painter seem now

to interest him less and less; more and more it is the heart of his subject he draws out.

In this second half of his working career Rembrandt lived increasingly within himself. But here again the personages in his works throw light on the circumstances of his life, which are still to be explained in a later chapter. Soon after Saskia's death he began to paint landscapes: not Dutch views and topographical studies, as in the etchings and drawings, but poetical inventions, with scenery that makes one believe he travelled outside his native country. In one, for example, amid a landscape that surely could not be found in Holland, he places a lowland town with windmills on the walls which resembles Leyden, as he must have seen it often as he looked towards the ramparts from outside the Witte Poort. The landscape studies referred to point to his having wandered with his pencil as far south as Dordrecht, and eastwards in the Betuwe, but most of them were made in the north of Amsterdam and in the dunes near Haarlem. The Six country-house was at Elsbroek, where he visited, and he was also the guest of the Treasurer Uytenbogaerd at his place which he had created on the moors near Naarden. At both houses he met people of note; and probably the withdrawal of such from his circle has been exaggerated. In the Six collection is a portrait of the Portuguese, Ephraim Bonus, a well-known physician of the Jewish quarter, painted in

1647. There also hangs—its greatest treasure—the portrait (1654) of Six himself, perhaps the strongest testimony to the painter's swiftness of hand and grasp of character. Two years later came the masterly portrait of Dr Arnold Tholinx, a friend of Tulp, whom he had already etched in a famous plate. Indeed even of the portraits of this later period which are unidentified, we may say that they are all of people of a greater distinction of appearance than those in the earlier. One or two of painters with handsome and beautiful faces especially arouse our curiosity.

Nevertheless, as we follow his work we have plentiful reminders, both in what is found and in what is missed there, of the misfortunes of his later years. Soon after 1650 Hendrickje appears in his paintings and etchings, and from time to time Titus also, in his delicate beauty. To 1655 belong the etchings of the two Haerings, father and son, one the warden of the Debtors' Prison in Amsterdam, the other auctioneer of debtors' effects. Two years later he painted the captivating face of Frans Brunyngh, the Secretary of the Bankruptcy Court. His etchings cease with 1661, an eventful year, even if we reject the tradition which some authorities still believe well-founded, that in it he visited England. If he did, it is pathetic indeed to think of the painter of "The Night-Watch" and "The Syndics," sad and worn out as we see him, for example, in the Rossie Priory portrait, wandering

about Hull doing portraits of ship-captains (for so the story runs), alone, and seeking escape from his misfortunes. The tradition is difficult of acceptance, however, in view of works which we know he produced about this time. One, a fragment of which survives in Stockholm, was "The Conspiracy of Claudius Civilis," for the gallery of the new Town Hall. The commission was only passed on to him on the death of his old pupil Govert Flinck, and the picture, when finished, was rejected. The other was "The Staelmeesters," the Masters or Syndics of the Guild of Clothworkers, now in the Rijks Museum. In this great Corporation canvas, one of two only for which he was selected after "The Night-Watch" of twenty years earlier, there is a concert of Rembrandt's powers. It sums up all his knowledge, and realises the intention of all his work. Six Dutch burghers behind a table are engaged in the prosaic business of explaining their accounts. The painter does not make the mistake of "The Night-Watch" by depriving them of their portraits. But craft in design, a full volume of colour, all his learning in chiaroscuro, directed with an extraordinary concentration towards the rendering of the quality of personality, make it one of the great masterpieces in paint. But he does not appear to have again taken Amsterdam by storm with it. At anyrate, no contemporary comment has been preserved.

One sometimes feels that there is a link missing for us in Rembrandt's career—that a chapter has dropped out in the story of his descent to neglect, which went on steadily from about 1645. Neither the dissatisfaction over "The Night-Watch" (after all, not widespread) nor irregularity in domestic relations accounts for it. His financial crash was an effect rather than a cause. The unpopularity of his art explains it, of course, but the unpopularity itself is not very explicable. His art did not change, as we see: its advance, that is, was along the road he had always travelled. We hear of "malign French influences" (as we have noticed them already in dress) affecting the taste in art, but that does not explain why there does not seem to have been even a "Rembrandt cult." The truth is, one must not detach the man from his art in accounting for his repute among his contemporaries. Rembrandt was not a conciliatory person, at any rate where his art was involved. He was not a man of the world like Rubens, or even a burgher of the world like Jordaens; he never, as did the Flemings, "ran a factory" (so to say). He was not

content to go on repeating a success, as the artist does who must preserve his popularity. On the other hand, wherever he was, there was a workshop and a laboratory, in which he experimented at the instigation of an imagination that never ceased to grow, and an observation that became more and more learned and profound. His concessions to popular taste, before he married Saskia, may have been deliberately planned to establish a secure basis on which to work out his own ideals and problems. Rembrandt certainly was a curious mixture of deliberation and impetuosity. We are more inclined to think that in these early years he was caught up for a time in the whirl of which that taste was the reflection. Later, all the forcefulness of his nature was concentrated on the pursuit of his art along a line in which the popular taste could not follow him. He went his own way, to the enormous gain of his work. To complain on his behalf that he suffered in his fortunes because the world went on in its own way, is only to fly out against the law of nature which says that you cannot both have your cake and eat it.

V.

The disconsideration of his fellow-citizens in the last twenty years of Rembrandt's life seems to have been due partly to his relations with Hendrickje Stoffels; still more

perhaps to those with Geertje Dircx, the widow of a trumpeter, who was engaged as Titus's nurse. Upon the documents bearing on Geertje's case, recently brought to light,

Dr Bode puts the worst construction. They do not appear to us to justify his strong condemnation of the painter, but we do not forget that no one has given them more careful consideration than he. If, as seems likely, Geertje was jealous of the serving-maid introduced into the household about 1645, it was not without cause. Houbraken refers to a peasant of Rensdorp who was Rembrandt's wife, and Hendrickje was both. Apparently, however, Houbraken does not distinguish between her and Saskia. It was not until 1661, a year or so before her death, that Rembrandt married Hendrickje. During fifteen years she lived with him as his mistress, for which the Church called her to account and respectable Amsterdammers looked down their noses. These are cause and effect which are more easily appraised at their proper value by us after three hundred years than by contemporaries. Though we cannot see her, like one of the latest biographers of the painter, as "a sweet childlike apparition from among the people," at least all we know tells us that she was a true and faithful companion to Rembrandt in his time of trouble. He never, we may believe, forgot Saskia. It is equally certain that he had no sentimental reason for not making the union with Hendrickje regular from the beginning, still less a social one, on account of her origin. We gather this from the fact that their sur-

living child (like two of Saskia's who had died in infancy) was given his mother's name, Cornelia. There was, however, a barrier of another kind to marriage with Hendrickje; and this brings us to the story of the financial troubles which cloud all Rembrandt's later history. It shall be briefly told.

Sir William Temple, writing, it is true, fifty years before Rembrandt's day, noted particularly in the Dutch of the Holland Provinces proper a faculty for the careful ordering of their affairs. Rembrandt, a Leydener, was a lamentable exception. No one, perhaps, is more likely to fail in a proper appreciation of money than he who, brought up in a well-to-do but humble home, knowing neither want nor luxury, suddenly finds himself in affluence. Such was the miller's boy. At twenty-five he had all Amsterdam at his studio door, bringing money in their hands. When he married Saskia he became, as we have seen, more than comfortably off. To him it might well seem that he was a wealthy man. Their life was simple: all the more reason for indulging his (perhaps their) passion for collecting. He lavished jewels on his wife, filled his house with rare and curious objects, and bought pictures and prints, outbidding all others (if the stories be true) in a lordly fashion. The slander that he was avaricious dates from a later time, when he could not help being careful, perhaps keen: it is the punishment of one so unconscionably free and

generous as Rembrandt was in his heyday that he can never afterwards afford to be even just. Yet there does seem to have been an acquisitive strain in him, though of no sordid kind: he could not let a beautiful thing pass him, simply on account of its beauty. He may have bought and sold; but dealing is not less dignified in an artist than in a patron, like Jan Six, and not so reprehensible as in, say, a critic. He may even have bought and sold houses. The variety of addresses at which we find him, and other hints, point to his having had more than one at a time on his hands—to paint in, perhaps, or to store his treasures. When Sir David Wilkie visited the famous house in the Joden Breestraat, in 1840, he wrote to his sister that Rembrandt could not have produced his large pictures in it, for it was not big enough to hold a sixth part of the effects in the inventory. Wilkie, who had painted the “Pitlessie Fair” in his bedroom at Culter, with a chest of drawers for easel, was not the man to overestimate the artist’s requirement of space. This house was bought in 1639, and was only partly paid for: even then Rembrandt was feeling the pinch, though it would appear that when Saskia died her fortune was intact. By her will, signed on her death-bed, she made him her sole heir, as well as Titus’s guardian, with control of her fortune, which was to go to him when Rembrandt died or

should he marry again. It was finely done, with complete faith in his honour, but little understanding of his temperament.

So far, it may be said, Rembrandt had not been extravagant, though he largely overestimated his resources. Saskia’s fortune was intact, he was still a popular painter, and his splendid purchases might well be looked upon as investments. But things changed. As an artist, he went on his own way, reaching greater achievement, as we think now, but leaving the taste of his own day far behind. As a man, also, he took his own way, which was to drift. He ceased to earn, and continued to spend as much as hitherto. When marriage with Hendrickje became an urgent question, the answer was that he could not fulfil the condition to it, imposed by Saskia’s will, of handing over her fortune to Titus. He began to borrow money, and money was dearer, for Holland was feeling the pinch of fresh wars. In 1656 he was declared a bankrupt, and in the following year deprived of the guardianship of his son. In the autumn of 1657 the house in the Breestraat was sold, and when his splendid collection was put up for auction it realised the pitiful sum of 5000 florins.

This was not the end of his troubles. His effects had been sold in the Keizerskroon, an inn of which the name is still preserved, though not the original building, in the Kalver-

straat, and there he lodged for a time. The faithful Hendrickje, to save the remnant, started the business of dealing in prints, in which, two years later, Titus joined her. Rembrandt, no doubt, lived with them—we do not know where. But in 1661 they took the house in the Rosengracht, where probably Hendrickje died (about 1661), and where almost certainly, save for a few flittings,—one of them to the neighbouring Lauriersgracht,—Rembrandt himself lived until his death. In 1668 Titus married his cousin, Magdalena; in the autumn of the same year he died, his daughter, Titia, being born in the subsequent spring.

We turn from these facts to Rembrandt's work to see the unconquerable soul in the man. It is a poor business reconstructing him from notarial protocols and the records of the courts, when we have a document that reveals him fully. From it we know that amid all these blows of fate he went on with his art undistracted, unwaveringly, and without bitterness, unless we take a work of excessive finish occurring here and there in an increasingly summary practice, as done in a bitter humour to flout the taste which was neglecting him. Dr Bode speaks of "stupendous truth and tenderness" in his art: no less stupendous were his courage and tenacity.

We have been considering the man rather than his art in this paper, and are not so

presumptuous as to seek to sum it up now in a concluding page. But some very general aspects of it, glanced at already, may be returned to for a moment before we leave him. We have seen him from the first occupied with problems of light,—or of shadow rather, for from contrast with the refinements of shadow his light comes,—and developing the Rembrandt chiaroscuro, as it is called. But that convention of lighting is misunderstood if it is forgotten that it was only an aid to expression. Significant expression we find a main concern in his early works, and becoming more and more so as his technical powers increased. Always experimenting, always the workman, and reserving for his work the whole force of an eager and enormously concentrated intelligence, he yet never exalted treatment above subject, and he never exalted any particular treatment. This is what makes his appeal so direct and widespread. There is absolutely no pedantry in his art. His painting quality never outran his imagination, and the visualising power of his imagination was so great that his invention, enormous as it is, loses the element of inventiveness.

It is in his religious pictures that that power is seen at its highest. Rembrandt was one of the greatest expounders of the Gospel that ever appeared, certainly the greatest in art. It has been surmised, because many of his sitters were Menonites, that he himself was a Baptist, and it is amusing

to find Dr Bode somewhat solemnly defending the painter from the charge of being a sectary. Dr Bode's accustomed judgment surely deserts him here. When we consider that Holland had been fighting the Church of Rome for eighty years, and that it was Calvinist and not Lutheran by accident only, it may seem to us that between the sectarianism of the Baptists and that of the Dutch Church (the greatest political asset of the House of Orange) there was not much to count. If we must speculate on the matter, the interesting question is—Was Rembrandt a Remonstrant? He may very well have been a Baptist, as he may have had a sympathy with Catholicism; but one thing certain is that his art was Protestant, if (though one sometimes doubts it) it be the cardinal claim of Protestantism that men are equal before God.

The consciousness of that (in no theological sense, of course) lies behind all Rembrandt's work. Mr Arthur Strong said, very truly, that he "only seems to go deeper [than Titian, in his portraiture] because he kept with so solemn an iteration to the rule of experience—to its sufferings, its illusion, and its decay,—passing by the exceptional 'happy souls that live.'" But that is only to say that his was a Northern genius. He was a true product of his country, though not obviously so: there is nothing obvious in Rem-

brandt's art, in spite of its direct and widespread appeal. The remarkable fact that first strikes the student of Rembrandt is that the history of his country finds no place in his work. No painter ever grew to manhood amid events of a more rich and varied pictorial quality. To a Leydener without imagination it was only necessary to stand with the old men on the ramparts looking to the Maas, or to listen to the women in the market-place where van der Werff addressed the mob, to realise the scenes which have been reincarnated in the glowing pages of Motley; but so far as we know the Leyden lad, in whom lodged the greatest pictorial imagination that the world perhaps has ever known, never attempted to realise them. But, though all unconsciously, he (and the whole Dutch school, however poorly in comparison with him) interpreted their true lesson in that human art in which he expressed himself so magically.

There is no contemporary comment on Rembrandt's death. We know of it only through the death register of the Wester Kerk, where he was buried. The record runs: "Tuesday, October 8, 1669—Rembrandt van Rijn, painter, on the Roozegraft, opposite the Doolhof. Leaves two children." These were Cornelia and Titia. The inventory of his effects mentions only some linen and woollen garments and his painting materials.

D. S. MELDRUM.

A SOUTHRON IN SUTHERLAND.

"THE most daysolate place in the hail countryside" was the description given of our home by the lowland grieve of the defunct sheep farm whose centre the house of Ardmore had been. Desolate from the grieve's point of view it certainly was. Forty miles south of Cape Wrath,—fifty by land and ten more by sea from the nearest railway station, without a road leading to it; inaccessible indeed for goods or for the tender-footed human being except by sea,—it was nevertheless an ideal residence for ochlophobists to spend their long vacations in. The motor car may yet bring Sutherland within dinner distance of London; suburban villas may invade the Summer Isles and dot the semicircle of Eddrachillis Bay; but the beauties of the West Coast are cast in too large a mould to be easily spoiled. It is a land for healthy folk only, it is true; but its endless glories—the ever-changing scenery of mountain and glen, of land loch and sea loch—are but little discounted by the sea-rain which never chills and the loneliness which in that clear air never depresses. To get one's letters only when one cares to walk ten miles for them is not, to the man unconnected with the Stock Exchange, an irremediable woe. Mutton week in week out is not altogether nauseating diet when supplemented by the in-

initely various products of sea and tarn and loch. The two repelling features of Sutherland when we dwelt there twenty years ago were the deer-forest and the midge,—the deer-forest invading and hampering more and more the excursions of the fisherman or the artist; the midge not merely hampering him, but ejecting him bodily from his hunting-grounds. There is no such beast on earth as the Sutherland midge. The only comfort with regard to him is that he lives but for a day. And it is well. The experience of age added to his natural malevolence would quickly enable him to clear Sutherland of the Southron—Scot or Englishman. It may be noted in passing that the one sure cure for him—the smearing of the face with glycerine and lavender—is in some respects worse than the disease, since it converts the countenance into a black, and not comely, cemetery of a million midges.

There in the desolate place we settled down. We furnished it (by sea) with bachelor furniture: no effeminate stair-carpet, or even bedroom-floor coverings, except deerskins, were permitted; no razors except on Sundays. And there we spent seven years' delightful vacations, including one never-to-be-forgotten Christmastide. A Christmas in Sutherland may hardly seem to be a delight for which to quit a Southern fire-

side, still less to travel seven hundred miles to enjoy. But it is well worth the journey. Artists have delighted to depict the stormy Highland winter,—sheep perishing on a snow-swept braeside, stirks in a blizzard (where surely no man ever sat with an easel). But the beauties of an open winter on the West Coast—the gorgeous tints of bank and burn-side in the three-o'clock evening; the blazing sunsets over the far-distant Lewis; the mountain-siderunningsheer into the sea, and never smothered like the inland hills with monotonous snows, but marbled only amid the green and grey,—these things still lack their painter. The hailstorm, heralded only by a five minutes' darkening of the sky, may lay your cheek open like a knife; the daylight will count seven hours only; the drive back may have to be undergone in an open mail-cart, sitting in snow for fifty miles; there will be need of provant for the body and for the mind in case of possible imprisonment. But he who has, so equipped, spent such a holiday, will long to do the like again.

It is not, however, the writer's intention to descant upon Sutherland scenery or Sutherland sport. These are—especially the former—still there, and like to be, and they have been described and depicted by abler hands. But he would record a foreigner's impressions of certain types of character, racy of the soil, which twenty years ago were fast disappearing, and must

now belong altogether to the past.

In those days the deer forest had only begun to invade the West Coast and to curtail the privileges of the ungilded sportsman. The great sheep-farms, which had once been the mainstay of Sutherland industry, were rapidly disappearing, as the large imports of wool rendered them unprofitable; and the crofter, in the full swing of the excitement unhappily fostered by the Commission of 1883, quite expected to succeed to the farmer's heritage. We were in the thick of the agitation. All round us were the ruins of tiny villages and "towns" which had, according to vengeful native tradition, been burned to the ground in the great evictions of 1817. It is, or was, a melancholy sight enough; but it is very difficult to believe that that unfertile land ever really supported the number of inhabitants indicated by those ruins. The fact would appear to be that one-half of the nominal population was always away soldiering in one form or another; and it is there probably that the great damage to the country caused by the evictions is to be found—in the loss of good food for powder. One single glen, or rather river basin, — Strathnaver,—is said to have kept a whole regiment supplied with recruits in years which were gluttonous of recruits—those of the Peninsular War. To-day Strathnaver could not raise a company. But the crofter can never have been a suc-

cessful husbandman: even for the more desultory occupation of fishing he seems to lack the necessary patience. He is indeed, or was, the very Thracian of the modern world—a soldier born. And of his bellicose qualities we were permitted to enjoy some experiences—though, happily, vile bodies other than our own were affected. Fired by the examples of Irish outrage, he believed that measures of force might expedite the beneficent action of the Commission, and resorted to them on the slightest provocation. Within a mile or two of us an innkeeper had received permission to place a boat on an unfrequented loch. The day after it was placed there the boat was on the shore chopped into matchwood. An Englishman of wealth, who was cruising in those parts in a steam yacht, had hired as a *pied à terre* the unoccupied house of a sheep-farm just abandoned. For a few months he was a veritable blessing to the countryside as a wholesale purchaser of eggs and poultry. Then he received letters threatening his life if he continued to occupy the house. Shots were fired through the windows in his absence, and he actually never dared to enter his own house again. “And I wouldna’ be surprised,” said the grieve above quoted, as we sat discussing these fearful happenings with him after dinner, “if you gentry had a pistol-shot through your windows here some fine night.”

And even as he spoke the thing happened. Bang! crash! Splintered glass and confusion filled the room. It is to be hoped that we took it coolly. It was certainly alarming at such a moment; yet after all it was only that indispensable adjunct of bachelor quarters, the gazogene on the sideboard, which had exploded!

So far as one could judge, the estates of the Duke of Sutherland, whose tenants we were, were administered (by a gentleman whose honourable career was recently traced in the pages of ‘Maga’¹) with great consideration and humanity. What strikes a Southron accustomed to country life very unfavourably in the Highlands is the want of that public opinion which in an English county proves a constant check upon an unjust or tyrannical landlord. This is, of course, due to the sparseness of population and the small number of the landowning class. One heard of instances of malicious action towards recalcitrant tenants—outside Sutherland—which would earn a man the contempt and dislike of all the neighbouring squires in any English agricultural community. But in Assynt and the other western parishes—a parish in Sutherland, good English reader, is about the size of the smallest English county—the management of the estates seemed to be conducted with a care for the interests of the tenants which

¹ See “A Highland Gentleman” in ‘Maga’ for July 1905.

was not always required. For example, in 1883 the Duke sent into the West a number of bulls of the Highland breed to serve the crofters' cattle gratis—it being only expected that the animals should be looked after, and, in case of need, fed by the tenants. It was commonly reported that several died of sheer starvation and neglect. And when the then Marquess of Stafford stood for the county in 1885, and went canvassing with his charming wife, many of his father's tenants boasted that they had shut their doors in his face. He was standing on an absurdly Radical programme—including the abolition of that very right of primogeniture which gave him the name by which he signed himself; yet he was easily defeated by a so-called crofter candidate. And what, indeed, may not be expected of a constituency which has just fallen a victim to the wiles of Mr Alpheus Cleophas (condemnable iteration!) Morton?

To turn, however, from the shadows to the lights of Sutherland life. We had the privilege, which no man will again enjoy, of the acquaintance of some characters of a type now extinct—genuine survivals of the Disruption days. First among these we must account one of the (practically) monoglot Gaelic ministers who were once common enough in the Highlands—Mr A—— of B——. Around this good man's name legends have woven their

wreaths. He was, indeed, probably the real hero of the miracle of Strathpeffer. The story ran that, suffering acutely from rheumatism, he was induced by his friends to repair to the famous baths there, and that as he arose from the waters after his first ablution he sang loud praises to heaven for his deliverance,—for the Lord, he said, had in a moment shaken off his disease, and he had seen it remaining at the bottom of the bath in the form of a black and cloudy mass of matter!

He had been ordained immediately after the Disruption, and he had remained as he was then—a Highlander of the Forties, absolutely unaffected and unspoiled by modern culture or modern ideas. The "Moderate minister" was to him what he may have been then—a survival of the eighteenth century, taking his ten "Double-Donalds"¹ after dinner, and only kept in his undeserved affluence by the power of the law and the patronage of a corrupt aristocracy. His presence was not ungenial; his nature was apparently sincere; but his conversation was marred by the constant intrusion of the phantom iniquities of the Established Kirk. He had but to look around him to see how utterly his estimate of things was contradicted by circumstances. To an Englishman, indeed, it seems as if the great fault of the Kirk of Scotland ministry in the Highlands were not want of culture,—certainly

¹ A "Double-Donald" is a tumbler of toddy containing *two* wine-glasses of whisky.

not the practice of the grosser faults of which men of this type accused them,—but a simple failure to acquire the one advantage which these latter possessed, and that is a knowledge of the native language of the people. Without that knowledge the minister exposes himself to the charge once made, and now so little justified, against the “alien Church” in Wales. It is true, no doubt, that there are few of his parishioners who understand no English: when he does visit, he can certainly make himself understood in a way. But is that sufficient? Look at the Gaelic and English services which are held consecutively on a Sunday morning in a Highland Free Kirk. There are two hundred people at the first, listening attentively to every word; at the second perhaps two dozen, and those chiefly there because the Sutherland Sabbath offers few other opportunities of relaxation. Yet there is little of the bitter Welsh feeling against the Church to be found among the crofters. In our time, indeed, it was generally understood (and Dr Kennedy of Dingwall was appealed to as an authority in the matter) that Disestablishment was a ruse of the Papacy, of which baleful power Mr Gladstone himself was a secret emissary, only biding his time. And that was sufficient for the lay-folk. What violence of opposition there was, was to be found among the ministers. And there it was at times incredible. The Gaelic language is not one which lends itself to philosophic

nuances of meaning, and when literally translated it is apt to convey radical truths too baldly. Few people will believe that “Ian Maclaren’s” Highland preacher, with his apostrophe to the “little fat man sitting just below the pulpit, who if he were opened would be found full of all self-righteousness,” &c., is anything but an exaggerated figment. He is certainly not an impossibility. The writer was told by an unimpeachable witness that he (a Moderate of course), entering a Sutherland Free Kirk with some friends in the middle of a Gaelic prayer, was surprised to hear the minister break off and give some kind of stage direction to the congregation. On inquiry afterwards he found that the words used were, “Be careful, my friends; here come the children of the devil. Give them a wide berth.” In Gaelic, no doubt, the words would have simply implied a disagreement, on purely theological grounds, with the intruders. Mr A——’s point of view was the same.

Our first meeting with the good man deserves some description. We had travelled some twelve miles by sea—and pretty dangerous miles among them too—and eight by land to see that sight of the North, a Highland sacrament. It skills not to describe such a ceremony: that has been done over and over again. There was the customary crowd of a thousand or so in a natural amphitheatre outside, and the score of worshippers, with half-a-dozen communicants, inside the

kirk. There was also a precentor, who fortified himself before every verse of a hymn with lumps of sugar from a basin placed before him. These were things worth a journey to behold. But Mr A——'s sermon was the *chef-d'œuvre* of the day. We found him laboriously toiling at a discourse in a tongue unknown to him; and the entrance of "the gentry from the South" did not improve his fluency. He wandered terribly in his subdivisions, and at length woke us all to attention by informing us that the palm-trees under which the Israelites rested in the wilderness were "eaten up by gutter-flies." What he meant no one was discourteous enough to ask him; but it seemed probable that he had looked out a Gaelic word in a dictionary, and finding "grub" and "butterfly" as alternative renderings, had achieved a portmanteau-word of his own.

Another sermon of his has attained to some traditional popularity. It appears that in some old book of divinity current in the North in his early days there was given, by way of illustration of human helplessness without divine assistance, the old story (dating from Cæsar) of the monstrous beast in the German forest which could never lie down at night, but must sleep leaning against a tree. Discovering its favourite tree, the wily natives would in the day-time cut the trunk half through, and when the

animal leaned against it at night it fell and could be slaughtered with ease. Into this legend the preacher introduced local colour. The beast, he said, was an elephant, which, as is well known, has but one joint, and that in the middle of its back. And then, having described how the poor creature, leaning against the treacherous tree, "fell flop" and lay there, he went on with an appendix. "But, my brethren, there was in those parts a godly man and a pitiful man and a tender-hearted man, and as he went on his way through the wood he saw the poor elephant lie there; and he heaved it up, and set it on its legs again, and saved its life. And so great was the gratitude of that poor animal, that it followed him about for ever after like a dog. It fed at his table and lay by his hearth, and when he lay down to sleep at night it stretched itself across the foot of his bed to protect him. Even so, my friends, is the human soul in its utter dependence upon the Almighty."

In the course of his long and rare rounds of visiting—his parish was about twenty miles by fifteen—he penetrated even to our remote retreat, and, after the cheerful custom of the country, stayed some days. One looked for an outpouring of anecdote and reminiscence from him, and he must have possessed a fund of such. But the iniquities of the Moderates were a perfect King Charles's

head to him, and marred his conversation at every turn. Furthermore, he was possessed by a burning desire to become possessed of our raspberries and currants. Our little garden was singularly prolific, like most well-tended Highland gardens, and as we did not use this small fruit much we gave it to the distant shepherd who took in our letters for us. But Mr A—— had marked it for his own. From the moment he entered the house till he left it, he harped upon the subject, proposing plans for the annexation, partial or complete, of those raspberries and currants; and when a long summer's afternoon had been passed in vain cajoleries and supplications, and we went out to smoke the after-dinner cigar in the clear Highland all-night twilight, he would wander down into the garden, and we heard him murmuring loudly and with intention, "Beautiful, beautiful raspberries and currants! The Lord has indeed blessed these young men! And how glad Misthress A—— would be of them for her preserves!" Otherwise we were well content with him—we shall not look upon his like again—and he with us, save in respect of our brief English grace before meat, which he considered a mere heathenish mockery. After vainly proposing to officiate himself in this matter, he salved his conscience by covering his eyes with his hand and offering up a lengthy supplication in a

kind of stage whisper at the beginning of every meal.

His own hospitality was certainly on a truly patriarchal scale. On the occasion of the "gutterfly" sermon above mentioned, there were at least two-score people—many of whom, like ourselves, he hardly knew at all—feeding with Highland appetites in his house. Brace after brace of chickens, boiled and roast, appeared and disappeared, and yet there seemed no lack. True, he had thoughtlessly put the key of the cellaret which contained "the hards" in his pocket when he went out to service, and the distress of his excellent wife was piteous to behold as the time went on and he did not reappear. But when the usual evening storm came on, there was actually talk of putting up at least our boatload, consisting of some seventeen people, for the night. His household felicity was, however, marred by the pranks of a son, whose name must surely be remembered still in those parts as that of a monster of monkey-tricks and malice. How Archie sat down upon poor General S——'s gouty foot; how he fastened his father's leg, as he dozed over his sermon, to his own study table, and then roused him to his ruin and that of the table and its contents with a red-hot poker, were stories commonly current. But his masterpiece was one of hospitality. There was a large clerical gathering at his father's house, and Archie had for some misdemeanour been banished to the kitchen. Looking round

for means of vengeance, he discovered at once a huge vessel filled with soup a-boiling, and the family cat. Her, in the momentary absence of the cook, he seized, plunged her in the stew, and shut down the cover. Later he had reason to rejoice, when the ministers discovered by capillary evidence the nature of the witches' cauldron of which they had been asked to partake.

Spiritual opportunities in Sutherland are not plentiful. Our real parish church was some seven miles away across the sea; and such are the uncertainties of that element, that on one occasion at least, after some hours' toiling in rowing, we walked into church (five of us) just in time to receive the benefit of the final benediction. "And the wonder of it was," said good Mrs M——, the minister's wife, "that ye none of ye looked a bit ashamed of yerselves." But more often "white horses" in the bay warned us off from such expeditions, and we had to be content with the ministrations of a "candidate" at one of the schoolhouses, then maintained in Sutherland by a Ladies' Society in Edinburgh. The service was "in the Gaelic," and we welcomed, it is to be feared, with some joy, the diversion once afforded by a shepherd's dog, who, entering covered from him in a cloud at the change of temperature from without, put to flight a whole congregation. At times we had a service also in our own house. Once our congregation was in-

creased by the addition of a number of storm-stayed fishermen from the Isle of Man. They were most devout. They made their religious appreciation intelligible in Manx to the Gaelic servants; and it was only when they sailed away next day that we discovered that every fishing line and lead about the premises had gone with them.

For the first two years of our stay, however, our Sundays were illuminated by the presence in the neighbourhood of ministers from that mysterious land of Norsemen which, higher than the Highlands, yet declines to be classed with them, and talks of Scotland as a land beyond its border—the "county," *par excellence*, of Caithness. "Where now," said the school inspector to the intelligent class, "would the people come from who called the most northern county in Scotland the Southern Land?" and the answer was unanimous, "Please, sir, from Ireland." There is not much Irish softness about the Caithness man: he is sturdy Northman. Have not the Wick Burghs even now refused to follow the lead of silly Scotland and sillier England, and sent one Unionist to Parliament? But that is by the way. Every year there used to come over to Assynt from "the county," driving the eighty miles from sea to sea with his own horses, the last of the great Sutherland sheep-farmers, the tenant of Glendhu. With two mighty sheep-farms in Assynt and Eddrachillis,—as large as the two counties of

Clackmannan and Kinross rolled into one, or, to take an English example, as big as Rutland,—and with two great arable holdings in Caithness, he might well count as another type of a class now extinct. His hospitality was unbounded. He brought with him, or in his train, at least a dozen or so of guests; and, as was proper, there were always the ministers among them. “The Rabbis,” as that wicked county called them, of Thurso and Wick, found their acceptable August holiday at the house of Glendhu. And every Sunday there was service in the great woolstore,—service from twelve till three, or thereabouts. At three there was dinner—three tables of it generally—for the guests and for stravinging English like ourselves; and at seven supper, with that unique Highland dish, a hatted kit, always to the fore. No Englishman ever yet told the truth if he said he liked a haggis,—the glass of whisky which accompanies the first slitting of that amorphous bag is what he really likes; but a hatted kit well made—the cook standing on the table and pouring the milk from that height upon the other ingredients—is a dish for an emperor. From four to seven we drank toddy. Let no ardent hydropot be alarmed: no one ever took more than two glasses, and our host took one with about eleven lumps of sugar in it. But the incessant flow of conversation, which rendered the adventitious aid of toddy unnecessary to liveliness; the stories of East Coast

and West; of Archie A——; and of Caithness elections in old times (Caithness must have rivalled Yarmouth in corruption), and the shrewd, terse comments of Caithness-Sutherland upon them, were enough, like Juvenal’s indignation, “to make verses.” Our host himself, a veritable Magnus Troil in appearance and in whole-hearted hospitality, was a man of inimitably dry wit. When the great steamer came into the loch on her yearly voyage to fetch his wool, it was rumoured that there had nearly been a duel on board between an Irish M.P. (now gone to his rest) and a compatriot, who were rivals for the smiles of a lady passenger. “But,” said Glendhu, “it was not true; for I walked through the ship and I looked at every leddy on board, and I can answer for it that there was no leddy there that there could possibly have been any contention about.”

At times the anecdotes we heard included sufficiently weird stories of real life. There we first learned the history of a lad who afterwards became our servant—poor Willie Munro. If ever a lad was cut out for a fine soldier, it was Willie—a perfect crofter’s son of the old warlike days. He would tramp across hill and moss on our fishing expeditions bearing a load which would have made a Roman legionary hesitate and a Swiss Alpine porter demand two assistants. And his wilderness instincts (there is no other word) were marvellous. On one occasion some flies had been

left behind by one of our party. Willie started off home for them. But after he was gone the owner of the flies went off by himself to a loch a couple of miles away, not thinking to see Willie again. Two hours later there came Willie, striding down to the loch-side, straight for the fisherman. "Why, Willie, how on earth did you find me, apart from the others?" "Oh! there's a couple of nails out at the side of your left boot; I saw it this morning, when I cleaned them." He had followed the track with that small singularity to guide him, over ground which to a Lowlander would show no trace of human footprints at all. His relatives procured him a situation in a draper's shop in Glasgow, and he died of consumption at twenty!

As a boy of nine, living with his father and mother in a remote shepherd's hut not far from Cape Wrath, he awoke one night to find his father hewing his mother limb from limb with a hatchet, and singing hymns the while. Somehow Willie escaped the madman's notice and climbed up to the open rafters, where he lay for two whole days, watching the bloody scene below. The constabulary of Sutherland is not numerically strong—about one to every two hundred square miles; but in some way this awful story became known, and the whole countryside took what weapons it could muster, went up in force to beleaguer the cottage, and finally captured the madman and released the poor child. But the remem-

brance of those awful hours overshadowed the lad's whole life. He was as taciturn as a Fenimore Cooper Red Indian, and in seven years I do not think we ever saw him smile.

More interesting, because of his vast experience, was our factotum Kenneth Lamont. Kenneth had been an irregular in-door retainer at half the shooting-lodges in Sutherland in the Forties and Fifties; and if half his stories were true, those establishments were not unworthy to be compared to Medmenham Abbey in the days of John Wilkes. English peers and successful Scottish advocates seem to have vied with each other in the corruption of the Highlands. It is regrettable that most of Kenneth's reminiscences defy quotation; but one may serve as a specimen, though it is of the mildest character. About 1850 he was said to be one of a crew who served the then Lord W—— and a distinguished Scottish judge, at a lodge in East Sutherland. These two had had what the Americans call "a high old time," and on the eve of their departure they eclipsed their previous efforts by giving a grand dance to the whole countryside. The countryside danced, but declined to get drunk, and Lord W—— was dissatisfied. He came to Kenneth, and, "Kenneth," said he, "you will now fill the boiler with whisky instead of water for the toddy. Don't let it boil, or it will blow up; but ladle it out for water." Kenneth's own story was that he refused in heroic

language (which is highly improbable), and that the reprobate nobleman had to prepare the awful brew himself. At all events, the toddy was made on those principles. "Each gibbering Gael grew dumb." And in the grey morning Kenneth, the only sober person there, stepped across the prostrate bodies of men, women, and children as on a battlefield, to help the gentry to their machine and see them depart.

This derelict Leporello it was our custom to leave in sole charge during our long absences, and as a rule he looked after our interests well—defending them with the fidelity of a Caleb Balderstone against all comers. Indeed, had we been in want, he would certainly have been prepared to repeat the episode of the roasting chickens. But on one occasion of return we found the house encumbered with a collection of what might well have passed for unredeemed pledges from a pawnbroker's. Odd decanters and wine-glasses, dilapidated brass candlesticks, tawdry mats and sofa-cushions, met the eye at every turn; and the list was completed by a small but appalling collection of works of art. Caleb had been lured to the outgoing sale of the last of the Assynt sheep-farmers, and, under the influence of free drinks—customary at every Highland roup—he had pledged our credit to the amount of five pounds or so, in order to secure this deplorable collection of marine stores for our behoof. When

we remonstrated, he nearly wept. "Hhwhat!" said he, pointing to a sixpenny German lithograph of her then Gracious Majesty,—to make room for which he had dislodged a cherished etching,—“and would ye grudge seven-and-sixpence for the potrat of the firrst leddy in the land? Aughh!” The exclamation was one not of anger but of deep sorrow for our disloyalty. Poor Kenneth! he left us, Highland fashion, for some fancied slight, and, his life's occupation gone, died soon after.

Highland morals have had enough, and more than enough, said about them. But in palliation it should be said that the straving Englishman has a good deal to answer for in this respect. Even singly in a Highland inn he can be a perfect nuisance—at least to the ochlophobist—in his persevering pursuit of the eternal feminine. Collected in bands or packs, as in a large shooting lodge, he and his servants may be an unmitigated curse. Highly paid in a poor country, under lax supervision, and deeming themselves in a foreign land, “where,” as they believe, “there ain't no ten commandments, and the best is like the worst,” these people may be perfect propagators of vice—and sometimes are. All Highland lodges are not arranged on the idyllic lines traced by Mr Robert Buchanan and his likes.

Still, the native morals *per se* are undoubtedly queer. What puzzles the Englishman is the way in which they are

reconciled with extreme respect for the outward ordinances—notably as concerns the “Sabbath.” Of scrupulosity in this matter we were privileged to witness one remarkable instance. One Sunday afternoon a cow belonging to our boatman strayed from his cottage, two miles away, to our own “square,” and there, fighting with another cow, fell and broke her neck. Knowing that unless she were bled and skinned at once the meat would be ruined, we offered in our benevolence to perform the not very savoury operation. Norman, the owner, consented—somewhat glumly and reservedly, as we thought. The neighbouring shepherd, on being asked to help, respectfully declined, but looked on. We ended our Good Samaritan task, as we deemed it, by lantern light, and next morning went off light-heartedly to our fishing, expecting in a day or two to have beef for dinner—a rare luxury in Assynt. But on our return we found that the news of our deed had been spread abroad; that a boatful of the “men” from the nearest Free Kirk chapelry had invaded our domains, held an inquest on the cow, and condemned the carcass as a *corpus delicti* of Sabbath-breaking. Our house-keeper, rushing out, hewed off a leg with a hatchet, the “men” apparently conniving; but the rest of the animal was put into the boat, taken out into the bay, and sunk in three fathoms of water. No censure was passed upon us personally, as Moderates and even “Episcopians,”

without hope in either world; and on the whole we profited by the transaction, for the supply of crabs and lobsters just about where that cow was sunk was for the next few weeks inexhaustible.

The legends of Sutherland are as weird as its ways. Those nominally founded on history are sufficiently gruesome—as, for example, the story of the Swedish count who in the early eighteenth century came to “found a colony” (whatever that might mean) in Assynt. To his ruin, he brought with him a large sum of money in gold, to obtain which the natives promptly murdered him, and buried his body on the slope of the hills above Loch a’Chairn Bhain. There “the grave of the Swede” is shown to this day, a little off the path on the south side of the loch. His brothers, coming to reinforce him, were also met and murdered at Helmsdale, far east. But his treasure had a singular destiny. The gold was, with true Celtic nonchalance, heaped on a plaid and ferried over to the north side for safer custody. When they reached shore four Highlandmen took each a corner to lift the plaid and its precious contents out, and then one did exactly what his descendant to-day might do—dropped his corner to take a pinch of snuff, or do something equally important, and down went the gold into the sea, and there it is still. But it is useless to dredge for it, for God’s judgment on murder presently caused a mighty landslip, and

half a mountain-side glided into the loch to bury for ever the treasure of the murdered man.

More authentic, however, is the legend of Eddrachalda, the skeleton house on the shore of Loch Assynt, near Inchnadamph. The Macleod of Assynt had, according to the well-known story immortalised by Aytoun, betrayed Montrose for a few bolls of meal when he sought shelter with him in the castle of Ardvreck, which stands on a peninsula, nearly an island, in the loch; and a curse rested for ever on him and his descendants. This curse his grandson took measures to perpetuate by marrying a godless Mackenzie from the east, who made him desert the old fortress and build what must have been then regarded as a kind of Park Lane mansion on the shore. There she ran her rigs, even commanding one godly gillie to catch trout for her on the Sunday. But the wily man fished with no bait, and explained to his mistress that no West-country fish would bite upon the Sabbath. Judgment overtook her: her house was burned to the ground (one wonders if the godly gillie took a hand in that burning), and the family withered. The last direct descendant of the Macleods of Assynt was, in our time, a poor half-witted letter-carrier hanging about the famous inn of Kyle Sku.

The supernatural is still strong in Sutherland, with its huge and ghostly shadows and its loch-sides haunted by mists which make giants of men. The ghost of Scourie House is

surely one of the most appalling that ever dismayed a guest. It cannot be seen, it cannot be heard, but it lays a clammy hand upon the foot of the sleeper as he lies. The black man who sits upon the western slope of Quinag and directs the storm was plainly seen by a guest of ours—a Highlander, it is true—amid the wrack of a wild autumn afternoon. And we ourselves had an experience which wise men may explain away: it is here set down for what it is worth.

It happened thus. In the early days of our Sutherland sojournings we were staying at the inn of Kyle Sku Ferry. The two of us had been calling that afternoon at the house of the great sheep-farmer above mentioned, the tenant of Glendhu. His house was on the opposite side of the ferry to the inn, and between it and the landing-place there intervened half a mile of perfectly flat well-made road, without a bush or a hillock on either side of it, and running in places within twenty yards of the water's edge. There was absolutely nothing on either side of the road which could shelter a human being. We left the house before seven o'clock on a September evening. It was twilight, and a light misty rain was falling. We walked arm in arm, talking in lively fashion enough, when suddenly there rose out of the road between our feet a ball of fire about eight inches in diameter, of a bright orange colour, with a curious internal rotatory movement within it, like a firework. It took us so much by

surprise that we did not at once stop, but as we walked on for a pace or two it moved with us, rising rapidly breast-high; then with one quick movement across from one to the other, it disappeared. It is not easy to describe our state of mind. Utter bewilderment and doubt of our own senses were our predominant feelings; and now, looking back upon the thing after all these years, it is hard to believe that we did see that sight. But we did see it—two sane, sound, and sober men as ever stepped. We went back and searched the road and the surrounding ground for traces of the thing. We found nothing. And from that day to this no one has ever found a solution—though many know the story—of that marvellous appearance. Of concomitant occurrences which superstitious persons would connect with the phenomenon, it is unnecessary to speak. They may be explained away on the ground of coincidence. But if ever men saw anything, we saw that strange unearthly light in our path on the northern shore of Loch a'Chairn Bhain, in the half twilight of a September night in the year of our Lord 1882.

For another strange happening the naturalist might account. It was on a blazing hot Sunday afternoon, that we were making our way home from church through the mazes of the "Hundred Islands." The sea was as calm as a mill-pond, and there was not a breath of air. Two of us were rowing, one steering. The remaining three were half asleep, when

there suddenly rose out of the water, a few yards away, a great head, as large as that of a full-grown seal, but of a dirty grey colour, with a snout like that of a monstrous gurnet, and with goggle eyes set on each side of the top of the head. It came up with a mighty puffing and blowing, and remained on the surface for half a minute or so. The sleepers awoke, and we pulled hard for the place where the thing had disappeared. Presently it came up again close to the boat, and we had a good view of it. It swam away with its head above water. We had no means of capture on board, not even a gaff; but the steersman struck a wild blow at it with the tiller, and nearly broke the heavy piece of wood on the great snout. Down it went again, and presently we heard it rise, puffing loudly on the other side of one of the little islets. But Norman, our boatman, would not hear of pursuing it. "It was a nasty fish," he said. "It was better to haf nothing to do with it what-effer"; and one of our guests, a Highlander like himself, supported him. So we left it; and except that our Highlandman averred that he saw it repeatedly in his dreams, we heard no more of it. No native could conjecture what it was.

The last of these reminiscences is concerned with a place known to every wanderer in the West—the inn at Kyle Sku Ferry, that veritable Cadenabbia of the north in respect of scenery. The famous proprietress, Eliza of the Sea, will probably be familiar to

the memories of many. But it was necessary to live on the spot, as we did for many months, to become fully acquainted with the feudal glories of that house of entertainment. To begin with, there was a perfect retinue of hangers-on attached to the place—boatmen, drivers, dairy-maids, cooks, gillies of no particular vocation,—never less than a dozen or so sleeping in the house or round the house every night. At their head was Cathol Ker, the fiddler. Cathol had had troubles. He and a friend had the misfortune to be left alone with the money-till at the old inn at Lochinver. They possessed themselves of the cash, and had the audacity to spend it at the very bar from which they had taken it. Retiring afterwards to sleep off the effects in the sun outside, they had the further misfortune to get sunstroke, and were captured in a state of imbecility. Cathol's hair never grew again; but he was a first-rate fiddler, and every night he fiddled for some twenty couples in the great kitchen of the inn.¹ There the young bloods of the adjacent village of Unapool danced night after night, with fearsome Gaelic cries, till the small hours. Eliza kept order and directed morals with her unmailed fist, and the orgies generally

ended with a chant in praise of the great landlady, composed specially for her many years before by a "stickit minister" stranded in Unapool.

Alas for poor Eliza! After two years she tired of her two ochlophobists. We retired to "the most desolate spot in the whole countryside," and she proceeded to establish a "hotel." Mr Maciver, the factor, ever careful of the interests of the tenants, dissuaded her in vain. Her Celtic weakness for tawdry magnificence egged her on. She got her "hotel" built: she opened a banking account at Glasgow, and, as such folk will, computed her wealth by the number of cheques she possessed. The result was ruin. Her crofter friends suddenly discovered, when her failure became known, that the inn had for years been a centre of corruption for the countryside, and even threatened that if she were given a house in the neighbourhood, they would burn it over her head. A few years ago a subscription was started for her by some of the guests who had in our time enjoyed the unique hospitality of the Ferry, and it is to be hoped that she may end—perhaps she has already ended—her Amazonian days in peace.

A. T. S. GOODRICK.

¹ His fiddlings came to a sad end. For Mr A—— above-mentioned, chancing to pass the night at the Ferry, and being disturbed by the joyous row going on in the kitchen, stalked in, seized the godless violin, and deliberately broke it across his knee, none daring to say him nay; and from this Puritanical onslaught neither Cathol nor the Ferry ever recovered.

THE FAIRWAY.

EXCEPT that he called the gipsies the "Johnnie Faws," there was little of the rustic in his speech; and as he told the tale we seemed to see them, these Johnnie Faws, coming down the hill on that wild January forenoon. They did not come by the Portsannet road—it would have passed mortal eyes to find a road in the whirl and scurry and drift of white he described—but spread out like pheasant-beaters, crying one to another in the Romany, sometimes flung forward by the tempest, sometimes huddled down and covered over almost entirely by the snow. Perhaps the fact that he had been a schoolmaster accounted for an occasional positiveness in his manner,—it seems to remain with schoolmasters to the end of their days,—and he was an old man, who must be let talk after his own fashion. He told us how the wind swept out the tracks of the Johnnie Faws behind them, and how the South Ness women looked compassionately on their wilder sisters, who did not cover their breasts once in ten years, but who had sought refuge from the storm, as the hares and foxes had done before them; and then he wandered off again, schoolmaster-wise, to tell us how the footprints of a fox over the snow made but a single line, and how a hare would lie at form, and what sort of tracks a robin made.

. . . By-and-by he took up his tale again.

"—So we knew it was bad when the Johnnie Faws came down. Queer people—dark, whipcord-looking fellows, and one singularly handsome woman, very swarthy and black-eyed. I remember our women looked at her as if—as if—but our women lived in houses, you see. . . . Well, first of all we asked them about the *Lizzie Martin*; but they'd never heard of her. Was she a South Ness boat? they asked. Next we asked them if there was much snow on the Heights; and they answered, No; the Heights were swept clean, but a man could not stand upright there for the wind. No snow was falling, they told us; all was being whirled up from the ground again, dry and powdery. There was one fellow they called Nunan. He carried a knife and wore gold earrings and talked in a shrill, eager voice; and he told us how up there the white world and the pale apple-green sky was one brilliant intermingling that spun and sparkled in the cold sunlight and smoked. . . . We asked them where they had left their horses. It seemed they'd dug a way for them under what looked like the lee of an old quarry, in an immense drift: they would weather it as best they could, as sheep do.

"The Johnnie Faws moved restlessly up and down the village; but most of them

gathered at the 'Dotterel,' though they drank nothing. The greater part of the time they were silent, but occasionally they all talked at once in their own tongue; and I dare say we shouldn't have had any tidings of Portsannet at all if the group about the door of the 'Dotterel' hadn't quarrelled, or seemed to. It was something about a slipper-brake. It appeared that one of their men, Osa Couper, had turned down into Portsannet earlier in the day, before the storm had got quite so bad, to get a new hook or rivet for this brake. He had promised to overtake them; but (they said) somewhere over yonder—over the Heights—a man with a pair of long wooden runners on his feet (it was Andrews, we learned afterwards, mate of an old Norwegian timber-barque, turned farmer)—Andrews—had suddenly appeared among them from nowhere in particular,—just dropped in on them from out of the smothering white, and had advised them to avoid the shelter of the hollows: the hollows, you see, were drifted, but the short brown grass showed on the tops. Then Andrews had reported that a tall, Egyptian-looking fellow had flung himself into the Portsannet boat as she had put forth for the second time that morning; and then all at once the Johnnie Faws had missed him. He had seemed to vanish while they had all thought he was talking to Osa Couper's woman yonder. . . . Of course we asked again if it was the *Lizzie Martin* they had

put out for; but they didn't know.

"You know what South Ness is like,—houses at all levels, and how you can step from the door of Broadwood's house yonder almost on to the 'Dotterel' chimneys. Well, if the Heights were swept, we had the sweepings. We were blocked with snow up to the chamber windows,—the bedroom windows,—and there was right of way through anybody's yard or passage or kitchen that was convenient. I remember it interested me (perhaps it won't interest you) the way the wind seemed to have been deflected from the houses in a sort of backwash. It had made great scoops and trenches, ten foot high and clean-cut at the edges, as if shaped in marble; and men and women passed up and down these trenches. These cliffs, as you might call them, darkened the interiors of the cottages; and the wind hooted in the chimneys, just as lads blow across the barrel of a key. Farmers with shovels, frozen over white as snow men, returned from digging out their cattle, but the fishermen idled moodily. The cobles and smacks tossed down in the harbour; but the wind drowned most noises except that of the surf away out on the Spit, and that was like continuous explosions. This was only mid-day, you know, but you could see nothing but white—white; bits of ice like diamonds on your lashes; and here and there a bit of blue or apple-green sky, all tossed together. I thought

I had never seen anything so wild and beautiful; but then, I hadn't a *Lizzie Martin* out. . . .

"Lizzie Martin—the woman, not the boat—kept the 'Dotterel.' She was a pleasant body, plump (when she was twelve or thirteen she had one of these creases round her neck that means a double chin later on), and she was very honest and comfortable and motherly, though she hadn't a child—just then. About two o'clock three of the gipsies had come into the 'Dotterel,'—four, if you reckon the babe at the handsome woman's breast,—and they sat over by the snowed-up window. There would be a dozen or so men round the hearth; but nobody was drinking, and nobody said anything in Lizzie's presence about what we'd heard of this Osa Couper and the Portsannet boat, you understand. Now and then the child gave a little throaty cry, and once or twice Willie Harverson—he was a young giant, and his curly head always looked too little for his shoulders when he'd got his two or three winter ganseys on,—Willie had told her to bring the child nearer the fire. But she had only shaken her head and pointed behind her at the window. The panes had warmed a little, and the snow had peeled a couple of inches from them and then frozen again. Except for that narrow gleam of cold light, you'd have thought it was evening, for the candles were lighted, and they swealed and guttered every time the door opened. The gipsy woman had opened her

breast again,—a sort of sling to carry the babe passed across it,—and she looked straight before her, like a handsome statue, a beautiful animal—like everything else in nature except this self-conscious creature man. . . . I can't tell you; never mind. . . .

"Willie told her again to come near the fire, and then up piped Nunan in his high, eager voice. She'd do there till her man came back from Portsannet, he said (they didn't seem to doubt that he'd gone out with the boat). I remember Willie muttered, 'Christ rest his soul for a brave man if . . .' You see, the Portsannet boat was an old Great-head boat, nearly as old as the century, fit for chopping up for kindling any time this five-and-twenty years; but ours at South Ness was a new, thirty-three-foot boat, mahogany, double-banked, self-emptying, self-righting, nearly seven hundred pounds, with belts and tackle and carriage. She'd only been out twice, and there wasn't a scratch on her blue and white. John Broadwood was cox. I knew what John thought of their chances of getting round the Spit if they were to put out; but they were so proud of the new boat that they were eager as lads to try it. Men were watch and watch about down at the boathouse, where they could see if Reuben Ward signalled from the station on the hill; but it wasn't our day. With the wind due north, if a boat cleared Portsannet Head she cleared the Spit too. It was

Portsannet's turn, and the old boat's. . . .

"The men in the 'Dotterel' then were talking about the boat, when suddenly I heard John Broadwood say 'Whisht!' Lizzie stood there in the doorway, under a model of a brig in a glass case there used to be. 'Did some of ye call?' she said; and the men shuffled their feet and shifted about on stools and benches.—'We told ye not to bother, Lizzie,' Broadwood says; 'we'll wait on we'rsels.'—'It must ha' been the babe I heard,' says Lizzie; 'let her bring it near th' fire, Willie.' But the woman said again that she'd do till Osa Couper came; and Lizzie asked Nunan if he wasn't her husband."

He paused; and when in a minute he resumed again, there was the same magisterial, slightly querulous note in his voice that we had heard before—the schoolmaster's note.

"Before we go further, let's understand one another," he said. "When I said that Nunan had a knife, I saw some of you anticipating—making ready—saying to yourselves, Ah! knives mean stabbing; never mind your comments; come to the tale and the knife! Well, you're wise in your day and generation, but for all that I think you're a little wrong too. The tale's a good deal, but the man who tells it is also something. I could show you Willie Harverson's house, and you'd gape round for five minutes with your caps in your hands, thinking—well, good-

ness knows what you'd be thinking! You've seen 'em, perhaps, tourists, open-mouthed, in the room where somebody was born or died. To me it would always seem stupid if it weren't so comical. Facts are neither the most interesting nor the most important things in the world—not that sort of fact. The knife was a fact, and we're coming to the knife; but it's a good deal like other things in life you look forward to—nothing when you get it. One of these new writers I don't pretend to understand says there are two tragedies in life—not getting what you want, and getting it. I know I used to think that if ever I became head of a decent grammar-school; . . . well, I've been head of a grammar-school. When I'd got that I wanted something else; and so on. And here I am, back again where I was born, with grammar-schools and suchlike all behind me. Garrulous, too. . . . But tragedy or not, there's little satisfaction in getting things. You see, you don't drop dead in the perfect, glorious, fit moment when you attain 'em. Life goes on, a dull, stretched-out anti-climax; and there seems to be only one finish to it all. I'm an old man, and probably nearer it than you. . . .

"So when Lizzie asked Nunan if he wasn't the handsome gipsy's husband, there was John Broadwood shaking a great fist with a blue anchor on it over Lizzie's shoulder, and Willie making foolish shapes with his mouth without a sound, and Jemmy Wild

hawking in his throat and knocking his pipe out noisily; . . . but Nunan popped out with it—about Osa and the guns at Portsannet, and so on—and then he spluttered out a ‘Hey! Would ye do that, man?’ You see, Willie had clapped his hand over his mouth, and there was a wicked gleam in Nunan’s eyes, and his hand went to the small of his back where the knife was; and that’s all about the knife, except that the woman told Nunan to sit still.

“But Lizzie was trembling pitifully; and when I saw her eyes go round the men I backed away behind the settle, so that somebody else might tell her. Then her head came down on her arms and thumped on the table, while Nunan sulked. We watched her broad back heaving; and then all at once she threw up her head. ‘Oh, hear it goyling down th’ chimley!’ she cried; and I saw John Broadwood biting his pipe hard; ‘Frank—Frank o’ th’ *Lizzie Martin*—ye were his mates, and here ye sit—he called her after me—she were Lizzie Martin afore I were—I were Lizzie Collison o’ th’ Heights——’ . . . Broadwood bade her Whisht! whisht! but she went on. ‘It were a Valentine’s day, a Thursday, and he come into th’ kitchen that morning—Jess never barked when he came courting, but she’d never let him go without I took him to th’ gate——’ . . . And so on, young gentlemen. Lizzie and Frank had seen the valentine from the top of the hill, on

the sea below, as if on a sheet of glass. ‘Don’t, Lizzie!’ says Broadwood, choking; ‘we can’t bide to hear ye!’ . . .

“John Broadwood was a fine, independent, self-sufficient sort of fellow, with a good deal of John Broadwood about him altogether, but he broke down. Lizzie’s eyes, wandering wildly, fell on the gipsy woman and the babe. The gipsy’s husband, for anything we knew, was in peril too; but I think it was something else that came over Lizzie—the sight of the child: I see you understand. She sobbed something—I didn’t hear what—and the gipsy woman turned, quite unmoved, and looked at Lizzie from head to heel. ‘I see your time’s coming,’ she said, ‘and them that lives in chambers of stone need comfort; come then.’ And with that she moved the babe in the sling, and produced an old pack of cards. Strange folk. . . .

“They say symbols are what you take them for, or else a cross might just as well be a gallows, but those cards looked very secular to me. It was a grim, cheerless power that those were a symbol of. I think Lizzie thought so too, for the sight of them seemed to bring her round a little. She knitted her fat fingers together on the gipsy’s knee and sank to the floor. ‘Nay, woman,’ she said, ‘we’ll have a surer comfort than that, you and I;’ and the woman glanced from the cards, as she cut and cut them, to Lizzie’s head on her knee, incuriously.

. . . I went out. I'd seen one or two of the men glancing at the door, as if they'd have liked to be on the other side of it; but I just walked out. I thought I'd take a walk—to see Reuben Ward at the station.

"Coming out of the candle-light, I blinked like a flitter-mouse. The sky was still a keen blue, with the snow whirling and glittering and dancing; but the light was dying, and I guessed it would be about half-past four—the hands of the schoolhouse clock were fast frozen to its face. I turned up the blacksmith's alley to get a shovel: it was smooth to the eaves with snow, and little wisps and curls played on the surface like smoke. The wind was blowing big guns intermittently, and in the intervals I could hear the thunder of the Spit. I set out for the station, and in a dozen yards was up to my waist in a river of snow.

"There was a windmill before you came to the station. There's one yet, but it's a dummy—a sailing-mark for ships, and the Board of Trade looks after it. It worked in those days, and belonged to a fellow called Rhodes. I was a strongish chap, you must know, not so tall as Willie Harverson, but as broad, or thereabouts; but by the time I reached the mill I was glad enough of its shelter. And then I looked up, and backed away again. The sail-shutters were open, and the wind screamed through them; but the gearing—all those cranks

and elbows about the pin—that had gone; and two or three blades of the steering-fan hummed like bits of ribbon in the wind. The whole thing had swung round like a weathercock, and the heavy top storey rocked and lifted, like a mouth opening and shutting. Underneath it a man was lying on his back in the snow, watching it as if it were a plaything.

"I shook him and bawled in his ear. He didn't speak. His face glittered all over with ice particles, and I knew who he would be by his hair and eyes. I dragged him out from under the toppling mill; by his mouth I could make out that he was saying something about 'my people,' and I nodded, and shouted, 'What about Port-sannet?'

"I made out a few words: 'Twice—oars broke—old boat—help.' And then I asked, 'What about the station?' It seemed Reuben was helpless. The mast and cones and drums had gone; he'd been firing, but we hadn't heard, and he was waiting for dark to signal with the rockets. 'D'ye know what boat?' I shouted, putting my arm round his neck and my mouth at his ear; and he tried two or three times to tell me, but had lost his voice. He stooped down and wrote in the snow with his finger, 'SN, 102.' Seeing that that was the *Lizzie's* number, I didn't bother about Reuben and the station. I collared him, and off we blundered into the drifts between Rhodes's mill and South Ness.

"They were much as I'd left them when Osa and I got to the 'Dotterel.' The tall Johnnie Faw wouldn't touch brandy, I remember. The two women were not to be seen. I told them to stir themselves, and they were on their feet in an instant. John Broadwood, who had said she could never live round the Spit, was first at the door. 'Out o' the road, ye farmers!' he grunted; and I was for telling Osa to go into the kitchen to his wife, when all at once I saw Lizzie in the doorway. 'Reuben's signalled, then?' she said; and somebody said 'Ay.' The gipsy woman didn't take her eyes off Osa, who was talking to Nunan in the Romany; but she didn't speak."

He stopped for so long that we thought he wasn't going on again. It was minutes before he resumed; but evidently he had got his digression over within himself, for he went straight on.

"There were lights and moving figures down by the boathouse, but they were blotted out from time to time: the night had fallen. The cobbles and craft were huddled close in, and they were tossing and hissing and groaning—fenders grunting and rubbing on wood, blocks banging, tackle shrieking, parted ropes cracking like whips. . . . The little jetty seemed to run out a yard or two into the night. The surf thundered out on the Spit, a deep solemn sound. A fellow was bawling through a

trumpet: his voice sounded throttled, something like a bassoon. The moon wasn't due up for a couple of hours yet.

"We ran her down on the carriage,—men at the wheels and life-lines and at the horses' heads,—and then we stood in the knee-deep water to see her lift. She lifted, and every man flung himself headlong out of the way. She came up from the carriage in a monstrous cant, and then she came down broadside in the broken, boiling wave. I heard the snapping of the port oars,—it was a short crackle in the tempest,—and then I was thirty yards away, scrambling among the carriage and horses and men. A broken shaft danced up and down in the white backwash.

"We beached her by hand, and already the wheelwright had a wrench and was unscrewing the nuts of the broken shaft. We carried four men to the boathouse, two of them with their hands on their chest where the broken oars had caught them. Eh? Oh yes, they'd jackets on. . . . We tried again, waiting till the breaker had spread away roaring in the darkness, and she rose again. She seemed to hang for a dreadful long time between the two crests of curling white that rushed together to meet her,—the wave was a slanting wall all laced over with a pattern of grey foam,—and then she disappeared. But she was on the wrong side still, and her rudder was smashed. A man

struck at me as I dragged him out of the water: it was John Broadwood. I'd got hold of his right wrist, and it dangled when I let it go; so I took him by the other arm. We headed the horses round to try again, edging close under the shelter of the jetty and the plunging cobbles; and that time I turned my face away as she lifted—she was so frightfully near the jetty. But when I looked again, there she was. She'd neither ridden it nor got through it; and the Spit, booming a mile away, seemed to mock us that we couldn't get through the breakers.

"We all gathered in the boathouse again—farmers, fishermen, injured men, gipsies. Osa Couper was talking to old Joe Barker, and a fellow who was listening turned suddenly away and pulled out his pipe. That cut us—cut those who saw him: it seemed all there was to do—to light your pipe. And then we heard women's voices again: Lizzie and the gipsy woman were among us. What were we waiting for? they asked; and the man who was lighting his pipe nodded at the injured men. Lizzie's bosom lifted, and she began to talk again. She talked as she had talked before in the 'Dotterel.' . . .

"The boat was high on the beach, and they'd taken the horses out; they put them in again and made a fourth attempt—a fifth—a sixth. After the sixth we went back to the boathouse; another man had given it up now, and had

taken up an old lobster-pot and was setting the broken ends straight. Useful occupation. . . .

"I told you—did I tell you?—about old Joe Barker. He had turned sixty then. He'd a wrinkled, nut-cracker face, and his mouth and chin chopped up and down together when he spoke, like one of those talking dolls; he'd deep furrows from the corners of his mouth, just like one of these ventriloquist's dolls. He was chopping and chewing now to Osa Couper; and all at once he cried out, 'Have ye done all ye can, ye fishermen?' They scowled at him.

"Then let th' farmers have a try; Jerry—Tom—Matthy Dodd——' He jumped about here and there, singling out men and giving orders, all about horses. Broadwood sprawled on a locker, and he raised himself on his sound arm. 'Yours is no good if ours won't face it,' he cried; but Joe took no notice. He and Dodd began to fetch out sweeps and spars and ropes and tackle, and the men outside pitched them into the boat. 'Up!' he cried to Broadwood; and John slid down while he got a stone jar of brandy and a couple of pannikins out of the locker. Some walked slowly out and up the beach, looking back over their shoulders, and then all at once a man broke into a quick trot. A dozen hangers-about followed, questioning as they ran. In ten minutes the clattering of horses was heard on the beach; and a man,

coming in for more ropes, said that a hundred shovels were clearing the village street. . . .

"Well, you've heard the tale, or you wouldn't have come to me: you know what we did and how it ended. What more do you want? To be told what you don't know, you'll say. Not you. Nobody wants to be told what they don't know. They want to be told what they do know, or think they know. Why, all the fellows we glorify are those who tell us in the main what we already know—tell us we're nearly quite right; a bit—eh?—here or a trifle there that our worships have overlooked in our general rightness, but wonderfully right on the whole. You'll listen as long as I tell this tale as you already know it; then you'll go away and say, Queer old chap; been master of a grammar-school—disappointed—disillusioned; but for all that he was one of 'em. . . . Well, just as you like.

"A hundred yards out of the village we turned the women back. All of a sudden Willie Harverson's wife sprang forward and kissed him, and then the pent cheer broke out. It was as if for the first time we had all thought clearly what we had begun to do. The wind scattered it, but our hearts rose passionately. We hadn't spoken coming up through the village; we had started beaten, or at least just to endure as much as men could endure; and now that shout made all the difference. It was arrogant, boast-

ful, young, foolish, victorious. Heigho! You see, we forget all the shouts of the same sort that end in failure; we only remember them when they come off. The other sort are like the revolts that never succeed; they're revolutions when they do. But then, I suppose we could never endure to remember all our pride and confidence that's come to nothing. . . . So the men kissed their wives. I had nobody to kiss—I've never been married. I saw Reuben's rocket rise clear above the gale, and then we started.

"We had twenty horses, and perhaps twice as many men with shovels. We'd lashed a spar to the boat-carriage, a sort of whistle-tree, and from that to the ten pair of horses ran such a tackle of ropes and traces as you never saw—all thicknesses, plain and hawser, pieced out and joined everywhere with sailors' knots and hitches. Willie Harverson, on the frame of the carriage, was shouting orders through the speaking-trumpet—to find the ridge past the mill, to rouse High Lee village on the way. I don't suppose anybody heard half he said, for already the digging had begun. Old Joe Barker had donned a cork jacket for warmth, and was flat on the fore air-chamber: he was directing, and Willie, off and on the carriage continually, was his spokesman. Without a captain, you see, forty diggers are little better than a dozen. The men who weren't digging were scouting, starting her after each

halt, or standing by to see that the traces didn't get mixed.

"I said the snow was dry: it was so dry that half of it fell from the shovels of the diggers, blown away by the wind. That meant twice as much stooping, and the men were up to their waists in it. The fellows who scouted for rising ground appeared and disappeared in the drifts, and the snow crusted on their lanterns, melting and freezing both at once. We couldn't hear the sea now; instead there rose the shrill notes of trees and the silky soft whistle of the ice particles over the snow. We came to a quickset hedge: they dug through the drift to it, slapped the quarters of the horses with the shovels, and we came through with branches of briar and thorn caught in the trace-ropes.

"It's seven miles to Port-sannet, with High Lee village half way, and after that the Heights, seven hundred feet of them. I came on to shovel with the second shift. You can dig till you can't straighten your back. I thought myself strong, but—well, a grammar-school was what I was really working for in those days. You may be strong, but you can't pitch stuff behind you at three times the ordinary rate with men who are always forking hay, or hoeing turnips, or loading peats; and by the time my turn came round to dig for the second time and the third, I wasn't the only one who was fagging. Then you can go on digging till you don't mind so

much; you're getting stupid then—what employers of bodily labour call a 'good man'; and I began to be a good man—except that a good man shouldn't quarrel with his tools; and at the last change I'd got hold of a garden spade instead of a flanged shovel—a thing that carried about half a pound—and a self-emptier, like the new boat. I became so good a man that when a fellow took that spade from me I asked him what an odd hum of vibrating iron was that I'd heard for some time past; and he pointed to Rhodes's mill not a dozen yards away. It was the pin-shaft that hummed. I can't tell you how it had managed to stop up there while the rest of the top storey lay a heap of wreckage below; I suppose things don't smash quite as you expect 'em to. . . . During my rest I'd been hanging on to one of the flapping life-lines of the boat. Another man had now got it, and I felt irritated, as if he might have found one of his own; but I clutched the next one, and by - and - by noticed that the moon was rising. And somewhere about that time we struck the ridge to High Lee.

"The moon showed a grotesque procession. She rose, a bloated disc of dull orange, over the steaming horses and labouring figures, over the big boat squatted among the drifted hills. . . . The wind wasn't blowing quite in such gusts neither, and I remember thinking that if it would only stop for an hour the snow might pack. We had eased on the digging

with the beginning of the ridge, and with the help of the men at the wheels were going at a good three miles an hour. Soon I let go my life-line: I hadn't come as a passenger. There was digging—always more or less digging; a ridge of land isn't the same thing as a ridge on a second-form school-map. And there were walls too, and cross-walls, and drifts at each. But it only took a minute or two to uncapse and break the walls. As I say, we were going nicely; and as the moon mounted and the wind dropped more and more, we could hear the coughing of the horses and the creaking and straining of the tackle on the spar. . . . And now let me see; let me see. . . .

"H'm! Never mind. It doesn't matter so much about Nunan the gipsy; but Nunan was daft about his horses—the Johnnie Faws' horses. He thought the quarry where they'd left them would be somewhere about there. He wanted us to stop and look for them, and climbed up into the boat to put the matter in a reasonable light to Joe. He woke Osa Couper—did I say that Osa was asleep in the boat? He was; but of course Joe wasn't going to burrow up and down the headland for the Johnnie Faws' horses, and Nunan became morose. By-and-by Joe packed him off with another fellow to rouse Hadwen—he was a farmer—and to meet us with the farm-horses at the Beck; and I began to envy Osa in the boat myself. Let me see. . . ."

He tapped with his lean fingers, as if continuing to himself: it is not unlikely we missed part of the tale. He was very old; and when at last he went on again, it was with a little rousing and pulling of himself together.

"Well, we saw it at last, when the moon got high—what the wind had done to the snow. It was glorious, that mounting, . . . all in a frost of brilliant stars, . . . and it showed us a miracle. We could see half over the Head now. Acre after acre was fluted and rippled and ravelled, all so still and quiet and spotless; . . . and only thin copses, a mile, two, four miles away, broke the whiteness. The wind had touched and left it in tresses and flounces; . . . far away it was channeled like billows, and again thick and smooth; . . . and trees and bushes were as if something thick and white had been poured over them, all coronets and garlands. The lanterns were murky orange spots, and every detail of the boat, the horses, the harnessing, old Joe's artificial chin over the gunnel. . . . The *Lizzie Martin* might be driftwood by this time on the other side of the Heights. I didn't think of the *Lizzie Martin*; I didn't think of that grammar-school I was going to have one day; I only wanted to look at the snow and the serene moon. . . . Ah well! . . .

"From the top of the next rise we could see Lee Wood, black below us, and the grey Heights beyond. For the first time the grass showed in

patches, and the boat rocked on the carriage, and we dragged back as we descended the slope. Then all at once Joe Barker shouted, 'Don't turn 'em!'

"It seemed that a cart-track ran through the wood that would save a mile and more. In the deep dip at the bottom Nunan was waiting with Hadwen's horses; and we had taken the dip and risen again on the other side through a gap in a wall before anybody had fairly counted the risk. It was too late to turn them, or perhaps worth chancing—a thirty-foot boat, and all that tangle of cordage. . . . Anyway, we went on, and the wood closed in behind us.

"I think Joe saw his mistake as soon as a branch whipped his hat from his head, for he began to dance and curse. We could hear him blundering about in the boat for the one carpenter's axe we carried. Lifeboats are specially made with a big beam, and they've no business in woods anyway. There was now little snow, but that only made the wood the darker.

"So, soon our spar fetched up against an elm or something, and startled a screeching white owl: we backed the horses and freed it. The shouting and smashing and ripping of branches must have been heard a mile off; and then the check came. She wedged between two ash-trees, and Joe sprang down with his axe.

"'For God's sake, keep them cattle to th' track!' he screamed, beside himself; and a young farmer snatched the

axe from him and ran round to the nearest ash. The delay cost us a quarter of an hour, and then we moved forward again. We were savage now, and the farmers flogged the horses and kicked them cruelly under their bellies. The next check was a deep ravine with a beck at the bottom, and the team was in heaps, slipping, stumbling, pulling all ways at once. We lifted her over,—lifted her, with shoulders at spokes, sweeps and spars for levers, men at the ropes among the horses. Then Joe served brandy round. Nunan trotted off to warn the men of High Lee that we were coming, and to get their help. We didn't stop. We forced back bushes with our bodies, and tore at branches, and wedged the wheels with stones while we chopped partly through trees and then fetched them down with ropes. A rage of cursing took us as we laboured, and some shook torn and bleeding fists at trees. Joe Barker gesticulated impotently, and whimpered that this was bird-nesting, nutting, black-berrying; and he danced up and down whenever a sapling gave with a loud crack, or twenty yards of clear track showed ahead.

"I don't know how long we were in the wood,—no very great time, I suppose, as time is reckoned; and then all at once I seemed to see John Swire of High Lee among us, and Nunan again, and a dozen axes going at once. Dreaming? Oh no, I wasn't; there really were the axes. The High Lee men

had come to help us out, and their horses were waiting at the edge of the wood. We soon came through then, of course, and saw, a field's-length away, dark shapes and lanterns in the snow.

"John Swire was right: she didn't look much like a new boat by this time. Not that she was splintered much,—double cross mahogany from gunnel to gunnel doesn't splinter much,—but half her life-lines were gone from the ring-bolts, and her new paint was fouled with bark and earth and tree-scrapings—a sight to see. Men swarmed up and overhauled her anxiously; but she was little the worse save in appearance, and they swarmed down again and began to take out our exhausted horses and to put in their own. They were at the knotted cordage thick as flies round a treacle-string in summer—lengthening, splicing, piecing, sheepshanking, stretching all out, it seemed interminably; for they had twice our number of horses—too many, I think. They fixed another spar for a double-tree, and set oars across at intervals to keep that monstrous cat's-cradle in something like position: men were told off specially to watch it. A fellow came shouting up with some oxen; but we couldn't begin to make yokes for his oxen—the fool hadn't brought any; and they were sent back with the lads and worn-out horses to High Lee.

"I forget lots of things that happened just then; but I remember one thing distinctly—

I laughed at the High Lee men when we set off again, for they cheered. I suppose it seemed silly to me. Cheer when you've done things, if you've nothing better to do; but where on earth is the sense in . . . We knew what cheering was worth. Cheering didn't help Nunan much, who was fretting again about his horses; nor Joe Barker, who was bewailing the time his blunder had lost us—for we remembered now and then that we were going to Portsannet. It didn't help anybody except perhaps the High Lee men themselves, and they'd come to their senses before we were over the moonlit Heights. . . . We let them do the work for a bit: it was digging, digging again, and the rise and fall of their backs was wearisome to watch. There was little choice of roads now, Osa said (we woke him to ask him). As nearly as he could tell, he'd come fairly straight past the alum-works; and for the alum-works we made. Soon our feet felt the rise. . . ."

He seemed very tired, as if the memory of the weariness wearied him again. He rested for three or four minutes. He nodded; and it is possible that again he had lost the direct thread of his tale, for when he resumed after his rest it was apparently nowhere.

"You need purpose, you see. No amount of work kills if you have the purpose. You needn't achieve it: they say it's often as well for you when you

don't; but without it you're hitting the air. Practically, you must have a little reward too—just enough to make it worth your while to go on; it's only once in five centuries that a hero's born who can see his work apparently swallowed up in the ocean with equanimity. Yes, yes; principle's the biggest thing—the vision, the ideal; nobody denies that. But, as the world's arranged, it's much if you can get forward a step at a time and catch a glimpse of your vision between whiles. If you'd asked us, we should have told you, of course, that we were going to Portsannet. We should have thought you a fool; and yet I doubt if it really occurred to us. I don't say that I myself didn't think (if you call it that) of the *Lizzie Martin*. We've all thought we've been thinking things all our lives, till one day something happens and we think them really and piercingly; but I do say I think we went on mainly because we'd started. It wasn't what we thought—it was what we didn't think; we didn't think of stopping. . . . They used to call me ambitious when, as a youngster, I sometimes spoke of my grammar-school. Well, every fool's ambitious, if ambition is only thinking that your grammar-school, whatever it is, would be a nice comfortable thing to have. Ambition—purpose—means a lot more than that to me. It's a positive, a vital thing—not mere patience and endurance. It's never to forget

that first presumptuous cheer; it's both to see your goal and never to lose sight of the means to it. You haven't got to let the work get its grind in. . . . But we were half way there, you say?—we had a little reward to encourage us? Yes, more than half way. We were past the first lift of the Heights. But what besides? Twice the boat had slid clean off the tail of the carriage, spilling belts and jackets and paraphernalia in the snow; and twice we lashed her on again; and there's so mighty little carriage to lash a big lifeboat to that we had to tauten up every few minutes, and men were hauling direct on the boat to keep her somewhere near the wheels. And what besides? Till we'd come to the Heights we hadn't done enough work to keep us warm, and the High Lee men were frenzied, as we'd been in the wood. Nunan was seeing his quarry every hundred yards, and looking for air-holes, as if his horses had been sheep. Willie Harverson had been left half a mile back at a house—ribs crushed the first time the boat shifted. We digged and hauled and righted the boat, and digged again. The horses rolled with their legs among the ropes; . . . the load, . . . the keel alone weighed half a ton. . . . Men were sleeping as they went, and shoving as they slept. . . . I tell you, you don't know anything about it. It's the purposeless work that kills, and practically we had no purpose. You can't have pur-

pose and be frantic. . . . Wait a bit. . . .

"And I knew it was silly to keep on thinking with every step, 'This brings you nearer the grammar-school—Portsannet—Portsannet and the grammar-school.' Rousseau did it, you know. But once in a while, when you've laboured till your spirit seems freed from your body, it does seem all one—all part of something you're trying to do, you don't know what—something you're trying to make of your life. . . . It was only seven miles; but seven miles or seven hundred isn't the point. The point is just the limit of your endurance: if it's only seven yards, seven hundred, or seven million, it comes to just that. . . . Wait a minute. . . . The moon was very little higher, so we couldn't have been very long. I remember noticing this and shouting it out, but I don't know whether it steadied them or not. My mind was somewhere in advance, over the Heights. I was thinking that, once over the top, the men who were pulling would fall back to check her; that without a pole the team would be useless; that a pole might be made of a long spar; that we might zigzag down; put props through the valve-holes; elementary mechanics, parallelogram of forces, grammar-school again, and a lot more light-witted stuff. Then somebody sighted the alum-works, a quarter of a mile to the left. . . . One minute. . . .

"We were at the top. It's

forty-five years ago, and you can persuade yourself of a lot in less than that time. We persuaded ourselves afterwards that it was a moment of triumph—there was no harm in that; but we knew better really. We knew in our hearts that the Portsannet men would have to man the boat for themselves, for we reeled like drunkards, went forward like drunkards, with the drunkard's instinct for his bed. But we boasted foolishly; we would put out ourselves—take her back that night—show what men could do,—I don't know what. Nobody said it was nonsense. Joe Barker alone seemed to realise that it didn't follow that because we'd got through, the *Lizzie Martin* had. We could hear the sea now, a dull roar, and far on our right the Abbey light flashed white and red. There was a babel of talking. Men with horses seemed to join us every few minutes. A man called Lockwood came from Lizzie's old home with two Galloways and a mare in foal, and they hitched them on behind. As they did so we stood for a moment looking down on Portsannet, the river, the scattered lights far up the valley, the grey beyond the harbour-wall. . . .

"They came up, the fishwives of the quay—the women who swear so—they turned out with the men; men and women, there were enough to carry the boat and us with it. Three boats had managed to keep head-up the whole of the day—you know that—and the *Lizzie* was one of them. The

shouts and lanterns were bewildering, and I heard a fellow give a shout of recognition to Osa Couper. We turned into the street that leads to the movable bridge over the river. The river's tidal, of course, and there was a beach of mud and pebbles; and the Portsannet men fought for places as we put her in. She danced on the water again, and they pulled down the river. We trooped across the bridge to the boat-house. They were jacketed, and had fresh oars by the time we caught them up, and the sea was bursting on the seawall with tremendous shocks. They got out the very first time. . . .

"You know how many they saved? Frank and another man and a lad from the *Lizzie*, and seven from a barque, and six from a Lowestoft boat. We saw them all in, and then they wanted us to go to bed. 'Why should we go to bed?' we said. We didn't want to go to bed. I went to bed sometime the next day, but it wasn't till the following night that I slept—not to call sleeping. . . . Nunan, they said, was worse than I; the horses, perhaps, though they got them the next day but one, all but two. . . ."

His eyes were half closed, and we prepared to leave him:

he opened them again, hearing us move.

"I want to know if you can tell me something before you go," he said; "it's often puzzled me. I can tell you in half a minute. It's this: If you were to ask me whether I thought my own life worth such and such a vast deal of labour,—the risk of other lives too, maybe,—I think I should have to say, No. At any rate, it would be a question of balance, value for value, and so on, you see. And I know other men think the same. But as soon as it's a question of anybody else's life, the case seems to be different. John Broadwood would have jumped up just the same if Frank Martin had been the biggest rapsallion who ever handled a net. Now where's the sense in it? I'm not saying there isn't any; I'm asking. I went too. I'd have gone in the boat, but it would have kept a better man out of a place; and I ask myself the reason of it all. It isn't reason—can't be; and yet reasonable men will do it. 'Thank God for that,' you say. Well, that's unanswerable too. . . . I see you can't help me. I've been asking such questions all my life, and shall go on, I suppose, till the end now. . . . I'm very tired. . . . Good night. . . ."

OLIVER ONIONS.

FORTY SINGING SEAMEN.

"There be unicornes in our lande, . . . also beares and lions of dyvers colours as black, grene, red, and white. Also there dare no man tell a lyc in our lande. For if he dyde he shoulde incontynent be sleyn."

—Medieval Epistle of Pope Prester John
to the King of France.

I.

ACROSS the seas of Wonderland to Mogadore we plodded,
Forty singing seamen in an old black barque!
And we landed in the twilight where a Polyphemus nodded,
With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow thro'
the dark;
For his eye was growing mellow,
Rich and ripe and red and yellow,
As was time since old Ulysses made him bellow in the
dark!

Chorus—For Ulysses bunged his eye up with a pine-torch in
the dark!

II.

Were they mountains in the gloaming, or the giant's ugly
shoulders,
Just beneath the rolling eyeball with its bleared and vinous
glow,
Red and yellow o'er the purple of the pines among the
boulders,
And the shaggy horror brooding on the sullen slopes below?
Were they pines among the boulders,
Or the hair upon his shoulders?
We were only singing seamen, so of course we did not
know.

Chorus—We were simple singing seamen, so of course we
could not know!

III.

But we crossed a plain of poppies, and we came upon a fountain,
Not of water but of jewels, like a spray of leaping fire;
And behind it, in an emerald glade, beneath a golden mountain
There stood a crystal palace, for a sailor to admire;

For a troop of ghosts came round us,
Which with leaves of bay they crowned us,
Then with grog they wellnigh drowned us to the depth of
our desire!

Chorus—And 'twas very friendly of them, as a sailor can
admire!

IV.

There was music all around us, we were growing quite forgetful
We were only singing seamen from the ruck of London town,
Though the nectar that we swallowed *seemed* to vanish half
regretful,

As if we wasn't good enough to take such vittles down;

When we saw a sudden figure,

Tall and black as any nigger,

Like the devil, only bigger, drawing near us with a frown.

Chorus—Like the devil, but much bigger, and he wore a
golden crown.

V.

And "What's all this?" he growls at us! With dignity we
chaunted,

"Forty singing seamen, sir, as won't be put upon!"

"What, Englishmen?" he ses. "Well, if ye don't mind being
haunted,

Will ye walk into my palace? I'm the famous Prester John!

Won't ye walk into my palace?

I don't bear 'ee any malice!

One and all ye shall be welcome in the halls of Prester
John."

Chorus—So we walked into the palace and the halls of
Prester John.

VI.

Now the door was one great diamond, and the hall a hollow
ruby,

Big as Beachy Head, my lads, nay, bigger by a half!

And I sees the mate with mouth a-gape a-staring like a booby,

And the skipper close behind him with his tongue out like
a calf!

Now the way to take it rightly

Was to walk along politely,

Just as if you didn't notice, so I couldn't help but larf!

Chorus—For they both forgot their manners, and the crew
was bound to larf!

VII.

But he takes us through his palace, and, my lads, as I'm a sinner,

We walks into an Opal, like a sunset-coloured cloud!

"My dining-room," he ses, and, quick as light, we saw a dinner

Spread before us by the fingers of a hidden fairy crowd!

And the skipper, swaying gently

After dinner, murmurs faintly—

"I looks to-wards you, Prester John, you've done us very proud!"

Chorus—And we drank his health, with honours, for he *done* us *very* proud!

VIII.

Then he walks us to his garden, where we sees a feathered demon,

Very splendid and important on a sort of spicy tree:

"That's the Phoenix," whispers Prester, "which all eddicated seamen

Knows the only one existent, and *he's* waiting for to flee.

When his hundred years expire

Then he'll set hissself a-fire,

And another from his ashes rise most beautiful to see!"

Chorus—With wings of rose and emerald most beautiful to see!

IX.

Then he says, "In yonder forest there's a little silver river,

And whosoever drinks of it his youth shall never die!"

The centuries go by, but Prester John endures for ever,

With his music in the mountains and his magic on the sky;

While *your* hearts are growing older,

While *your* world is growing colder,

There's a music in the distance where the sea-line meets the sky!

Chorus—It shall call to singing seamen till the fount of song is dry!

X.

So we thought we'd up and seek it, but that forest fair
defied us!

First, a crimson leopard laughs at us, most horrible to see;
Then a sea-green lion came and sniffed and licked his chops
and eyed us,

While a red-and-yellow unicorn was dancing round a tree!

We was trying to look thinner,

Which was hard, because our dinner

Must have made us very tempting to a cat of high degree!

Chorus—Must have made us very tempting to the whole
Menarjeree.

XI.

So we scuttled from the forest, and across the poppy
meadows,

With the shaggy purple horror brooding o'er us in the
dark;

And we pushes out from shore again, a-jumping at our
shadows,

And pulls away most joyful to the old black barque!

And home again we plodded,

While the Polyphemus nodded

With his battered moon-eye winking red and yellow thro'
the dark!

Chorus—Oh, the moon above the mountains, red and yellow
thro' the dark!

XII.

Across the seas of Wonderland to London town we blundered,

Forty singing seamen as was puzzled for to know

If the visions we had seen was caused by (here again we
pondered)

A tippie in a vision forty thousand years ago!

Could the grog we *dreamt* we swallowed

Make us *dream* of all that followed?

We were only singing seamen, so of course we didn't know!

Chorus—We were simple singing seamen, so of course we
could not know!

ALFRED NOYES.

COUNT BUNKER.—CONCLUSION.

[Being a bald yet voracious chronicle containing some further particulars of two gentlemen whose previous careers were touched upon in a tome entitled 'The Lunatic at Large.']

CHAPTER XXXIV.

NOT even the news of Flodden brought direr dismay to Hechnahoul than Mr Maddison's brief note. Lord Tulliwuddle an impostor? That magnificent young man a fraud? So much geniality, brawn, and taste for the bagpipes merely the sheep's clothing that hid a wandering wolf? Incredible! Yet, on second thoughts, how very much more thrilling than if he had really been an ordinary peer! And what a judgment on the presumption of Mr and Mrs Gallosh! Hard luck on Eva, of course—but, then, girls who aspire to marry out of their own station must expect this kind of thing.

The latter part of this commentary was naturally not that of the pretender's host and hostess. In the throes of their anger and chagrin their one consoling reflection was that no friends less tried than Mr and Mrs Rentoul happened to be there to witness their confusion. Yet other sufferers since Job have found that the oldest friends do not necessarily offer the most acceptable consolation.

"Oh, oh! I feel like to die of grief!" wailed poor Mrs Gallosh.

"Ay; it's an awful smack in the eye for you," said Mr Rentoul sagely.

"Smack in the eye!" thundered his host. "It's a criminal offence—that's what it is! It's a damned swindle! It's a——"

"Oh, hush, hush!" interrupted Mrs Rentoul in a shocked voice. "What words for a lady to hear! After all, you must remember you never made any inquiries."

"Inquiries! What for should I be making inquiries about my guests? You never dropped a word of such a thing! Who'd have listened if I had? It was just Lord Tulliwuddle this and Lord Tulliwuddle that from morning to night since ever he came to the Castle."

"Duncan's sosimple-minded," groaned Mrs Gallosh.

"And what were you, I'd like to know? What were you?" retorted her justly incensed spouse. "Never a word did I hear, but just that he was such an aristocratic young man, and any one could see he had blue blood in his veins, and stuff of that kind!"

"I more than once had my own doubts about that," said the alcohol expert with a

knowing wink. "There was something about him—— Ah, well, he was not exactly my own idea of a lord."

"*Your* idea?" scoffed his oldest and best of friends. "What do *you* know of lords, I'd like to know?"

"Well, well," answered the sage peaceably, "maybe we've neither of us had much opportunity of judging of the nobility. It's just more bad luck than anything else that you should have gone to the expense of setting up in style in a lord's castle and then having this downcome. If I'd had similar ambections it might have been me."

This soft answer was so far from turning away wrath, that Mrs Rentoul again felt compelled to stem the tide of her host's eloquence.

"Oh, hush!" she exclaimed; "I'd have fancied you'd be having no thoughts beyond your daughter's affliction."

"My Eva! my poor Eva! Where is the suffering child?" cried Mrs Gallosh. "Duncan, what'll she be doing?"

"Making a to-do like the rest of the women-folk," replied her husband, with rather less sympathy than the occasion seemed to demand.

In point of fact Eva had disappeared from the company immediately after hearing the contents of Mr Maddison's letter, and whatever she had been doing, it had not been weeping alone, for at that moment she ran into the room, her face agitated, but rather, it seemed, with excitement than grief.

"Papa, lend me five pounds," she panted.

"Lend you—five pounds! And what for, I'd like to know?"

"Don't ask me now. I—I promise to tell you later—some time later."

"I'll see myself——! I mean, you're talking nonsense."

Eva's lip trembled.

"Hi, hist! Eva, my dear," said Mr Rentoul; "if you're wanting the money badly, and your papa doesn't see his way——"

He concluded his sentence with a wink and a dive into his trousers - pocket, and a minute later Eva had fled from the room again.

This action of the sage, being at total variance to his ordinary habits (which indeed erred on the economical side), was attributed by his irate host—with a certain show of reason—to the mere intention of annoying him; and the conversation took a more acrimonious turn than ever. In fact, when Eva returned a few minutes later she was just in time to hear her father thunder in an infuriated voice—

"A German waiter, is he? Ay, that's verra probable, verra probable indeed. In fact, I might have known it when I saw you and him swilling a bottle and a half of my best port together! Birds of a feather—ay, ay, exactly!"

The crushing retort which the sage evidently had ready to heap upon the fire of this controversy was anticipated by Miss Gallosh.

"He isn't a German waiter, papa! He is a German *Baron*—and an ambassador, too!"

The four started and stared at her.

"Where did you learn that?" demanded her father.

"I've been talking to the man who brought the letter, and he says that Lord Tulli—I mean the Baron—declares positively that he is a German nobleman!"

"Tuts, fiddlesticks!" scoffed her father.

"Verra like a whale," pronounced the sage.

"I wouldn't believe what *he* said," declared Mrs Gallosh.

"One can *see* he isn't," said Mrs Rentoul.

"The kind of Baron that

plays in a German band, perhaps," added her husband, with a whole series of winks to give point to this *mot*.

"He's just a scoundrelly adventurer!" shouted Mr Gallosh.

"I hope he'll get penal servitude, that's what I hope," said his wife with a sob.

"And, judging from his appearance, that'll be no new experience for him," commented the sage.

So remarkably had their judgment of the late Lord Tulliwuddle waxed in discrimination. And, strange to say, his only defender was the lady he had injured most.

"I still believe him a gentleman!" she cried, and swept tearfully from the room.

CHAPTER XXXV.

While his late worshippers were trampling his memory in the mire, the Baron von Blitzenberg, deserted and dejected, his face still buried in his hands, endured the slow passage of the doleful afternoon. Unlike the prisoner at The Lash, who, by a coincidence that happily illustrates the dispensations of Providence, was undergoing at the same moment an identical ordeal, the Baron had no optimistic, whimsical philosophy to fall back upon. Instead, he had a most tender sense of personal dignity that had been egregiously outraged,—and also a wife. Indeed, the thought of Alicia and of Alicia's parent was alone enough to keep his head bowed down.

"Ach, zey most not know," he muttered. "I shall give moch money — hondreds of pound—not to let zem find out. Oh, what for fool have I been!"

So deeply was he plunged in these sorrowful meditations, and so constantly were they concerned with the two ladies whose feelings he wished to spare, that when a hum of voices reached his ear, one of them strangely—even ominously — familiar, he only thought at first that his imagination had grown morbidly vivid. To dispel the unpleasant fancies suggested by this imagined voice, he raised his head, and then the next instant bounded from his chair.

"Mein Gott!" he murmured, "it is she!"

Too thunderstruck to move, he saw his prison door open, and there, behold! stood the Countess of Grillyer, a terrible look upon her high-born features, a Darius at either shoulder. In silence they surveyed one another, and it was Mr Maddison who spoke first.

"Guess this is a friend of yours," he observed.

One thought, and one only, filled the prisoner's mind,—she must leave him, and immediately.

"No, no; I do not know her!" he cried.

"You do not know me?" repeated the Countess in a voice rich in promise.

"Certainly I do not."

"She knows you all right," said the millionaire.

"Says she does," put in Ri in a lower voice; "but I wouldn't lay much money on her word either."

"Rudolph! You pretend you do not know me?" cried the Countess between wrath and bewilderment.

"I never did ever see soch-like a voman before," reiterated the Baron.

"What do you say to that, ma'am?" inquired Mr Maddison.

"I say—I blush to say—that this wretched young man is my son-in-law," declared the Countess.

As she had come to the house inquiring merely for Lord Tulliwuddle, and been conducted straight to the prisoner's cell, the stupefying effect of this announcement may readily be conceived.

"What!" ejaculated the Dariuses.

"It is not true! She is mad! Take her away, please!" shouted the Baron, now desperate in his resolution to say or do anything, so long as he got rid of his formidable relative.

The Countess staggered back.

"Is he demented?" she inquired.

"Say, ma'am," put in Ri, "are you the mother of Miss Constance Herringay?"

"Of——? I am Lady Grillyer!"

"See here, my good lady, that's going a little too far," said the millionaire not unkindly. "This friend of yours here first calls himself Lord Tulliwuddle, and then the Baron von something or other. Well, now, that's two of the aristocracy in this undersized apartment already. There's hardly room for a third,—see? Can't you be plain Mrs Smith for a change?"

The Countess tottered.

"Fellow!" she said in a faint voice, "I—I do not understand you."

"Thought that would fetch her down," commented Ri.

"Lead her back to ze train and make her go to London!" pled the Baron earnestly.

"You stick to it, you don't know her?" asked Mr Maddison shrewdly.

"No, no, I do not!"

"Is her name Lady Grillyer?"

"Not more zan it is mine!"

"Rudolph!" gasped the Countess inarticulately. "He is—he *was* my son!"

"Stoff and nonsense!" roared

the Baron. "Remove her!—I am tired."

"Well," said Mr Maddison, "I guess I don't much believe either of you; but whether you know each other or not, you make such a remarkably fine couple that I reckon you'd better get acquainted now. Come, Ri."

And before either Countess or Baron could interpose, their captors had slipped out, the key was turned, and they were left to the dual enjoyment of the antique apartment.

"Teufel!" shouted the Baron, kicking the door frantically. "Open him, open him! I will pay you a hundred pound! Goddam! Open!"

But only the gasps of the Countess answered him.

It is generally conceded that if you want to see the full depths of brutality latent in man, you must thoroughly frighten him first. This condition the Countess of Grillyer had exactly succeeded in fulfilling, with the consequence that the Baron, hitherto the most complacent and amiable of sons-in-law, seemed ambitious of rivalling the Turk. When he perceived that no answer to his appeals was forthcoming, dark despair for a moment overcame him. Then the fiendishly ingenious idea struck him,—might not a woman's screams accomplish what his own lungs were unable to effect? Turning an inflamed and frowning countenance upon the lady who had intrusted her daughter's happiness to his hands, he addressed her in a deep hissing voice—

"Shoream, sheream, voman! Sheream loudly, or I vill knock you!"

But the Countess was made of stern stuff. Outraged and frightened though she was, she yet retorted huskily—

"I will not scream, Rudolph! I—I demand an explanation first!"

Executing a step of the sword-dance within a yard of her, he reiterated—

"Sheream so zat zey may come back!"

She blinked, but held her ground.

"I insist upon knowing what you mean, Rudolph! I insist upon your telling me! What are you doing here in that preposterous kilt?"

The Baron's wits brightened with the acuteness of the emergency.

"Ha!" he cried, "I vill take my kilt off—take him off before your eyes this instant if you do not sheream!"

But she merely closed her eyes.

"If you dare! If you dare, Rudolph, I shall inform your Emperor! And I will not look! I cannot see you!"

Whether in deference to imperial prejudices, or because a kiltless man would be thrown away upon a lady who refused to look at him, the Baron regretfully desisted from this project. At his wits' end, he besought her—

"Make zem take you away, so zat you vill be safe from my rage! I do not trost myself mit you. I am so violent as a bull! Better zat you should go; far better—do you not see?"

"No, Rudolph, no!" replied the adamant lady. "I have come to guard you against your own abandoned nature, and I shall only leave this room when you do!"

She sat down and faced him, palpitating, but immovable; and against such obstinacy the unhappy Rudolph gave up the contest in despair.

"But I shall not talk mit her; oh, Himmell, nein!" he said to himself; and in pursuance of this policy sat with his back turned to her while the shadows of evening gradually filled the room. In vain did she address him: he neither answered nor moved. Indeed, to discourage her still further, he even summoned up a forced gaiety of demeanour, and in a low rumble of discords sang to himself the least respectable songs he knew.

"His mind is certainly deranged," thought the Countess. "I must not let him out of my sight. Ah, poor Alicia!"

But in time, when the dusk was thickening so fast that her son-in-law's broad back had already grown indistinct of outline, and no voice or foot-step had come near their prison, her thoughts began to wander from his case to her own. The outrageous conduct of those Americans in discrediting her word and incarcerating her person, though overshadowed at the time by the yet greater atrocity of the Baron's behaviour, now loomed up in formidable proportions. And the gravity of their offence was emphasised by an unpleasant sensation she now began to

experience with considerable acuteness.

"Do they mean to starve as well as insult us?" she wondered.

The Baron's thoughts also seemed to have drifted into a different channel. He no longer sang; he fidgeted in his chair; he even softly groaned; and at last he actually changed his attitude so far as to survey the dim form of his mother-in-law over one shoulder.

"Oh, ze devil!" he exclaimed aloud. "I am so hongry!"

"That is no reason why you should also be profane," said the Countess severely.

"I did not speak to you," retorted the Baron, and again a constrained silence fell on the room.

The Baron was the first to break it.

"Ha!" he cried. "I hear a step."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the Countess devoutly.

In the blaze of a stable lantern there entered to them Dugald M'Culloch, jailor.

"Will you be for any supper?" he inquired, with a politeness he felt due to prisoners with purses.

"I do starve!" replied the Baron.

"And I am nearly fainting!" cried the Countess.

Both rose with an alacrity astonishing in people so nearly exhausted, and made as though they would pass out. With a deprecatory gesture Dugald arrested them.

"I will bring your supper fery soon," said he.

"Here?" gasped the Countess.

"It is the master's orders."

"Tell him I vill have him penished mit ze law if he does not let me come out!" roared the Baron.

Their jailor was courtesy itself; but it was in their prison that they supped—a silent meal, and very plain. And, bitterest pill of all, they were further informed that in their prison they must pass the night.

"In ze same room!" cried the Baron frantically. "Impossible! Improper!"

Even his mother-in-law's solicitude shrank from this vigil; but with unruffled consideration for their comfort their guardian and his assistants made up two beds forthwith. The Baron, subdued to a fierce and snarling moodi-

ness, watched their preparations with a lurid eye.

"Put not zat bed so near ze door," he snapped.

In his ear his jailor whispered—

"That one's for you, sir, and dinna put off your clothes!"

The Baron started, and from that moment his air of resignation began to affront the Countess as deeply as his previous violence. When they were again alone, stretched in black darkness each upon their couch, she lifted up her voice in a last word of protest—

"Rudolph! Have you no single feeling for me left? Why didn't you stab that man?"

But the Baron merely retorted with a lifelike affectation of snoring.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

For a long time the Baron lay wide awake, every sense alert, listening for the creak of a footstep on the wooden stair that led up from the harness-room to his prison. What else could the strange words of Dugald have meant, save that some friend proposed to climb those stairs and gently open that stubborn door? And in this opinion he had been confirmed when he observed that on Dugald's departure the key turned with a silence suggesting a recently oiled lock. His bed lay along the wall, with the head so close to the door that any one opening it and stretching forth a hand could tweak him by the nose without

an effort (supposing that were the object of their visit). Clearly, he thought, it was not thus arranged without some very special purpose. Yet when hour after hour passed and nothing happened, he began to sleep fitfully, and at last, worn out with fruitless waiting, dropped into a profound slumber.

He was in the midst of a harassing dream or drama, wherein Bunker and Eva played an incoherent part and he himself passed wearily from peril to peril, when the stage suddenly was cleared, his eyes started open, and he became wakefully conscious of a little ray of light that fell upon his

face. Before he could raise his head a soft voice whispered urgently—

"Don't move!"

With admirable self-control he obeyed implicitly.

"Who is zere?" he whispered back.

The voice seemed for a moment to hesitate, and then answered—

"Eleanor Maddison!"

He started so audibly that again she breathed peremptorily.

"Hush! Lie still till I come back. You—you don't deserve it, but I want to save you from the disgrace of arrest."

"Ach, zank you—mine better angel!" he murmured, with a fervour that seemed not unpleasing to his rescuer.

"You really are a nobleman in trouble?"

"I swear I am!"

"And didn't mean anything really wrong?"

"Never—oh, never!"

More kindly than before she murmured—

"Well, I guess I'll take you out, then. I've bribed Dugald, so that's all right. When my car's ready I'll send him up for you. You just lie still till he comes."

From which it appears that Count Bunker's appreciation of the sex fell short of their need.

Hardly daring to breathe for fear of awakening his fellow-prisoner, trembling with agitation, and consumed by a mad impatience for action, the Baron passed five of the longest minutes he had ever endured. At the end of that time he

heard a stealthy step upon the stairs, and with infinite precautions threw off his bed-clothes and sat upright, ready for instant departure. But how slowly and with what a superfluity of precaution his jailor moved! When the door at length opened he wondered that no ray of light fell this time.

"Dugald!" he whispered eagerly.

"Hush!" replied a softer voice than Dugald's,—as soft, indeed, as Eleanor's, yet clearly different.

"Who is zat?" he gasped.

"Eva Gallosh!" said the silken voice. "Oh, is that you?"

"Yes—yes—it is me."

"And are you really a Baron and an ambassador?"

"Oh yes—yes—certainly I am."

"Then—then I've come to help you to escape! I've bribed Dugald—and I've got a dog-cart here. Come, quickly—but oh, be very quiet!"

For a moment the Baron actually hesitated to flee from that loathed apartment. It seemed to him that if Fortune desired to provide him with opportunities of escape, she might have had the sense to offer these one at a time. For how could he tell which of those overtures to close with? A wrong decision might be fatal; yet time unquestionably pressed.

"Mein Gott!" he muttered irresolutely, "vich shall I do?"

At that moment the other bed creaked, and, to his infinite

horror, he heard a suspicious voice demand—

"Is that you talking, Rudolph?"

Poor Eva, who was quite unaware of the presence of another prisoner, uttered a stifled shriek; with a cry of "Fly, quickly!" the Baron leapt from his bed, and headlong down the wooden stairs they clattered for freedom.

A dim vision of the thrice-bribed Dugald, screeching, "The car's ready for ye, sir!" but increased their speed.

Outside, a motor car stood panting by the door, and in the youthful driver, turning a pale face towards them in the lamp's radiance, the Baron had just time to recognise his first fair deliverer.

"Good-bye!" he whispered to his second, and flung himself in.

Someone followed him; the door was slammed, and with a mighty throbbing they began to move.

"Rudolph! Rudolph!" wailed a voice behind them.

"Zank ze goodness *she* is not here!" exclaimed the Baron.

"Whisht! whisht!" he could hear Dugald expostulate.

With a violent start he turned to the fellow-passenger who had followed him in.

"Are you not Dugald?" he demanded hoarsely.

"No — it's — it's me! I dursn't wait for my dog-cart!"

"Eva!" he murmured. "Oh, Himmell! Vat shall I do?"

Only a screen of glass separated his two rescuers, and the one had but to turn her head

and look inside, or the other to study with any attention the roll of hair beneath their driver's cap, in order to lead to most embarrassing consequences. Not that it was his fault he should receive such universal sympathy: but would these charming ladies admit his innocence?

"How thoughtful of Dugald to have this car——" began Eva.

"Hush!" he muttered hoarsely. "Yes, it was thoughtful, but you must not speak too loudly."

"For fear——?" she smiled, and turned her eyes instinctively towards their driver.

"Excuse me," he murmured, sweeping her as gently as possible from her seat and placing her upon the floor.

"It vill not do for zem to see you," he explained in a whisper.

"How awful a position," he reflected. "Oh, I hope it may still be dark ven we get to ze station."

But with rising concern he presently perceived that the telegraph-posts along the roadside were certainly grown plainer already; he could even see the two thin wires against a paling sky; the road behind was visible for half a mile; the hill-tops might no longer be confounded with the clouds,—day indubitably was breaking. Also he recollected that to get from Lincoln Lodge to Torrydhulish Station one had to make a vast detour round half the loch; and, further, began to suspect that though Miss Maddison's driving was beyond

reproach, her knowledge of topography was scarcely so dependable. In point of fact, she increased the distance by at least a third, and all the while day was breaking more fatally clear.

To discourage Miss Gallosh's efforts at conversation, yet keep her sitting contentedly upon the floor; to appear asleep whenever Miss Maddison turned her head and threw a glance inside, and to devise some adequate explanation against the inevitable discovery at the end of their drive, provided him with employment worthy of a diplomatist's steel. But now, at last, they were within sight of railway signals and a long embankment; and over a pine wood a stream of smoke moved with a swelling roar. Then into plain view broke the engine and carriage after carriage racing behind. Regardless of risk, he leapt from his seat and flung up the window, crying—

"Ach, look! Ve shall be late!"

"That train's going north," said Eleanor. "Guess we've half an hour good before yours comes in."

So little can mortals read the stars that he heaved a sigh of relief, and even murmured—

"Ve have timed him very lockily!"

Ten minutes later they descended the hill to Torrydhulish Station. The north-going train had paid its brief call and vanished nearly from sight again; no one seemed to be moving about the station, and the

Baron told himself that nothing worse remained than the exercise of a little tact in parting with his deliverers.

"Ach! I shall carry it off gaily," he thought, and leaping lightly to the ground, exclaimed with a genial air, as he gave his hand to Eva—

"Vell! Now have I a leetle surprise for you, ladies!"

Nor did he at all exaggerate their sensation.

"Miss Maddison!"

Alas, that it should be so far beyond the power of mere inky words to express all that was implied in Eva's accents!

"Miss Gallosh!"

Nor is it less impossible to supply the significance of Eleanor's intonation.

"Ladies, ladies!" he explored, "do not, I pray you, misunderstand! I vas not responsible—I could not help it. You both *would* come mit me! No, no, do not look so at me! I mean not zat—I mean I could not do vizout both of you. Ach, Himmel! Vat do I say? I should say zat—zat——"

He broke off with a start of apprehension.

"Look! Zere comes a man mit a bicycle! Zis is too public! Come mit me into ze station and I shall eggsplain! He waves his fist! Come! You would not be seen here?"

He offered one arm to Eva, the other to Eleanor; and so alarming were the gesticulations of the approaching cyclist, and so beseeching the Baron's tones, that without more ado they clung to him and hurried on to the platform.

"Come to ze waiting-room!" he whispered. "Zere shall ve be safe!"

Alack for the luck of the Baron von Blitzenberg! Out of the very door they were approaching stepped a solitary lady, sole passenger from the south train, and at the sight of those three, linked arm in arm, she staggered back and uttered a cry more piercing than the engine's distant whistle.

"Rudolph!" cried this lady.

"Alicia!" gasped the Baron.

His rescuers said nothing, but clung to him the more tightly, while in the Baroness's

startled eyes a harder light began to blaze.

"Who are these, Rudolph?"

He cleared his throat, but the process seemed to take some time, and in the meanwhile he felt the grip of his deliverers relax.

"Who is that lady?" demanded Eleanor.

"His wife," replied the Baroness.

The Baron felt his arms freed now; but still his Alicia awaited an answer. It came at last, but not from the Baron's lips.

"Well, here you all are!" said a cheerful voice behind them.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

They turned as though they expected to see an apparition. Nor was the appearance of the speaker calculated to disappoint such expectations. Their startled eyes beheld indeed the most remarkable figure that had ever wheeled a bicycle down the platform of Torrydhulish Station. Hatless, in evening clothes with blue lapels upon the coat, splashed liberally with mud, his feet equipped only with embroidered socks and saturated pumps, his shirt-front be-starred with souvenirs of all the soils for thirty miles, Count Bunker made a picture that lived long in their memories. Yet no foolish consciousness of his plight disturbed him as he addressed the Baron.

"Thank you, Baron, for escorting my fair friends so

far. I shall now take them off your hands."

He smiled with pleasant familiarity upon the two astonished girls, and then started as though for the first time he recognised the Baroness.

"Baroness!" he cried, bowing profoundly, "this is a very unexpected pleasure! You came by the early train, I presume? A tiresome journey, isn't it?"

But bewilderment and suspicion were all that he could read in reply.

"What—what are *you* doing here?"

He was not in the least disconcerted.

"Meeting my cousins" (he indicated the Misses Gallosh and Maddison with an amiable glance), "whom the Baron has been kind enough to look after till my arrival."

Audaciously approaching more closely, he added, in a voice intended for her ear and the Baron's alone—

"I must throw myself, I see, upon your mercy, and ask you not to tell any tales out of school. Cousins, you know, don't always want their meetings advertised,—do they, Baron?"

Alicia's eye softened a little.

"Then, they are really your——"

"Call 'em cousins, please! I have your pledge that you won't tell? Ah, Baron, your charming wife and I understand one another."

Then raising his voice for the benefit of the company generally—

"Well, you two will want to have a little talk in the waiting-room, I've no doubt. We shall pace the platform. Very fit Rudolph's looking, isn't he, Baroness? You've no idea how his lungs have strengthened."

"His lungs!" exclaimed the Baroness in a changed voice.

Giving the Baron a wink to indicate that there lay the ace of trumps, he answered reassuringly—

"When you learn how he has improved you'll forgive me, I'm sure, for taking him on this little trip. Well, see you somewhere down the line, no doubt,—I'm going by the same train."

He watched them pass into the waiting-room, and then turned an altered face to the two dumbfounded girls. It was expressive now solely of sympathy and contrition.

"Let us walk a little this

way," he began, and thus having removed them safely from earshot of the waiting-room door, he addressed himself to the severest part of his task.

"My dear girls, I owe you I don't know how many apologies for presuming to claim you as my friends. The acuteness of the emergency is my only excuse, and I throw myself most contritely upon your mercy!"

This second projection of himself upon a lady's mercy proved as successful as the first.

"Well," said Eleanor slowly, "I guess maybe we can forgive you for that; but what I want to know is—what's happened?—who's who?—and where just exactly are we?"

"That's just what I want to know too," added Eva sadly.

Indeed, they both had a hint of tears in their eyes, and in their voices.

"What has happened," replied the Count, "is that a couple of thoughtless masqueraders came up here to play a little joke, and succeeded in getting themselves into a scrape. For your share in getting us out of it we cannot feel too grateful."

"But, who is——?" the girls began together, and then stopped, with a rise of colour and a suspicion of displeasure in their interchange of eyes.

"Who is who? Well, my friend is the Baron von Blitzenberg; and the lady is, as she stated, his wife."

"Then all this time——" began Eva.

"He was married!" Eleanor finished for her. "Oh, the heartless scoundrel! To think that I rescued him!"

"I wouldn't have either!" said Eva; "I mean if—if I had known he'd treated you so badly."

"Treated *me*! I was only thinking of *you*, Miss Gallosh!"

"Dear ladies!" interposed the Count with his ready tact, "remember his excuse."

"His excuse?"

"The beauty, the charm, the wit of the lady who took by storm a heart not easily captured! He himself, poor fellow, thought it love-proof; but he had not then met *her*. Think mercifully of him!"

He was so careful to give no indication which of the rival belles was "*her*," that each was able to take to herself a certain mournful consolation.

"That wasn't *much* excuse," said Eleanor, yet with a less vindictive air.

"Certainly not *very* much," murmured Eva.

"He ought to have thought of the pain he was giving *her*," added Eleanor.

"Yes," said Eva. "Indeed he ought!"

"Yes, that is true," allowed the Count; "but remember his punishment! To be married already now proves to be less his fault than his misfortune."

By this time he had insidiously led them back to their car.

"And must you return at once?" he exclaimed.

"We had better," said Eleanor, with a suspicion of a

sigh. "Miss Gallosh, I'll drive you home first."

"You're too kind, Miss Maddison."

"Oh, no!"

The Count assisted them in, greatly pleased to see this amicable spirit. Then shaking hands heartily with each, he said—

"I can speak for my friend with conviction, because my own regard for the lady in question is as deep and as sincere as his. Believe me, I shall never forget her!"

He was rewarded with two of the kindest smiles ever bestowed upon him, and as they drove away each secretly wondered why she had previously preferred the Baron to the Count. It seemed a singular folly.

"Two deuced nice girls," mused he; "I do believe I told 'em the truth in every particular!"

He watched their car dwindle to a scurrying speck, and then strolled back thoughtfully to purchase his ticket.

He found the signals down, and the far-off clatter of the train distinctly audible through the early morning air. A few minutes more and he was stepping into a first-class compartment, his remarkable costume earning (he could not but observe) the pronounced attention of the guard. The Baron and Alicia, with an air of mutual affection, entered another; both the doors were closed, everything seemed ready, yet the train lingered.

"Start ze train! Start ze train! I vill give you a pound

—two pound—tree pound, to start him!”

The Count leaped up and thrust his head through the window.

“What the dickens——!” thought he.

Hanging out of the other window he beheld the clamant Baron urging the guard with frenzied entreaty.

“But they’re wanting to go by the train, sir,” said the guard.

“No, no. Zey do not! It is a mistake! Start him!”

Following their gaze, he saw, racing towards them, the cause of their delay. It was a motor car, yet not the same that had so lately departed. In this were seated a young man and an elderly lady, both waving to hold back the train; and to his vast amazement he recognised in the man Darius Maddison, junior, in the lady the Countess of Grillyer.

The car stopped, the occupants alighted, and the Countess, supported on the strong arm of Ri, scuttled down the platform.

“Bonker, take her in mit you!” groaned the Baron, and his head vanished from the Count’s sight.

Even this ordeal was not too much for Bunker’s fidelity.

“Madam, there is room here!” he announced politely, as they swept past; but with set faces they panted towards the doomed von Blitzenberg.

All of the tragedy that the Count, with strained neck, could see or overhear, was a vision of the Countess being pushed by the guard and her escort into that first-class compartment whence so lately the Baron’s crimson visage had protruded, and the voice of Ri stridently declaring—

“Guess you’ll recognise your mamma this time, Baron!”

A whistle from the guard, another from the engine, and they were off, clattering southwards in the first of the morning sunshine.

Inadequately attired, damp, hungry, and divorced from tobacco as the Count was, he yet could say to himself with the sincerest honesty—

“I wouldn’t change carriages with the Baron von Blitzenberg—not even for a pair of dry socks and a cigar! Alas, poor Rudolph! May this teach all young men a lesson in sobriety of conduct!”

For which moral reflection the historian feels it incumbent upon him, as a philosopher and serious psychologist, to express his conscientious admiration.

THE GREATEST GAME-BEAST IN EUROPE.

BY HESKETH PRICHARD.

FOR weeks we lived upon our flat hill-top between the waterfall that roared in white thunder down the gorge and the highlands lifting eastwards towards the Swedish divide. Belted about the bulk of a distant mountain, which headed up our river valley, were black woods, and as well on every other side closed in hills and overtopping ridges rough with pine-trees, whose mass of darkness came upon one as a surprise. In Norway it was always a delight to climb to the high fjeld, and in the pauses of looking for ryper or black-game to dwell long upon the forests through whose sombre brakes the greatest game-beast of Europe—the elk—wanders at that season, and to speculate on what fortune the short shooting season might bring. Ryper were not very plentiful in the district; but our range of action was in any case considerably restricted by fear of alarming the elk, as no shot was fired within two miles or so of good elk-ground,—for elk was, after all, the main objective of our journey almost to the Arctic circle. Though the shot-gun is always useful to fill in time in other countries, the farther you travel from Scotland with that weapon the worse, I think, you fare!

It has of late been the wise policy of the Norwegian Storting to cut down the

length of the shooting season: from two months it has already shrunk to twenty-one days, a brief period which forces strong temptation upon the hunter to overdo exertion, to hunt not wisely but too well—in the sense of without rest or remission. Should the three weeks ever be curtailed to two, it would, I imagine, be a mistaken policy, as not many British sportsmen will pay a licence and a heavy rent for a fortnight's shooting; indeed, individually, he grumbles a little, and more than a little, even now, for it is safe to say that few tenants of elking-rights kill their "limit" in at any rate northern Norway.

For nearly a fortnight no event of note, save the taking of five salmon in a morning by our solitary English neighbour, had occurred in the small world of which we were temporary inhabitants. Some days we passed in examining our elk-rights, that included six farms, consisting almost entirely of miles of thick forest covering the lower hills and the towering heights behind them which shut in the river valley on either side. Our neighbours, with their dogs, would stroll up at odd hours or on Sundays, and sit about on the steps of the post-office and discuss the simple events which made their history: how a saeter lad had seen a bull-elk

of eighteen spears; how a lynx had killed two sheep across the river; how the old hound, the particular and celebrated hound belonging to our landlord, grew more cunning with the passing years. Among these on a windy night came my hunter, Peder, with his dog, Bismarck. We held a limited conversation, which, however, exhausted his knowledge of English as well as mine of Norwegian.

The end of August and the opening of September slipped by, but as the great day, the 10th, approached, a new order of things was ushered in. Carioles arrived from the coast and passed on, a subdued sense of bustle stirred the air, tall silent men in Lapp boots and accompanied by the inevitable elk-hound stalked down from lonely dwellings in the hills to the skyd station—where our quarters, with one or two similar Noah's Ark houses scaled to human size, stood round an oblong of unkempt grass—to hear the news. For the Norwegian farmer has more than one reason to feel interest in the shooting of his "rights." Once or twice spasms of political forecast shook the little group, but in the end the orbit of talk settled round the magic word "elg." On the eve of the opening day Peder reappeared, shy, inconceivably dignified, with a fresh-trimmed beard and his hunter's suit of homespun supplemented by a new cap with ear-flaps. The first words he spoke after our handshake were, "Very elg Gartland," by which I understood

him to mean that there were a number of elk to be found in the Gartland woods. Then, after a prolonged pause, he added, "Big bo-o-ol morgen," and this I took to be a prophecy of the good luck the morrow was to bring, especially when by way of illustration he placed his hands in turn on either side of his head with eight fingers outstretched, cheerfully indicative of a sixteen-speared bull.

We were afoot early on a misty morning with a promise of rain, which, however, did not fall. The weather to pray for, the weather proper to elk-hunting and most conducive to success, includes a gale of wind and torrential rain beating down through the tree-tops. For the noise of the storm as well as the soft condition underfoot tends to cover the hunter's approach from the large twitching ears of his quarry.

In these thick forests the travelling is almost invariably bad: moss, wind-fallen trees, often boulders, slippery surfaces of rock, and, worse than all, dry branches and decaying brush, make silent progress a matter of extreme difficulty. My lot during the best part of three weeks was bright weather with a hot sun, and towards the end frosty nights and crisp going.

Presently the river valley was left behind, and we began the laborious climb through the woods to reach the elk-ground, which, when undertaken daily, makes a quite noticeable addition to the call upon one's physical energy

needed for the direct purpose of hunting. On the high ridges we usually found a strong wind blowing, whistling through the spreading thickets of dwarf birch and ruffling the surface of the many upland waters.

Who can describe the high fjeld at the close of its brief summer - time? Underfoot mosses make a carpet of pile a foot deep and of colours beyond imagination; reindeer moss throws its laces of red and white over hills and hollows, and everywhere within reach of your hand berries—brown, plum-blue, yellow, and scarlet. All the pure tones of the North are there, as you find them on a Newfoundland barren or on an inland ridge in Labrador. Moreover, here it is possible you may see the huge track of the bull-elk, or, if fortune is very generous, the great iron-grey body, the ever-moving ears, and shovel horns of *Alces machlis* himself.

The Norwegian elk passes the hotter part of summer on the open ground of the high fjeld, but stress of weather drives him to take shelter lower down among the trees. Yet, even then, when the sun shines, after a night of storm or of frost, he is apt to climb away from the fringes of the forest and to pass the day on the higher levels, lying in some marshy hollow, where he is occasionally seen by saeter girls, or sometimes by a farm-hand carrying a pack through the upper woods.

On that first day we patrolled the sombre shadows and

the breezy open, but no sign of elk did we see, and the evening closed upon the non-fulfilment of Peder's forecast. This went on for four days, during which Bismarck stalked ahead in his leash, for the most part with listless indifference, only once raising hopes by a more alert demeanour, which, however, ended in nothing more than a spike-bull already "skraemt" upon a distant hillside.

Half the charm of elk-hunting centres in the elk-dog. Without his aid, except on the very high and open ground where spying with the glass is possible, few trophies would be obtained, and many farmsteads would lack the winter supply of salted meat. The ordinary elk-hound is nearly allied to the "husky," though, unlike his congener, he displays towards human beings a kindly nature. But, between themselves, these animals are very pugnacious; also when an elk is killed the tracking dog is unwilling to allow any one save his master to approach it. There are two kinds of elk-hound, one smaller than the other. . . . But let us drop generalities in favour of Bismarck, whose companionship gave me an immense amount of pleasure, and to whose aid I owe a great deal.

Early in our acquaintance a suspicion arose that the dog—who, as I was proudly told, was accountable for the deaths of sixteen elk—acted (in months other than September) the part of caper-hound; that is to say, he was accustomed to bay beneath trees on which

capercailzie were perched until his owner arrived with a gun and slew them. But, for all that, he was a useful dog, with a fine nose. One of the interesting points about Bismarck showed itself gradually as the season advanced. A marked alteration took place in his character; day by day he went back towards savage nature and the wolf. At first an affectionate animal with a wagging tail and an eye to the main chance, towards the end of the three weeks he seemed to lose touch with humanity; he would even growl at his master, and he finished by attacking a farmer upon whose ground we killed an elk.

Undoubtedly the original strain was strong, and perhaps not so many generations have elapsed since the wolf-ancestors of Bismarck chased the elk in packs as his wolf-cousins do to-day when winter snows overlie the land, though during summer they lurk in the mountains towards Sweden. How often had the forests through which we moved witnessed the tragedy of elk and wolf.

The wolf! Hero of legend above all his brothers of the wild! Famous and fabled in history! His very name calls up a vision of the lonely North, where the traveller across some snowy steppe leans out of his picturesque drosky—in our illustrated weeklies—to catch sight of the yet more picturesque pack of pursuant wolves, open-jawed, foam-flecked, graceful. One tries to forget the slinking, not always mange-

less, creature of reality, in the ominous shape which lends its infinite touch of romance to Christmas and to storm!

But although we were not likely at that season to see a wolf, there was always just a shadowy chance of bear,—

“Like a traveller unaware,
Who, walking through a wood,
Comes upon a grim old bear
Lying among bones and blood.”

This is quoted from memory, but the lines ran often in my thoughts in Norway, for how has the hunter prayed and fasted that he might on some incredibly lucky day come aware or unaware upon a brown bear, and so add to his record—if fate permitted—the last, the very last (if we except the aurochs, the right of shooting which is vested in the Czar and one or two nobles, and can therefore scarcely be included in this general sense) of the dangerous big game of Europe?

In using the words “dangerous big game,” I refer to each species taken collectively, for, although not ordinarily dangerous, the elk is, on occasion, said to attack, especially in the rutting season. Nearly every Norwegian hunter has a story to tell of an elk that with its tremendous fore-hoofs has torn open a man’s body. A few of these tales may be true, but it is certainly also true that a sportsman may follow elk for fifty seasons without coming across that traditional “slem elg.”

On the fifth day of hunting, late in the afternoon, we had

turned homewards through the forest, having failed to find fresh sign of elk, when suddenly, without warning, four great grey shapes sprang up among the bushes and bracken upon the left.

Peder sent me an excited whisper of "Vera bo-o-ol!" I ran forward, and made out the horns of a bull as he plunged through the underbrush. A glimpse of a black shadow, the rifle was cocked, and a mauser bullet went on its way. At the shot the bull turned a complete somersault, clean head over heels, like a gigantic rabbit, and lay still upon the farther side of a little patch of spruce-trees. I hurried on to get a clearer view, or rather a view at all,—for the elk was completely hidden,—but no sooner did I catch sight of him than, with a grunt and a crashing of sticks, the bull pulled himself to his feet and began to make off through the dense wood at the long slinging trot of his kind.

Meantime my rifle had jammed, but just as the cartridge was released the bull turned and crossed to my front some 120 yards away, giving a fair chance. Perhaps owing to the rigour of the run and the excitement of the moment, as well as the fear that the elk would vanish into the thick trees, I shot with more haste than skill, and without making due allowance for the nature of the ground, which fell away at a sharp angle: thus, to the best of my belief, the bullet passed over the elk without touching him. We fol-

lowed his trail and discovered some blood spoor. Bismarck was beside himself with excitement, straining at his harness and yelping. Soon we got on some harder ground and lost five minutes, for Bismarck took us off on the trail of one of the "skraemt" cows.

From this we came back and picked up the bull's trail once more. It led away down hill; then the elk had turned at a sharp angle and begun again to ascend the mountain-side. Meanwhile the rain was slanting down on us from the sky and pouring in streams from the trees. As we ran on my thoughts were busy enough, but the burden of them all was the same. "Oh why, why did I not take advantage of that second chance? . . . Shall we ever see him again? . . . What a fine head he carried! . . . I am a fool, I shall never get such a chance again!" The lost head is, as every sportsman knows, the best trophy a man could obtain!

As he neared the top of the hill the elk had evidently slowed down, unable to keep up the fierce pace of the start. So, too, alas, had we! Running up a Norsk mountain-side through the forest at top speed is a feat beyond even the natives of the valley, and in the present case very far beyond the power of the alien hunter. However, we followed as fast as was possible to us.

So complete and so sudden had been the downfall of the elk to the first shot that I jumped to the conclusion he would not travel very far.

But ill-luck was with us, for the hound by some misfortune slipped his leash, and with astounding "woof-woofs," a bark at every spring, bounded away among the trees. We could hear him farther and farther in the distance baying the elk, but run as we would we never came up with him, and for myself, about seven o'clock that evening a very disconsolate and self-disgusted individual emerged from the wet woods upon the main road at a weary distance from home.

As to the bull, I have no doubt the first bullet touched his backbone, "creased" him, as the idiom is, and at the moment of writing he is wandering none the worse for it in the woods. Our acquaintance did not last ninety seconds, though for three days Peder and I searched for him, and searched in vain.

After this, for many days—twelve, to be exact—we had nothing more encouraging than regrets for the lost bull to vary our thoughts, though once walking down a forest glade we saw the long Roman-nosed face of a cow-elk regarding us steadfastly at a little distance. Of course there was no shooting, and after taking stock of us she bolted, and the woods swallowed her up. Several times during those days we came close to elk, but always in thick forest, so that sometimes we could hear the great creatures feeding and moving, yet not once did we obtain a glimpse of them. These were generally still bright days, with wandering winds, such as are

in their season very pleasant to all the world but the fishermen and the hunters, two deserving classes of the community often much ill-treated by the weather!

Elk-hunting was for the time a game of hide-and-seek played out in the vast labyrinth of the woods. On several occasions a very slight softening of the iron countenance of Fate would have given us all we needed, but the ill-luck held remorselessly, until even Peder spoke no more of "vera bo-o-ol," although he marched on untiringly over endless kilometres of wood and hill. We wore out our Norwegian boots in day-long tramps, and existed on hope, fladbrod, trout, an occasional bottle of beer, and, oh irony! the meat of a bull-elk, one of two which had been shot by G. G.-H. in a beautiful right-and-left higher up the valley!

Poor Peder! darkness came over his bright spirit, but only for short intervals. Evening by evening he would say, "Bismarek kill big bool morgen." But not the next nor many subsequent mornings brought us in sight of the big bull of our dreams. And all the time the shooting season was drawing only too rapidly to its close, and if luck was to come to us at all it must come very soon.

On the seventeenth day of the season we determined to make a great effort upon the largest of my rights, the chief drawback to which was the long three-hours' climb before the good elk-ground was

reached. There was, however, a convenient saeter to which we journeyed with some of the feelings of a forlorn hope. We started in company with G.,—he of the right-and-left,—who had come down the valley the previous evening bringing with him news of a fine bull having been killed by A., his brother.

The sun was high when, having parted from G., we came in sight of the saeter—a solid log-hut roofed over with turf, with long grass and flowers waving in the wind.

In due time we climbed over the hill and came out upon the high fjeld beyond it. Here Bismarck took a *luft* and led us to the fresh tracks of a cow and calf, which we saw in the body later among the trees of a neighbouring right. The dog was pulled off the trail and taken close-hauled in another direction. We next entered a grove of young birches, which drew blank; but emerging from it Bismarck began to show interest and to sniff the wind that was blowing down the farther cliff. It was most curious to watch him from the instant he lost indifference and began to "show interest." As, owing to the unsteady breeze, it was impossible to locate the elk immediately, we sat down to give Bismarck time to investigate and to "think." He settled on his haunches, the thick white and grey hair on his neck bristling a little, and the muscles of his nose twitching and working. At first the airs were light, but presently followed a stronger gust, at

which Bismarck rose and began to lead away resolutely towards where the sky was darkening for storm.

Peder, of course, whispered great expectations in his broken words, and sincerely I hoped that this time they would be justified by events; though to tell the truth I was doubtful, for the hound's nose was so extraordinarily fine that he had often led us a mile to a twelve-hours' old trail, and I feared that in the present instance history might once again repeat itself. However, I was happily disappointed, for at the end of half an hour I caught a glimpse of the hind-quarters of an elk, the rest of the body being screened from sight by some trees. It was impossible to tell whether it was a bull or no; but while we crept round in hopes of getting a view of the head, Bismarck broke into a whine, and in a moment the long-sought elk was "skraemt," and making off at full speed through the wood. Peder suppressed Bismarck in a definite though momentary manner with the lunch-bag, and then we commenced running to cut off the elk. Some half way up the hillside we viewed them—two,—a bull and a cow. The cow dashed on, but before the bull could follow her I took as steady an aim as I was capable of after my run, and heard the bullet strike. On the shot, as do nearly all elk-hounds, Bismarck raised a series of excited yaps.

By this time the bull had dashed into a cover of spruce-

trees, but the cow had run in a circle and now reappeared: she looked at us for a moment and then also decamped up the hill, where in the shadow of the trees I obtained another shot at the bull as he melted away into the dusk of the forest. This shot was fired at a great distance, and I had no reason at the moment to think it took effect. On coming up to his tracks, however, we found signs that he had been badly struck; and, after following the trail for some little time, I directed Peder to rest and light his pipe, in order to give the elk time to settle down. Peder was very jubilant, and very sure we should get the bull, which, he thought, carried a head of six spears.

In the course of half an hour we started again, took up the track, and, save that we were once checked by a river through which the elk had waded, we made good progress, though it was sometimes necessary to move with extreme caution, for the signs all the time showed us to be quite close to our quarry.

The elk led us in a complete circle and for a long distance, so that when dusk was falling we had returned to the hillside upon which the first shot was fired, and at the foot of which lay a lake of some size. Into this the elk had waded: we could see his huge footmarks showing through the still clear water, upon which the evening sun was shining with a passing gleam of crimson.

The elk had waded out deep

into the lake, and had then begun to swim, so we lost no time in making our way to the nearest point on the farther shore where he would be likely to land, and commenced to search for his trail. But although we searched long we came upon no indication of his having landed. Even with Bismarck's help we were unsuccessful, and at dark we returned, worn out and bitterly disappointed, to the saeter. Once this haven of rest was gained, the fire was quickly lit in the big iron stove, its light shining into the darkness without, and we prepared to make our meal in a despondent silence. It is strange how persistently the sting of a lost opportunity frets the heart of a hunter: inversely, a successful or difficult shot does not elate him to anything like a corresponding extent. He is apt, and rightly, to give the credit to the modern weapon of precision. But let him miss a shot, or, far worse, lose a beast after wounding it, then it is well to draw a veil over his next hours. He tosses in *gurgite vasto*. So it was with me while I watched the firelight gleaming on the rude walls and attempted to explain the disappearance of the elk before the tribunal of my own conscience. I confess that I made a very bad job of it, nor did Peder's comment greatly aid me when he pronounced the lost bull an evil beast. We concluded that either the animal's strength had failed in the midst of his long swim across the lake (which was possible,

though highly improbable), or that he had, after entering the water, turned to the north and regained the shelter of the woods from which he had emerged.

To us, drinking our tea amid snatches of moody talk, out of the night came an angel in disguise. First a wild bearded face was pressed against the window-pane; then the door opened, and its owner entered upon our solitude. Peder introduced him in form. "Dis mann have elg ve schutt dag," which being interpreted meant that our visitor was the farmer on whose rights we had fired at the elk, and that had I killed it he would have become the pleased possessor of the resulting meat. Acutely conscious that in the eyes of Mathias my shot should have provided the winter's supply for his household, I felt that there was absolutely nothing for me to say.

But Peder, evidently far from agreeing with me, broke out into a rising tide of Norsk narrative. Meantime Mathias had been supplied with hot tea, and to the influence of its comforting effects I attributed the almost seraphic smile which, as he listened, slowly overspread his weather-wilted features. Then he in his turn began to speak, and after a time Peder translated after his own fashion, and I learned the significance of that breadth of smile. I gathered that Mathias spoke smooth things, predicting that we should get the elk, and that he and his should yet eat the meat of it. It appeared also that he had a boat upon

the lake beside which we had lost the trail. At length he took his departure, it having been arranged that he and his boat should be at my disposal a little before dawn.

Dawn found us at the rendezvous. We stood high on the side of a hill and watched the mists uncurl in the valley below us. At first the summits that stood all around were like giants wading shoulder-deep in a foggy sea, but as the sun rose golden into the sky the mist began to curl and heave, and finally to drain away into the warmth of the upper air.

We descended quickly to the lake-side, and the woods, sweet with dew and dawn, seemed still and listening as we pushed out upon the bosom of the water. In the boat I found a cast antler of great size and beauty over which I sighed, and which I suspect Mathias had placed there as a spur to my enthusiasm. Thor knows it needed none! Before long we arrived at the spot where the elk had taken to the water, when we landed, and began our search in a new direction. We had not gone far when Bismarck suddenly bounded forward on his leash. Mathias crowed in his delight, and in another instant Peder and I were hastening through the trees on the rediscovered trail.

Evidently the elk had entered the lake, and had either found himself too weak to attempt the long swim, or, as I think, simply meant to throw us off his track—and had for a time succeeded but too well in doing so.

Bismarck now raced along at a great pace. Once we shot at and "skraemt" the elk among some birch-trees about 300 yards ahead, and then for another steady two hours we ran. At the end of that time, when I had almost given up hope that he would ever stop, as we passed through a young wood we were aware of the huge high-shouldered beast standing in the middle of a marsh with his back to us. Peder urged me to shoot at once, but the animal was in a bad position, and I was determined to take no chances. He was quite unaware of our presence, and I waited a little, hoping he might turn broad-side on. But he did not move, and I began to be afraid of his again "taking the road." I aimed carefully and fired. He was about 180 yards from me, and at the shot he turned and dashed off, giving me as he did so the first clear sight of an elk's shoulder I had yet had in Norway. I knew now that he was mine, and so it proved, for as the last shot struck him he collapsed. Immediately Peder ran up, and Bismarck leaped upon the body, rolling on it and barking and tearing out tufts of hair. When we came to examine the head we found, as I had expected, that it was a poor one, though, as is often the case, the body of the elk was both large and heavy. After using the knife, Peder and I retraced our steps to the lake, and I waited on the nearer side while my hunter and his dog went off to fetch Mathias, who presently

appeared with his entire family: other farmers, part-owners I suspect, also turned up. Mathias took a long look at the bull, assured himself that it was very fat, then crossed over to me and shook hands solemnly, which is the ceremonious "thank you" of Norway. He and the whole party were in high spirits, for in size and condition the elk was a most satisfactory perquisite. For the sportsman's share of any animal he kills is only the head with the head-skin, with twenty kilos of elk-beef; the remainder of the carcass goes to the owner of the farm on which the elk is first sprung, whether actually killed upon it or over the boundary upon the land of his neighbour. There is a rather shrill-voiced humanitarianism which condemns indiscriminately all sportsmen: I think if these good people could but see the joy of the Norsk farmers when an elk is killed on their ground, they might incline to a fairer judgment of the hunter and his craft.

After giving final instructions to Mathias concerning the head and horns, Peder and I resumed our quest, and I shall always look upon the later events of that afternoon as among the luckiest of my hunting experiences. About eleven we lunched upon the hillside, and afterwards commenced a long and fruitless search for elk. For five hours we walked steadily, visiting many likely haunts, and during the whole time never came upon a single track or sign.

It was already four o'clock when we found ourselves upon another part of that hill on which we had started the bull the day before. The slope was even more than usually precipitous, and covered with a dense growth of silver birch. As we had so far seen no track, and the dog had given no warning, I was just about to give the word for home (some dozen or more switchback miles away), when Bismarck bristled in a manner suggestive of great possibilities.

The wind had now changed and was blowing up the hillside behind us, so we took a wide cast to cover our advance, lest the elk, which we were now pretty sure was not far off, should, as is the frequent habit of these animals, have lain down to windward of his own trail. It was most fortunate that we did take this precaution, for in a very few minutes Peder turned upon me a face literally white with excitement. "Bi-i-g bo-o-ol," he whispered, with a drawl of prodigious meaning on both words. I peered over his shoulder, and there, sure enough, at a distance of not more than 200 yards below us, I saw the heavy dark head, bulged nose, and large palmated antlers of a truly "big bool." The rest of his body was hidden by the thick green of the spruce bush, as were also, I discovered later, a cow and two calves, the companions of the bull.

I paused a moment before drawing the trigger, and could see the transient gleams of sunshine upon the white birch

trunks springing from their bed of green moss, and the bronze and gold of wild raspberry leaves that shone in the duller background. All I could define to shoot at was the head and neck, and not wishing to smash the skull I chose the neck. At the shot the elk bounded to his feet and was lost to view. I heard a tremendous crashing in the forest, and caught sight of the cow and the half-grown calves swinging along in full flight. A moment's pause, and then the bull blundered from shadow to shadow. He was struck in the neck, and not knowing whence the shot had come he ran towards me, when a second bullet sent him rolling down the hillside. He was quite dead before even Peder could reach him. After eighteen blank days to secure two bull elk within seven hours! Such is not frequently the lot of the sportsman. And what a beauty this last head was! The elk stood 5 ft. 10½ in. or 5 ft. 11 in. at the shoulder, and the horns showed thirteen spears with a very considerable palmation; and as we stood above him, both Peder and I agreed that the empty days were at last atoned for. But the first elk had given us hours of steady chase, and we were wearily tired. I have often wondered since how we should have managed the twelve miles which lay between us and home, if having seen the "vera bool" I had failed in my shot and lost it!

On the next day I killed yet another bull, and on the follow-

ing Monday morning a little line of carioles followed each other down the steep descent from the skyd station: we bade a regretful farewell to our Norwegian friends, and swept away through the sombre forests towards the coast. The darkness of the pines was now besprinkled with golden alders shivering in the wind; the soft greens of the mosses and ferns and tall rustling plants were cold-touched to fiercer colours,—all was changed from the country as we had seen it in August.

At the moment of writing the snow lies thick on "Pedersdal," from the mountain-tops to the river-bed, and the valley has become in some sort the highroad of elk travelling through lower levels towards the warmth of the woodlands by the sea. Often from the porch of the wooden house in which we lived the hunter-farmer, who takes his name from the surrounding hills, watches the elk come down out of the forest and move along the surface of the frozen river. At sight of these the young hound barks, but not the old elk-dog who has seen many

bulls come and go. Age has brought him wisdom,—he contents himself with a growl.

Although on the whole the Norway elk do not suffer from out-of-season killing, and year by year their numbers are, I believe and hope, steadily increasing, yet but for the game laws they could, and perhaps would, be exterminated during the time of the deep snows. For in winter the Lapps desert their summer haunts on the high fjeld and drive their reindeer herds into the valleys, and even with the restrictions that exist it can hardly be doubted that the snowstorms which periodically blot out much of the northern world cover also the traces of the Lapp poacher's shot as well as the Lapsho trail of the man whose finger touched the trigger. Here and there, upon the ground we hunted, occasional little groups of drab skin tents arise, until they also are overlaid by the all-whitening storms, and passing men on snow-shoes see flat Lapp faces, grimed with the smoke of upland fires, peering grotesquely at them from behind the trees.

'THE TIMES' HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.—I.

WITHIN a year of putting down our pen after reviewing the most excellent third volume of "*The Times' History of the War in South Africa*,"¹ we are called upon to resume the pleasant task by the appearance of the fourth instalment of this great work. However, as the two prefaces inform us, the mantle of responsibility for the colour of the various criticisms which appear in the new volume has been transferred to another. We are dealing with the same history, but with another historian.² It is no reflection upon the merits of Mr Amery's³ successor to suggest that the third volume of this work furnished a standard of literary and critical excellence which it would be hard to rival and difficult to maintain through the whole series. There is, however, an old adage about changing horses in mid-stream, which may suggest itself to the careful student as he pursues the instructive task of absorbing Mr Basil Williams' conscientious analysis of the middle phase of our great campaign, and which he may at times be inclined to emphasise, when he misses that

peculiar and convincing charm of Mr Amery's argument which is inseparable even from these passages in which we have professed ourselves to be in disagreement. It is the absence of this particular "charm" that will probably unmask some hostility to the military criticisms of Mr Amery's successor; but before we animadvert upon the suggestions in the volume which appear to us, rightly or wrongly, to be opposed to the best precedents for the nation and its Army, we must hasten, with Napier, to recognise the difficulties with which Mr Williams has had to contend, and realise

"that two men observing the same object will describe it diversely, according to the point of view from which either beholds it: in the eyes of one it shall be a fair prospect, to the other a barren waste, and neither may see aright. Wherefore, truth being the legitimate object of history, it is better that she should be sought for by many than by few, lest for want of seekers, amongst the mists of prejudice and false lights of interest, she be lost altogether."

Consequently, with the best intentions, the most conscientious and painstaking historian, being more influenced by one version than another, may hand

¹ A review of vol. ii. appeared in '*Blackwood's Magazine*,' June 1902; and of vol. iii. in '*Blackwood's Magazine*,' June 1905.

² '*The Times' History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902*, vol. iv. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., Ltd.

³ Mr L. S. Amery, as general editor, writes in his preface: "The volume as it stands is the work of Mr Basil Williams, and he is responsible alike for the accuracy of the detailed facts recorded and for the judgments and criticisms expressed."

down to posterity a digest of a particular action or engagement which is at variance with the facts as we would view them. Even a great history, like the one under present review, cannot hope to escape from the tyranny of imagination, which is the historian's most subtle and inveterate enemy; and although on almost every page of the present volume we can find evidence of the battle in which the editor has been engaged, yet we must confess that he seems to have suffered many bouts, the successful issue of which may still be said to be in doubt. Forearmed with Napier's admirable apology, the student may embark upon Mr Williams' analysis of the final phases in Lord Roberts' campaign with every promise of a fascinating study.

The impression which we held when we put down the third volume, which had taken us up to the occupation of Bloemfontein, embodied almost the identical sentiments which occur in Bacon's passage in his essay "Of Vicissitudes of Things," dealing with the decay of nations: "In the youth of a state, arms do flourish, in the middle age of a state, learning, and then both of them together for a time; in the declining age of a state, mechanical arts and merchandise." It seemed that the idea which predominated the reasoning of the gifted writer of the third volume of *'The Times' History* was the hope that his castigation of those responsible for the blemishes and shortcomings of its army might

rouse the nation to the sense of the warning which military defeat implied. The checking, even for a week, of the arms of a nation that had grown strong in the mechanical arts, by a few thousand farmers, suggested the national decadence which the great Essayist associated with ripe intellectual and commercial development. Mr Amery took the nation—rather he took the public men whom the nation had selected—and shook them out to the public gaze. He condemned the system, root and branch, that gave such men the opportunity of doing public harm, and left us in a state of uncertainty as to whether we were helpless from age, or only temporarily suffering from a malignant disease engendered by a pernicious army system. Mr Williams is more optimistic. Altogether he finds more good in all ranks of the British army, from the moment that he takes up its history, than his predecessor found in the initial conduct of the campaign. This is encouraging, and leads us to hope that the lessons which Mr Amery has seared into our brains had already, automatically, caused to react the military spirit with which, if dormant, the nation is still naturally endowed. It is therefore stimulating to find that, in the opinion of Mr Williams, those exhibitions of military dash and endurance by the infantry, as demonstrated by the Gordon Highlanders at Doorn Kop, are not altogether an anachronism. It is true that the present volume has

had the advantage of a maturer study of the Russo-Japanese War, which has upset many of the earlier theories which we deduced from our own incomplete experiences in South Africa. On this account the editor is able to let himself go, and to satisfy that which is primitive in our imagination with passages such as the following:—

“The Gordons had changed their slow swaggering pace for the double, being exposed for every step of the way to the well-aimed fire of the Boers, who were safely hidden behind their rocks. At last, just before the top of the ridge, they whipped out their bayonets and rushed the position. By that time the Boers had already fled, but only to some other rocks two hundred yards farther back. . . . Here they suffered most of their losses, for the cover from the north was not good, and they were exposed to gun fire as well as to furious volleys of musketry at two hundred yards' distance. Besides, they had no assistance from the English guns, which had ceased fire. But when the Boers saw them coming out again with fixed bayonets to drive them from their last lair, they fled at once.”

The above is the passage in which this successful attack is described; the criticism is as follows:—

“Since this fine advance of the Gordons critics have suggested that it was an unnecessary loss of life, and that the position could have been turned at less sacrifice. Even as to the fact, it is doubtful if this criticism has any grounds. The whole ridge had to be captured, and if the Boers opposite the Gordons had not been kept so busy, they would have had more leisure to enfilade the C.I.V. and the Canadians. Further, though it is certainly one of a general's duties to avoid loss of life if by doing so he can gain

his object of defeating the enemy, the nation is certainly lost whose generals are inclined to consider too carefully on the field of battle how far, by avoiding a direct attack and circumventing the enemy's fire, loss of life may be diminished. Under the circumstances the attack was no doubt necessary. Even if it had not been so, it would not have been wasted, for the steady enduring discipline of the men under fire, their absolute indifference to losses, contributed to carry on the glorious traditions of the British infantry.”

Having extracted these fair examples of the editor's narrative and criticisms, we will pass to the subjects of discussion which interest us more intimately than a general survey of the whole campaign. Readers of ‘Maga’ will remember that we were from time to time especially instructed in these pages upon the subject of the cavalry and mounted troops in South Africa, and also on the subject of Christian De Wet, the Free State Commandant, who came so prominently into cognisance. The volume at present under review gives us the opportunity of contrasting the information which we collated at the time and the opinions which we then expressed with the maturer labours of ‘The Times’ historians. But excellent and logical as most of the deductions and criticisms in the volume appear to be, we are still prepared to maintain that the opinions which we publicly expressed in the two subjects already quoted undergo no modification by any of the arguments which ‘The Times’ history now brings to light.

We may be wrong, but there

seems to us to be a disposition running through the whole of Mr Williams' work which is hostile to the cavalry. The editor himself may not be aware of this, and possibly unconsciously he gives expression to the popular feeling on the subject,—a feeling of which we do not deny the existence, and whose origin can be traced to the flood of uninstructed criticism which swept across this country in the moments of great national emotion. Somebody had to be crucified, and as a general rule those in authority found the cavalry the most convenient unit to sacrifice to the popular demand for a body to maul.

Now we maintain, as we have maintained all along, that no one has a right to criticise the action of cavalry unless he is in full possession of the circumstances which governed the particular phase of operation which comes under opprobrium. There is no branch in the services which go to make up a modern army that undergoes such complete and rapid changes as the cavalry. It must be remembered that primarily all the duties of cavalry are offensive. Consequently, as Colonel F. N. Maude¹ succinctly points out, once engaged in a campaign,

"the difference which may exist from time to time between a perfectly-equipped, well-trained, and mounted regiment, and the same unit a few weeks later, when death and disease have thinned the original ranks and led to the replacement of

casualties by wholesale swamping of the remaining *cadres* with remounts and recruits, will very generally be found to entertain a poor regard for the mounted arm relatively to the infantry, which cannot under any circumstances 'vary' to the same extent, for dismounted men can only vary within the limits fixed by human nature, whereas mounted men must vary not only as men, but also as the horses, and every possible combination of the variations to which either are liable."

So few will realise, as is clearly indicated as a natural sequence in the above quotation, that the magnificent display of the offensive before Colesburg, which saved Cape Colony from a hostile invasion that would have changed the whole character of Roberts' campaign, and the final *coup* at Paardeberg, brought about that metamorphosis which in a few weeks can alter the whole character of a mounted force.

The cavalry once having accomplished a brilliant *coup*, the public could never understand why the same dramatic incidents did not constantly recur. They had not realised that the improvement of modern arms has rendered the successful charges by cavalry upon unbroken infantry wellnigh impossible except under abnormal conditions, and, as a great writer on cavalry has said, "It is in taking advantage of cover and in seizing the fleeting opportunities of surprise that the cavalry charge will depend for its great results." It should be remembered in upbraiding the cavalry

¹ Cavalry: Its Past and Future. London: William Clowes.

division in South Africa, or rather, as is the case in the present volume, when "damning it with faint praise," that South Africa, as far as the movements of the mounted branches were concerned, was a country of very sparse cover, and that the enemy was of a most fragmentary kind and had to be surprised dismounted before he could be brought to book. This latter fact Mr Williams has himself realised, since he describes the favourite Boer tactics as follows:—

"Instead of waiting for a battle in force, in which they were bound to be crushed, they began their retreat methodically, while the fighting was still going on, sending forward just sufficient men into successive positions from which the enemy's advance could be delayed long enough for the retreat not to be interfered with."

This is perfectly true, but it is in our opinion hardly judicial to take credit away from the British cavalry because the enemy happened to do the right thing, and to make very sensible precautions against surprise. It is, however, easy to trace the origin of this class of reasoning which measures military success by the dramatic results achieved: it is the result of a generation of small wars against savages, in which we have always been predestined, at a small cost, to be successful. We would point out to our readers that our cavalry was by no means perfect, but a study of the Russo-Japanese War proves to us it was not, by a long way, the worst cavalry in the world. This much it can claim: it was

responsible for the "offensive" which brought the South African War to its ultimate issue, and there is no record of its wholesale surrender or of disasters other than those any army, whose judgment had not been vitiated by a long and universally successful period of savage warfare, would expect in the force responsible for maintaining first contact with the enemy for nigh on three years.

Fair criticism this branch of the service would never consider an injustice, but it can be forgiven if it resents some of the views which the present volume expresses. Take, for instance, the cavalry action on April 24, 1900. In this action the cavalry, in the name of its general, is criticised as follows: "French, however, would have saved much valuable time if he had simply seized Roodekop, whence the whole position could be enfiladed, and pressed on to cut the Boer main force in Dewetsdorp, instead of unnecessarily carrying the whole ridge." Now, the staff of the cavalry division directed this action *from the slopes of Roodekop*. No one with personal knowledge of this particular *terrain* can be under any hallucination as to the position of Roodekop. Therefore we are at once back upon the "barren waste" which Napier found so abundant, and Mr Williams, led astray in the paths of conflicting evidence, has the conviction irrevocably wrested from his final dictum regarding this particular operation. The more the pity, as in this series of operations there

seems, accepting the rest of the given narrative as accurate, considerable room for criticism under the head of co-operation of generals in the field.

There is another issue in which we are at variance with most authorities on the South African War. We are not breaking new ground, only reiterating opinions which we have already expressed in these pages, and which nothing that has since been brought to light has constrained us, to any considerable degree, to modify. This is the appreciation in which Christian De Wet is held. We believe that an altogether fictitious and erroneous value has been placed upon De Wet as a military leader, and that, as often as not, it is the neurotic imagination of a people who have recently developed the disease of music-hall hero-worship that is responsible for the major portion of De Wet's military genius. That he was a desperate patriot we allow; and that as a raider, from the buccaneering point of view, he had considerable success; but his application of success was inefficient, and in sober and reflective judgment he is not worthy of the mighty panegyrics fastened upon him. The editor of the fourth volume of *'The Times' History*, to a considerable measure, has been able to disassociate himself from the popular view. His treatment of the Sannah's Post incident, however, gives a view in which we are not altogether in agreement. The editor sums up this success in the following paragraph:—

"Sannah's Post was the first, and in some ways the most brilliant, of all De Wet's surprises. It was so successful because, to begin with, De Wet had formed a very definite plan for a very definite object, and had taken care that there should not be a hitch in any detail; secondly, when he found that the circumstances had entirely changed by the sudden appearance of Broadwood's whole force, he had the courage and the rapidity of decision requisite to enable him to meet them."

That is true: but might not as much have been said for the officer commanding the detachment which captured Commandant Olivier a few weeks later? When it comes to real generalship, however, even the editor, who is nothing if not conscientious, allows that the popular hero fails. In no time in his meteor-like history was Christian De Wet required more urgently to exhibit the powers of a great leader than in July 1900, when operating in the Brand Water Basin; yet, in this case, when animadverting on his withdrawal at the most critical moment, the *History* is constrained to say—

"If ever it was the duty of men in such a position [Steyn and De Wet] to stay behind and see personally that the whole programme of the retreat was carried out, it was in this case. Under any circumstances the retreat of 6000 men from such a critical situation as that in which the Boer army then found itself, before the eyes of a hostile army three times its size, was bound to be a matter of the greatest difficulty. . . . The disaster which subsequently befell the army left inside the Basin has been attributed to Prinsloo's incapacity, or even to his treachery, but the chief cause undoubtedly was this sudden evasion by De Wet and Steyn, which cannot be qualified otherwise than as culp-

able neglect, almost amounting to desertion of their post. It is certainly the only occasion on which such a charge could fairly be brought against Steyn, but the whole incident illustrates De Wet's selfishness as a commander, which militated more than anything against his becoming a really great general."

In the matter of Sannah's Post, however, the editor is more laudatory, and we are not in entire agreement with his adulation of De Wet's genius. As our readers are aware, we have been so fortunate as to have exceptional facilities in arriving at the estimate which we have always expressed with regard to this guerilla chieftain. 'The Times' story would have us to believe that the Sannah's Post incident was deliberately pre-designed. The editor says: "De Wet at once determined to dash in and secure the waterworks on which Bloemfontein largely depended for its water-supply, and, at the same time, to place himself across Broadwood's line of retreat from Thaba 'Nchu." From this it might generally be inferred that De Wet intended deliberately to place himself astride Broadwood's communications, and await developments. A truly poor exhibition of generalship, when the proximity of the Bloemfontein garrison is considered! No; Christian De Wet's one object was to avoid Broadwood. The detail of Piet De Wet's large force was to protect him from Broadwood. Two things conduced to De Wet's signal success on this occasion, —an abnormal sequence of

good fortune, and a magnificent display of instantaneous resolution, which, in combination, have ever been the stock-in-trade of all successful buccaneers, from the days of Joab to those of Major Naganuma in the Russo-Japanese War. De Wet left Brandfort with the laudable intention of slipping between Broadwood, then believed to be engaged with Olivier near Ladybrand, and the British army in occupation of Bloemfontein. Having "mopped up" the inadequate garrison of 200 men at the waterworks, and destroyed the Bloemfontein water-supply, it was his intention to push south at once, and, by rapid movement and raids, restore confidence amongst his compatriots in the Southern Free State. The whole of the dispositions made by the brothers De Wet on the night of March 30-31 were designed to corral 200 wretched mounted infantrymen. It was only when the dispersing night-mists revealed Broadwood's column encamped south of the Modder that De Wet realised that in trapping a pigeon he had secured a crow. It was in the quarter of an hour which followed this discovery that De Wet showed up to the best advantage. His little *posse* of selected stalwarts were startled by the discovery of a force which appeared to them to be overwhelming. They proposed an instant retirement. De Wet glancing back, and seeing nothing as yet between him and Boesman's Kop, determined to undertake

the bigger risk of which fortune had given him the option. What was sauce for the goose was usually sauce for the gander. He accepted the hazard, and straightened out his firing line.

Fortune usually favours the brave. Fortune was with him in the following sequence. First, that the patrol of Queenslanders who, at day-break, discovered the Boers in Koornspruit did not, in the circumstances, know their duties as a patrol; then when Piet De Wet's guns first fired into the camp there was a stampede of the transport, due probably to the fact that the Senior Transport and Supply Officer had on the preceding day, for private reasons, been allowed to leave his command and ride into Bloemfontein from Thaba 'Nchu; again, because a Colonial regiment, being slack in that discipline which is the bedrock of military success in an emergency, had failed to fall in in time to fulfil its functions as an advance guard; and lastly, because the suddenness of the surprise upset the equanimity of the British general in command. It was the combination of these circumstances, the gravest of which find no mention in the History, which manufactured Christian De Wet, most admirable guerilla, into the magnificent general of popular fancy and demand.

It may be claimed that we are of those who find in this

action "the barren waste"; but it so chances that we are in possession of exceptional information. We consider that Mr Williams has inclined, in this case, to too conciliatory an attitude concerning the conduct of the action from the British standpoint. He has a leaning to shift the whole blame to Bloemfontein. He has fallen into this error merely because his premises are, according to our information, in fault. But to the general reader this will not be apparent, and we must congratulate Mr Williams on his otherwise successful manipulation of perhaps the most controversial incident in the whole campaign. Possibly he has been more influenced, in the apportioning of praise and blame, by his Napier than we have ourselves, and has ever had before him the following thoughtful passage: "Military operations are so dependent upon accidental circumstances that, to justify censure, it should always be shown how an unsuccessful general has violated the received maxims and established principles of war."

The study of the first half of Mr Williams' volume, with its admirable display of coloured maps, has given us keen pleasure, and we look forward to a similar period of enjoyment and instruction when we deal with his digest of the operations subsequent to Lord Roberts' occupation of Pretoria.

RECENT SOCIAL EVENTS OF STRIKING SIGNIFICANCE.

THE *KATORI*.

THE Japanese are nothing if not polite and hospitable. What else can we expect from a nation which, if it has bad news to give, imparts it over the trencher; or if it must show the mailed fist, is careful to screen it artistically until the actual moment of contact? Our allies will never "sponge," as the vulgar dialect has it. Consequently, when at the end of a period of welcome in this country the captains, officers, and crews of the new battleships *Katori* and *Kashima*, of His Imperial Majesty's Japanese Navy,¹ were due to return to their own beautiful country, they determined to give on their new ships, as a small return, the best Japanese entertainment that was possible in the circumstances. It is not my intention to deal with the Japanese decoration of the *Katori*, most magnificent of modern battleships, or discursively with the silent smiling hosts, or even with the peering and inquisitive guests, whose ardent admiration of everything seemed at times to exceed the bounds of decorum. I would rather confine myself to a brief reflection, I can

hardly say study, of the exhibition of the Japanese play-acting which the hosts had in preparation for their guests. It was undoubtedly a very excellent representation of Japanese histrionic art, and as such was worthy of more delicate appreciation than it received from the foreign audience, which seemed to me to be visiting the *Katori* much in the same indulgent spirit as the Russian bureaucracy entered upon the disastrous campaign in 1904.

Of the various selections which the Japanese sailors and their coadjutors had chosen, the only one, in my ignorance, of which I could locate the plot, was the tragedy of Oda Nobunaga. This legend certainly lends itself to high tragedy, since Oda, having virtually made himself ruler of Japan, is about to root out the upstart Toyotomi Hideyoshi, when he is treacherously attacked by his own guard; and to preserve the name of the Nobunaga house from ill fame, Oda and his son Nobutada forestall the assassins by committing suicide. The actual suicide scenes furnish the climax for the Japanese histrionic display.

¹ The captains and officers of H.I.J.M.S. *Katori* and *Kashima* were at home on June 5.

Now it struck me as particularly weird that I should be seated cross-legged on the deck of a modern leviathan of war and be watching a dramatic display which, if it did not carry the imagination into barbaric surroundings, purported to be a representation of a Japan as fantastic and incredible as our own Stone Age would appear if represented before the foot-lights. The stiff, self-conscious posing and affected voice intonation of the warriors, their contempt for secondary detail in representations both of love and war, their absolute disregard for the proportion of time allowed by nature alike for blows and kisses, were startling enough. It was the primitive service of a great theme, instructive in many ways. The whole atmosphere of the masquerade betrayed an intense under-current of cruelty—a satisfaction in gloating over human suffering, or rather a tuning of the nerves to experience satisfaction at the sight of suffering endured with fortitude,—a form of cruelty so subtle that it is hard to diagnose. It is certain that the English guests failed to diagnose it, for when at the most pathetic stages of a self-inflicted death, protracted for the purpose of satisfying the curious craving for prolonged suffering, the English visitors burst out into loud guffaws of laughter, and applauded from motives as far removed from a real apprecia-

tion of hero or heroine's fortitude under extreme adversity as we as a nation are from the inner spirit of our Allies.

It seemed impossible to realise that a people who accepted heroics in a squeaky falsetto from a posing, stiff-backed warrior as the characteristics typical of true breeding, should be the same who were prepared to manœuvre and fight the mind-racking mechanism of this modern war machine which had so recently come into their possession. This is really a thought that appals one. The step, from all that is vain and lustful in the savage to the grim duties of a modern first-class Power, has been so short and yet so firmly made.

The faces of our hosts told us nothing. They smiled with well-bred kindness, even though their guests, with an ill-taste that distressed me, despoiled the ship of its home-made decorations. I wonder what those guests who so gaily filled their arms with paper blossoms plucked from rail and stanchion would have thought if guests of their own had pilfered their table decorations after a dinner-party, or had robbed their drawing-rooms of flowers. It is a strange attitude which we display towards our allies. Yet how many amongst that gay pilfering crowd realised that the *Katori* is the last battleship that Japan will ask us to build. In future she will build her own.

THE MOST DISTINGUISHED ORDER OF ST MICHAEL AND
ST GEORGE.¹

It was my good fortune to have a front seat in St Paul's Cathedral when the King, as head of the most distinguished Order of St Michael and St George, was present at the dedication and consecration of the new chapel to the Order. The idea that a chapel should be dedicated to this most distinguished Order first occurred to the Archdeacon of London about ten years ago. He discovered that, unlike other distinguished orders, the St Michael and St George had no chapel, though its ranks included a prelate. Archdeacon Sinclair put the matter before Sir Robert Herbert, then Chancellor of the Order. The suggestion that a chapel should be founded prospered, and I had the privilege of seeing the suggestion sealed as a concrete fact.

"The chapel, at the south-west end of the nave of the Cathedral, is very imposing in appearance. The stalls are placed round three sides of it, and are of teak, that being a British Colonial wood. The stalls of the Sovereign, the Grand Master, and the Chancellor, are at the west end facing the altar. The marble steps leading to the altar are the gift of Sir Donald Currie, and came from South Africa; the reredos was presented by Lord Strathcona; the cross and alms dish were given by Sir J. Forrest; and the Campbell family provided the communion plate as a memorial. Above the Sovereign's stall are the Royal Arms, and the stall of the Grand Master on

the right bears an inscription to the effect that it is the gift of the sons of the late Duke of Cambridge, for many years Grand Master. Over each stall hangs the banner of the knight, beautifully embroidered in silk. The window was presented by Sir Walter Wilkin, and shows in the centre the emblems of the Order, and in the lower left-hand corner a representation of the donor, in his robes as Lord Mayor, kneeling. The ceiling, or rather vault, has four large panels with the coats of arms of the King, the Prince of Wales, the late Duke of Cambridge, and the late Sir Robert Herbert—long the Chancellor of the Order, who did not live to see the completion of a work in which he took so keen an interest. Beneath the window is the register of the Order. The whole work has been done under the superintendence of Mr Somers Clarke, Architect to the Dean and Chapter."²

There was something indescribably majestic in the scene in the Cathedral, especially at the moment when the guard of honour, stationed outside the edifice, in the sanctuary precincts, presented arms to the arriving monarch. The immense space canopied by the Cathedral was emphasised by reason of the seats having been removed from the nave. Save for the concourse of knights and members of the Order, and the troops which lined the aisles, the western half of the great building was almost empty. The scarlet tunics of the Guard's infantry screened the modern attire

¹ The King was present on June 12 at the dedication and consecration service in St Paul's Cathedral of a chapel to the Order of St Michael and St George.

² The Morning Post.

of the lady visitors, and we, accommodated towards the west, had a view that was almost mediæval. If only the burnish of knightly armour could have shown from beneath the crimson and blue robes of the Order, there would have been nothing wanting to complete the picture of the Middle Ages. But there was a deeper meaning to the ceremony, a significance that was forced upon one as the influences of the majestic building, the beauties of the brilliant representation of the glories of the past, crowded all thought of mummery from the mind. Here we had the history of the greatest Empire the world has ever seen, or is likely ever to see, portrayed as it had never been portrayed before. This thought added a dignity to the building which had never been contemplated even by Sir Christopher Wren. Here, on Ludgate Hill, under the domed roof of St Paul's, was rehearsed the actual triumph of empire. The aged Dean, with his supporters of the Chapter in their canonical robes, and the quaintly clad Yeomen of the Guard, carried me back in fancy to the days when our buccaneering forefathers laid the foundations of the Empire. The scarlet tunics of the Guards reminded me of the sacrifice in blood and treasure the building

and maintenance of that Empire had cost. Then, marshalling in the nave, I saw the noble and gallant sailors, soldiers, statesmen, and merchants of repute, who in my own time had maintained unsullied the trust of empire. But more impressive still was the band of three score men in modest brown who lined the entrance-hall. These were the veritable sons of the Empire—the produce of our forefathers' trials and tribulations. Fifteen men from India and the burning East; fifteen men from snow-driven Canada; fifteen men from far-off Australasia; and fifteen men from unhappy South Africa. Many of these sons of the Empire wore upon their tunics the silver proofs of their Sovereign's and country's appreciation. A proud moment indeed,—proud alike for Mother Country and for her fast-developing progeny! The King's Colonials, — a proud denomination: a proud possession.

A fanfare of trumpets from the altar.

Then a hush,—the great bell of the Cathedral is tolling the hour of noon.

The King—the coping-stone of this great edifice of Empire—has come. The procession of empire-builders forms. *God save the King!*

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE OUTRAGE AT MADRID—THE QUALITIES OF THE ANARCHIST—A VICTIM OF TEMPERAMENT—"POLITICAL CRIME"—THE "HONOUR" OF ASSASSINS—HOW TO TREAT THE ANARCHIST—HENRIK IBSEN—HIS LIFE AND WORKS—THE FOLLY OF IBSENISM.

THE savage attempt to murder the King and Queen of Spain at Madrid unpleasantly recalls to our mind the living horror of anarchy. Not a word need be said in detestation of the purposeless and cowardly crime. The world has condemned it with a unanimity which the exploits of anarchists do not always inspire, while the serene courage of the King and Queen, worthy their lofty office and ancient throne, has touched the imagination of Europe. Were it possible that the miscreant who threw the bomb hoped to achieve a certain purpose by the slaughter of innocent persons, his intention was foiled. He did no more than increase tenfold the enthusiasm aroused by the King and Queen of Spain in the popular mind, and he left the world without even such an advertisement as is afforded by a trial and a public execution.

But the truth is, he hoped to achieve no purpose, and we shall not understand the real curse of anarchy unless we realise that it is an affair of temperament, not of policy. An attempt has been made to explain the brutality of the Spanish bomb-thrower as an act of vengeance. The bomb was thrown, say the apologists,

in revenge for the treatment of Spanish prisoners. It would be as wise to argue that a mad dog ran up and down the highway because he was displeased with the biscuit he had last night for supper. Indeed, the mad dog is the closest parallel in nature to the anarchist. The maniac scatters death, whether he be dog or man, without ruth or reason. As some subtle poison in the blood drives the dog to madness and the man to murder, it is idle to seek the link of cause and effect in actions of callous inconsequence. The anarchist is born vain, cruel, and superficial, and he cannot always escape his destiny. He does not devise his explosive machine, nor brandish his dagger, for the sake of justice and emancipation. If his brain were capable of reason, he would be able to understand that the death of a young and innocent king could but strengthen the principle of monarchy. But he has no calculated hatred of this policy or that. He is impelled to take arms against the world by a vague feeling of discontent, by a fierce conviction that his name does not receive a sufficient advertisement, by an impotent jealousy of those more prosperous than himself. He fights for his own vain-

glory, and for that alone. He by no means purposes to better others. He is content if he, humble and nameless, can shatter a throne. Then for an hour he believes that he is not wholly impotent, — that his shaking hand has given a turn to the wheel of State. And if he receive the sentence of a judge in a crowded court and is permitted to recite a few passages from his favourite author, generally Herbert Spencer, he goes to the scaffold with the air of a braggart and prays that a few friends may take him for a martyr.

And indiscreet persons have done their best to encourage him by declaring him guilty of "political crime." No excuse could be more foolish. There is no such thing as political crime. What is known by that name differs from common crime only in the inadequacy of its motive. If a man is driven by the pangs of hunger to steal a loaf, or by some motive of personal jealousy or private revenge to kill his neighbour, he is punished without pity or sentiment. If, on the other hand, a weak-brained scoundrel is persuaded to throw a bomb, which slays a hundred innocent persons, because he pretends to disapprove of kingship, his act is instantly dignified with the name of "political crime." There can be no doubt that this term, which is, of course, its own contradiction, has encouraged the degenerates who deal in explosives. And the sooner it is abolished from the vocabularies of statesmen and

judges, the better will it be for the peace and sanity of Europe.

For this confusion of words and deeds England is largely responsible. It has long been the habit of our Radical politicians to boast that rebels and assassins of all kinds, and from all countries, may find a free asylum in London. This generosity, at the expense of others, is easily explained. There seems to be a smug and sentimental satisfaction in protecting those who have outraged the law of their own land. Cannot you hear the Pecksniff of the State thanking God for his own enlightenment, and declaring that, so long as he can keep open house, no man shall suffer for an opinion, even though the opinion finds expression in dynamite or a dagger? And if there was ever any uncertainty as to our policy, that uncertainty no longer exists. It has been proclaimed in Parliament by our Home Secretary that anarchists and other political offenders are "desirable aliens." All those who have been active in conspiracy against their kings and governments are welcome in England. Here they will find an easy sanctuary; here they will be secure from molestation. They may live where they will, they may stay as long as they like, and no questions asked. Our policemen shall protect them; our laws shall be as their shield and buckler. Even if they dare, by better thrift or greater industry, to compete with the inviolable privileges of the sacrosanct working-man, they shall

still be immune. They may be diseased, they may be drunken, or, worse still, they may be willing to work, yet they shall not be counted among the undesirables. If only they declare that they have suffered for an opinion, their word is accepted as the word of truth, and they are instantly set upon the road which leads to English citizenship.

Thus it is that our Government puts an open affront upon friendly nations. Those whom Russia and Germany, Italy and France, condemn as law-breakers are marked out in London for respectful consideration. It may be that the affront is lessened in the eyes of our neighbours by the reflection that England's complacency saves them a vast deal of trouble. But as it is not our business to act as the police of Europe, so we accept a heavy responsibility in a spirit of levity. Though we do not breed anarchists, we give them a willing shelter; and if the anarchists reward our hospitality by flinging elsewhere the bombs which they make in London, we are in a sense accessory to their crimes. Nevertheless, it is idle to expect a change of policy, and we must extract what comfort we can from the knowledge that Scotland Yard takes a graver view of its duties than the Radical Government.

And there is another fallacy which has proved a direct encouragement of anarchy. It is the habit of certain amiable persons to pretend that heed-

less and wholesale murder, committed by means of a bomb, does not touch the murderer's honour. That, indeed, is how Señor Nakens justified the protection he afforded to the anarchist in Madrid. Was there ever a more pestilent theory formulated? He is an honourable man—they are all honourable men, who maim and slay innocent women and plain well-disciplined soldiers, guilty of no crime save an accidental proximity to their king. Many disgraceful actions have been committed in the name of honour, yet the word has never been more openly debauched than by Señor Nakens. The assassin, indeed, whom he sheltered was rooted in dishonour. Not content with the slaying of harmless citizens, he took refuge in the office of an editor whom, though no anarchist, he knew to be a very Don Quixote in sympathising with lost causes. Even if there were no blood upon his hands, so vile a cowardice as this could never be excused or forgiven. And so it is that the first step in the suppression of anarchy is to rid ourselves of vain superstitions, to understand that there is no such thing as political crime, and to leave honour out of the question.

And what next? We must then realise the temperament of this pest of society, and remember that he is driven to crime not by the hope of political regeneration, but by personal vanity. The anarchist should be tried, if he be caught,

in silence and without a name. He would soon lose interest in explosives, if he knew that he would be presented to the world as X or Z. Therefore, he should not be advertised in the public prints. He should not be permitted to make speeches in the public courts. And thus deprived of advertisement, he might find another field for the exercise of his useless and dangerous gifts. To England there remains the single duty of moving him on. When, expelled from his own land, the assassin seeks shelter in London, he should be told that his presence is not desired. And not even a vanity of triple brass will long endure against a sentence of eternal vagabondage.

Meanwhile the odds are all in favour of the anarchist. He faces society at the gambling-table with loaded dice. How shall the world prevail against a bomb furtively hidden and suddenly hurled? And because the odds are in his favour, the anarchist should be treated with the utmost severity. He should be given no advantage in that curious game called law. At present he pursues his avocation in Soho without let or hindrance. The policeman, who knows well that he is scheming murder, that he even has a bomb in his pocket, hesitates to arrest him, because he deems it against the rules of the sport in which they are both engaged. But the mere state of anarchy should be an offence, if life is to be lived securely in the capitals of Europe. The

detectives to whose vigilant care Soho is committed should be encouraged not only to watch the anarchists but to expel or imprison them. And they, deprived of their last refuge, and conscious, moreover, that their crime is neither political nor honourable, may be persuaded at last that boots or hats are less dangerous things to make than bombs, and that there is no virtue of courage or wisdom in the indiscriminate slaughter of their fellow-citizens.

No man of letters in our time has fought a keener fight and enjoyed a greater triumph than Henrik Ibsen, whose death is mourned not merely by Norway but by Europe. Confident of his own powers, he has endured hostility, indifference, and, what is yet harder to bear, the wilful misunderstanding of enthusiasts. He has been represented as an anarchist, an atheist, and a professor of social science. And all the while he was nothing more than a dramatist, writing such works as he believed were fitted for representation on the modern stage. Nor has he ever yielded to the clamour which has assailed him. He has never for a moment turned aside from the path which he believed himself destined to follow. Poverty and detraction have been no obstacles in his path. So long as he was free to humour his own genius, he was ready to make any sacrifice. Rather than distress himself with uncongenial work, he would be involved in debt

or condescend to the writing of begging-letters. Soon after the publication of "Brand" he addressed a letter to King Charles VII. of Sweden and Norway which seems strangely out of humour with our present century. "It remains with your Majesty," said he, "to decide whether or not I shall have to keep silence, and suffer the bitterest disappointment which can befall a human soul—the disappointment of having to give up my life-work, of having to surrender when I know myself to be in possession of exactly the intellectual weapons required. And what makes surrender ten times harder for me is that I have never given in before." This is the language of hyperbole. Though Ibsen was keenly desirous of a pension, the king had no dominion over his silence. The poet would have spoken in spite of hardship and privation. And the letter, which it could not have been a pleasure to write, is chiefly interesting as an undignified proof of Ibsen's artistic sincerity.

To ensure a proper expression of himself, then, Ibsen was prepared to undergo the last humiliation. "I know," he wrote to Björnson in 1867, "that, underneath the crust of folly and frowardness, I have taken life very seriously." That is perfectly true. No man ever believed more devoutly in his profession than Ibsen. When he had to choose between his work and the ties which bound him to the past he did not hesitate. "Do you know,"

said he, "that I have entirely separated myself from my own parents, from my whole family, because a position of half-understanding was unendurable to me?" And he made this severance in no spirit of levity or caprice. His was the artistic temperament which could not be thwarted nor denied. Like many of the characters in his own plays, he wished to be "free and whole." Nothing must interfere with the development of his mind and temper. And though his theory of life is pitiless in its egoism, we can easily forgive it when we remember "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," and the best of his cunningly constructed dramas in prose.

From the very beginning there was a sentimental conspiracy to obscure the meaning of his works. He was made the plaything of the politicians. His words were twisted this way or that to suit one set of opinions or another. The partisans of his own land were always attempting to enrol him under their banners. But he had complete sympathy neither with Right nor Left, and he protested with a just anger against a false interpretation. "They are judging my work from the political instead of the æsthetic standpoint," he complained; and in thus judging his work they had neither hesitation nor scruple. The socialists, with whom he had not the smallest sympathy, claimed this sturdy individualist for their own, and how bitterly he resented the claim appears again and again

in his letters. "I stand like a solitary *franc-tireur* at my post," says he, "and act on my own responsibility." Is this the voice of the socialist who would merge in the race his own energy, his own courage? In truth, Ibsen would have rejected even the gift of freedom, if Socialism had offered it. "Yes, to be sure," said he to Brandes, "it is a benefit to possess the franchise, the right of self-taxation, &c., but for whom is it a benefit? For the citizen, not for the individual. Now, there is absolutely no reason for the individual to be a citizen. On the contrary, the State is the curse of the individual. With what is the strength of Prussia as a State bought? With the merging of the individual in the political and geographical concept. The waiter makes the best soldier. . . . The State must be abolished! In this revolution I will take part. Undermine the idea of the State, make willingness and spiritual kinship the only essentials in the case of a union, and you have the beginning of a liberty that is of some value." And in face of such a pronouncement as this the socialists have noisily claimed Ibsen for their own!

Ibsen's politics are not essential to the understanding of his plays, and it is merely because they have been wantonly misrepresented that we refer to them here. Though he took no interest in the intrigues of party, he was in many respects a sound Tory. None knew better than he that modern Liberalism was the worst

enemy that freedom had to fear. He agreed with his own Dr Stockman in holding compact majorities in contempt. He was strongly opposed to the Norwegian idea of separation, and the keenest ambition of his early life was to witness a union of the three Scandinavian peoples. He had, moreover, a sense of the dignity and amenity of life which does not commend itself to the Radical. He did not regard kings as outlaws, and he received such orders as were conferred upon him with a reasonable pride. He was once described as the most highly decorated man in Europe, and his defence of his foible, if foible it be, is characteristic. "My sincere conviction obliges me to disagree with you in what you write on the subject of 'decorations'"—thus he writes to Björnson. "We live under a monarchy, and not under a republic. I, for my part, am not partial to a republic. . . . From the government of the day we accept money; royalty gives us a decoration because it respects a popular feeling of which it acknowledges the existence. Why reject the one when we have not rejected the other form of expression for the same thing? Let us examine ourselves carefully! Is it our intention henceforth to be ascetics? Do we intend to decline every kindly meant festivity offered us, every toast, &c.? If not, then of what avail is the rejection of this one particular thing?" That is excellently good sense. Ibsen, at anyrate, was no

ascetic, and "if the finery came his way—why, then, no ado about it!"

And whatever forces were arrayed against him, Ibsen fought them as one who delights in the battle. If he were indifferent to politics, he was by no means indifferent to questions of literature, and in his own province he was always ready to defend his views. A state of war was, in his opinion, a state of health. When "Peer Gynt," as he believed, was misunderstood by Clemens Petersen, a reviewer of the 'Norsk Folkeblad,' he protested with violence in a letter addressed to Björnson. "If I were in Copenhagen," said the Berserker, "and some one there was as great a friend of mine as Clemens Petersen is of yours, I would have thrashed the life out of him before I would have permitted him to commit such an intentional crime against truth and justice." But even in the fury which Clemens Petersen inspired, Ibsen did not forget his own superiority. Though he was a severe critic of his own work, though, in his own words, he "sounded and probed and dissected his own inward parts—and where it most hurts, too,"—he had no doubt as to his ultimate triumph. "My book is poetry," said he of the much-abused "Peer Gynt," "and, if it is not, then it will be. The conception of poetry in our country, in Norway, shall be made to conform to the book. There is no stability in the world of ideas. The Scandinavians are not Greeks." These are brave

words, bravely spoken, and so far as "Peer Gynt" is concerned, time has entirely justified them.

So much has been said of Ibsen, as he is revealed in his letters, because his too zealous admirers have set up a very different image of the man. Those who first brought his works to England were peculiarly active in creating a false impression. They vaunted him as a "didactic poet," who never took up his pen without intent to preach a gospel. They applauded the "theses," which, they declared, were the only begetters of all his plays. And so Ibsenites and Ibsenism came into being. A set of desolate creatures, who were never happy unless they were asking somebody else to break what they called the marriage-tie, offered us cheap interpretations of the Master. He, poor man, was represented as an enemy of the ordinances which govern society. A jargon was invented to fit the new gospel. Freedom must be imposed, it was said, even by force. All men and women were slaves who were not busy in slamming doors and in declaring their intention to escape from the prison-house of existence, and to live their lives alone. All the haggard men and anxious women who love nothing so much as an argument, and who see no difference between a stage and a pulpit, were eager to extract a pinch or two of moral sustenance from the plays of Ibsen. They identified the poor man with all his characters; they flat-

tered him for sermons which he had never preached; and, being voluble and tireless, they retarded a sane appreciation of his plays for many years. Indeed it is not too much to say that only with the death of Ibsenism has Ibsen himself come into his inheritance.

And in all this orgy of gospel and thesis what part did the dramatist play? With a constant energy he denied that he ever had any purpose in writing his dramas except the perfection of his art. As we have said, he objected to any other than an æsthetic interpretation. Never an Ibsenite himself, he professed a complete bewilderment at the antics of his followers. "All I have composed," he said with genuine simplicity, "has not proceeded from a conscious tendency. I have been more the poet and less the social philosopher than has been believed." At the same time, he cannot be held guiltless. The habit of preaching sermons was ingrained in him, as it was ingrained in Coleridge, and at one period of his career he was unable to suppress a bad habit. The long discussion between Nora and Helmer in "The Doll's House," which seems at once false and inhuman, gave infinite comfort to the Ibsenites; and when Nora, armed with a travelling-bag, slammed the front door, their rapture was complete. That single action was a text to furnish forth a hundred sermons, and it has helped more than anything else to obscure the talent of Ibsen and the mean-

ing of his plays. However, the time has come to study the dramatist, and to forget that ever he had a "quintessence" at all. And if we forget the "quintessence," we may discover an artist of rare accomplishment. If he was no innovator, at least he improved on a sound method. The best of his plays are marked by a simplicity of construction, a lack of accent, a logic of arrangement, which gives their spectators a vivid impression of life. Above all, Ibsen has suppressed the strong curtain, and opposed the tyranny of the well-made play. But he did not achieve these reforms alone. Henri Becque's "L'Enlèvement" preceded "The Doll's House," and it was Becque's ambition, as it was Ibsen's, to translate life directly and boldly into the terms of the drama. Becque seems to us the greater artist, because he never takes sides. He is as high above doctrine as above prejudice, and Ibsen, in spite of himself, does not always refrain from Ibsenism.

But, when all deductions are made, Ibsen's dominant interest lies in character and its development. And we do him a manifest injustice if we compare him with the personages whom he creates. He drew the Norwegians of his time because he knew and understood them best, and if there is a touch of provincialism in his material, there is none in his management of it. With what skill in "Pillars of Society" does he set before us the silly, self-satisfied burg-

esses of a country town! With what insight in "Hedda Gabler" does he reveal the over-educated, too refined society of the capital! With how fine an irony does he expose the infamy of political intrigue in "The Enemy of the People"! Here is no fumbling, no waste of words, no tinkering of dialogue. Ibsen was as keen a worshipper of the principle of the *scène à faire* as any Frenchman of them all. He was, indeed, no innovator. He took up the modern drama as France had fashioned it. He owed much to Scribe, and he was far too sound a workman to despise tradition. Towards the end of his life he surrendered his early love of clarity and logic to a vain and fashionable symbolism; and it is not in "Little Eyolf" and "John Gabriel Borkman" that we shall surprise the authentic Ibsen, but in his earlier transcripts from Norwegian life which are tragi-comedies of ceaseless interest, designed for the theatre by a master of stagecraft.

It is, therefore, as a writer of plays and not as a preacher of sermons that Ibsen was eminent; and this is fortunate for his reputation. If we judge him by his views, he will come badly out of the ordeal. As what his unwise admirers

would call a "thinker," he is generally middle-class, and sometimes inhuman. Moreover, nothing withers so easily as a fad; nothing is so speedily forgotten as a useless doctrine. Any man may entertain foolish views concerning marriage, and may even attempt to impose them on others. But that will not give him the fame which one deftly handled scene may ensure; and it is perhaps Ibsen's greatest triumph that he has survived the pitiful indiscretions of the Ibsenites. Nor is this his only claim to our regard. In "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" he has wedded the poetry of folklore to the bitterness of modern satire; and in such early works as "Lady Inger of Östrat" and "The Vikings at Helgeland"—in some respects his masterpieces—he has proved that he can handle the conventional drama with a skill to which few of his contemporaries have attained. And through it all he has preserved inviolate his artistic independence. He has remained aloof from his fellows. He has lived and worked for himself alone. In a dignified career he has realised "the completeness and clearness" which were the dream of his youth. And what greater happiness can human life offer?

MOVING TOWARDS A TERRITORIAL ARMY.

WE are all no doubt apt occasionally to neglect matters of great importance, because we fancy they do not concern us immediately; and this is true not only of individuals but of the public generally with regard to many difficult questions which it is thought concern only the Government, or some particular department of it. We fail to realise our responsibilities as citizens to take a share individually in helping towards the right solution of problems which affect the whole nation, although the actual carrying out of the necessary measures must be left to the State.

In nothing is this personal refusal of responsibility more apparent than in questions regarding our military organisation, which can only be placed on a satisfactory footing by the goodwill and intelligent co-operation of the nation as a whole. The duty of individuals to take their share in national defence has indeed been accepted and acted upon by members of the Volunteer force, and the same idea lies at the root of the prevailing enthusiasm for rifle-clubs and military training of the young; but the larger question of how we are to provide an army sufficient for the needs of the Empire without incurring an intolerable financial burden, or the still more intolerable burden of universal military service, has not as

yet been adequately brought home to the public mind.

Broadly stated, the problem that lies before us is this. Given a well-trained, well-equipped regular army, sufficient for the duties it may ordinarily be called upon to perform outside Great Britain, how may it be fed, reinforced, and expanded so as to meet all emergencies, and to provide an efficient force for the defence of our own shores in case of invasion? We have to work out a national system by which a territorial army may be created, and to do so on sound and lasting principles: we have to determine how this may be done with economy in administration, economy in men, and economy in the time that has to be given up to the training of men as soldiers, and which consequently has to be taken from what would otherwise be devoted to their civilian occupations. Further, we have to bear in mind that on the plan which may be adopted will depend the possibility, so earnestly to be desired, of persuading our Colonies to adopt some similar system for their own forces, so as to bring them into line with our own, and thus to increase indefinitely the number of men which it may be possible to put into the field for the defence of any and every position of our world-wide Empire. There is certainly something very inspiring in this idea of a world-wide Empire; but at the same time it will

probably be admitted that there is also something paralysing in its vastness—something which makes it difficult for us to realise our individual responsibility to grapple with the practical solution of its problems. Even those of us who would most indignantly repudiate the idea of being “Little Englanders” cannot help feeling that the defence of Great Britain is to us a more vital question than the defence of the Empire, and that questions of local government are more within our competence than those affecting a wide area. It is in the recognition of this truth, and of the historic facts which lie behind it, that we may find the key to our problem, and may discover a method of enlisting the energy, the brains, as well as the patriotism of all classes in the common task of providing for the national safety.

A study of English history will show us the great importance in former days of the local organisation for war. In feudal times all land was held on terms of military service, each baron or knight being bound to bring a certain fixed number of armed men to the aid of his sovereign lord the king. In the time of Edward I. a law was passed to make every freeman between the ages of fifteen and sixty bound to assist in the defence of his own county or shire, which he was not required to leave except in the case of foreign invasion; and the command of this local force was vested in the sheriff. The military duties of these officers

were under the Tudors transferred to the lieutenants of the counties, as the direct representatives of the king, and they “were recognised as the legally constituted agents through whom, upon threat of invasion, all arrangements for the internal defence of the country were to be made.”

The right of calling out the “trained bands” of the counties was one of the subjects of dispute between Charles I. and the Parliament; and it was during his reign that the term “Militia” first came into use. When in 1662 an Act was passed to establish the Militia on a constitutional basis, its local character was expressly recognised: its command was vested in the lord-lieutenant of the counties, and for purposes of punishment the militiaman was dealt with by the civil authorities. The Irish Militia dates from 1715, and the Scottish from 1797; and these, as well as the English Militia, have come under many changes of system during the last hundred years, which have had the effect of bringing the force more directly under the control of the military authorities at the War Office, and removing it from that of the lord-lieutenant, with a consequent weakening of local interest and responsibility.

The territorial system for the regular army, introduced in 1872, was based on the idea of arousing popular interest and local patriotism on behalf of the regiments associated with each county; but it has never been carried out fully,

and has failed in its principal object, because no provision was made for enlisting the co-operation of the civil authority in the matter. For at the date of the introduction of Lord Cardwell's scheme, county organisation even for civil affairs had fallen almost into disuse; but within the last twenty years a remarkable change has taken place. The Local Government Acts of 1888 and 1894 have transferred to local authorities, both in counties and boroughs, many of the duties and powers formerly discharged by departments of the State; and this decentralisation and delegation of responsibility has been accompanied by a wonderful revival of interest in local matters. New life has been put into old forms; and while the legislative and supervisory functions of the State are maintained, the executive duties are effectively carried out by persons cognisant of the special needs and capacities of the localities, and the representatives of the people are daily acquiring a knowledge of and capacity for affairs which are most useful in conducing to the wellbeing of the whole community. But in this happy arrangement the part of the chief and most ancient authority in the county seems to have been strangely overlooked, and his position as commander of the local military forces has been allowed to lapse in all but name. Two reasons may be assigned for this: the first, that since it has become the custom for

the Government of the day to appoint as lord-lieutenant a supporter of their own party, it follows naturally that his connection with the army should be purely nominal, military matters being by common consent kept as clear as possible from party politics. The second is, that the War Office having for many years past treated the Militia simply as the feeder of the line in the matter of recruits, has in consequence been invested with the military functions of the lord-lieutenant.

The deputy-lieutenants, originally appointed to assist in carrying out the Militia laws, especially the Ballot Act of 1757, have, since the disuse of the ballot, ceased to exercise any military function, although their resplendent uniform has survived its *raison d'être*; but there seems no cogent reason why their services should not once more be enlisted for the carrying out of a national duty. Were the lord-lieutenant to be appointed without regard to his party politics, and were the deputy-lieutenants to be chosen for their knowledge and experience of such matters as Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteers, and were they once more invested with their old powers and responsibilities in connection with the local forces, there seems good ground for believing that the same vitality might be instilled into the affairs connected with these forces as has already been introduced into the civil administration; and that the difficulties connected with re-

cruiting for the line, and with the provision of employment for soldiers on their return to civil life, might be overcome, not by creating new machinery, but by reviving old institutions and making them realities.

For the neglect of the Militia has not been the only evil result of the ignoring of the position of the lord-lieutenant, and of county responsibility for military matters. Another, quite as serious and far-reaching, has been the complete separation of the civil and military administrations throughout the country, and the alienation of popular sympathy from the army. In spite of everything that has been done of late years to raise the status of the soldier, people continue to look down upon the ranks of the service from all sides, and except when battles have to be fought, and men are required to give their lives for their country, the soldier is but of small account. There is no civilian authority who, regarding him as a citizen, can make his welfare the concern of his countrymen. Under any sound system of territorial organisation it would undoubtedly be recognised that the passing of soldiers to civil life, after military service satisfactorily performed, is a duty which should devolve on the county authority, in conjunction with the municipal authorities of the cities and boroughs within its area: with these authorities rest the appointments to positions which are specially suited to soldiers, and if in their disposal a preference

were given to men who have served in the army, it would prove a direct incentive to recruiting.

The separation of army administration from civil organisation, and from the national life of the country, has hitherto prevented military requirements from being treated from a national standpoint, and has resulted in a surfeit of departmental action, to the serious disadvantage of the State. If a soldier be recognised as a citizen from the outset of his career; if he be trained with a view to his return to civil life, and be educated so as to be successful in it,—a great measure of efficiency and economy may be secured. But the step we have been advocating is desirable to complete the machinery of the county organisation, and to give it a national character, such as may commend our system to our Colonies as worthy of their imitation; for without the fighting strength that may be supplied by the Colonial forces in a great war, Great Britain cannot hope to be able to raise the numbers that can alone guarantee success, and consequently must ensure peace. This is the reason why, to use a familiar expression, we should no longer, when dealing with Imperial questions, think in water-tight compartments—*i.e.*, should not allow departmental considerations to govern our action in great matters. The county system of defence is, as we have seen, one of the most ancient of our institutions; it was put in force as late as the beginning of last century, but

it has never been thoroughly constituted on a national basis and apart from party politics.

As we have during the last few years realised that the two great services—naval and military—exist for a common purpose, and should be directed by a common policy, so we need to go a step further, and to recognise that the end for which the navy and army both exist is the same as that to which the civil administration is directed—namely, the welfare and safety of the whole people. As an example of how this may be advanced by joint action, it may be recalled how only recently Colonel Fox, the inspector of physical training under the Board of Education, has been in communication with the heads of the gymnastic departments of the navy and army in order to arrive at a common system of training which may be introduced into both services, and into the schools throughout the country, so that the training given in the elementary schools may be such as will prepare boys for that given in the services. The system decided on is that adopted in Sweden, as being the one most useful in developing the whole physique.

But no place for the maintenance or training of our local forces can be adopted with real advantage which is not soundly economical. The expenditure incurred throughout the country by departmental administration is exceedingly large. As soon as lands or buildings are required for Government purposes, prices are

raised and demands are made which would be prohibitive to any but a State department. One need only mention the cost of acquiring rifle-ranges, or the compensation paid in acquiring manœuvring areas, to support the contention that purchases made on account of the State through the War Office might be very largely reduced in cost by the co-operation of the local civil authorities. Only simple legislation is needed in this direction. We shall require also to practise economy in the actual organisation of a territorial army, and to arrange its training so that it may be carried out efficiently, but with the least possible strain on the men who compose it.

If all this is to be accomplished, it is necessary that public interest should be aroused on the subject; that it should be recognised that the organisation of a territorial army is not a matter for the War Office alone, but that it is one that has an intimate connection with our national life, and can only be satisfactorily carried out by the cordial co-operation of the civil and military authorities. Mr Haldane has appointed a Committee to consider this question, and has expressed his personal inclination towards a solution somewhat on the lines suggested above. We may hope that the labours of the Committee may be effectual in helping towards a wise and permanent settlement of one of the most pressing of Imperial problems.

E. F. CHAPMAN.

EDUCATION BILL IN COMMITTEE.

A POLITICAL KALEIDOSCOPE.

IN the final interview between Mr Pickwick and the attorneys for the plaintiff in a well-known *cause célèbre*, these gentlemen addressed the defendant in a tone of conscious rectitude, of which we have been forcibly reminded by the language of an eminent person in a letter to one of his constituents. "I hope you don't think quite so badly of us, Mr Pickwick, as when we first had the pleasure of seeing you," said Messrs Dodson & Fogg to their indignant victim. And Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in like manner, hopes that a Roman Catholic remonstrant against the iniquities of the Education Bill will think better of it as he becomes better acquainted with it. "I hope that as the real intentions of the Government, as expressed in the Bill, become better appreciated, you will modify the strong opinion which you express." Such has certainly not been the effect which further consideration of the Bill has as yet produced. The Government have not yet been gratified by any such modifications as Sir Henry professed to anticipate. The more apparent their intentions became, the stronger the dislike which they inspired. Reasonable persons are always supposed to intend the natural consequences of their own actions, and the

Government will hardly like to confess that they were obliged to have their own Bill explained to them by the Opposition before they understood what it meant.

It was remarked, both at the first reading and the second reading of the Bill, how little Ministers said of the details of the measure, and the probable operation of its various and complicated provisions. They wanted to put off the evil day, when its true character should stand revealed, as long as possible, and they certainly contrived to throw a veil over many of its worst features, which has only been torn away in Committee.

It was not, therefore, all at once that its full significance and tendencies were generally perceived. It was not clearly understood, for instance, that religious teaching in the provided schools was to be permissive only—that is, to be given or withheld at the discretion of the teacher. And such as are satisfied with simple Biblical instruction declared that the Bill did, at all events, do one great thing which it had been feared that it would not do—it would insist on religious education. No such thing. It was pointed out that in every elementary school in the kingdom the teacher would be at liberty to dispense with religious education if he chose: it

was to be entirely dependent on the will of individuals, who might be Unitarians or Infidels or Mohammedans; and it is needless to ask how many of them would feel any natural inclination to teach Christianity, or be able to teach it if they did. That such was the necessary interpretation of the seventh clause was not fully recognised till after the first reading, and only dawned on the public by degrees.

So with another consequence which lurked in the second clause, and does not seem to have attracted general notice till Sir William Anson called attention to it. Nobody supposed at first that the transfer to the provided schools of such voluntary schools as wished it was to be at the option of the local authority, who would thus have it in their power to exclude all the voluntary schools in the kingdom if it seemed good to them; and, by depriving them of all the assistance which the Bill ostensibly offers them, reduce them to ruin. The Government, with characteristic blindness to the fatuity of their own contention, declare that neither local authorities nor the school teachers will desire to avail themselves of the option given them by the Bill. Then why give it them? Why alarm the whole religious interest in the country by retaining provisions fatal to what it most holds sacred, on the ground that they will never be enforced? The position is absurd.

Whether these clauses, as they stand at the moment we are writing, are to be forced through the House of Commons or not, their presence in the Bill equally betrays the animus of the Government. One deliberate purpose runs through the whole Bill, and that is, to satisfy the Nonconformists at all costs and to bring down the influence and authority of the Church of England to the lowest ebb.¹ It may be that in the provisions in question the Government have been only "trying it on," to see how far they could go, and that when the proper time arrives they will make a virtue of necessity and draw back their foot when they find the ground shaking under them. They *may* do so, and may consent in the long-run to make religious teaching and the transfer of voluntary schools obligatory on the teacher and local authorities. Once started on the inclined plane of concession, they may have many surprises in store for us. What passed in the House of Commons on Wednesday, June 20, seemed to show that Government had abandoned the *non possumus* attitude.²

Mr Birrell seemed to intimate in debate that Government might be willing to make the admission of voluntary schools obligatory on the local authority, if transference to the local authority were made obligatory on the voluntary schools. But the condition cancels the concession. It takes away with one hand what it gives with

¹ Cf. speech of Mr Balfour at Church House, June 22.

² See Postscript.

the other. The proposal takes this form: Each side to have a right of appeal to the Board of Education—the school if the local authority refuses the transfer, and the local authority if the school rejects it. This condition is, of course, intended to defeat the proposal¹ that voluntary schools shall be allowed to contract themselves out; and represents the fixed determination in certain influential quarters that non-provided schools shall, if possible, be squeezed out of existence.

Signs, however, began to show themselves early in the debate that the Government had become doubtful of their own position. We have already noticed Mr Birrell's concession on the second clause, which, though he blocked it by an impossible condition, nevertheless did show that his mind was on the move. The next day he went further and promised that at a future stage of the Bill—that is, when they came to clause six—he would undertake to make some proposal ensuring the attendance of the children during the hours of religious instruction, which, unless these were made part of the regular school hours, it would be very difficult to enforce. If the children were not obliged to go to school during the time set apart for religious instruction, there would be always some excuse for keeping them at home. The parents grumble very much as it is at being deprived of the ser-

vices of their children by compulsory education. If religious teaching was made an extra, and an additional hour added on to the usual school time for the purpose of imparting it, the plan would, at all events, be highly unpopular with both the parents and the children. On this question, then, Mr Birrell gave the rather vague undertaking above mentioned.

On the question of facilities, however, on June 20, a debate arose which showed that the Government's allotment of time under the closure to the several clauses of the Bill was wholly inadequate to the explanation of many points which the Opposition had a right to demand. In fact, both about "facilities" and the "discretion of the local authority," the House got into a hopeless muddle. In reply to speeches from Mr Channing and Mr Evans, Mr Birrell kept on repeating that he could not agree "to fetter the discretion of the local authority," yet it was clear that he was doing so. To take one instance, if a voluntary school was willing to be transferred, the local authority was not to make any demand for religious facilities a ground for rejecting it. Again, what was to be done in the case of very large schools in which religious education was to be given during school hours? If all the children could not be taught in the allotted two days, some must be admitted on other days. This Mr Birrell acknow-

¹ Afterwards virtually accepted. See Postscript.

ledged. But then a dispute arose between himself and Mr Balfour about the meaning of "other days"—who was to determine whether other days or what days were necessary. The teachers, of course, said Mr Balfour. The local authority, of course, said Mr Birrell. The point is rather an important one, because if Mr Birrell's view of the question prevails, the denominational education of the children will still be largely left at the mercy of the local authority. But before the question could be settled, and while Mr Balfour was endeavouring to extort some further explanation from the Minister, the guillotine fell, and the opportunity was lost; so that this question also was relegated to the limbo in which those questions repose which are awaiting a future state of existence. This had been the fate of so many questions by the time the fourth clause was reached, that it was difficult to see what time had really been gained by the closure. The questions which it cut short were all to come on again at a later period, and we now look forward with interest to the state in which the Bill will probably be found in the third week of July, the time appointed for its leaving the House of Commons. Mr Birrell is laying up for himself an accumulation of acceptances which seem to be growing at compound interest. We may say with the Manchester gentleman in 'Coningsby,' "There's a good deal of queer paper about."

The second clause, providing for the transfer of voluntary schools, was carried, as announced, by the closure at half-past ten on Tuesday evening. We have already anticipated Mr Balfour's protest against Mr Birrell's "bilateral" amendment. This would make it compulsory on the local authority to accept the transference of such voluntary schools as desired it, if it were made compulsory on all voluntary schools to submit to the arrangement when the local authority required it. The nature of this peculiar bargain cannot be explained too often. Its absurdity is only equalled by its injustice. There is no logical connection whatever between its two terms. It is simply neutralising a concession which remedied a gross defect by annexing to it a price which is practically prohibitive. There are many schools holding trust property for religious purposes who, if forced to transfer themselves to the local authority, would be violating all these trusts and repudiating obligations which they had solemnly undertaken to observe. They were told that they must either do this, or be deprived of all pecuniary assistance and be starved out. There is our proposal, says the Government, to take or to leave, as you like. Mr Birrell's answer to Mr Balfour did not grapple with this part of his complaint at all. He fell back on his old argument that the owners and managers of voluntary schools

would be able to make their own terms with the local authorities in regard to religious education. We like not the security. We fail to see what guarantee there either is or was for anything of the kind. If voluntary schools were to be compelled to come into this arrangement, whether they wished for it or not, how could the owners impose any conditions on the other party, who would be absolute masters of the situation?¹

The third clause was not finished on Wednesday, and after that day the Committee was adjourned till Monday, when Ministers hoped to reach the fourth. And we will only now repeat that, whatever the fate of this clause in the House of Commons, it cannot finally be retained in its original form. It gives either too much or too little.

The debate on the guillotine was largely occupied with re-criminations. There is no doubt that considerable difference exists between the two Parliamentary situations in 1902 and in 1906 respectively. If no other difference disqualifies the closure of the Education Bill four years ago from being cited as a precedent for the same mode of compulsion now, one distinction of which Mr Balfour reminded us would be quite sufficient. His own Bill of 1902 was not a deprivation bill. It contained no proposals for taking away from a single individual, or a section of the community, or any body of

trustees, anything which they then possessed. "But these clauses, three, four, and five, are part of a scheme by which you take away from the trustees or managers of every voluntary school, and from the parents of every child in every district where there is a voluntary school, something which they have always enjoyed." Here, surely, is a sufficient reason for not allowing less time to be given to the discussion of these clauses than was given to the corresponding clauses in Mr Balfour's Bill. But this is not all. While refusing to extend the time for the discussion of the fourth clause except on a highly vexatious and burdensome condition, the Government readily gave an extra day for clauses six and seven, which are confessedly of far less importance. Now, why was this? There is only one explanation. They are afraid of clause four, and they seek to lengthen discussion where it would hurt them least, in order to curtail it where it would hurt them most. Well might Mr Balfour say that "the more they saw of the Government's method of carrying out this closure, the more astonishing it seemed to be."

Not the least astonishing part of the whole arrangement is the assignment of the closure as the reason for an autumn session. Had it been resorted to as the only means of avoiding an autumn session, we could all have understood it.

¹ But see Postscript.

But for the House to have two vexatious arrangements thrust upon it when one would have been quite sufficient, may well irritate the large body of members who are seriously affected by the change. To autumn sessions in general there are very strong objections. There was a time, we know, in the eighteenth century, when the House of Commons regularly met in the autumn. But then Parliament was usually prorogued in April or May, so that members had a clear six months to themselves. But these six months are not the most convenient six months for country members to be at home. From the beginning of June to the middle of October the farmers are busy with the harvest. Then follows the season of agricultural meetings and agricultural shows, of meetings between members and constituents, and of all that social intercourse between the different classes of rural society which it is a thousand pities that Members of Parliament should miss. If the House of Commons sat from the 10th of January to the 10th of August, they would have seven months for business, which, if properly economised, should be amply sufficient for all necessary purposes, without interfering with anybody.

There is this also to be said, that Ministers require a longer interval than two months to recruit themselves after six months of Parliamentary work: to clear their minds and see things from new points of

view, as well as to refresh their bodily health and strength. When men just rush away for a month or two on the moors, or on the Rhine, or at the sea-side, and then come back directly to Parliamentary work, what time is left for the consideration and preparation of important measures, such as can hardly be given to them under the full stress of Parliamentary business.

If the increasing labours of the House of Commons should necessitate the more frequent introduction of the closure, it would only cause the country in general to look more and more to the House of Lords for the due consideration of public business—the result, of course, being to give the upper chamber a stronger hold than ever on the confidence of the nation. There would be nothing to regret in this, and in regard to this particular Bill it is obvious that to stifle the discussion of it in the one chamber is only to justify any number of amendments in the other. Considering the distribution of political strength in the present House of Commons, it is not very likely that even without the guillotine the results would have been very different. The use of it has now left the House of Lords with a free hand to do what they like with the Bill. They have already earned some public respect this session by the spirited attitude which they have adopted on one or two important questions. The opportune Lay protest will still

further strengthen their position. They may now say to the Commons, If you choose to ask us to do your work for you, we will do it, and we hope you will like it when it is done.

Meantime we may say that the Government have done well to omit that part of the Bill which relates to endowments. It was pointed out in the May number of 'Maga' that clause fourteen struck at the root of all educational endowments, except a few specially excepted ones. Universities and university colleges are exempt from its operation, and the nine public schools mentioned in the Public School Act of 1868. But all our endowed grammar-schools and even training colleges are at its mercy, and liable to have their property seized at any time when some advanced thinker is at the head of the Board of Education. Schools like Repton, Tiverton, Oakham, Uppingham, Bury St Edmunds, Sevenoaks, Canterbury, Felsted, Clifton, and Cheltenham, besides hundreds of minor grammar-schools founded by Edward VI. or Queen Elizabeth, or private benefaction in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, seem to be exposed to the operation of this sweeping clause. All the powers conferred upon the Board of Education by the Endowed Schools Act were subject to very strict limitations, intended to safeguard the founder's intention and to maintain the character of the trust. All these would

be abolished at one stroke by the Government Bill. "In other words," says Mr Butcher,¹ "the existing trusts are to be entirely subordinated to, and may be overridden by, what the Board may consider to be educational advantages. Educational endowments founded and maintained exclusively or specially for members of the Anglican, or the Roman Catholic, or a Nonconformist community may be diverted from their existing purposes, and may be applied for persons of every creed or no creed, if the Board consider such a change would conduce to educational advantage."

Now that Part II. is to be dropped, we need recall only in general terms what it was that the framers of it aimed at, and what they are determined to effect at the earliest possible opportunity. In our May number (p. 741) we used almost the same words as Mr Butcher, who goes on to remind us that all the new powers entrusted to the Board of Education would, if the Bill became law, be handed over to the "Council of Wales." Of course we know what this means, and Welshmen know it too. The meetings which took place at Mountain Ash in Glamorganshire on Whit-Tuesday and at Carnarvon on June 15, attended respectively by 8000 and 10,000 Welsh Churchmen, are significant of the future. At both meetings allusion was made to Mr Birrell's assurances that neither the English Local Au-

¹ Letter to 'The Times,' May 17.

thorities nor the Welsh Council would abuse the power entrusted to them: Welshmen know better. The Bishop of St David's asked, how could Welsh Churchmen be expected to feel any confidence in the autocracy of a Council managed by the leaders of the revolt, who had during the last four years made education an instrument of political agitation? The Liberals themselves have taught us what confidence can be placed in any of these new authorities, by the fraud which they practised on the country at the general election. *Then* the Education Bill was to be everything that the friends of religious education could desire. The majority once gained, it turns out to be all that they detest. If the country gave a mandate for the Education Bill, as the Prime Minister pretends, it was not for the Education Bill brought in by Mr Birrell. It is fatuous to rely on the equity of the Local Authorities as this gentleman recommends, unless they take lessons in "fairmindedness" from some better schoolmaster than the present Government. Mr Birrell promises some amendments when the Welsh clauses are arrived at. But we cannot believe that they will affect the essence of the measure. We must remember that should the present Government remain in office, these schemes of spoliation are sure to be revived. Mr Asquith himself has told us so. Let nobody suppose we have got rid of them.

It has been our object, so far,

to disentangle the main purpose of the Bill from the confused mass of detail in which it is enveloped, and to show it before the public in its naked simplicity. As has often been said, it is not an Education Bill at all. The animus of its authors breathes through every line of it. Sectarian jealousy of the Church of England as a national institution it is easy to understand. Dislike of a Conservative clergy is also quite natural in the friends of revolution. The feud between the two is an old story, and this combined attack on denominational education is really an attack upon the Church, just as much as if Mr Birrell had introduced a Bill for disestablishment. Mr Balfour, in the speech already referred to, expressed himself to the same effect, declaring that it was for the Established Church that the blow was really intended. The education cry is little more than a stalking-horse. Coming events cast their shadows before. Mr Lloyd George welcomes the Bill because it "leads up to disestablishment." Our Conservative friends both in Scotland and England must thoroughly realise this fact. The spoliation of denominational endowments is only the prelude to the plunder of Church property in general. If we allow the enemy to storm the outworks, we shall not long preserve the citadel. And what is done in England to-day will, as we are well assured, be done in Scotland to-morrow.

A great deal was said in the course of the debate about the Bill of 1902, that it took away all popular control over State-aided schools, and also that it violated trusts. Sir William Anson and Mr Balfour between them showed the falsity of these assertions. The only difference between the two Bills in these respects is simply this, that the one gave popular control with securities for denominational education, and that the other gives it without any. Whatever alterations of trusts were contained in the earlier measure left the character of the school untouched. The management was changed, but not the special religious teaching for which it was established. The Solicitor-General's argument would have been good but for the counter which it met with from the Member for Oxford University. Sir W. Robson said that the denominations, finding their original agreement with the State involved too heavy a financial burden, had come as "mendicants" to the Government for further assistance; and they had no right now to place themselves in the position of private trustees. But that is not the point. Long after the original engagement had been found to entail expenses which it was impossible for the schools to meet, Government after Government had gone on encouraging Churchmen to build more schools for the same purposes, in reliance on the State contribution. Large sums of money were laid out by them; and now they are told that

unless they abandon those purposes they would receive no more assistance,—that the schools must be given up, and that they must submit to lose the benefit of all which they had previously expended.

When next we address our readers on this subject, the House of Lords will have been asked to read the Bill a second time, and we shall be able to forecast its future with some degree of certainty. At the present moment we only know that the Government are threatened on two opposite sides by two very zealous and resolute assailants, of whom one has already wrung from them concessions of considerable value, which will only stimulate the other to demand some equivalent for themselves. The final result of the conflict over clauses three and four may or may not be known before this article is published, and on that will depend in considerable measure the future fortunes of the Bill and the reception which it will experience in the House of Lords. But we need not wait for this in order to sum up shortly what are the principal conclusions to be drawn from the foregoing pages, and the points on which it will be absolutely necessary that the House of Lords should insist. Parents must be enabled to have their children educated in their own religious faith. Denominational education in transferred schools, rural as well as urban, must be given by the regular teachers, and in the regular school hours. In no public elementary school must religious instruction, be

it what it may, be left at the option of the teacher. The fourth clause should be made mandatory, and extended, as we say, to all schools alike. The local authority must be bound to accept the transference of any voluntary school that applies for it, if reasonably efficient, while it must not be empowered to force voluntary schools to transfer themselves against their will. Lastly, and most important of all perhaps, is the permission to all such voluntary schools as wish it to contract themselves out of the Act, and to return to the position which they occupied before 1902, when they got nothing from the rates, and received only the Parliamentary grant. There may be, and there are, other provisions in the Act which require amendment, but on the points which we have specified the Lords must take no denial. It is, of course, by no means impossible that the Government itself may in the end leave the House of Lords less to do than appears probable at the present moment. On what changes of front, on what turnings and windings, they may come to rely for extricating themselves from a position as painful, we should think, as it is awkward, it is useless to speculate. But the fact remains that unless the Bill undergoes a fundamental change in its progress through Committee—if it is read a third time in substantially its present form—a very serious duty will devolve upon the House of Lords, from which we are confident they will not

shrink. They need not reject the second reading. But they will have to take the Bill into their own hands and use it simply as the groundwork on which to construct a new one. The country in general, and the rural districts in particular, may come to find in the Upper House their only barrier against the degradation of religion and the confiscation of property devoted to religious uses.

Postscript.— Since writing the above, a series of amendments to the fourth clause have been set down by the Government which effect a radical change in the original character of the Bill. The principle embodied in the first clause, so often called the keystone of the whole edifice, has disappeared. Popular control has evaporated. The “discretion of the local authority,” that sacred privilege which it was once heresy to question, is now openly snubbed. The positive assurance, once uttered with so much emphasis, that not one penny of the public money should be given to non-provided schools, is calmly ignored. A new class of schools is called into existence, which, however, on examination seem to be old acquaintances. It would not do to call them denominational schools, which they really will be, so that they are newly christened “State-aided Schools.” That is to say, that when the local authority and the owners of any voluntary school cannot agree upon the terms of trans-

fer, and the local authority refuses it, the owners may appeal to the Board of Education, who may continue the school without any transfer at all, allowing it the Parliamentary grant, and placing it in the same position which it occupied before 1902. This provision really comes to much the same thing as Sir Henry Craik's proposal on the 22nd of May, to allow such voluntary schools as chose "to contract themselves out of the Act," giving up all claim to the rates, and receiving only the Parliamentary grant. Just a month ago Mr Birrell "contemplated with horror" the passage of any such amendment. Yet he now virtually adopts it for all urban areas, with which alone the fourth clause is concerned. A further amendment provides that "if the parents of twenty children

attending a transferred voluntary school object to the mode in which the extended facilities are afforded by a local authority, the Board of Education may continue it as a State-aided school." It is obvious what an immense advantage this confers on the Roman Catholic schools, where the priest can always ensure the required protest, and thus emancipate his school from the local authority whenever he pleases. To repeat what we have said just above, if this amendment becomes law, the clause must at all events be made applicable to all schools alike. We part from this discussion at a very interesting stage, made more so than ever by these startling amendments, which, however, it was thought by the best possible judges that Government would find it extremely difficult to carry.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MXC.

AUGUST 1906.

VOL. CLXXX.

LAND FOR MILITARY TRAINING.

AN APPEAL AND A SUGGESTION.

BY COLONEL G. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF, C.I.E., R.E.

[“OUR great want in this country is land for manœuvring purposes, and not small pieces of hall-marked plains the features of which are known by heart by every unit in the service, but land whereon the ‘eye for country’ can be developed. No rifle-range or bursts of patriotism can compensate for this deficiency. Our troops are still mostly barrack-square soldiers, though we gunners perhaps fare best in this line, as our ranges are fairly unsophisticated and extensive. You have, I imagine, no idea how difficult it is for troops to obtain concessions in this matter. As soon as a landowner smells the War Office in his vicinity, he looks upon the occasion as one on which to make a pile by extortion.”

The above is an extract from a letter, dated 6th July 1906, from an artillery officer in camp to the Editor, received after the following article was in type.

It is printed here as affording striking and independent evidence of the correctness of Col. Scott Moncrieff's views, and the urgent necessity for their adoption.—Ed. B. M.]

IN the third volume of “‘The Times’ History of the War in South Africa,” there occurs at the conclusion of the tenth chapter—that dealing with Spion Kop—a passage which is so full of warning to the nation that it should never be forgotten. The chapter to which it is a fitting conclusion is one which surely cannot be read by any patriotic Briton

without a strong sense of shame and humiliation. The author has drawn with unsparing hand a picture of ineptitude, vacillation, and confusion, the darkness of which is only relieved by the record of individual acts of heroism on the part of subordinate officers, whose devotion to duty was usually rewarded by death or disablement for the rest of their

lives. The conclusion to which we allude is as follows:—

"The neglect of all but the formal elements of strategy and tactics, the incapacity to realise the value of knowledge, the disregard of the difficult problems involved in scientific organisation, the shrinking from whole-hearted decisions, the *flinching from necessary sacrifices* — in other words, the whole refusal to believe in the deadly seriousness of war, what were they but the normal intellectual and moral atmosphere in which the British army—and indeed the whole British nation—had long lived? Given that atmosphere, given the organisation of the British army, given the facilities for training which it enjoyed, and hesitation, confusion, and failure were but the normal results to be expected when a British general attempted to handle a force of any size in the presence of the enemy. Spion Kop was lost . . . by Aldershot and Pall Mall, by the House of Commons, and by the nation."¹

Truly a terrible indictment, but who can deny its accuracy?

It is with a view to considering some of the details in this indictment, emphasised above, and with the desire to make a few practical suggestions as to the means whereby now, in time of peace, the faults of the past may be remedied, that the present article is written.

"*Si vis pacem, para bellum*," is an oft-quoted saying, but, like many other similar maxims, few men, other than those professionally concerned, pay the least attention to it. The attitude of the average Briton, during peace, towards the army and navy, is generally that of a professional man or tradesman towards a member

of a different calling or craft. As one can hardly expect a barrister, for instance, to take much interest in the proceedings of the College of Physicians, or a baker to be concerned with the state of the building trades, so most people in civil life regard the national defensive services as something outside their daily lives and responsibilities, except in so far as they have to contribute something—it may be only the infinitesimal amount involved in their indirect taxation—towards the national exchequer. As to accepting any "necessary sacrifices," or believing "in the deadly seriousness of war," this, as a rule, is quite an unheard of and to them preposterous demand.

There are some, indeed, who go further and think that the army and navy are to a certain extent appanages of aristocratic government; that the maintenance of these services in a state of efficiency is only advocated by the landlord class because they provide occupation and livelihood for their sons in the commissioned ranks. This idea is a survival of the old jealousy of Parliament and people towards a standing army which might be used by the Crown for unconstitutional ends.

Our islands have been fortunate for many generations in not having heard the actual sounds of war. Long may this blissful state of things exist! No one that has witnessed in any degree the horrors of war,

¹ The portions in italics are not so marked in the original.

and the misery which accompanies it, can do otherwise than earnestly hope and pray that these may never again be witnessed among us. But for that very reason it is the duty of those who *know* to take every possible means of prevention. If, with all Europe armed, we do not make ourselves as a nation ready for defence, the day may come when we may have an even ruder awakening than that which the Boers gave us.

Whatever may be the means of obtaining recruits for an army—a subject which is beyond our present consideration—there is no question that, if an army is to be maintained at all, it must be *trained*, not for peace display, but for “the deadly seriousness of war.”

To train an army for war, there must be ground suitable for such training. It is evident, even to those who have never read anything on the subject beyond what is contained in the daily papers, that modern warfare is quite different from what it was when the range of firearms was only 60 to 80 yards. Thus the barrack-square, with what Lord Wolseley has called its “childish evolutions,” which were suitable enough 100 years ago, is now merely a place for the most elementary instructions. The real training of the soldier begins in the open field.

The first and most important of all requisites for training is that the soldier shall be provided with a suitable weapon, and that he shall learn how to use this weapon. He must do

so first under conditions which will make him individually expert, and then under such conditions as will make him and others organised with him in fighting units, a formidable mass of men,—a mighty weapon when yielded by a master-mind. The latter part of this training is of even greater importance than the former.

The first part is carried out on the rifle-range where the soldier fires at a distinct mark at a known range, with all the accompaniments of leisure, comfortable position, and the possible attraction of prizes. Rifle-ranges are a most important stage in the soldier's training. They are, rightly, provided on ground purchased out of the public funds, and fitted with butts, targets, &c., of a permanent character.

But after all, though this training is of very great importance, it is, so to speak, only the grammar. We have to pass on to the exercises.

It is one thing to shoot at a mark calmly, coolly, and comfortably. It is quite another story to shoot at a dodging object partially seen, when the shooter himself is one among a mass of men acting under the command of a leader, possibly tired with hard marching, slipping or stumbling over rough ground, and blown with hard running. And yet that is the sort of shooting one has to do in battle, plus another decidedly disturbing factor, very much in evidence in war, though not so in peace—viz., that the target is not then a mere passive receiver, but a

very active returner, of deadly missiles.

To train men for battle, as far as possible, the instruction on the rifle-range must be supplemented by what is called "field-firing." Ground is selected where, by means of wires and other devices, targets, not of a conspicuous character, are made suddenly to rise at unexpected places and at unknown ranges. Other targets move rapidly across from one covered point to another. The troops meanwhile are brought to the position with all the precautions and much of the marching and other conditions that would take place on actual service. It is evident that this training has increased in importance as the accuracy of modern weapons has become more perfect. It is also evident that where it can be carried out with masses of all arms,—cavalry, infantry, artillery, and engineers,—it is the highest form of training that can be devised. But it is clear that the ground required is not always easy to find. It must be extensive, not only for the actual firing, but for the preliminary marching and manœuvring. The safety of the public must also be carefully considered. The formal rifle-range will no longer suffice. The stop-butts or other obstacles which have safeguarded the public are obviously no protection against firing, no longer by individuals, but by companies or larger or smaller detachments, and without the supervision

and deliberation that takes place in the ordinary range practice. The ground for field-firing, therefore, must be in some isolated and hilly part of the country, and must be fairly extensive. Furthermore, to give scope and thoroughness to the training, it should, if possible, not take place year after year on the same place.

It is easy enough in some parts of the world—*e.g.*, our frontier stations in India—to satisfy these conditions, but it is not easy to do so in the British Isles. It is, however, with the Home Army that we are at present concerned; but it may be remarked parenthetically that the ease with which the conditions of such training are met on the Indian frontier is one reason why the old frontier regiments were so efficient.

Another important part of the regular soldier's training is, that he should be taught to move easily and rapidly over rough hill country. It does not necessarily follow that this should form part of the training of our *auxiliary* troops. Their rôle is the defence of their native land, the peculiarities of which we shall consider presently. The soldier of the regular army, however, has to be trained for warfare in any part of the world; and that being the case, he must be trained not only on easy and level ground, but among hills. It may be thought that the mere scrambling over a hill comes naturally to any healthy man, and that no

special practice in this respect is necessary. It must, however, be remembered that a very large proportion of our recruits are town-bred. Readers of 'Punch' will remember Leech's charming pictures of Mr Briggs slipping, perspiring, wholly ill at ease, but with his honest heart in the right place, when in pursuit of stag or salmon in the Highlands. They would see the counterpart of this if they witnessed a company or battalion of Cockneys, led by active, athletic young officers, charging over some steep hill country. You might as well expect them to keep their feet as you would expect an English hunter to cross an Irish ditch-and-bank country without any preliminary schooling. That our town-bred lads will gallantly struggle over the worst of ground after a trusted leader has been proved again and again—as in the case, for instance, of the Middlesex Regiment at Spion Kop; but it is because their hearts are sound, and not because they have had a fair chance in their training.

Apart from the mass of troops, there are some who should specially be trained as scouts. To quote the official instructions, these "should be able to find their way across country both by day and night. They should be able to read a map and to work by sun and compass, by observation of landmarks, and by the direction of watersheds and streams. . . . They should be trained to cover

long distances at the double, and also to climb steep hills."

The reasons for such training are manifest. It was the absence of trained scouts that led to many of our South African disasters. Instances of the value of such men in our Indian frontier campaigns are numerous.

Let us now turn to another branch of the soldier's training, that which is included in the term "military engineering." That the spade is only second in importance to the rifle is a fact too well known to need comment. Some say that the British soldier is averse to digging. It may be so, but he *can* be trained to dig, and to do so very well. But it must be done in the right way. To take a company of men to a deserted corner of land near the barracks, and then make them dig a regulation form of shelter trench, based on no tactical plan, and defending nothing in particular, may be good exercise for their muscles; but it is not, except in a very rudimentary sense of the word, military engineering. For the positions of the trenches, their suitability to the tactical object, their concealment from view, their power for offence, are far more important than the exact dimensions or design. To execute such work there must be land, the rougher the better. Materials may or may not be available for executing the demands of the text-books, but in a rough country the main point is the "utilisation of the means available, the stones, the shrubs, the banks, and ditches."

Training in tactical operations varies from the instruction of a company to the combined operations of divisions and army corps—the latter being a force of which we, in Great Britain and Ireland, have practically no experience. The simplest tactical operations, such as outpost work, reconnaissance, and advanced or flank guards, can sometimes be carried out on ground near barracks without trespassing on private property. Very frequently, however, such instruction has to be accompanied by various unreal suppositions, owing to the limits of the land available. An advanced guard, for instance, is supposed to send out flanking parties to the right and left to guard against surprise. But it is frequently the case that such action would involve trespass, and the flankers are either entirely withdrawn or march along the edges of the public road with a few yards at most between them. The instruction thus afforded is obviously a minus quantity.

Manœuvres on a larger scale have long been recognised as the highest form of peace training. As far as instruction is concerned, they are more valuable to officers than to the rank and file, and they are specially useful in the practice they afford in the concomitants of war, such as arrangements for supply and transport, camping arrangements, transmission of orders, and mutual working of the various arms. In our country the exigencies of climate demand that shelter

of some sort be allowed at night, hence tents have to accompany the troops, and for the transport of these and other necessary baggage, large numbers of country carts have to be hired, and many other similar duties have to be arranged by the staff. Indeed, only those who have had to make such arrangements are aware what an enormous amount of “bandobust”—to use an expressive Indian word—is required for even a few days’ operations.

Too frequently, however, the value of the actual manœuvres is much diminished by two drawbacks. The first is that, owing to the fences, hedges, &c., which intersect the land in all directions, and which as a rule are scrupulously respected, the manœuvring troops are obliged to resort to movements which in war would be impossible. The other drawback is that, owing to the preservation of game, certain areas are deemed as being out of bounds or impassable, a circumstance which at once gives unreality to the whole of the operations.

The first of these disadvantages is the more serious of the two, especially when considered in connection with the training of auxiliary troops. The proper use of hedges, walls, &c., by troops either on the attack or defence is most important, and so far from avoiding these, our troops, especially those whose special rôle is the defence of their native land, ought to be trained to make the utmost possible

use of them. In fact, the intersected condition of the British Isles is a defensive factor of the highest value if properly taken advantage of. The damage which might be done in the course of a day's manœuvres to hedges and walls, by troops making proper use of them in attack or defence, can quickly be repaired again by parties of sappers detailed to accompany the columns. The experiment has been tried, and it has been found that in such cases farmers are acquiescent, though perhaps not complaisant.

It is, however, when the claims for compensation have to be met that the bill of costs for manœuvres mounts high. In some parts of our country the presence of troops means that the people try to establish by any means, fair or foul, the most exorbitant claims. Some of these are ludicrous enough. In one of the Irish divisional manœuvres of 1904, a claim was made by a farmer for the wages for one day of two of his labourers. On being asked on what grounds he claimed this, his reply was that the whole army had passed along a road adjacent to a field where the men were working, and "naturally the men stopped work to see them"!

In another case a field had been hired for the camp of a division for one night. The sum paid was a substantial one, and it included the use of a pump for supplying water to the troops. The pump, however, was very old and rusty, and under the vigorous arm

of the British soldier it broke. The owner promptly sent in a claim for £10. The compensation officer offered him a smaller sum, which was indignantly refused. Ultimately the compensation officer appealed to the commanding engineer, who sent an artificer to repair the pump. The artificer put in new valves and a new rod, making the pump practically as good as new *for eleven shillings*.

But the worst case that has ever come before the writer was in connection with a field-firing area. From what has been said above it will be seen that a good field-firing ground is not easy to find. However, in this case there was an excellent place for the actual firing, and close to it a suitable piece of rough ground for preliminary manœuvres. Between the two lay a small strip of land which had to be crossed by troops passing from one to the other. The tenant of this land had agreed to accept a certain sum on account of permitting passage of troops, albeit the actual crossing of the men did absolutely no damage to the land, which was all moorland pasture. Everything appeared settled, when the landlord interfered. He had met one of the staff-officers concerned at some country house, and he wrote privately, saying he hoped this officer would help him to get a good large sum out of the Government. When he received a very cold reply, he sent in a most preposterous demand, threatening to prevent all passage of troops whatever

unless his claim were paid. Surely this is blackmail of the very worst description.

The result of this greed is frequently that it defeats its own ends. At some cavalry manœuvres in 1905 arrangements had been made for a camp, hired for a handsome sum, near a certain town. A regiment which was to occupy the ground arrived there and pitched camp. No sooner had they settled down comfortably than the municipal authorities demanded a further sum or threatened to cut off the water-supply. Fortunately the general of the brigade was there. He at once ordered the troops to strike camp and march off to another camp at some distance, leaving the enraged townspeople, who were thus deprived of the custom of the troops, to settle matters with their discomfited mayor and corporation.

Unfortunately these instances of greed are by no means isolated ones. The duty of selecting suitable ground for training and manœuvres, and of arranging schemes to fit in with the ground so selected, rests with the officers of the general staff. It is with reluctance that one has to admit that a large part of the time of those officers is taken up with the sordid haggling over preposterous demands on the part of their fellow-countrymen, who, like the daughters of the horse-leech, are never satisfied, and continually are crying, "Give, give."

Here it may be stated that although arrangements for

peace manœuvres and training involve all the above tedious and disagreeable wrangling, the state of affairs in regard to military training nowadays is very different from that which prevailed, say, fifteen years ago. The difference is as great as the old scarlet and blue uniforms differ from the invisible, though not beautiful, service uniforms of the present day.

In a bright, clever series of sketches of Aldershot life, published some eighteen years ago, there was one which truthfully, though sarcastically, described the close of a field-day somewhat in the following terms, as far as our recollection goes: "And then, a sufficient amount of blank ammunition having been fired off, the troops march back to barracks, in ample time for the men's dinners." That hits off exactly what was the old story. Now, although the men's dinners are infinitely better cooked and more comfortably served than they used to be, they are never allowed to be taken into account. It is better that the men should occasionally suffer discomfort than that they should be untrained. And their training is only limited by the facilities afforded to their officers in obtaining land for the necessary instruction.

The British nation are accused in "The Times" History of the War in South Africa of "refusal to believe in the deadly seriousness of war." What about our Continental neighbours? Mr Haldane has recently said, with much truth,

that we ought to consider the needs of the British army from the standpoint of the British nation. While accepting the full truth of this, is it wise to ignore the attitude of other nations?

Let us look at the French manœuvres, as reported by an English cavalry officer last autumn. The ground selected is in open undulating lands in eastern France. The country is dotted over, not with detached farms, but with villages—an indication here that the tillers of the soil have had to combine for mutual protection. (One sees the same co-operation in every part of the world which has been exposed to the scourge of war. In our peaceful islands and in the colonies men can live securely apart from each other.) The face of the country is uninterrupted by hedges or fences, for the land is arable, not pastoral; and at the time when manœuvres take place the crops have been reaped, so that the troops can go anywhere. There are woods, and even forests; but they are not game-preserves, and the troops can enter. There are no questions of compensation. The troops are billeted in the villages, in the houses of the inhabitants (a procedure which, except in "victualling-houses," is illegal in our country). Tents are therefore not required, and the baggage-train is a mere nothing.

The people, however, need not to be reminded of the "deadly seriousness of war." Most of the adult male popu-

lation have already served in the army. The stories of their military career, possibly of the war thirty-six years ago, have been related again and again to the youngsters.

"Audiet cives acuisse ferrum,

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juvenus."

They, too, expect to have their turn. The army is to them a national concern. The whole population realises that the more efficient the army is, the safer are their fields and vineyards. They are ordered to supply billets to the troops. They need only give them shelter in barns or sheds, but in many cases they invite the men to share the humble hospitality of their cottages, and give them of their very best. The soldiers return this kindly welcome by invariably behaving well. The work of the staff in settling claims is reduced to a minimum. The French peasant at all events is not "flinching from necessary sacrifices," nor "refusing to believe in the deadly seriousness of war." His memory on the subject is not lulled to sleep by years of prosperous peace.

Surely there are many in our land who would gladly help in this matter of land for military training, if they possibly could do so. It is evident that the War Department, even though it had an unlimited Treasury behind it and purchased lands with an absolutely unstinted hand, could not possibly *buy* all that is required. It has,

indeed, bought several important estates in mountainous districts—Okehampton in Devonshire, Trawsfynydd in North Wales, Glen Imaal in Wicklow, Stobs in the Cheviot Hills; but these places are mainly for the practice and use of artillery, though no doubt practice for war cannot be fully carried out by one arm alone. But for the training of infantry, cavalry, and engineers far larger tracts of land are needed. It is not necessary that they should be exclusively occupied. Even in the artillery practice-grounds above mentioned, flocks and herds are pastured, only driven from one place to another when practice requires. Nor will the passage of dismounted troops do more damage to the land than the march of a line of beaters at an autumn shooting party.

One difficulty, however, is that in our climate much, though by no means all, of the training has to take place in summer and early autumn, when the crops are still growing, and when the birds are either nesting or when broods are young. Hence the most suitable and possible lands for training appear to be (a) waste sandy stretches along the coast; (b) mountain or hill land which is not arable.

As regards the first of these. There are in some parts of the coast what are called in Scotland "links"—a word that has been of late years confined to golf-courses, golf being a game best played on ground of this description—undulating sandhills covered with rough grasses

and weeds. These form excellent grounds for certain training—*e.g.*, minor tactics and field-engineering, and also being near the sea there are facilities for practising landing and embarking, &c. If the neighbouring farmers can be induced to allow the troops to practise defending hedges, walls, &c., in the background, there can be no better land for training, especially for our auxiliary troops. It is true that some of these "links" have already been utilised for military purposes. Barry Links, near Dundee, and Magilligan in Ireland, are perhaps the most notable instances.

With regard to hill-land the difficulty is greater. There are surely some individual proprietors who would be public-spirited enough to place their moorlands for a few weeks in the year at the disposal of the military authorities. There would possibly be a small diminution in the total bag of grouse, but it is very doubtful if this would be comparable with the loss by natural causes—*e.g.*, a late frost, a wet nesting season, or the like. One difficulty is that moorland is often very far from military centres, and the expense of moving troops thereto might be prohibitive. That, however, is a matter for the military authorities to consider. If a landlord should be willing to place his land at their disposal and communicate with the general of the district, it would certainly be worth the latter's while to do all he can to meet such an offer half-way.

But apart from the question of individual proprietors there are lands owned by the great cities which surely might be available. In connection with the water-supplies of our large towns—*e.g.*, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham—there are moorland estates forming the gathering-grounds round the great reservoirs. These have been purchased at great expense, and all houses, farms, villages, or other possible sources of pollution to the purity of the water, have been carefully removed. It is, of course, not suggested that camps of soldiers should be formed on any part of such ground, as these camps would pollute the ground. But it would surely be possible to arrange for camps on ground outside the area of possible pollution, if the land within that area were available for the manœuvring of the troops. The mere fact of men scrambling all over the hillside, or men shooting at dummies placed in suitable positions, would not affect the purity of the water-supply in the least. The ground is, in nearly every case, of sufficient area and of sufficient variety to give the troops just the requisite amount of opportunity to practise the various points mentioned above. The fact of the men having to

march a little distance from camps on other ground outside the actual area of operations would be rather an advantage than otherwise.

Recently Glasgow has been the recipient of a Highland estate through the generosity of Mr Cameron Corbett, M.P. Is it too much to ask that one of the uses to which such a property shall be put is that it shall be available for national military purposes? At all events, this and the other lands to which we have alluded are the property of the people, and it is to the people generally, and not to individuals, that we must turn. It is in the interests of the public at large that the army exists at all, it is to their interest that it shall be efficient. It is for them to decide whether facilities at their disposal shall be made free to the troops for training. As has been pointed out above, a new generation of officers has arisen, and they will not be slow to take advantage of any facilities afforded.

If, however, no facilities are given, if the same deplorable spirit of avarice still thwarts the efforts of those who are responsible for training troops, then the onus of any future disaster will fall, not on Alder-shot, or Pall Mall, or even on the House of Commons, but on the nation.

THE UNEXPECTED.

BY JACK LONDON.

It is a simple matter to see the obvious, to do the expected. The tendency of the individual life is to be static rather than dynamic, and this tendency is made into a propulsion by civilisation, where the obvious only is seen, and the unexpected rarely happens. When the unexpected does happen, however, and when it is of sufficiently grave import, the unfit perish. They do not see what is not obvious, are unable to do the unexpected, are incapable of adjusting their well-grooved lives to other and strange grooves. In short, when they come to the end of their own groove, they die.

On the other hand, there are those that make toward survival,—the fit individuals who escape from the rule of the obvious and the expected, and adjust their lives to no matter what strange grooves they may stray into or into which they may be forced. Such an individual was Edith Whittlesey. She was born in a rural district of England, where life proceeds by rule of thumb, and the unexpected is so very unexpected that when it happens it is looked upon almost as an immorality. She went into service early, and, while yet a young woman, by rule-of-

thumb progression she became a lady's-maid.

The effect of civilisation is to impose human law upon environment until it becomes machine-like in its regularity. The objectionable is eliminated, the inevitable is foreseen. One is not even made wet by the rain nor cold by the frost; while death, instead of stalking about gruesome and accidental, becomes a prearranged pageant, moving along a well-oiled groove to the family vault, where the hinges are kept from rusting and the dust from the air is swept continually away.

Such was the environment of Edith Whittlesey. Nothing happened. It could scarcely be called a happening when, at the age of twenty-five, she accompanied her mistress on a bit of travel to the United States. The groove merely changed its direction. It was still the same groove and well oiled. It was a groove that bridged the Atlantic with uneventfulness, so that the ship was no longer a ship in the midst of the sea, but a capacious, many-corridor hotel that moved swiftly and placidly, crushing the waves into submission with its colossal bulk until the sea was as a mill-pond, monotonous with quietude. And at the other

side the groove continued on over the land, a well-disposed, respectable groove, that supplied hotels at every stopping-place, and hotels on wheels between the stopping-places.

In Chicago, while her mistress saw one side of social life, Edith Whittlesey saw another side; and when she left her lady's service and became Edith Nelson, she betrayed, perhaps faintly, her ability to grapple with the unexpected and to master it. Hans Nelson, immigrant, Swede by birth and carpenter by occupation, had in him that Teutonic unrest which drives the race ever westward on its great adventure. He was a large-muscled, stolid sort of a man, in whom little imagination was coupled with immense initiative, and who possessed, withal, loyalty and affection as sturdy as his own strength.

"When I have worked hard and saved me some money, I will go to Colorado," he had told Edith on the day after their wedding. A year later they were in Colorado, where Hans Nelson saw his first mining and caught the mining-fever himself. His prospecting led him through the Dakotas, Idaho, and Eastern Oregon, and on into the mountains of British Columbia. In camp and on trail Edith Nelson was always with him, sharing his luck, his hardship, and his toil. The short step of the house-reared woman she exchanged for the long stride of the mountaineer. She learned to look upon danger clear-eyed and with understanding, losing for ever

that panic fear which is bred of ignorance, and which afflicts the city-reared, making them as silly as silly horses, so that they await fate in frozen horror instead of grappling with it, or stampede in blind self-destroying terror which clutters the way with their crushed carcasses.

Edith Nelson met the unexpected at every turn of the trail, and she trained her vision so that she saw in the landscape, not the obvious, but the concealed. She, who had never cooked in her life, learned to make bread without the mediation of hops, yeast, or baking-powder, and to bake bread, top and bottom, in a frying-pan before an open fire. And when the last cup of flour was gone and the last rind of bacon, she was able to rise to the occasion, and of moccasins and the softer-tanned bits of leather in the outfit to make a grub-substitute that somehow held a man's soul in his body and enabled him to stagger on. She learned to pack a horse as well as a man,—a task to break the heart and the pride of any city-dweller,—and she knew how to throw the hitch best suited for any particular kind of pack. Also, she could build a fire of wet wood in a downpour of rain and not lose her temper. In short, in all its guises she mastered the unexpected. But the Great Unexpected was yet to come into her life and put its test upon her.

The gold-seeking tide was flooding northward into Alaska, and it was inevitable that Hans Nelson and his wife

should be caught up by the stream and swept toward the Klondike. The autumn of 1897 found them at Skaguay, but without the money to carry an outfit across Chilcoot Pass and float it down to Dawson. So Hans Nelson worked at his trade that winter and helped to rear the mushroom outfitting town of Skaguay.

He was on the edge of things, and throughout the winter he heard all Alaska calling to him. Latuya Bay called loudest, so that the summer of 1898 found him and his wife threading the mazes of the broken coast-line in seventy-foot Siwash canoes. With them were Indians, also three other men. The Indians landed them and their supplies in a lonely bight of land a hundred miles or so beyond Latuya Bay, and returned to Skaguay; but the three other men remained, for they were members of the organised party. Each had put an equal share of capital into the outfitting, and the profits were to be divided equally. In that Edith Nelson undertook to cook for the outfit, a man's share was to be her portion.

First, spruce-trees were cut down and a three-room cabin constructed. To keep this cabin was Edith Nelson's task. The task of the men was to search for gold, which they did; and to find gold, which they likewise did. It was not a startling find, merely a low-pay placer, where long hours of severe toil earned each man between fifteen and twenty dollars a day. The brief Alaskan summer protracted it-

self beyond its usual length, and they took advantage of the opportunity, delaying their return to Skaguay to the last moment. And then it was too late. Arrangements had been made to accompany the several dozen local Indians on their fall trading trip down the coast. The Siwashes had waited on the white people until the eleventh hour, and then departed. There was no course left the party but to wait for chance transportation. In the meantime the claim was cleaned up and firewood stocked in.

The Indian summer had dreamed on and on, and then, suddenly, with the sharpness of bugles, winter came. It came in a single night, and the miners awoke to howling wind, driving snow, and freezing water. Storm followed storm, and between the storms there was the silence, broken only by the boom of the surf on the desolate shore, where the salt spray rimmed the beach with frozen white.

All went well in the cabin. Their gold dust had weighed up something like eight thousand dollars, and they could not but be contented. The men made snowshoes, hunted fresh meat for the larder, and in the long evenings played endless games of whist and pedro. Now that the mining had ceased, Edith Nelson turned over the fire-building and the dish-washing to the men, while she darned their socks and mended their clothes.

There was no grumbling,

no bickering nor petty quarrelling in the little cabin, and they often congratulated one another on the general happiness of the party. Hans Nelson was stolid and easy-going, while Edith had long before won his unbounded admiration by her capacity for getting on with people. Harkey, a long, lank Texan, was unusually friendly for one with a saturnine disposition, and, so long as his theory that gold grew was not challenged, was quite companionable. The fourth member of the party, Michael Dennin, contributed his Irish wit to the gaiety of the cabin. He was a large, powerful man, prone to sudden rushes of anger over little things, and of unfailing good-humour under the stress and strain of big things. The fifth and last member, Dutchy, was the willing butt of the party. He even went out of his way to raise a laugh at his own expense in order to keep things cheerful. His deliberate aim in life seemed to be that of a maker of laughter. No serious quarrel had ever vexed the serenity of the party; and, now that each had sixteen hundred dollars to show for a short summer's work, there reigned the well-fed, contented spirit of prosperity.

And then the unexpected happened. They had just sat down to the breakfast-table. Though it was already eight o'clock (late breakfasts had followed naturally upon cessation of the steady work at mining), a candle in the neck of a bottle lighted the meal.

Edith and Hans sat at each end of the table. On one side, with their backs to the door, sat Harkey and Dutchy. The place on the other side was vacant. Dennin had not yet come in.

Hans Nelson looked at the empty chair, shook his head slowly, and with a ponderous attempt at humour, said, "Always is he first at the grub. It is very strange. Maybe he is sick."

"Where is Michael?" Edith asked.

"Got up a little ahead of us and went outside," Harkey answered.

Dutchy's face beamed mischievously. He pretended knowledge of Dennin's absence, and affected a mysterious air, while they clamoured for information. Edith, after a peep into the men's bunk-room, returned to the table. Hans looked at her, and she shook her head.

"He was never late at meal-time before," she remarked.

"I cannot understand," said Hans. "Always has he the great appetite like the horse."

"It is too bad," Dutchy said, with a sad shake of his head.

They were beginning to make merry over their comrade's absence.

"It is a great pity!" Dutchy volunteered.

"What?" they demanded in chorus.

"Poor Michael!" was the mournful reply.

"Well, what's wrong with Michael?" Harkey asked.

"He is not hungry no more," wailed Dutchy. "He has lost

der appetite. He do not like der grub."

"Not from the way he pitches into it up to his ears," remarked Harkey.

"He does dot shust to be politeful to Mrs Nelson," was Dutchy's quick retort. "I know, I know, und it is too pad. Why is he not here? Pecause he haf gone out. Why haf he gone out? For der defelopment of der appetite. How does he defelop der appetite? He walks barefoots in der snow. Ach! don't I know? It is der way der rich peoples chases after der appetite when it is no more und is running away. Michael haf sixteen hundred dollars. He is rich peoples. He haf no appetite. Derefore, pecause, he is chasing der appetite. Shust you open der door und you will see his barefoots in der snow. No, you will not see der appetite. Dot is shust his trouble. When he sees der appetite he will catch it und come to preak-fast."

They burst into loud laughter at Dutchy's nonsense. The sound had scarcely died away when the door opened and Dennin came in. All turned to look at him. He was carrying a shot-gun. Even as they looked he lifted it to his shoulder and fired twice. At the fist shot Dutchy sank upon the table, overturning his mug of coffee, his yellow mop of hair dabbling in his plate of mush. His forehead, which pressed upon the near edge of the plate, tilted the plate up against his hair at an angle of forty-five degrees. Harkey

was in the air, in his spring to his feet, at the second shot, and he pitched face-down upon the floor, his "My God!" gurgling and dying in his throat.

It was the unexpected. Hans and Edith were stunned. They sat at the table with bodies tense, their eyes fixed in a fascinated gaze upon the murderer. Dimly they saw him through the smoke of the powder, and in the silence nothing was to be heard save the drip-drip of Dutchy's spilled coffee on the floor. Dennin threw open the breech of the shot-gun, ejecting the empty shells. Holding the gun with one hand, he reached with the other into his pocket for fresh shells.

He was thrusting the shells into the gun when Edith Nelson was aroused to action. It was patent that he intended to kill Hans and her. For a space of possibly three seconds of time she had been dazed and paralysed by the horrible and inconceivable form in which the unexpected had made its appearance. Then she rose to it and grappled with it. She grappled with it concretely, making a cat-like leap for the murderer, and gripping his neckcloth with both her hands. The impact of her body sent him stumbling backwards several steps. He tried to shake her loose and still retain his hold on the gun. This was awkward, for her firm-fleshed body had become a cat's. She threw herself to one side, and with her grip at his throat nearly jerked him to the floor.

He straightened himself and whirled swiftly. Still faithful to her hold, her body followed the circle of his whirl, so that her feet left the floor and she swung through the air fastened to his throat by her hands. The whirl culminated in a collision with a chair, and the man and woman crashed to the floor in a wild struggling fall that extended itself across half the length of the room.

Hans Nelson was half a second behind his wife in rising to the unexpected. His nerve processes and mental processes were slower than hers. His was the grosser organism, and it had taken him half a second longer to perceive, and determine, and proceed to do. She had already flown at Dennis and gripped his throat, when Hans sprang to his feet. But her coolness was not his. He was in a blind fury, a Berserker rage. At the instant he sprang from his chair his mouth opened and there issued forth a sound that was half-roar, half-bellow. The whirl of the two bodies had already started, and still roaring, or bellowing, he pursued this whirl down the room, overtaking it when it fell to the floor.

Hans hurled himself upon the prostrate man, striking madly with his fists. They were sledge-like blows, and when Edith felt Dennin's body relax she loosed her grip and rolled clear. She lay on the floor panting and watching. The fury of blows continued to rain down. Dennin did not seem to mind the blows. He did not even move. Then it

dawned upon her that he was unconscious. She cried out to Hans to stop. She cried out again. But he paid no heed to her voice. She caught him by the arm, but her clinging to it merely impeded his effort.

It was no reasoned impulse that stirred her to do what she then did. Nor was it a sense of pity, nor obedience to the "Thou shalt not" of religion. Rather was it some sense of law, an ethic of her race and early environment, that compelled her to interpose her body between her husband and the helpless murderer. It was not until Hans knew he was striking his wife that he ceased. He allowed himself to be shoved away by her in much the same way that a ferocious but obedient dog allows itself to be shoved away by its master. The analogy even went farther. Deep in his throat, in an animal-like way, Hans' rage still rumbled, and several times he made as though to spring back upon his prey, and was only prevented by the woman's swiftly-interposed body.

Back, and farther back, Edith shoved her husband. She had never seen him in such a condition, and she was more frightened of him than she had been of Dennin in the thick of the struggle. She could not believe that this raging beast was her Hans, and with a shock she became suddenly aware of a shrinking instinctive fear that he might snap her hand in his teeth like any wild animal. For some seconds, unwilling to hurt her, yet dogged in his

desire to return to the attack, Hans dodged back and forth. But she resolutely dodged with him, until the first glimmerings of reason returned and he gave over.

Both crawled to their feet. Hans staggered back against the wall, where he leaned, his face working, in his throat the deep and continuous rumble that died away with the seconds and at last ceased. The time for the reaction had come. Edith stood in the middle of the floor, wringing her hands, panting and gasping, her whole body trembling violently.

Hans looked at nothing, but Edith's eyes wandered wildly from detail to detail of what had taken place. Dennin lay without movement. The overturned chair, hurled onward in the mad whirl, lay near him. Partly under him lay the shotgun, still broken open at the breech. Spilling out of his right hand were the two cartridges which he had failed to put into the gun, and which he had clutched until consciousness left him. Harkey lay on the floor, face downward, where he had fallen; while Dutchy rested forward on the table, his yellow mop of hair buried in his mush-plate, the plate itself still tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees. This tilted plate fascinated her. Why did it not fall down? It was ridiculous. It was not in the nature of things for a mush-plate to up-end itself on the table, even if a man or so had been killed.

She glanced back at Dennin, but her eyes returned to the

tilted plate. It was so ridiculous! She felt a hysterical impulse to laugh. Then she noticed the silence, and forgot the plate in a desire for something to happen. The monotonous drip of the coffee from the table to the floor merely emphasised the silence. Why did not Hans do something? say something? She looked at him, and was about to speak, when she discovered that her tongue refused its wonted duty. There was a peculiar ache in her throat, and her mouth was dry and furry. She could only look at Hans, who, in turn, looked at her.

Suddenly the silence was broken by a sharp metallic clang. She screamed, jerking her eyes back to the table. The plate had fallen down. Hans sighed as though awakening from sleep. The clang of the plate had aroused them to life in a new world. The cabin epitomised the new world in which they must thenceforth live and move. The old cabin was gone for ever. The horizon of life was totally new and unfamiliar. The unexpected had swept its wizardry over the face of things, changing the perspective, juggling values, and shuffling the real and the unreal into perplexing confusion.

"My God, Hans!" was Edith's first speech.

He did not answer, but stared at her with horror. Slowly his eyes wandered over the room, for the first time taking in its details. Then he put on his cap and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" Edith demanded, in an agony of apprehension.

His hands were on the door-knob, and he half-turned as he answered, "To dig some graves."

"Don't leave me, Hans, with——" her eyes swept the room, "——with this."

"The graves must be dug some time," he said.

"But you do not know how many," she objected desperately. She noted his indecision, and added, "Besides, I'll go with you and help."

Hans stepped back to the table and mechanically snuffed the candle. Then between them they made the examination. Both Harkey and Dutchy were dead—frightfully dead, because of the close range of the shot-gun. Hans refused to go near Dennin, and Edith was forced to conduct this portion of the investigation by herself.

"He isn't dead," she called to Hans.

He walked over and looked down at the murderer.

"What did you say?" Edith demanded, having caught the rumble of inarticulate speech in her husband's throat.

"I said it was a damn shame that he isn't dead," came the reply.

Edith was bending over the body.

"Leave him alone," Hans commanded harshly, in a strange voice.

She looked at him in sudden alarm. He had picked up the shot-gun dropped by Dennin, and was thrusting in the shells.

"What are you going to do?" she cried, rising swiftly from her bending position.

Hans did not answer, but she saw the shot-gun going to his shoulder. She grasped the muzzle with her hand and threw it up.

"Leave me alone!" he cried hoarsely.

He tried to jerk the weapon away from her, but she came in closer and clung to him.

"Hans! Hans! Wake up!" she cried. "Don't be crazy!"

"He killed Dutchy and Harkey!" was her husband's reply, "and I am going to kill him."

"But that is wrong," she objected. "There is the law."

He sneered his incredulity of the law's potency in such a region, but he merely iterated, dispassionately, doggedly, "He killed Dutchy and Harkey."

Long she argued it with him, but the argument was one-sided, for he contented himself with repeating again and again, "He killed Dutchy and Harkey." But she could not escape from her childhood training nor from the blood that was in her. The heritage of law was hers, and right conduct, to her, was the fulfilment of the law. She could see no other righteous course to pursue. Hans' taking the law in his own hand was no more justifiable than Dennin's deed. Two wrongs did not make a right, she contended, and there was only one way to punish Dennin, and that was the legal way arranged by society. At last Hans gave in to her.

"All right," he said. "Have it your own way. And tomorrow or next day look to see him kill you and me."

She shook her head and held out her hand for the shot-gun. He started to hand it to her, then hesitated.

"Better let me shoot him," he pleaded.

Again she shook her head, and again he started to pass her the gun, when the door opened, and an Indian, without knocking, came in. A blast of wind and flurry of snow came in with him. They turned and faced him, Hans still holding the shot-gun. The intruder took in the scene without a quiver. His eyes embraced the dead and wounded in a sweeping glance. No surprise showed in his face, not even curiosity. Harkey lay at his feet, but he took no notice of him. So far as he was concerned, Harkey's body did not exist.

"Much wind," the Indian remarked by way of salutation. "All well? Very well?"

Hans, still grasping the gun, felt sure that the Indian attributed to him the mangled corpses. He glanced appealingly at his wife.

"Good morning, Negook," she said, her voice betraying her effort. "No, not very well. Much trouble."

"Good-bye, I go now, much hurry," the Indian said, and without semblance of haste, with great deliberation stepping clear of a red pool on the floor, he opened the door and went out.

The man and woman looked at each other.

"He thinks we did it," Hans gasped,—*"that I did it."*

Edith was silent for a space. Then she said briefly, in a business-like way—

"Never mind what he thinks. That will come after. At present we have two graves to dig. But, first of all, we've got to tie up Dennin so he can't escape."

Hans refused to touch Dennin, but Edith lashed him securely, hand and foot. Then she and Hans went out into the snow. The ground was frozen. It was impervious to a blow of the pick. They first gathered wood, then scraped the snow away and on the frozen surface built a fire. When the fire had burned for an hour, several inches of dirt had thawed. This they shovelled out, and then built a fresh fire. Their descent into the earth progressed at the rate of two or three inches an hour.

It was hard and bitter work. The flurrying snow did not permit the fire to burn any too well, while the wind cut through their clothes and chilled their bodies. They held but little conversation. The wind interfered with speech. Beyond wondering at what could have been Dennin's motive, they remained silent, oppressed by the horror of the tragedy. At one o'clock, looking towards the cabin, Hans announced that he was hungry.

"No, not now, Hans," Edith answered. "I couldn't go back

alone into that cabin the way it is and cook a meal."

At two o'clock Hans volunteered to go with her, but she held him to his work, and four o'clock found the two graves completed. They were shallow, not more than two feet deep, but they would serve the purpose. Night had fallen. Hans got the sled, and the two dead men were dragged through the darkness and storm to their frozen sepulchre. The funeral procession was anything but a pageant. The sled sank deep into the drifted snow and pulled hard. The man and woman had eaten nothing since the previous day, and were weak from hunger and exhaustion. They had not the strength to resist the wind, and at times its buffets hurled them off their feet. On several occasions the sled was overturned, and they were compelled to reload it with its sombre freight. The last hundred feet to the graves was up a steep slope, and this they took on all-fours, like sled-dogs, making legs of their arms, and thrusting their hands into the snow. Even so, they were twice dragged backward by the weight of the sled, and slid and fell down the hill, the living and the dead, the haul-ropes and the sled, in ghastly entanglement.

"To-morrow I will put up head-boards with their names," Hans said, when the graves were filled in.

Edith was sobbing. A few broken sentences had been all she was capable of in the way of a funeral service, and now her husband was compelled to

half-carry her back to the cabin.

Dennin was conscious. He had rolled over and over on the floor in vain efforts to free himself. He watched Hans and Edith with glittering eyes, but made no attempt to speak. Hans still refused to touch the murderer, and sullenly watched Edith drag him across the floor to the men's bunk-room. But try as she would she could not lift him from the floor into his bunk.

"Better let me shoot him, and we'll have no more trouble," Hans said in final appeal.

Edith shook her head and bent again to her task. To her surprise the body rose easily, and she knew Hans had relented and was helping her. Then came the cleansing of the kitchen. But the floor still shrieked the tragedy, until Hans planed the surface of the stained wood away, and with the shavings made a fire in the stove.

The days came and went. There was much of darkness and silence, broken only by the storms and the thunder on the beach of the freezing surf. Hans was obedient to Edith's slightest order. All his splendid initiative had vanished. She had elected to deal with Dennin in her way, and so he left the whole matter in her hands.

The murderer was a constant menace. At all times there was the chance that he might free himself from his bonds, and they were compelled to

guard him day and night. The man or the woman sat always beside him, holding the loaded shot-gun. At first Edith tried eight-hour watches, but the continuous strain was too great, and afterwards she and Hans relieved each other every four hours. As they had to sleep, and as the watches extended through the night, their whole waking time was expended in guarding Dennin. They had barely time left over for the preparation of meals and the getting of firewood.

Since Negook's inopportune visit the Indians had avoided the cabin. Edith sent Hans to their cabins to get them to take Dennin down the coast in a canoe to the nearest white settlement or trading-post, but the errand was fruitless. Then Edith went herself and interviewed Negook. He was head man of the little village, keenly aware of his responsibility, and he elucidated his policy thoroughly, in few words.

"It is white man's trouble," he said, "not Siwash trouble. My people help you, then will it be Siwash trouble too. When white man's trouble and Siwash trouble come together and make a trouble, it is a great trouble, beyond understanding and without end. Trouble no good. My people do no wrong. What for they help you and have trouble?"

So Edith Nelson went back to the terrible cabin with its endless alternating four-hour watches. Sometimes, when it was her turn and she sat by the prisoner, the loaded shot-

gun in her lap, her eyes would close and she would doze. Always she aroused with a start, snatching up the gun and swiftly looking at him. These were distinct nervous shocks, and their effect was not good on her. Such was her fear of the man, that even if she were wide awake, if he moved under the bedclothes she could not repress the start and the quick reach for the gun.

She was preparing herself for a nervous breakdown, and she knew it. First came a fluttering of the eyeballs, so that she was compelled to close her eyes for relief. A little later the eyelids were afflicted by a nervous twitching that she could not control. To add to the strain, she could not forget the tragedy. She remained as close to the horror as on the first morning when the unexpected stalked into the cabin and took possession. In her daily ministrations upon the prisoner she was forced to grit her teeth and steel herself, body and spirit.

Hans was affected differently. He became obsessed by the idea that it was his duty to kill Dennin; and whenever he waited upon the bound man or watched by him, Edith was troubled by the fear that Hans would add another red entry to the cabin's record. Always he cursed Dennin savagely and handled him roughly. Hans tried to conceal his homicidal mania, and he would say to his wife, "By and by you will want me to kill him, and then I will not kill him. It would make me sick." But more

than once, stealing into the room when it was her watch off, she would catch the two men glaring ferociously at each other, wild animals the pair of them,—in Hans' face the lust to kill, in Dennin's the fierceness and savagery of the cornered rat. "Hans!" she would cry, "wake up!" and he would come to a recollection of himself, startled and shamefaced and unrepentant.

So Hans became another factor in the problem the unexpected had given Edith Nelson to solve. At first it had been merely a question of right conduct in dealing with Dennin; and right conduct, as she conceived it, lay in keeping him a prisoner until he could be turned over for trial before a proper tribunal. But now entered Hans, and she saw that his sanity and his salvation were involved. Nor was she long in discovering that her own strength and endurance had become part of the problem. She was breaking down under the strain. Her left arm had developed involuntary jerkings and twitchings. She spilled her food from her spoon, and could place no reliance in her afflicted arm. She judged it to be a form of St Vitus's dance, and she feared the extent to which its ravages might go. What if she broke down? And the vision she had of the possible future, when the cabin might contain only Dennin and Hans, was an added horror.

After the third day Dennin had begun to talk. His first

question had been, "What are you going to do with me?" And this question he repeated daily and many times a-day. And always Edith replied that he would assuredly be dealt with according to law. In turn she put a daily question to him, "Why did you do it?" To this he never replied. Also, he received the question with outbursts of anger, raging and straining at the rawhide that bound him, and threatening her with what he would do when he got loose, which he said he was sure to do sooner or later. At such times she cocked both triggers of the gun, prepared to meet him with leaden death if he should burst loose, herself trembling and palpitating and dizzy from the tension and shock.

But in time Dennin grew more tractable. It seemed to her that he was growing very weary of his unchanging recumbent position. He began to beg and plead to be released. He made wild promises. He would do them no harm. He would himself go down the coast and give himself up to the officers of the law. He would give them his share of the gold. He would go away into the heart of the wilderness, and never again appear in civilisation. He would take his own life if she would only free him. His pleadings usually culminated in involuntary raving, until it seemed to her that he was passing into a fit; but always she shook her head and denied him the freedom for which he worked himself into a passion.

But the weeks went by, and he continued to grow more tractable. And through it all the weariness was asserting itself more and more. "I am so tired, so tired," he would murmur, rolling his head back and forth on the pillow like a peevish child. At a little later period he began to make impassioned pleas for death, to beg her to kill him, to beg Hans to put him out of his misery, so that he might at least rest comfortably.

The situation was fast becoming impossible. Edith's nervousness was continuing, and she knew her break-down might come any time. She could not even get her proper rest, for she was haunted by the fear that Hans would yield to his mania and kill Dennin while she slept. Though January had already come, months would have to elapse before any trading schooner was even likely to put into the bay. Also, they had not expected to winter in the cabin, and the food was running low; nor could Hans add to the supply by hunting. They were chained to the cabin by the necessity of guarding their prisoner.

Something must be done, and she knew it. She forced herself to go back into a reconsideration of the problem. She could not shake off the legacy of her race, the law that was of her blood, and that had been trained into her. She knew that whatever she did she must do according to the law, and in the long hours of watching, the shot-gun on

her knees, the murderer restless beside her, and the storms thundering without, she made original sociological researches, and worked out for herself the evolution of the law. It came to her that the law was nothing more than the judgment and the will of any group of people. It mattered not how large was the group of people. There were little groups, she reasoned, like Switzerland, and there were big groups like the United States. Also, she reasoned, it did not matter how small was the group of people. There might be only ten thousand people in a country, yet their collective judgment and will would be the law of that country. Why, then, could not one thousand people constitute such a group? she asked herself. And if one thousand, why not one hundred? Why not fifty? Why not five? Why not—two?

She was frightened at her own conclusion, and she talked it over with Hans. At first he could not comprehend, and then, when he did, he added convincing evidence. He spoke of miners' meetings, where all the men of a locality came together and made the law and executed the law. There might be only ten or fifteen men altogether, he said, but the will of the majority became the law for the whole ten or fifteen, and whoever violated that will was punished.

Edith saw her way clear at last. Dennin must hang. Hans agreed with her. Be-

tween them they constituted the majority of this particular group. It was the group-will that Dennin should be hanged. In the execution of this will Edith strove earnestly to observe the customary forms; but the group was so small that Hans and she had to serve as witnesses, as jury, and as judges—also as executioners. She formally charged Michael Dennin with the murder of Dutchy and Harkey, and the prisoner lay in his bunk and listened to the testimony, first of Hans and then of Edith. He refused to plead guilty or not guilty, and remained silent when she asked him if he had anything to say in his own defence. She and Hans, without leaving their seats, brought in the jury's verdict of guilty. Then, as judge, she imposed the sentence. Her voice shook, her eyelids twitched, her left arm jerked, but she carried it out.

"Michael Dennin, in three days' time you are to be hanged by the neck until you are dead."

Such was the sentence. The man breathed an unconscious sigh of relief, then laughed defiantly, and said, "Thin I'm thinkin' the damn bunk won't be achin' me back anny more, an' that's a consolation."

With the passing of the sentence a feeling of relief seemed to communicate itself to all of them. Especially was it noticeable in Dennin. All sullenness and defiance disappeared, and he talked sociably with his captors, and with even flashes of his old-

time wit. Also he found great satisfaction in Edith's reading to him from the Bible. She read from the New Testament, and he took keen interest in the prodigal son and the thief on the cross.

On the day preceding that set for the execution, when Edith asked her usual question, "Why did you do it?" Dennin answered, "'Tis very simple. I was thinkin'——"

But she hushed him abruptly, asked him to wait, and hurried to Hans' bedside. It was his watch off, and he came out of his sleep rubbing his eyes and grumbling.

"Go," she told him, "and bring up Negook and one other Indian. Michael's going to confess. Make them come. Take the rifle along, and bring them up at the point of it if you have to."

Half an hour later Negook and his uncle, Hadikwan, were ushered into the death-chamber. They came unwillingly, Hans with his rifle herding them along.

"Negook," Edith said, "there is to be no trouble for you and your people. Only is it for you to sit and do nothing but listen and understand."

Thus did Michael Dennin, under sentence of death, make public confession of his crime. As he talked, Edith wrote his story down, while the Indians listened, and Hans guarded the door for fear the witnesses might bolt.

He had not been home to the old country for fifteen years, Dennin explained; and it had

always been his intention to return with plenty of money and make his old mother comfortable for the rest of her days.

"An' how was I to be doin' it on sixteen hundred?" he demanded. "What I was after wantin' was all the goold—the whole eight thousan'. Thin I cud go back in style. What ud be aisier, thinks I to meself, than to kill all iv yez, report it at Skaguay for an Indian-killin', an' thin pull out for Ireland? An' so I started in to kill all iv yez; but, as Harkey was fond of sayin', I cut out too large a chunk an' fell down on the swallowin' iv it. An' that's me confession. I did me duty to the devil, an' now, God willin', I'll do me duty to God."

"Negook and Hadikwan, you have heard the white man's words," Edith said to the Indians. "His words are here on this paper, and it is for you to make a sign, thus, on the paper, so that white men to come after will know that you have heard."

The two Siwashes put crosses opposite their signatures, received a summons to appear on the morrow, with all their tribe, for a further witnessing of things, and were allowed to go.

Dennin's hands were released long enough for him to sign the document. Then a silence fell in the room. Hans was restless, and Edith felt uncomfortable. Dennin lay on his back, staring straight up at the moss-chinked roof.

"An' now I'll do me duty to God," he murmured. He turned his head toward Edith. "Read to me," he said, "from the Book;" then added, with a glint of playfulness, "mayhap 'twill help me to forget the bunk."

The day of the execution broke clear and cold. The thermometer was down to twenty-five below zero, and a chill wind was blowing which drove the frost through clothes and flesh to the bones. For the first time in many weeks Dennin stood upon his feet. His muscles had remained inactive so long, and he was so out of practice in maintaining an erect position, that he could scarcely stand. He reeled back and forth, staggered, and clutched hold of Edith with his bound hands for support.

"Sure, an' it's dizzy I am," he laughed weakly.

A moment later he said, "An' it's glad I am that it's over with. That damn bunk would iv been the death iv me, I know."

When Edith put his fur cap on his head and proceeded to pull the flaps down over his ears, he laughed and said—

"What are you doin' that for?"

"It's freezing cold outside," she answered.

"An' in ten minutes' time what'll matter a frozen ear or so to poor Michal Dennin?" he asked.

She had nerved herself for the last culminating ordeal, and his remark was like a blow to her self-possession. So far, everything had seemed

phantom-like, as in a dream, but the brutal truth of what he had said shocked her eyes wide open to the reality of what was taking place. Nor was her distress unnoticed by the Irishman.

"I'm sorry to be troublin' you with me foolish spache," he said regretfully. "I mint nothin' by it. 'Tis a great day for Michael Dennin, an' he's as gay as a lark."

He broke out in a merry whistle, which quickly became lugubrious and ceased.

"I'm wishin' there was a priest," he said wistfully, then added swiftly, "But Michael Dennin's too old a campaigner to miss the luxuries when he hits the trail."

He was so very weak and unused to walking, that when the door opened and he passed outside the wind nearly carried him off his feet. Edith and Hans walked on either side of him and supported him, the while he cracked jokes and tried to keep them cheerful, breaking off once long enough to arrange the forwarding of his share of the gold to his mother in Ireland.

They climbed a slight hill and came out into an open space among the trees. Here, circled solemnly about a barrel that stood on end in the snow, were Negook and Hadikwan, and all the Siwashes, down to the babies and the dogs, come to see the way of the white man's law. Near by was an open grave which Hans had burned into the frozen earth.

Dennin cast a practical eye over the preparations, noting

the grave, the barrel, the thickness of the rope, and the diameter of the limb over which the rope was passed.

"Sure, an' I couldn't iv done better meself, Hans, if it'd been for you."

He laughed loudly at his own sally, but Hans' face was frozen into a sullen ghastliness that nothing less than the trump of doom could have broken. Also, Hans was feeling very sick. He had not realised before the enormity of the task of putting a fellow-man out of the world. Edith, on the other hand, had realised; but the realisation did not make the task any easier. She was filled with doubt as to whether she could hold herself together long enough to finish it. She felt incessant impulses to scream, to shriek, to collapse into the snow, to put her hands over her eyes and turn and run blindly away, into the forest, anywhere, away. It was only by a supreme effort of soul that she was able to keep upright and go on and do what she had to do. And in the midst of it all she was grateful to Dennin for the way he helped her.

"Lind me a hand," he said to Hans, with whose assistance he managed to mount the barrel.

He bent over so that Edith could adjust the rope about his neck. Then he stood upright while Hans drew the rope taut across the overhead branch.

"Michael Dennin, have you anything to say?" Edith asked in a clear voice that shook in spite of her.

Dennin shuffled his feet on the barrel, looked down bashfully like a man making his maiden speech, and cleared his throat.

"I'm glad it's over with," he said. "You've treated me like a Christian, an' I'm thankin' you hearty for your kindness."

"Then may God receive you, a repentant sinner," she said.

"Ay," he answered, his deep voice as a response to her thin one; "may God receive me, a repentant sinner."

"Good - bye, Michael," she cried, and her voice sounded desperate.

She threw her weight against the barrel, but it did not overturn.

"Hans! Quick! Help me!" she cried faintly.

She could feel her last strength going, and the barrel resisted her. Hans hurried to her, and the barrel went out from under Michael Dennin.

She turned her back, thrusting her fingers into her ears. Then she began to laugh,

harshly, sharply, metallically; and Hans was shocked as he had not been shocked through the whole tragedy. Edith Nelson's breakdown had come. Even in her hysteria she knew it, and she was glad that she had been able to hold up under the strain until everything had been accomplished. She reeled towards Hans.

"Take me to the cabin, Hans," she managed to articulate.

"And let me rest," she added. "Just let me rest, and rest, and rest."

With Hans' arm around her, supporting her weight and directing her helpless steps, she went off across the snow. But the Indians remained solemnly to watch the working of the white man's law that compelled a man to dance upon the air.

[The above is a true story. Michael Dennin was hanged at Latuya Bay by Mrs Nelson in 1900.]

THE DAFT DAYS.

A NOVEL.

BY NEIL MUNRO,

AUTHOR OF 'JOHN SPLENDID,' 'THE LOST PIBROCH,' ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

THE orphan child of William and Mary Dyce, dead, the pair of them, in the far-off city of Chicago, stepped, quite serenely, into an astounded company. There were three Dyces in a row in front of her, and the droll dog Footles at her feet, and behind her, Kate, the servant, wringing her apron as if it had newly come from the washing-boyme, her bosom heaving. Ten eyes (if you could count the dog's, hidden by his tousy fringe) stared at the child a moment, and any ordinary child would have been much put out; but this was no ordinary child, or else she felt at once the fond kind air of home. I will give you her picture in a sentence or two. She was black-haired, dark and quick in the eye, not quite pale but olive in complexion, with a chin she held well up, and a countenance neither shy nor bold, but self-possessed. Fur on her neck and hood (Jim Molyneux's last gift), and a muff that held her arms up to the elbows, gave her an aspect of picture-book cosiness that put the maid in mind of the butcher's Christmas Calendar.

It was the dog that first got over the astonishment: he made a dive at her with little friendly growls, and rolled on his back at her feet, to paddle with his four paws in the air, which was his way of showing he was in the key for fun.

With a cry of glee she threw the muff on the floor and plumped beside him, put her arms about his body and buried her face in his fringe. His tail went waving, joyous, like a banner. "Doggie, doggie, you love me," said she in an accent that was anything but American. "Let us pause and consider,—you will not leave this house till I boil you an egg."

"God bless me, what child's this?" cried Bell, coming to herself with a start, and, pouncing on her, she lifted her to her feet. Ailie sank on her hands and knees and stared in the visitor's face. "The kilt, indeed!" said Mr Dyce to himself. "This must be a warlock wean, for if it has not got the voice and sentiment of Wanton Wully Oliver I'm losing my wits."

"Tell me this, quick, are you Lennox Dyce?" said Bell all

trembling, devouring the little one with her eyes.

"Well, I just guess I am," replied the child calmly, with the dog licking her chin. "Say, are you Auntie Bell?" and this time there was no doubt about the American accent. Up went her mouth to them to be kissed, composedly: they lost no time, but fell upon her, Ailie half in tears because at once she saw below the childish hood so much of brother William.

"Lennox, dear, you should not speak like that; who in all the world taught you to speak like that?" said Bell, unwrapping her.

"Why, I thought that was all right here," said the stranger. "That's the way the bell-man speaks."

"Bless me! Do you know the bell-man?" cried Miss Dyce.

"I rang his old bell for him this morning—didn't you hear me?" was the surprising answer. "He's a nice man; he liked me. I'd like him too if he wasn't so tired. He was too tired to speak sense; all he would say was, 'Let us pause and consider,' and 'Try another egg.' I said I would give him a quarter if he'd let me ring his bell, and he said he'd let me do it for nothing, and my breakfast besides. 'You'll not leave this house till I boil an egg for you'—that's what he said, and the poor man was so tired!" Again her voice was the voice of Wully Oliver; the sentiment, as the Dyces knew, was the slogan of his convivial hospitality.

"The kilt, indeed!" said Mr Dyce, feeling extraordinarily foolish, and, walking past them, he went upstairs and hurriedly put the pea-sling in his pocket.

When he came down, Young America was indifferently pecking at her second breakfast with Footles on her knee, an aunt on either side of her, and the maid Kate with a tray in her hand for excuse, open-mouthed, half in at the door.

"Well, as I was saying, Jim—that's my dear Mr Molyneux, you know—got busy with a lot of the boys once he landed off that old ship, and so he said, 'Bud, this is the—the—just cel'brated Great Britain; I was 'prehensive we might have missed it in the dark, but it's all right.' And next day he bought me this muff and things and put me on the cars—say, what funny cars you have!—and said 'Good-bye, Bud; just go right up to Maryfield, and change there. If you're lost anywhere on the island just holler out good and loud, and I'll hear!' He pretended he wasn't caring, but I saw he wasn't anyway gay, so I never let on the way I felt myself."

She suggested the tone and manner of the absent Molyneux in a fashion to put him in the flesh before them. Kate almost laughed loud out at the oddity of it; Ailie and her brother were astounded at the cleverness of the mimicry; Bell clenched her hands, and said for the second time that day, "Oh! that Molyneux, if I had him!"

"He's a nice man, Jim. I can't tell you how I love him—

and he gave me heaps of candy at the depot," proceeded the unabashed new-comer. "'Change at Edinburgh,' he said; 'you'll maybe have time to run into the Castle and see the Duke; give him my love, but not my address. When you get to Maryfield hop out slick and ask for your uncle Dyce.' And then he said, did Jim, 'I hope he ain't a loaded Dyce, seein' he's Scotch, and it's the festive season.'"

"The adorable Jim!" said Ailie. "We might have known."

"I got on all right," proceeded the child, "but I didn't see the Duke at Edinburgh; there wasn't time, and uncle wasn't at Maryfield, but a man put me on his mail carriage and drove me right here. He said I was a caution. My! it was cold. Say, is it always weather like this here?"

"Sometimes it's like this, and sometimes it's just ordinary Scotch weather," said Mr Dyce, twinkling at her through his spectacles.

"I was dre'ffle sleepy in the mail, and the driver wrapped me up, and when I came into this town in the dark he said, 'Walk right down there and rap at the first door you see with a brass man's hand for a knocker; that's Mr Dyce's house.' I came down, and there wasn't any brass man, but I saw the knocker. I couldn't reach up to it, so when I saw a man going into the church with a lantern in his hand, I went up to him and pulled his coat. I knew he'd be all right going into a

church. He told me he was going to ring the bell, and I said I'd give him a quarter—oh, I said that before. When the bell was finished he took me to his house for luck—that was what he said—and he and his wife got right up and boiled eggs. They said I was a caution, too, and they went on boiling eggs, and I couldn't eat more than two though I tried *and* tried. I think I slept a good while in their house; I was so fatigued, and they were all right; they loved me, I could see that. And I liked them some myself, though they must be mighty poor, for they haven't any children. Then the bell-man took me to this house, and rapped at the door, and went away quick before anybody came to it, because he said he was plain-soled—what's plain-soled anyhow?—and wasn't a lucky first-foot on a New Year's morning."

"It beats all, that's what it does!" cried Bell. "My poor wee whitterick! Were ye no' frightened on the sea?"

"Whitterick, whitterick," repeated the child to herself, and Ailie, noticing, was glad that this was certainly not a diffy. Diffies never interest themselves in new words; diffies never go inside themselves with a new fact as a dog goes under a table with a bone.

"Were you not frightened when you were on the sea?" repeated Bell.

"No," said the child promptly. "Jim was there all right, you see, and he knew all about it. He said, 'Trust in Provid-

ence, and if it's *very* stormy, trust in Providence *and* the Scotch captain.'"

"I declare! the creature must have some kind of sense in him, too," said Bell, a little mollified by this compliment to Scots sea-captains. And all the Dyces fed their eyes upon this wonderful wean that had fallen among them. 'Twas happy in that hour with them; as if in a miracle they had been remitted to their own young years; their dwelling was at long last furnished! She had got into the good graces of Footles as if she had known him all her life.

"Say, uncle, this is a funny dog," was her next remark. "Did God make him?"

"Well—yes, I suppose God did," said Mr Dyce, taken a bit aback.

"Well, isn't He the darnedst! This dog beats Mrs Molyneux's Dodo, and Dodo was a looloo. What sort of a dog is it? Scotch terrier?"

"Mostly not," said her uncle, chuckling. "It's really an improvement on the Scotch terrier. There's later patents in him, you might say. He's a sort of mosaic; indeed, when I think of it you might describe him as a pure mosaic dog."

"A Mosaic dog!" exclaimed Lennox. "Then he must have come from scriptural parts. Perhaps I'll get playing with him Sundays. Not playing loud out, you know, but just being happy. I love being happy, don't you?"

"It's my only weakness," said Mr Dyce emphatically, blinking through his glasses.

"The other business men in the town don't approve of me for it; they call it frivolity. But it comes so easily to me I never charge it in the bills, though a sense of humour should certainly be worth 12s. 6d. in the Table of Fees. It would save many a costly plea."

"Didn't you play on Sunday in Chicago?" asked Ailie.

"Not out loud. Poppa said he was bound to have me Scotch in one thing at least, even if it took a strap. That was after mother died. He'd just read to me Sundays, and we went to church till we had pins and needles. We had the Reverend Ebenezer Paul Frazer, M.A., Presbyterian Church on the Front. He just preached *and* preached till we had pins and needles all over."

"My poor Lennox!" exclaimed Ailie, with feeling.

"Oh, I'm all right!" said young America blithely. "I'm not kicking."

Dan Dyce, with his head to the side, took off his spectacles and rubbed them clean with his handkerchief; put them on again, looked at his niece through them, and then at Ailie, with some emotion struggling in his countenance. Ailie for a moment suppressed some inward convulsion, and turned her gaze, embarrassed from him to Bell, and Bell catching the eyes of both of them could contain her joy no more. They laughed till the tears came, and none more heartily than Brother William's child. She had so sweet a laugh that there and then the Dyces

thought it the loveliest sound they had ever heard in their house. Her aunts would have devoured her with caresses. Her uncle stood over her and beamed, rubbing his hands, expectant every moment of another manifestation of the oddest kind of child mind he had ever encountered. And Kate swept out and in between the parlour and the kitchen on trivial excuses, generally with something to eat for the child, who had eaten so much in the house of Wanton Wully Oliver that she was indifferent to the rarest delicacies of Bell's celestial grocery.

"You're just—just a wee witch!" said Bell, fondling the child's hair. "Do you know, that man Molyneux——"

"Jim," suggested Lennox.

"I would Jim him if I had him! That man Molyneux in all his scrimping little letters never said whether you were a boy or a girl, and we thought a Lennox was bound to be a boy, and all this time we have been expecting a boy."

"I declare!" said the little one, with the most amusing drawl, a memory of Molyneux. "Why, I always was a girl, far back as I can remember. Nobody never gave me the chance to be a boy. I s'pose I hadn't the clothes for the part, and they just pushed me along anyhow in frocks. Would you'd rather I was a boy?"

"Not a bit! We have one in the house already, and he's a fair heart-break," said her aunt, with a look towards Mr Dyce. "We had just made up our mind to dress you in

the kilt when your rap came to the door. And bless me! lassie, where's your luggage? You surely did not come all the way from Chicago with no more than what you have on your back?"

"You'll be tickled to death to see my trunks!" said Lennox. "I've heaps and heaps of clothes and six dolls. They're all coming with the coach. They wanted me to wait for the coach too, but the mail man who called me a caution said he was bound to have a passenger for luck on New Year's day, and I was in a hurry to get home anyway."

"Home!" When she said that, the two aunts swept on her like a billow and bore her, dog and all, upstairs to her room. She was almost blind for want of sleep. They hovered over her quick-fingered, airy as bees, stripping her for bed. She knelt a moment and in one breath said—

"God - bless - father - and - mother-and-Jim-and-Mrs-Molyneux - and-my-aunts-in-Scotland-and-Uncle-Dan-and-every-body-good-night."

And was asleep in the sunlight of the room as soon as her head fell on the pillow.

"She prayed for her father and mother," whispered Bell, with Footles in her arms, as they stood beside the bed. "It's not—it's not quite Presbyterian to pray for the dead; it's very American, indeed you might call it papist."

Ailie's face reddened, but she said nothing.

"And do you know this?" said Bell, shamefacedly, "I do

it myself; upon my word, I do it myself. I'm often praying for father and mother and William."

"So am I," confessed Alison, plainly relieved. "I'm afraid I'm a poor Presbyterian, for I

never knew there was anything wrong in doing so."

Below, in the parlour, Mr Dyce stood looking into the white garden, a contented man, humming—

"Star of Peace, to wanderers weary."

CHAPTER V.

She was a lucky lassie, this of ours, to have come home to her father's Scotland on that New Year's day, for there is no denying that it is not always gay in Scotland, contrairy land, that, whether we be deep down in the waist of the world and afar from her, or lying on her breast, chains us to her with links of iron and gold,—stern tasks and happy days remembered, ancient stories, austerity and freedom, cold weather on moor and glen, warm hearths and burning hearts. She might have seen this burgh first in its solemnity, on one of the winter days when it shivers and weeps among its old memorials, and the wild geese cry more constant over the house-tops, and the sodden gardens, lanes, wynds, and wells, the clanging spirits of old citizens dead and gone, haunting the place of their follies and their good times, their ridiculous ideals, their mistaken ambitions, their broken plans. Ah, wild geese! wild geese! old ghosts that cry to-night above my dwelling, I feel—I feel and know! She might have come, the child, to days of fast and sombre dark drugget garments, dissonant harsh competing

kettle bells, or spoiled harvests, poor fishings, hungry hours. It was good for her, and it is the making of my story, that she came not then, but with the pure white cheerful snow, to ring the burgh bell in her childish escapade, and usher in with merriment the New Year, and begin her new life happily in the old world.

She woke at noon among the scented curtains, in linen sea-breeze bleached, under the camceil roof that all children love, for it makes a garret like the ancestral cave and in rainy weather they can hear the pattering feet of foes above them. She heard the sound of John Taggart's drum, and the fifing of "Happy we've been a' thegither," and turning, found upon her pillow a sleeping doll that woke whenever she raised it up, and stared at her in wonderment.

"Oh!—Oh!—Oh! you roly-poley blonde!" cried the child in ecstasy, hugging it to her bosom and covering it with kisses. "I'm as glad as anything. Do you see the lovely little room? I'll tell you right here what your name is: it's Alison; no, it's Bell; no, it's Alibel for your two just lovely, lovely aunties."

Up she rose, sleep banished, with a sense of cheerfulness and expectation, nimbly dressed herself, and slid down the banisters to tumble plump at the feet of her Aunt Bell in the lobby.

"Mercy on us! You'll break your neck; are you hurt?" cried Aunt Bell. "I'm not kicking," said the child, and the dog waved furiously a glad some tail. A log fire blazed and crackled and hissed in the parlour, and Mr Dyce tapped time with his fingers on a chair-back to an internal hymn.

"My! ain't I the naughty girl to be snoozling away like a gopher in a hole all day? Your clock's stopped, Uncle Dan."

Mr Dyce looked very guilty, and coughed, rubbing his chin. "You're a noticing creature," said he. "I declare it *has* stopped. Well, well!" and his sister Bell plainly enjoyed some amusing secret.

"Your uncle is always a little daft, my dear," she said. "I would rather be daft than dismal," he retorted, cleaning his glasses.

"It's a singular thing that the clocks in our lobby and parlour always stop on the New Year's day, Lennox."

"Bud; please, say Bud," pleaded the little one. "Nobody ever calls me Lennox 'cept when I'm doing something wrong and almost going to get a whipping."

"Very well, Bud, then. This clock gets something wrong with it every New Year's day, for your uncle,

that man there, wants the folk who call never to know the time so that they'll bide the longer."

"Tuts!" said Uncle Dan, who had thought this was his own particular recipe for joviality, and that they had never discovered it.

"You have come to a hospitable town, Bud," said Ailie. "There are convivial old gentlemen on the other side of the street who have got up a petition to the magistrates to shut up the inns and public-houses to-day. They say it is in the interests of temperance, but it's really to compel their convivial friends to visit themselves."

"I signed it myself," confessed Mr Dyce, "and I'm only half convivial. I'm not bragging; I might have been more convivial if it didn't so easily give me a sore head. What's more cheerful than a crowd in the house and the clash going? A fine fire, a good light, and turn about at a story! The happiest time I ever had in my life was when I broke my leg; so many folk called, it was like a month of New Year's days. I was born with a craving for company. Mother used to have a superstition that if a knife or spoon dropped on the floor from the table it betokened a visitor, and I used to drop them by the dozen. But, dear me! here's a wean with a doll, and where in the world did she get it?"

Bud, with the doll under one arm and the dog tucked under the other, laughed up in his face with shy perception.

"Oh, you funny man!" she exclaimed. "I guess you know all right who put Alibel on my pillow. Why! I could have told you were a doll man: I noticed you turning over the pennies in your pants' pocket, same as poppa used when he saw any nice clean little girl like me, and he was the dolliest man in Chicago. Why, there was treasury days when he just rained dolls."

"That was William, sure enough," said Mr Dyce. "There's no need for showing us *your* strawberry mark. It was certainly William. If it only had been dolls!"

"Her name's Alibel, for her two aunties," said the child.

"Tuts!" said Mr Dyce. "If I had thought you meant to honour them that way I would have made her twins. But you see I did not know; it was a delicate transaction as it was. I could not tell very well whether a doll or a—a—or a fountain pen would be the most appropriate present for a ten-year-old niece from Chicago, and I risked the doll. I hope it fits."

"It's just sweet!" said the ecstatic maiden, and rescued one of its limbs from the gorge of Footles.

It got about the town that to Dyces' house had come a wonderful American child who talked language like a minister: the news was partly the news of the mail-driver and Wully Oliver, but mostly the news of Kate, who, from the moment Lennox had been taken from her presence and put to bed, had dwelt upon the window-

sashes, letting no one pass that side of the street without her confidence.

"You never heard the like! No' the size of a shillin's worth of ha'pennies, and she came all the way by her lee-lone in the coach from Chickagoo,—that's in America. There's to be throng times in this house now, I'm tellin' you, with Brother William's wean."

As the forenoon advanced Kate's intelligence grew more surprising: to the new-comer were ascribed a score of characteristics such as had never been seen in the town before. For one thing (would Kate assure them), she could imitate Wully Oliver till you almost saw whiskers on her and could smell the dram. She was thought to be a boy to start with, but that was only their ignorance in Chickagoo, for the girl was really a lassie, and had kists of lassie's clothes coming with the coach.

The Dyces' foreigner was such a grand sensation that it marred the splendour of the afternoon band parade, though John Taggart was unusually glorious, walking on the very backs of his heels, his nose in the heavens, and his drumsticks soaring and circling over his head in a way to make the spectators giddy. Instead of following the band till its *répertoire* was suddenly done at the door of Maggie White, the wine and spirit merchant, there were many that hung about the street in the hope of seeing the American. They thought they would know her at once by

the colour of her skin, which some said would be yellow, and others maintained would be brown. A few less patient and more privileged boldly visited the house of Dyce to make their New Year compliments and see the wonder for themselves.

The American had her eye on them.

She had her eye on the Sheriff's lady, who was so determinedly affable, so pleased with everything the family of Dyce might say, do, or possess, and only five times ventured to indicate there were others, by a mention of "the dear Lady Anne—so nice, so simple, so unaffected, so amiable."

"And so stupid, too, they tell me," said Miss Alison sweetly, and then was sorry she had been unkind.

On Miss Minto of the crimson cloak, who kept her deaf ear to the sisters and her good one to their brother, and laughed heartily at all his little jokes even before they were half made, or looked at him with large, soft, melting eyes and her lips apart, which her glass had told her was an aspect ravishing. The sisters smiled at each other when she had gone and looked comically at Dan, but he, poor man, saw nothing.

On the doctor's two sisters, late come from a farm in the country, marvellously at ease so long as the conversation abode in gossip about the neighbours, but in a silent terror when it rose from persons to ideas, as it once had done when Lady Anne had asked them what they

thought of didactic poetry, and one of them said it was a thing she was very fond of, and then fell in a swoond.

On the banker man, the teller, who was in hopeless love with Ailie, as was plain from the way he devoted himself to Bell.

On Mr Dyce's old retired partner, Mr Cleland, who smelt of cloves and did not care for tea.

On P. & A. MacGlashan, who had come in specially to see if the stranger knew his brother Albert, who, he said, was "in a Somewhere-ville in Manitoba."

On the Provost and his lady, who were very old, and petted each other when they thought themselves unobserved.

On the soft, kind, simple, content and happy ladies lately married.

On the others who would like to be.

Yes, Bud had her eye on them all. They never guessed how much they entertained her as they genteely sipped their tea, or wine, or ginger cordial,—the women of them,—or coughed a little too artificially over the New Year glass,—the men.

"Wee Pawkie, that's what she is—just Wee Pawkie!" said the Provost when he got out, and so far it summed up everything.

The ladies could not tear away home fast enough to see if they had not a remnant of cloth that could be made into such a lovely dress as that of Dyce's niece for one of their own children. "Mark

my words!" they said; "that child will be ruined between them. She's her father's image, and he went and married a poor play-actress, and stayed a dozen years away from Scotland, and never wrote home a line."

So many people came to the house, plainly for no reason but to see the new-comer, that Ailie at last made up her mind to satisfy all by taking her out for a walk. The strange thing was that in the street the populace displayed indifference or blindness. Bud might have seen no more sign of interest in her than the hurried glance of a passer-by; no step slowed to show that the most was being made of the opportunity. There had been some women at their windows when she came out of the house sturdily walking by Aunt Ailie's side, with her hands in her muff, and her keen black eyes peeping from under the fur of her hood; but these women drew in their heads immediately. Ailie, who knew her native town, was conscious that from behind the curtains the scrutiny was keen. She smiled to herself as she walked demurely down the street.

"Do you feel anything, Bud?" she asked.

Bud naturally failed to comprehend.

"You ought to feel something at your back; I'm ticklish all down the back because of a hundred eyes."

"I know," said the astounded child. "They think we don't notice, but I guess God

sees them," and yet she had apparently never glanced at the windows herself, nor looked round to discover passers-by staring over their shoulders at her aunt and her.

For a moment Ailie felt afraid. She dearly loved a quick perception, but it was a gift, she felt, a niece might have too young.

"How in the world did you know that, Bud?" she asked.

"I just guessed they'd be doing it," said Bud, "'cause it's what I would do if I saw a little girl from Scotland walking down the lake front in Chicago. Is it dre'ffle rude, Aunt Ailie?"

"So they say, so they say," said her aunt, looking straight forward, with her shoulders back and her eyes level, flushing at the temples. "But I'm afraid we can't help it. It's undignified—to be seen doing it. I can see you're a real Dyce, Bud. The other people who are not Dyces lose a great deal of fun. Do you know, child, I think you and I are going to be great friends—you and I and Aunt Bell and Uncle Dan."

"And the Mosaic dog," added Bud with warmth. "I love that old dog so much that I could—I could eat him. He's the becomingest dog! Why, here he is!" And it was indeed Footles who hurled himself at them, a rapturous mass of unkempt hair and convulsive barkings, having escaped from the imprisonment of Kate's kitchen by climbing over her shoulders and out across the window-sash.

CHAPTER VI.

"I heard all about you and Auntie Bell and Uncle Dan from Pop—from father," said Bud, as they walked back to the house. She had learned already from example how sweeter sounded "father" than the term she had used in America. "He was mighty apt to sit up nights talking about you all. But I don't quite place Kate: he never mentioned Kate."

"Oh, she's a new addition," explained Ailie. "Kate is the maid, you know: she came to us long after your father left home, but she's been with us five years now, and that's long enough to make her one of the family."

"My! Five years! She ain't—she isn't much of a quitter, is she? I guess you must have tacked her down," said Bud. "You don't get helps in Chicago to linger round the dear old spot like that; they get all hot running from base to base, same as if it was a game of ball. But she's a pretty—pretty broad girl, isn't she? She couldn't run very fast; that'll be the way she stays."

Ailie smiled. "Ah! So that's Chicago, too, is it? You must have been in the parlour a good many times at five-o'clock-tea to have grasped the situation at your age. I suppose your Chicago ladies lower the temperature of their tea weeping into it the woes they have about their domestics? It's another Anglo-Saxon link."

"Mrs Jim said sensible girls that would stay long enough to cool down after the last dash were getting that scarce you had to go out after them with a gun. You didn't really, you know; that was just Mrs Jim's way of putting it."

"I understand," said Alison, unable to hide her amusement. "You seem to have picked up that way of putting it yourself."

"Am I speaking slang?" asked the child, glancing up quickly and reddening. "Father pro—prosisted I wasn't to speak slang nor chew gum; he said it was things no real lady would do in the old country, and that I was to be a well-off English undefined. You must be dre'ffle shocked, Aunt Ailie?"

"Oh no," said Ailie cheerfully; "I never was shocked in all my life, though they say I'm a shocker myself. I'm only surprised a little at the possibilities of the English language. I've hardly heard you use a word of slang yet, and still you scarcely speak a sentence in which there's not some novelty. It's like Kate's first attempt at sheep's-head broth: we were familiar with all the ingredients except the horns, and we knew them elsewhere."

"*That's* all right, then," said Bud, relieved. "But Mrs Jim had funny ways of putting things, and I s'pose I picked them up. I can't help it—I pick up so fast. Why, I had scarletina twice! and I picked up her way of zaggerating:

often I zaggerate dre'ffle, and say I wrote all the works of Shakespeare, when I really didn't, you know. Mrs Jim didn't mean that she had to go out hunting for helps with a gun; all she meant was that they were getting harder and harder to get, and mighty hard to keep when you got them."

"I know," said Alison. "It's an old British story; you'll hear it often from our visitors, if you're spared. But we're lucky with our Kate; we seem to give her complete satisfaction, or, at all events, she puts up with us. When she feels she can't put up with us any longer, she hurls herself on the morning newspaper to look at the advertisements for ladies'-maids and housekeepers with £50 a-year, and makes up her mind to apply at once, but can never find a pen that suits her before we make her laugh. The servant in the house of Dyce who laughs is lost. You'll like Kate, Bud. We like her; and I notice that if you like anybody they generally like you back."

"I'm so glad," said Bud with enthusiasm. "If there's one thing under the canopy I am, I'm a liker."

They had reached the door of the house without seeing the slightest sign that the burgh was interested in them, but they were no sooner in than a hundred tongues were discussing the appearance of the little American. Ailie took off Bud's cloak and hood, and pushed her into the kitchen, with a whisper to her that she was to make Kate's acquaint-

ance, and be sure and praise her scones, then left her and flew upstairs, with a pleasant sense of personal good-luck. It was so sweet to know that brother William's child was anything but a diffy.

Bud stood for a moment in the kitchen, bashful, for it must not be supposed she lacked a childish shyness. Kate, toasting bread at the fire, turned round and felt a little blate herself, but smiled at her, such a fine expansive smile, it was bound to put the child at ease. "Come away in, my dear, and take a bite," said the maid. It is so they greet you—simple folk—in the isle of Colonsay.

The night was coming on, once more with snowy feathers. Wanton Wully lit the town. He went from lamp to lamp with a ladder, children in his train chanting

"Leerie, leerie, light the lamps,
Long legs and crooked shanks!"—

and he expostulating with "I know you fine, the whole of you; at least I know the boys. Stop you till I see your mothers!" Miss Minto's shop was open, and shamefaced lads went dubiously in to buy ladies' white gloves, for with gloves they tryst their partners here at New Year balls, and to-night was Samson's fiddle giggling at the inn. The long tenement lands, as flat and high as cliffs, and built for all eternity, at first dark grey in the dusk, began to glow in every window, and down the stairs and from the closes flowed exceeding cheerful sounds. Green fires of wood

and coal sent up a cloud above these dwellings, tea-kettles jigged and sang. A thousand things were happening in the street, but for once the maid of Colonsay restrained her interest in the window. "Tell me this, what did you say your name was?" she asked.

"I'm Miss Lennox Brenton Dyce," said Bud primly, "but the Miss don't amount to much till I'm old enough to get my hair up."

"You must be tired coming so far. All the way from that Chickagoo!"

"Chicago," suggested Bud politely.

"Just that! Chickagoo or Chickago, it depends on the way you spell it," said Kate readily. "I was brought up to call it Chickagoo. What a length to come on New Year's day! Were you not frightened? Try one of them brown biscuits. And how are they all keeping in America?"

She asked the question with such tender solicitude that Bud saw no humour in it, and answered gravely—

"Pretty spry, thank you. Have you been there?"

"Me!" cried Kate, with her bosom heaving at the very thought. Then her Highland vanity came to her rescue. "No," she said, "I have not been exactly what you might call altogether there, but I had a cousin that started and got the length of Paisley. It'll be a big place America? Put butter on it."

"The United States of America are bounded on the east by the Atlantic Ocean,

on the west by the Pacific, on the south by Mexico and the Gulf, and on the north by an imaginary line called Canada. The State of New York alone is as large as England," said Bud glibly, repeating a familiar lesson.

"What a size!" cried Kate. "Take another of them brown biscuits. Scotland's not slack neither for size; there's Glasgow and Oban, and Colonsay and Stornoway. There'll not be hills in America?"

"There's no hills, just mountains," said Bud. "The chief mountain ranges are the Rocky Mountains and the Alleghanies. They're about the biggest mountains in the world."

"Talking about big things, look at the big pennyworth of milk we get here," said Kate, producing a can: it was almost the last ditch of her national pride.

The child looked gravely into the can, and then glanced shrewdly at the maid.

"It isn't a pennyworth," said she sharply, "it's two-pence worth."

"My stars! how did you know that?" said Kate, much taken aback.

"'Cause you're bragging. Think I don't know when anybody's bragging?" said Bud. "And when a body brags about a place or anything they zaggerate, and just about double things."

"You're not canny," said Kate, thrusting the milk-can back hastily on the kitchen dresser. "Don't spare the butter on your biscuit. They tell me there's plenty of money

in America. I would not wonder, eh?"

"Why, everybody's got money to throw at the birds there," said Bud, with some of the accent as well as the favourite phrase of Jim Molyneux.

"They have little to do; forbye, it's cruelty. Mind you, there's plenty of money here too; your uncle has a desperate lot of it. He was wanting to go away to America and bring you home whenever he heard—whenever he heard—— Will you not try another of them biscuits? It will do you no harm."

"I know," said Bud, gravely,—"whenever he heard about my father being dead."

"I think we're sometimes very stupid, us from Colonsay," said the maid regretfully. "I should have kept my mouth shut about your father. Take *two* biscuits, my dear; or maybe you would rather have short-cake. Yes, he was for going there and then—even if it cost a pound, I daresay,—but changed his mind when he heard yon man Molyneux was bringing you."

Footles, snug in the child's lap, shared the biscuits and barked for more.

"I love little Footles,
His coat is so warm,
And if I don't tease him
He'll do me no harm,"

said Bud, burying her head in his mane.

"Good Lord! did you make that yourself, or just keep mind of it?" asked the astounded Kate.

"I made it just right here," said Bud coolly. "Didn't you know I could make poetry? Why, you poor perishing soul, I'm just a regular wee—wee whitterick at poetry! It goes sloshing round in my head, and it's simply pie for me to make it. Here's another—

'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.'

I just dash them off. I guess I'll have to get up bright and early to-morrow and touch that one up some. Mostly you can't make them good the first try, and then you're bound to go all over them from the beginning and put the good in here and there."

"My stars! what things you know!" exclaimed the maid. "You're clever—tremendous clever! What's your age?"

"I was born mighty well near ten years ago," said Bud, as if she were a centenarian.

Now it is not wise to tell a child like Lennox Dyce that she is clever, though a maid from Colonsay could scarcely be expected to know that. Till Bud had landed on the British shore she had no reason to think herself anything out of the ordinary. Jim Molyneux and his wife, with no children of their own, and no knowledge of children except the elderly kind that play in theatres, had treated her like a person little younger than themselves, and saw no marvel in her quickness, that is common enough with Young America. But Bud, from

Maryfield to her uncle's door, had been a "caution" to the plainly admiring mail-driver; a kind of fairy princess to Wanton Wully Oliver and his wife; the surprise of her aunts had been only half concealed, and here was the maid in an undisguised enchantment! The vanity of ten-year-old was stimulated; for the first time in her life she felt decidedly superior.

"It was very brave of me to come all this way in a ship at ten years old," she proceeded.

"I once came to Oban along with a steamer myself," said Kate, "but och, that's nothing, for I knew a lot of the drovers. Just fancy you coming from America! Were you not lonely?"

"I was dre'ffle lonely," said Bud, who, in fact, had never known a moment's dulness across the whole Atlantic. "There was I leaving my native land, perhaps never to set eyes on its shores evermore, and coming to a far country I didn't know the least thing about. I was leaving all my dear young friends, and the beautiful Mrs Molyneux, and her faithful dog Dodo, and——" here she squeezed a tear from her eyes, and stopped to think of circumstances even more touching.

"My poor wee hen!" cried Kate, distressed. "Don't you greet, and I'll buy you something."

"And I didn't know what sort of uncle and aunties they might be here,—whether they'd be cruel and wicked or not,

or whether they'd keep me or not. Little girls most always have cruel uncles and aunties—you can see that in the books."

"You were awful stupid about that bit of it," said the maid emphatically. "I'm sure anybody could have told you about Mr Dyce and his sisters."

"And then it was so stormy," proceeded Bud quickly, in search of more moving considerations. "I made a poem about that too,—I just dashed it off; the first verse goes—

'The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast——'

but I forget the rest, 'cept that

'——they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land.'

The waves were mountains high, and whirled over the deck, and——"

"My goodness, you would get all wet!" said Kate, putting her hand on Bud's shoulder to feel if she were dry yet. Honest tears were in her own eyes at the thought of such distressing affairs.

"The ship at last struck on a rock," proceeded Bud, "so the captain lashed me——"

"I would lash him, the villain!" cried the indignant maid.

"I don't mean that; he tied me—that's lash in books—to the mast, and then—and then—well, then we waited calmly for the end," said Bud, at the last of her resources for ocean tragedy.

Kate's tears were streaming down her cheeks, at this con-

jured vision of youth in dire distress. "Oh, dear! oh, dear! my poor wee hen!" she sobbed. "I'm so sorry for you."

"Bud! coo-ie! coo-ie!" came the voice of Aunt Ailie along the lobby, but Bud was so entranced with the effect of her imaginings that she paid no heed, and Kate's head was wrapped in her apron.

"Don't cry, Kate; I wouldn't cry if I was you," said the child at last, soothingly. "Maybe it's not true."

"I'll greet if I like," insisted the maid. "Fancy you in that awful shipwreck! It's enough to scare anybody from going anywhere. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and she wept more copiously than ever.

"Don't cry," said Bud again. "It's silly to drizzle like that. Why, great Queen of Sheba!

I was only joshing you: it was as calm on that ship as a milk sociable."

Kate drew down the apron from her face and stared at her. Her meaning was only half plain, but it was a relief to know that things had not been quite so bad as she first depicted them. "A body's the better of a bit greet, whiles," she said philosophically, drying her eyes.

"That's what I say," agreed Bud. "That's why I told you all that. Do you know, child, I think you and I are going to be great friends." She said this with the very tone and manner of Alison, whose words they were to herself, and turned round hastily and embarrassed at a laugh behind her to find her Aunt had heard herself thus early imitated.

(To be continued.)

FOLK, FISH, AND FLOWERS IN MONTENEGRO.

BY RIGHT HON. SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.

It is repeated personal experience which enables me to declare that, of all the manifold forms and phases of human enterprise, none more surely earns compassionate contempt from disinterested spectators than the proceedings of the field botanist and the unsuccessful angler. Especially so, when the pursuit is conducted among people of an unknown tongue. The botanist cannot explain to the practical native the reason of his preference for some diminutive saxifrage or unsubstantial bulb over the more conspicuous ornaments of the local flora. The eagerness with which he scrutinises and selects from wayside weeds can only be construed as evidence of an extraordinary, though probably harmless, form of mental aberration. Judgment of a sterner cast can only be averted from the punctilious fly-fisher by signal success; and that, as most anglers will agree, is not always at his command. The local adept, who knows how to extract lusty trout from secret places with a bunch of worms, has no inkling of the vast gulf set by the sportsman's code between fly-fishing and bottom-fishing, watches the stranger's proceedings with indifference tinged with curiosity, and pronounces upon failure the verdict meet for a fidgety bungler.

When, therefore, we set before us the mountain principality of Montenegro as the field for piscatorial and botanical exploration, we courted criticism from both flanks,—and we received it—encountering our first failure before reaching the appointed goal. Our Italian pilot and interpreter, who bears the historic name of Giovanni Battista—John the Baptist—whetted our appetite by his account of the sport to be had in a certain stream in Albania. “There are trouts so beeg,” said he, holding his hands full eighteen inches apart; “you shall see them sweem—many, many.” So we dropped anchor after dark on a lovely April evening in the fine roadstead of Valona, and arranged for an early start on the morrow.

Fishing with the dry-fly is one of the most modern of crafts, having its origin in the necessity for circumventing the abnormal vigilance instilled by generations of anglers into the trout of the pellucid chalk-streams of Hampshire. But it is an art which may be practised to good purpose also in waters where the old “chuck-and-chance-it” system still holds sway. It has penetrated the Scottish Highlands and the Irish Midlands, enabling the adept to set bright sun and low water at defiance, and greatly enhancing by its deli-

cacy and superior excitement the spasm of success. We thought it possible that, by introducing this novel method to Albanian streams, we might win some applause from unsophisticated natives.

As every Hampshire angler knows, the hours for business with dry-fly are those between ten and two; for it is only at that period of the day that a rise of fly may be expected, saving always the brief festival of the May-fly. At ordinary times, from two o'clock onward until the appearance of the sedge-fly may create an evening rise (most uncertain, elusive, and transient of feasts), not a fin stirs on the surface, which, in the absence of flies, is void of all attraction for trout. In laying our plans, we reckoned upon the Albanian time-table being similar to that of Test and Itchen, and prepared for an early start on the morrow. Ah, but we left out of account that influence which has so often and so powerfully swayed the course of European politics during the last two hundred years—the *vis inertiae* of Ottoman officialdom. Our passports were presented to the pasha at 7 A.M.; it was high noon before they were returned to us; and with them came a Turkish escort, without which we were not to be allowed to land. It was about one o'clock, therefore, before we disembarked on a curving strand of dazzling white limestone shingle at the head of the bay, where a beautiful stream, about the volume of the Itchen at Abbot's Worth, and as

clear, swept out of a dense copse of alder and willow, myrtle and mastick, to pour its waters into the tideless sea. It was a perfect landscape in the sweet o' the Adriatic year. Red and purple anemones, blue gromwell and periwinkle and golden buttercups, spangled the intense verdure of the glades; yellow iris and tall creamy spires of asphodel lined the river-banks; high on the mountain side to the left hung the Mohammedan village of Vannina, with gleaming minarets and sombre cypress; in the background towered the snowy cone of Mount Elias to the height of near five thousand feet. Nightingales gurgled amatively in the brakes; bullfrogs croaked truculently among the reeds; grey mullet skimmed in shoals through the backwaters; brimstones and orange-tips, Camberwell beauties and swallow-tail butterflies floated among the flowers; locusts lurched heavily out of our path and basking tortoises lay passively in it, drawing in their heads and toes, resigned to the worst. All was light and warmth, colour and checkered shade, active life and indolent content.

Such was the Eden upon which we burst, intent upon dealing death after the manner of our kind. There were plenty of trout fleeting over the sparkling shallows, and some goodly two-pounders lurking in the eddies; but the stream was all too swift and rough for the dry-fly, and the prevailing glare ruled the wet-fly out of court. Indeed it seemed mar-

vellous that fish, having no eyelids, could endure the rays of that glorious sun, reflected from the white bed of the limpid brook.

Presently, up came a splendid young gentleman, who turned out to be, not an Albanian chief, as his dress and mien betokened, but a *garde-chasse*, who informed John the Baptist that there was better fishing higher up the valley. Thither we hied, therefore, and found the very ideal of water for dry-fly work—a steady, brimming current, winding through flat meadows and cultivated ground. Trout we could see also, and lusty ones,—not rising indeed, for there was no fly up, but hanging about in likely places, whence a drop minnow or a lively worm must certainly have extracted them. But, as I have said, we had forsworn such sordid lures, and pinned our credit to the floating simulacrum.

Pinned—and forfeited it; forasmuch as stealth and solitude, two main postulates in dry-fly work, were denied us. The seely angler loveth to move slowly through the meadow, peering along the reaches and under the banks until a dimple on the surface betrays a feeding trout. Not a hasty movement—not a corner of white handkerchief—not a sun-glint on his rod—must betray his presence to the object of his desire.

We separated; the Albanian gentleman constituting himself my guide, and a Turkish soldier closely dogging my steps, having orders, it seemed, not

to let me out of sight for a moment.

Now it has been my fortune in fishing to enjoy communion with gillies of many nationalities—the taciturn Lowland Scot, the polite Highlander, the adulative and witty Irishman, and the sinewy and gentle Norseman; but never in my wandering had I been offered the services of one so gorgeously arrayed as this Albanian gillie. His noble carriage, handsome features, and generally well-groomed appearance, set off a costume which it would be hard to beat in grace. On his thick crop of jetty curls was poised a dainty little white cap, stiff with delicate needle-work; wide, fan-shaped sleeves of spotless linen floated from under an armless jacket, the front of which was of rich blue cloth embroidered with gold braid, the back being of quilted silk *vieux rose*. Loose black breeches clothed him to the knees; white woollen gaiters covered his legs, down to a pair of tasselled, upturned toes. Round his slim waist was a bandolier with forty rounds of ball-cartridge; from his shoulder hung a magazine rifle in a brass-studded sling of scarlet leather.

His method of showing anxiety for my sport (or, as the result proved, for *baksish*) was to precede me to all the likely places and point out the trout, without the slightest attempt at concealment. The effect upon the fish of his dazzling array, especially of the fluttering shirt-sleeves, may easily be imagined. Nor was this all.

My Turkish escort was as keen as he. Idlers, of which there is never any lack about Albanian farms, collected as we went along, until I had an advanced guard of a score of fellows averaging six feet high—a brightly-coloured throng, all chattering and disputing who should be first to find a trout for the *Inglese*. After persevering for a mile or so, I gave up all idea of fishing, and turned to botanising, in which my beautiful attendant could pretend no concern. But, before leaving me, he stepped off the pedestal whereon my fancy had set him. Standing before me, he put out his hand, palm uppermost, opening and shutting his fingers and thumb; while those splendid almond eyes, in which I had read such heroic thoughts, cried Pelf, pelf, pelf! as plain as spoken word. Groping in the pockets of my inglorious flannels, I could find nothing smaller than a five-franc piece—a heavy price to pay for the destruction of all chance of sport; but what could be done? The eyes of a score of armed men were upon me; they had spent an hour or two frightening my trout. I tossed the coin to my magnificent attendant, and we parted company.

Despite this failure, we lacked not fresh fish for breakfast on the morrow. A shot of the seine by starlight at the river mouth produced half a hundred small bass, grey and red mullet, material for an excellent *friture*. By the time we discussed it we were far on our way to the enchanted

Bocche de Cattaro, whence the ascent is made to the Land of the Black Mountain.

The ascent is worth making for its own sake; for, although the *horizontal* distance between the Porta Gordicchio of Austrian Cattaro and the Montenegrin frontier is only a few hundred yards, vertically it exceeds 3000 feet. To accomplish the transit you must traverse thirteen kilometres, about eight miles of beautiful road looped across the sheer flank of Lovcen in seventy-three zigzags, without a stiff gradient in its whole extent. To realise the intrepidity and skill of the engineer who designed and wrought this masterpiece, well named La Scala, one has to imagine the appearance presented by this mighty cliff before a pick was struck in it. To prepare an easy way for wheeled traffic over a precipice of 3000 feet was surely a task only to be undertaken in order to gain access to a rich domain. Yet what is the prospect before the traveller on arriving at the windy summit? Turning his back upon the enchanting panorama of the triple labyrinth of the Bocche winding among their well-clad mountains, he beholds towards the east a turmoil of naked rocks, bleached almost white in some places, in others weathered to dark grey and russet. Far as the eye can reach there seems hardly growth to nourish a goat, save where, high above the road, the oak wood bristles brown among the steep snows of Lovcen. A drearier land-

scape there could scarcely be ; yet upon passing the painted pillar that marks the frontier, you feel, or ought to feel, ready to put the shoes from off your feet, as if the very ground were holy. You are entering territory sanctified by patriotic heroism almost without parallel in the history of the nations. If it be the birthright of every Scot to claim share in the glory of three centuries of unequal, but successful, struggle for independence, who shall set bounds to the legitimate pride of the Montenegrin in his retrospect over nearly twice that period, during which this race of mountaineers have stemmed the tide of Ottoman conquest, which not only absorbed all other Balkan states, but threatened to overwhelm the entire civilisation of the West ? We Scots had a land frontier of barely threescore miles to defend ; but the patriots of Tzerna Gora were girt north, south, east, and west by insatiable foes. Times without number the Scots were succoured in extremity by their French allies ; but the Montenegrins had no access to the sea until their independence received tardy recognition in the Treaty of Berlin in 1878, when the port of Antivari was granted to them, followed in 1880 by the cession of Dulcigno.

These undaunted Highlanders beheld all their neighbours, one after another, lower the Cross before the Crescent. Servia became a Turkish province in 1459 ; Bosnia followed in 1463 ; Albania was annexed in 1467, and Herzegovina in

1476. Montenegro, or the Zenta as it was then called, was bereft of its capital on the Lake of Sokdra or Scutari in the fifteenth century ; but Ivan Czernovich, gathering his people round him in the heart of the mountains, founded Cetinje, which remains the seat of government to this day.

In 1516 it seemed as if the end had come, when the Vovoide or Prince, last of the Czernoviches, despairing of the patriot cause, fled to Venice, and left his realm to be overrun by the Turks. For nearly one hundred years thereafter the Pasha of Skodra exacted tribute from the Tzerna Gora, not only in money, whereof there was little, but in young men, of whom there was no stint in quantity or quality, and who were forced to serve in the Sultan's army. In 1604 the tide was on the turn : league by league the Mussulman was ceding territory ; tribute was withheld by the Montenegrins, and a vast army sent to exact it was cut to pieces in the mountains. The sternest part of the struggle now set in. A second invasion in 1623 shared the fate of the first, but not before Cetinje was laid in ashes.

At this time the supreme power became vested in the Vladika or Metropolitan of the Greek Church in Montenegro, who, in addition to discharging the functions of spiritual head, undertook those of secular autocrat and military commander-in-chief. A notable step was taken in 1703. During the Turkish occupation

many families in Montenegro had accepted the Mohammedan faith. The Vladika decreed that the land should be purged of it. The choice between baptism, exile, and death was offered to every Mussulman, and the alternatives were accepted, it seems, in about equal proportions. A punitive invasion by the Turks failed in 1706; three years later the Montenegrins, encouraged by Peter the Great, made a counter-inroad upon Turkish territory. Sixty thousand Turks again swarmed across the frontier, but the mountaineers, numbering only eight thousand fighting men, sent them home with the loss of eighty-six standards. And so history kept on repeating itself all throughout the eighteenth century. Time after time the Turks returned in force that should have been overwhelming (their army numbered 120,000 in 1714); they occupied the capital and destroyed the villages, but invariably they paid dearly for a triumph which produced so little spoil, and, in retiring, they generally left half their number behind.

Peter II., of the family of Petrovich, who succeeded to the sovereignty in 1830, was the last Vladika or Archbishop—the last, that is, to rule the country in virtue of his ecclesiastical office. An enlightened reformer, he perceived that internal harmony was the only chance for his country, and exerted himself with singular success to put an end to the

blood-feuds, and the almost inveterate system of private *vendetta*, which had been its curse for centuries.

No easy matter this, but the Vladika Peter was no ordinary man. Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson, who visited him in 1847, described him as the very ideal of a warlike chief, six feet eight inches in height, an adept in war, and the spiritual father of his people. "Though it may appear," says he, "a singular accomplishment for a bishop to hit with a rifle a lemon thrown into the air by one of his attendants, this feat of the Vladika adds to the confidence he enjoys among his troops."¹ One reform Peter desired, but had not the confidence to attempt—that of prohibiting the immemorial practice of exposing on the tower of Cetinje the heads of Turks taken by his borderers in their perennial warfare. He told Wilkinson that he would fain have done so, but that it would be understood by the Turks as a symptom of drooping patriotism. It was left for Peter's nephew, Danilo II., to effect this. Succeeding in 1851, this Prince proved to be a reformer even more ardent than his uncle. Refusing to take holy orders, he became the first secular ruler of Montenegro since the failure of the line of Czernovich in 1516; thenceforward temporal and ecclesiastical rule remained distinct systems. But the author of this salutary revolution paid the penalty of his life for violating the moral law which

¹ Wilkinson's 'Montenegro,' &c., vol. i. p. 472.

his subjects held most sacred. The one wrong which the Montenegrin will never forgive is tampering with the purity of wife or daughter. Prince Danilo, it is said, seduced the wife of Kadich Radovich. In August 1860 he was staying with his Princess at Perzagno, and, when embarking in a boat to return thither from his usual evening stroll on the esplanade at Cattaro, Kadich came up from behind and shot him in the back. The Princess received him as he fell, and he died in her arms. Such was the story told to Lady Strangford in 1864; but it is only fair to Danilo's memory to add that another complexion is put upon the crime, and the cause thereof, by the statement that Kadich acted from political motives, being member of a family which disputed the right of the Petroviches to the throne. Certainly the Radoviches fled from Montenegro after the murder, and took up their abode at Zara, in Dalmatia, whither certain of their countrymen had migrated rather than abandon a hereditary blood-feud.

Before his death Prince Danilo had repelled three separate invasions by the Turk; and his nephew, the present Prince Nicola, has proved a worthy inheritor of the diadem. Twice he has led his people to victory, driving the Turkish troops across the frontier in 1862 and 1877; but of more substantial value are his achievements in diplo-

macy, whereby he won recognition of his country's independence, establishment of the sovereign rank of its ruler, and concession of access to the sea, together with the relatively fertile district around Podgoritza and the Lake of Skodra—all of which had been refused by the Powers through long centuries of conflict.

Without some such acquaintance with the history of this remarkable little nation as may be had from the bare outline here presented, the whole significance of the land and its people would be missed by the tourist as completely as the spirit of the Scottish Border would be mute to one who had never heard of Otterburne and Flodden Field. Everybody has heard of Montenegro, indeed; but many people picture it a realm as misty and unreal as Mr Anthony Hope's "Zenda"; nay, I have met educated persons who positively believed that it was a South American republic! It is not a land of ease, though the exceeding amiability and scrupulous honesty of its people make a sojourn there a delightful experience. It is poor and bare for the most part; in the soft valley of Rjeka the frequency of malaria makes summer loitering unwise. Well might Mr T. J. Jackson exclaim in his admirable work on the Eastern Adriatic: "A more bleak, inhospitable fatherland has never inspired its sons to shed their blood in its defence."¹

¹ 'Dalmatia, the Quarnero and Istria,' by T. J. Jackson (Oxford Clarendon Press, 1887), vol. iii. p. 87. Nobody should visit these countries without careful perusal of this excellent book.

And what sons they are! It would not surprise me to learn that the average height of adult males was six feet. A nation of soldiers—a realisation of Lord Roberts's dream for England; every man of them making the most of frame and features by his noble bearing; yet without a trace of swagger, kindly to strangers, courteous among themselves. Here and there may be seen grizzled veterans, short of a leg or an arm lost in the wars of 1862 or 1877, objects of great veneration to the rising generation. One marvels how such a hungry upland can nourish such a race of giants. Their agriculture, except in the infrequent plains, is confined to little patches of red soil—decomposed limestone—lodged in pots and on ledges among the all-prevailing grey and white rock. It looks like toy farming, but it is terribly in earnest, and there is no limit to the industry they bestow upon terraced plots, varying in size from the dimensions of a billiard-table to those of a croquet-lawn. Yet the maize, rye, and potatoes reared under these Alpine conditions must be of rare quality, for there is no trace of short commons in the handsome men, the comely maidens, and the lovely children who abound out of all proportion to the visible means of subsistence.

Ah, but the cattle are not to be envied. In strange contrast to their lordly owners are the plough-oxen, about the size of Kerry cattle, hardly to be recognised as of the same

species as the lusty, dun animals of Lombardy. The ponies, too, are miserable roach-backed creatures; the donkeys are the smallest I ever saw; only the mules, of which there are not many, seem to make a decent living.

The soldier-like bearing of the peasantry is greatly accentuated by their scrupulously shaven cheeks and chin, according to the custom which, as classical writers have testified, prevailed among the Celtic tribes at the time of the Roman conquest of Britain. Then the national dress, universally worn by men of all ranks, save the bearded clergy, is practically a military uniform. Under a white, full-skirted woollen coat, adorned with silver buttons and gold embroidery according to the means of the wearer, is worn a double-breasted scarlet waistcoat, broadly embroidered with gold. Blue-cloth pantaloons, wide and pleated in Oriental fashion, and supported by a silken loin-scarf, come below the knee, meeting white stockings or else white woollen gaiters, fastened at the back of the leg with myriads of silver buttons. Then come a pair of soft-soled white shoes, of which the advantage will become apparent to the tourist who attempts to traverse in hobnails this region of friable limestone. He may get along well enough on the highways, which carry a very fair surface, but for mountain paths, mule-tracks, or river-banks, English boots are intolerable, unless made with thick felt soles.

Æsthetically, the foot-covering is the point in his attire wherein the Montenegrin is apt to be disappointing. On Sundays and feast-days, when he wants to appear particularly smart, he has contracted the deplorable vice of drawing on a pair of what we used to call "Jemima" boots—black boots, that is, with elastic sides. *Desinit in piscem*—the lamentable effect of these loans from Western civilisation upon a costume otherwise so archaic and exquisitely romantic may easily be imagined. The head-gear, happily, remains incorrupt. In winter it is a fur cap, with a loose drooping crown of white cloth, exchanged in summer for the *biretta* or round forage cap, black-bordered, with the Prince's initials worked in gold upon the crimson top. Even the parish priests, who go clad in flowing black gowns, habitually wear this *biretta*, the recognised badge of nationality and loyalty to Prince Nicola: but then the parish priest is often the crack shot of his village and captain of the local company of sharpshooters.

In cold weather, or when travelling, a notable feature is added to the costume, namely, a dark-brown plaid, streaked with flashes of brilliant colour and edged with a long swinging fringe. Even when the snow is gone and the countrymen leave their thick white tunics at home, appearing only in red waistcoats and blue pantaloons, they carry this plaid flung over the left

shoulder, like a Highlander's or a Border shepherd's maud.

Such is the dress of the Montenegrins, identical for all except priests in design and colour, though varied in fineness of material according to the circumstances of the wearer. In another important respect all are alike. Every man wears round his waist a scarlet leather belt in the front of which is a pouch for pistols and yataghan. The old-fashioned, long-barrelled, silver-mounted pistols are seldom seen now; heavy revolvers—made in Vienna, I believe—are the favourite arm, and the Montenegrin is never without them. The Prince, taking a drive with ladies through his dominion, the coachman and *jäger* on the box of the royal carriage, the Court dandy hanging about the palace, the merchant in his office, the tradesman behind his stone counter, the mason and carpenter going to their work, the peasant guiding his team of diminutive oxen, the goatherd tending his flock on the hungry hillside,—all move with the bag of "barkers" girt round their stomachs. The rifle is not carried so incessantly as it used to be before the six-shooter came into vogue; but still you may see peasants of the poorer class, not yet able to afford a revolver, with two of the old-fashioned pistols stuck in the pouch beside the great knife, and a rifle slung on the shoulder, coming into market to offer their modest wares—a donkey-load of firewood or a leash of starveling lambs.

Dangerous playthings, one should think, yet in no part of Europe is there less risk of violence or robbery than in Montenegro. To bear arms is a habit ingrained by centuries in a nation which owes its very existence to unceasing vigilance and readiness with arms. The claws of the Turk have been clipped fairly short during the last five-and-twenty years; but his frontier still girdles the Tzerna Gora very closely. Sultry Skodra still bristles with arms; the only fertile part of the Prince's realm is the plain round Podgoritza, acquired under the treaty of 1878, and that lies as open as ever to sudden raids from the Albanian mountains. Podgoritza itself is a divided town, the clear-flowing Ribnica separating the old Moslem quarter, with its snowy minarets and mouldering walls, from the scattered rows of uninteresting houses which form the new and Christian centre of business. Here Montenegrins in red and blue, and Boocese in green frocks, meet freely and mix amicably enough with Albanians in white woollen jacket and trousers, heavily slashed, and embroidered with black, and white-gowned Turks with green, pink, or yellow turbans. The medley of costumes make a picture of which one never tires, amid surroundings as architecturally unromantic as any South African mining village.

Shepherds and goatherds in this district are distinguished from Prince Nicola's subjects in the rest of the province by

enormously thick sheepskin coats. The heat was semi-tropical during our stay in Podgoritza, and becomes much fiercer during the summer months; yet these fellows never seem to lay aside this ponderous covering, much the same as a fur motor-coat, loitering about the rocky wilderness, and tramping along the burning highways from sunrise to sunset, in charge of their patient flocks.

In this land of fine men, one naturally feels some interest in the mothers who bear them. Most travellers who have written on the subject express disappointment in the stature and features of the women of Montenegro; but I was as much impressed by the beauty of many of the maidens, as by the worn and haggard appearance of most of the elder ones. The plain fact is that the lot of women in this Christian country is far harder than that of Mussulman wives who are kept in seclusion. The Greek Church, despite its veneration for the Virgin Mary, has done little or nothing to modify the Oriental doctrine of the abject inferiority of woman to man. Consequently all the burdensome tasks are thrown upon women, except agriculture and wood-cutting, which they share with the men. But even that share is not an equal one. If a man goes to the copse to cut firewood, it is his wife who binds the load and carries it home, over the steep paths, on her shoulders. A family attending market always marches in

the same order. The father and stalwart sons stroll along in front, smoking the eternal cigarettes, with no burden except their carefully-cleaned arms; behind follow wife and daughters, bowed with bundles, and perhaps leading an overloaded little donkey. It is not from unkindness: I never heard a Montenegrin utter a harsh word or bestow a sour look upon his womenkind. It is simply the constituted order of things that man is the lord; and he would no sooner think of relieving his wife of a load in the journey, than an English squire would propose to groom his own horse after a day's hunting. Neither the Montenegrin wife nor the English groom would appreciate interference with their recognised duties. You may see evidence in the street of any village of the status accorded to women. When two male acquaintances meet, they salute each other most elaborately, bowing low and shaking hands; but if a man meets a woman friend, he extends his hand for her to kiss. Naturally, I think, the female part of the population inherit as remarkable a share of good looks as the men; but they marry very young, and hard work soon renders their figures angular and their features drawn.

Before marriage there seems to be plenty of pretty love-making, all the prettier to onlookers because of the graceful costumes of the young people. There dwells in memory a charming group in a lonely little *osteria* between

Nigosh and Cetinje, where we stopped for a cup of excellent coffee. The low-roofed stone house consisted of but a single apartment containing hardly any furniture except a kind of counter at one end. The smoke from a wood fire in the centre of the floor, before escaping through slits in the tiled roof, had coloured all the interior with black and rich brown. A couple of girls were in charge of the establishment, one of whom was a charming dark-eyed beauty with a bright and delicate complexion. Three or four fine-looking young fellows, bristling with pistols and knives, continued in lively conversation with them while our repast was in preparation. The beauty, at all events, was having a very good time; a couple of seasons in Paris could not have enhanced the witchery of her manner, or taught her to distribute her smiles and pouts more impartially among her white-coated suitors. I could not withhold a sigh as I thought how brief was her hour of triumph, and how soon her bloom was doomed to vanish after she entered the holy state of matrimony.

The distance from Dalmatia, that land of ornate churches and towering *campanili*, to any part of Montenegro is so short that one is puzzled, at first, by the total absence of architectural remains within the Prince's dominions. The reason for this is twofold. In the first place, the Latin Church, which holds sway in Dalmatia, has

always exceeded the Greek Church in the scale and splendour of its places of worship, providing vast naves and spacious side-aisles for processional purposes. Greek churches seem curiously disproportioned to the number of worshippers, presenting no long-drawn perspective or soaring vaults. In detail, they are often interesting, but the general effect is disappointing to the amateur. In the second place, such churches and convents as may have adorned the scattered villages of Montenegro have suffered the same fate as overtook the abbeys of our own Borderland—Dryburgh, Kelso, Jedburgh, and the rest. The tide of war has rolled too often over these rugged hillsides to permit the survival of any inflammable structure or any portable treasure. The very capital, Cetinje itself, can boast no monument of antiquity, except the stump of the round tower whereon it was the custom to expose the heads of Turks taken in that ceaseless war in which neither side ever showed quarter to the other. Sir J. Gardner Wilkinson gives a woodcut of this tower as he saw it in 1847, with twenty heads stuck on poles above the battlements, the ground all around being strewn with fragments of others which had fallen to pieces.¹

Thus all the dwellings in Montenegro are devoid of architectural or antiquarian interest. Cetinje is but a

rambling, desultory collection of humble buildings; the Prince's palace no more than a detached villa, abutting on the street, with a tiny park behind it, naively planted with young spruce and Aleppo pines. Even the country villages lack the romantic beauty of site which gives such a charm to Italian scenery. The Montenegrin ever scorned the security of fortified hill-tops and steep approach. He builds his modest home on the most convenient spot, without regard to the positions occupied by his neighbours. Provision of fortified places never was, nor is it now, part of the scheme of national defence. Were the Turk once more to cross the frontier, he would find the little Highland nation as faithful as ever to its habit of armed vigilance and its traditional strategy. The old long-barrelled, crutch-stocked firelocks and silver-mounted pistols may have found their way into curiosity shops; but, instead of these, the Prince has equipped his people with modern magazine rifles and heavy revolvers. He has but to issue summons by bale-fire and bugle, flashing and shrilling from summit to summit, and twenty thousand splendid infantry would be at the fixed muster-places within a couple of hours. Every house would be emptied: women and children would be hurried off into the fastnesses of the hills, and the white-coated army would be disposed by the Prince in

¹ Wilkinson's '*Dalmatia and Montenegro*,' vol. i. p. 512.

the manner which has saved his country over and over again. A column would be thrown forward to meet the invader, but not to repel him. The secret of past successes has been to fall back before the Turks, luring them on through a region where bare, grey precipices repeat each other in endless monotony. There is scarcely a feature to distinguish one from the other—not even that whereon five thousand riflemen lie couched like ptarmigan in the snow, so closely do the weather-stained white coats match the dry limestone which forms the whole land-surface. Let the enemy be drawn through this pass, and the ambush springs to life in his rear, pouring a merciless fire into the dark column—an easy target, helpless against invisible marksmen.

Even in peaceable times like these one cannot but be impressed by the absolute devotion of this people to their warrior Prince. Heaven help them! should the rule ever pass into feeble, careless, or evil hands. Hitherto—ever since the accession of the dynasty of Petrovich eighty years ago—they have thriven under a series of able, enlightened autocrats, and enjoyed all the ideal benefits of a benevolent despotism, which has taken the unusual line of making easy for its subjects the path to knowledge. Education is free, apparently universal for boys, but not compulsory; and among the prettiest sights in the coun-

try are the groups of merry school children, well clad, well fed, and particularly well mannered.

Now, a final word as to the fishing. That there are trout of enormous dimensions, and that these may be caught by rod and line, we had ocular demonstration. We had the undoubted record of the capture of one weighing 37 lb. by a gallant British admiral, and while we were at Podgoritzza one was taken scaling 20 kilos (40 lb.) We ate fish up to 12 lb. in weight, pink in flesh and excellently flavoured, but we caught none. Our visit was timed at least a month too early, for in mid-April the snow is still melting apace, and the chief river, the Moratza, is hopelessly milky with glacier mud.

This Moratza, which flows past Podgoritzza, is a swift and noble stream about the size of the Tay at Aberfeldy, but very different in the character of its banks. For several miles round Podgoritzza extends a level plain, the bed of an ancient lake, of which the gravel-beds have become indurated into *breccia* rock. Through this rock the river has cut its way, forming a cañon with sides from a hundred to two hundred feet high. It is the principal feeder of the great Lake of Skodra or Scutari, through which is drawn the frontier line between Montenegro and Albania. This lake swarms with a kind of bleak locally called *scorranze*, differing from our northern bleak in that it is most ex-

cellent food and maintains an important fishing industry. Upon these bleak feed trout of the same species as those in British and Irish rivers, and thrive so amazingly upon this diet as to attain proportions unheard of in our waters. In habits also they differ somewhat from their British cousins, having acquired those of salmon. Treating the Lake of Skodra as their sea and feeding-ground, when they are full fed they run up the Moratza, just as spring salmon ascend the Helmsdale or the Blackwater. They are beautiful to look upon, with silvery coats, excellent to eat, and must be noble creatures to catch; but it is heartrending to record the method by which those we saw were taken. The water, we were told, was still too cold to tempt many trout out of the lake. Nevertheless, some of the natives were at work—their angling equipment consisting of an enormously long bamboo, a length of very stout cord, a bunch of lobworms, *and no reel*. When they hook a fish they simply walk away with him, giving no law and allowing no play.

About four miles above Podgoritza the Zeta flows in upon the right bank of the Moratza, passing under a beautiful Turkish bridge of a single soaring span, guarded by a fort, which has been dismantled since the annexation of this province to Montenegro. This river was running clear, the water being of a lovely jade-like green;

but even here we plied our craft without reward. Few trout had reached it so early, although a miller near the bridge had killed a seven-pounder on the previous evening. But indeed the heat and glare were so intense as not only to make fishing a penance, but to render it in the highest degree improbable that any fish would move to fly or minnow.

A third stream there is, the Ribnica, dividing the Moslem from the Christian quarter of Podgoritza, the very ideal of a trout-stream, about the size of the Test at Romsey. But to casting angle in this lovely water two circumstances proved highly unfavourable: first, that operations near the town attracted a parti-coloured and constantly increasing crowd of spectators, whose presence ensured the terror and flight of any trout within range; and second, that very few trout *were* within range, by reason of the diligence with which, as we discovered, nets were plied after dusk in every feasible reach of the river.

As in Albania, therefore, so in Montenegro I have nothing, as an angler, to record but discomfiture; nevertheless, as a reconnaissance our expedition may not be entirely barren of information for others. There can be no doubt that there are the materials for sport of extraordinarily fine quality in the neighbourhood of Podgoritza, but it can only be ensured by preparation which we had not the foresight to make. As I have said, we

were a month too early; a month later the heat in the daytime is prohibitive of exertion on the part of men and fishes alike. The hotel in Podgoritzza is quite habitable, but the proper course to pursue is to take a camp equipment, to pitch the tents some distance from the town, and to fish early and late according to Norwegian practice, taking rest during the sun-stricken hours. There are some fine pools and streams below the town, but this district is too low and too near the Lake of Skodra to be healthy. Far better and safer camping-ground may be found higher up the river, between the Zeta and the Moratza; and he must be hard to please who is not satisfied with the scenery, with the noble range of the Albanian mountains to the east, and the myriad crests of Montenegro to the north and west.

The title of this paper demands some reference to the other object of our pursuit, namely, the flora of Montenegro; and here, also, we fulfilled our mission very imperfectly. Want of tents prevented our visiting the forest region to the north and north-east of the province.

Elsewhere, the all-devouring goats gobble up everything except the purple sage and intensely prickly *Paliurus*, which do their best to deck the stony wastes. In nooks and on ledges, where goats and other browsing creatures cannot come, there are fragments of an interesting and varied flora. Dogtooth violets, cyclamens, and blue Appenine anemones deck the copses; *Chionodoxa*, and two or three kinds of grape-hyacinths, some crocuses which were past bloom, campanulas of several sorts, were among the plants which I persuaded the post officials (with much hesitation) to transmit as parcels. Of loftier growths, the most conspicuous were the prickly Dalmatian genista, the yellow *Coronilla*, so common in English greenhouses, and the asphodels, yellow and white. But the chief ornament of the woods in April is the flowering ash (*Fraxinus ornus*), too seldom grown in Britain, where it is perfectly hardy. The beautiful creamy plumes of this tree are detested by flies; wherefore thoughtful drivers gather them and stick them in the head-gear of their horses.

"WHITE V'LETS."

BY E. GARTH FELIX.

DORCAS clambered to the top of the patch of rising ground on her left, and peered into the valley below. Above the sound of the boisterous April wind her quick ears had heard the tramp, tramp of footsteps, and she had no desire to meet anyone unexpectedly. The path wound round and round and in and out amongst the huge grey rocks and stunted bushes of Echo Valley, and it was some seconds before her eyes descried the figure of the man ascending the hillside. Then she ran on to lower ground and looked anxiously around for a sheltered spot. "Albert mustn't see——" She did not finish her sentence in words, but, as if the action was sufficient ending to her thought, stepped off the pathway into the shelter of an overhanging bank and dropped the white violets she carried into the pocket of her coat. Her swinging stride had carried her out of sight of the place before she spoke. "They do zmall frësh!" said Dorcas. She planted her feet upon the loamy soil with ponderous precision, swinging her left arm awkwardly because it lacked its usual resting-place. The day was stormy, great white clouds chased each other across the grey sky, and the wind whistled eerily through the narrow passes of the hillside.

"It be a cold April!" said

Dorcas, her eyes upon the bowed figure of the man struggling upward in the face of the gale,—*"a cold April!"* she called lustily.

"Aw?" said Albert. His eyes met hers dreamily, unseeing almost, and he did not slacken his pace as he approached her.

"'Tis a cold April!"

"Zo it be."

"It *be* zo."

"Be'st thee goin' whoam, Albert?"

"Yes."

"Jennie 'ull bring thee t' dinner, it be all reädy; I be goin' over t' Corner Point."

"Aw!" Albert nodded curtly, and passed on without question.

Dorcas breathed a sigh of relief and stole one finger into her pocket, touching the cool softness of the hidden flowers gently. They were treasure-trove. Early that morning, so early that the birds had not uttered their first sleepy call, Dorcas had stolen from the house and out into the dark country. A mile or two away from the farm the yellow light from the old lantern she carried shone on a whole colony of white violets, their petals still tightly furled in sleep, their perfume confined, secret. Dorcas gathered them in haste, pulling up roots and earth and brown scraps of stick and moss in her anxiety to be gone; then she flew back to the house in

the first hint of dawn, and roused the echoes and a sleepy servant-maid together.

"Jennie! Jen—nie! tumble out now; 'tis vive o'clock!"

The Dorcas who had picked violets in secret and the woman who held the reins of government at Junction Farm seemed to be two separate creatures. Jennie Hearn, at least, would not have recognised the two as compatible. With a certain dog-like fidelity which was the outcome of long companionship in housework, she allowed no one else to speak disparagingly of Dorcas Medway, but she often remarked to the farm hands upon the state of her mistress's temper.

"Zometimes her be zo quiet as a n'ordinary 'ooman, and zometimes her be like a ragin' lion; but there, her cān't help ut, I do aggravate her, zame's her do aggravate me, s'pose!"

This morning Jennie had aggravated Dorcas especially. Nothing in the house went exactly right: the grate in the sitting-room was not polished to that degree of shininess consistent with Dorcas's knowledge of what was right, and one of the pans in the dairy smelt suspiciously "tinny." Dorcas tramped about the house frowning, her huge person enveloped in a blue check apron and her hair screwed away under a sun-bonnet of lilac calico. Since she was busy, Dorcas did not trouble to divest herself of these garments when Albert came in for breakfast; but he did not notice it. Dorcas was part of the furniture—necessary, but

not ornamental—in his bachelor household. She had kept house for him for the past ten years; for all he realised to the contrary, she would keep house for him for the next twenty. Change, alteration, difference, were abhorrent to him; such things were not to be mentioned. Since he was a baby he had heard the remark, "Chānge do come zoon enough," and now that he was a man, he often repeated the words meditatively to himself as an aphorism of undoubted merit. It was perfectly natural that his second cousin Dorcas, left an orphan at an early age, should continue to make her home with him after the death of his parents. No stranger would know how the house always had been managed. In family conclave the Medway relatives had decided with Albert that "Da'kis" was the only housekeeper possible for Junction Farm. From their point of view she had every qualification — thrift, energy, and a total absence of prettiness. "Her be taller 'an Albert by half a head!" Aunt Bateson had remarked parenthetically. Who had ever heard of a Medway marrying a woman bigger than himself?

The difference in height was clearly apparent as they sat at breakfast. Albert's thin chest and sloping shoulders showed in unfriendly contrast to the massive proportions of his cousin Dorcas. The meal proceeded in silence. Dorcas filled Albert's cup, and ate bacon and fried potato mechanically. When the man pushed back his

chair, the noise of its grating upon the stone floor made her start. "S'pose I were dreamin'," she muttered apologetically.

But Albert had not heard; he was struggling into the smock he always wore about "t' plaice." As he buttoned the wristbands he spoke to his cousin for the first time.

"Tis t' weddin'-day!" said he.

"Yes," said Dorcas.

She clattered cups and saucers together briskly and took up the tray. Albert's question was shouted after her. In the dingy passage-way she paused to answer.

"What time is t' ceremony?" said Albert.

"Two o'clock!" Dorcas shouted back.

When she returned to the sitting-room with the crumb-brush and tray, Albert was still standing in the centre of the hearth-rug buttoning and unbuttoning his sleeve.

"Bean't that late fur a weddin'?" he asked.

"I doan't know nothin' about ut!" Dorcas said shortly. Then she coughed and added, "But I expect Mattie knows: her folk do live in town, doan't 'ee zee. Fronford be mighty smart to times!"

"None zo smart 's that!" said Albert finally. He was irritated at having to leave the farm in the afternoon. There were two hands short for the milking, and he felt sure that duty would not be done to time without his oversight.

"I'll put thy clothes out," Dorcas remarked; "and thee won't forget t' wear thy best tie?" Yet in spite of this

reminder Dorcas felt it wise to caution Jennie against letting the master go out in a yellow tie, the blue one being his best.

"Bean't 'ee goin', then?" Jennie asked, and snorted unsympathetically when she heard that her mistress was due at Corner Point earlier than the other guests, on purpose to help.

Memory of all this did not trouble Dorcas, however; she continued her way along the sheep-track, busy with her thoughts. Corner Point was three miles from Junction Farm, but it did not strike her to be offended that Albert had not offered her the trap. She swung the brown-paper parcel in which her own finery was wrapped, and tramped on steadily. It was eleven o'clock, and she searched the sky anxiously for a hint of sunlight, her mind full of the country proverb, "Happy the bride on whom the sun shines."

"I do *want* her to be happy," she said aloud. The wind caught up her words and whirled them away until the whole narrow gorge seemed to be filled with echoing whisperings of "happy," "happy." Dorcas looked round fearfully. What if any one heard? Happiness, love, tenderness—these words were not spoken by self-respecting Somersetshire maidens. Dorcas felt that she had committed a crime, a sin against maidenly delicacy. In expiation of it she repeated her wish again in different words. "I do hope Mattie 'll be *comfortable*," said she. Could any Mrs Grundy find fault with

that? "Comfort," "comfort," sang the fairy of Echo Valley, and Dorcas hugged the knowledge that her meaning had been the same within her inmost heart.

Ever since Mattie Thatcher had taken the place of mistress at the neighbouring farm of Corner Point, a new interest had entered Dorcas's life. She had never possessed a friend before, and the similarity of her position with Mattie's own was reason sufficient to her unsophisticated mind why they should be more than mere acquaintances. Mattie kept house for her uncle, Farmer Thomas Thatcher, and although she sometimes went home to her people at Fronford, still it was too far off to count very much, — in which case, as the nearest neighbour of the same social standing and a remote connection by marriage, she herself must be of some importance. She did not see that pity had prompted the first overtures on Mattie's side, but she appreciated them to the full, and developed so rapidly under the sunny influence of affection that warm-hearted, practical, ordinary Mattie Thatcher was sometimes a little bewildered. Yet not even to herself did Dorcas allow with what breathless interest she had watched the progress of Mattie's courtship.

Was Mr Johnson from Fronford or young Farmer Capel from Jordan-in-the-Valley most worthy of her friend? For a time Mr Johnson's smart appearance and ready address carried the day: he was an

auctioneer, and the occupation bore the charm of gentility. Then the balance turned slowly in favour of Joseph Capel. Dorcas's observation had revealed the fact that he was "solider," — a word needing interpretation even to Mattie, but by which Dorcas meant the fixed principles and steadfast aims which added to the kindly gleam in Joseph's blue eyes. Moreover, in marrying Joseph, Mattie would kill two birds with one stone: she could keep house for her husband *and* for Uncle Thomas. Joseph's farm could be worked as well from Corner Point as from the tumble-down house in Jordan village, and Dorcas's practical mind could not bear the thought of Mattie living in a house so "ill - inconvenienced." Finally it had been arranged this way, and in three hours' time Mattie Thatcher would be Mrs Joseph Capel. Dorcas hastened her steps at the thought.

As she neared the farm an antiquated vehicle, lined with pale-coloured silk and drawn by two white horses, turned in at the back gate, and shouts from the labouring men hanging about attired in their best clothes, mingled with the agitated clucking of the disturbed fowls. Dorcas took to her heels and ran the few yards remaining, arriving panting and breathless in Mattie's bedroom.

"Dearie!" she said. At sight of the pale little bride her hoydenish ways dropped from her. She kissed Mattie tenderly. "You be tired out," said she. Then she turned almost grace-

fully to the assembled women, greeting Mattie's mother with just the right suggestion of sympathy in her manner, and the sisters and cousins with a roguish smile as of one who questions "which will be the next?"

The conversation interrupted by her entrance broke out with renewed energy, gay sallies from one or another provoking much laughter.

"Sure, Mattie," said Christine coquettishly, standing before the glass and holding the long tulle veil over her head, "I could almost get married wi' Joseph myself to have the pleasure of wearing a pretty thing like this." She dropped her hands and allowed the filmy material to float slowly downward until it almost settled on her curly head, catching it with a little shriek of concern before it fell. "'Twould have been awfully unlucky if it had fallen round me," she said, throwing the veil back on to the bed; "I don't suppose I should ever have worn a veil myself."

"You c'ud be married in a bunnet!" suggested Dorcas soberly.

The girls tittered, how like Da'kis! Huge, mannish-looking women like that never had any idea of what was *proper*. "I s'pose you'd be married in a bonnet yourself, Da'kis?"

"I shan't never *be* married!" said Dorcas shortly, "and I thought——" She turned to Mrs Thatcher deprecatingly: "Old lace is real fash'nable?" she questioned as she bit through the string with which

her parcel was tied. "So I thought I'd bring this along and zee if Mattie 'ud care to wear 'ut. 'Twon't be a waste o' gossamer, do 'ee zee," looking at the tulle upon the counterpane, "because that'll come in fur a many things—p'rhaps," smiling, "Christine 'ull wear 'ut zometime; but if Mattie 'ould wear this—my mother had it fur her weddin', and *her* mother afore her!" From the inside of the cherry-coloured silk blouse, which she had bought to wear at the wedding herself, she took a little yellowish roll, and throwing out her arm, covered the skirt of the wedding gown with a filmy shroud of ivory-tinted lace.

"Will thee wear 'ut, my dear?" she said.

Mattie threw her arms round Dorcas's neck. "You're too good to lend it to me," she cried, her face flushed and radiant.

"Dear me, no!" said Dorcas. She felt mistress of the situation after this, and cleared the room of all save Mattie and her mother with a strategic energy Mrs Thatcher could not sufficiently admire. When she returned twenty minutes later with a tray holding coffee, sandwiches, and cake for two, the old lady's admiration expressed itself in words. "What a manager she *be*, my chield!" said she as the door closed upon Dorcas's retreating form; "her do put me in mind o' thee, Mattie. This be real daintish!" and the proud mother wiped her tear-stained eyes, and, beaming at her daughter, started upon a sandwich with hearty appetite.

It was not until all the rest had driven off to church and Dorcas was left in the kitchen with the servant, Pollie Saggs, to superintend the final arrangements for the "reception tea," that she had a talk with Mattie. With a delicacy which was not understood by her friend, she had resisted the temptation to go to her, thinking that a few moments alone would be grateful, and a sudden rush of gratitude filled her when Mattie ran down the stairs and took her hand.

The soft silk of her wedding-gown, the filmy lace of the old veil, the white shoes and gloves, made Mattie a vision of delight to Dorcas, and suddenly she remembered the white violets.

"Mattie," she said, "you'll wear 'em?" She brought her hand out of her coat pocket filled with little flowers and leaves. "They'm zo sweet and—and modest," she explained.

"They're lovely," said Mattie; "but—but they aren't *bridal* flowers, Da'kis." She hesitated, looking from the face of the woman before her to the spray of artificial orange-blossoms arranged on the bodice of her gown. "I have some flowers already; do you think it would be proper to mix them?"

"No." The answer was sharp and decisive, but Dorcas's face was very tender. "You'm enough of a flower yourself, Mattie; you doan't want no more. Oh! I do *hope*," she said,—*"I do hope as you'll be zo comfortable, zo happy."* Her voice rang out proudly on the last word, and she turned round

as the sound of wheels scraping on the gravel reached her ear. "Run in, Mattie," she said, peeping through the hall door. "Thy father 'll be ready fur thee d'rectly t' carriage have coome to fetch 'ee; and Albert be outzide zo well, he'll be late to thy weddin', sure enough."

She ran down the steps and out to the trap in which Albert sat waiting stolidly. "Mun' I drive Bess down t' hill; can't I go i' *that*?" he asked, nodding his head backwards at the wedding chariot.

"Oh, Albert, 'tis t' weddin' carriage!"

"Well?"

"The bride be goin' in 'ut, Albert." Dorcas was trying to keep the remonstrance from her voice.

"I c'ud sit on t' box wi' t' driver; her 'oodn't know." Albert's tone was apologetic, for to-day his cousin Mattie was invested with a mysterious dignity which made him feel uncomfortable.

Dorcas did not hear; she was looking at him disapprovingly. "You've a got your wrong tie, after all," she said; "and where's your flower?" She was the woman responsible—to her simple mind some woman always must be responsible—for the appearance of this man, and after all her pains he looked anything but "smart." A lump rose in her throat she swallowed hastily. "I've a buttonhole 'ee can have." She flew into the house and returned with some of the violets, tying them together deftly as she ran.

"Let me put them in fur 'ee:

they'm not *proper* fur a weddin', but they'll have to do."

Albert said nothing as she stood upon the step of the trap and pinned the tiny nosegay in his coat, but as she stepped down he sniffed gravely.

"You'll have to run to be at church in time," she said; "but 'tis downhill, and s'pose you *can* manage. Doan't 'ee overhear thyself, though. *I'll* see to the mare. Now thee'd best be off."

And without repeating his suggestion of riding upon the box of the wedding carriage, Albert ran.

"Albert, will you drive Aunt Thatcher whoam?"

"I've on'y room fur two in t' trap!"

"I can wälk."

The wedding was over, Mattie had started on the journey with her husband, and Christine was duly installed as mistress of Corner Point Farm until her return. There seemed no need for Dorcas to remain. She explained to Mattie's mother that Albert would see her safely back to Fronford, and watched them start off together.

Mrs Richard Thatcher, called "Auntie Thatcher" by her nephew, drew her cloak snugly around her, wrapped her shawl about her mouth, and spoke through the gathered folds, smiling up at her nephew.

"It have been a proper weddin'."

"It *have!*" Albert acquiesced heartily, not because his experience in the matter of weddings was great, but because he

always found that emphatic speech was best when conversing with his aunts—it saved so much questioning.

A suspicious moisture appeared in Mrs Thatcher's eyes: she blinked somewhat obtrusively. Then as Albert took no notice, but stared ahead with masculine callousness, she brought out her handkerchief and sniffed.

"At first I c'udn't abide to think o' Mattie not bein' married from her own whoam; but poor Thomas was that *set* on t' weddin' bein' at Corner Point, and what wi' our house bein' small and Richard zo set against a fuss in it, wi' all t' common folk o' Fronford starin' and passin' remarks, and Richard and Thomas bein' own brothers and all,—zo as Thomas be a'most as much a father to Mattie as Richard do be,—why, I thought 'twere better t' have 'ut quiet and genteel up to here."

"Sure enough, zo 'twere." Albert flicked the whip idly across the back of the mare, and his aunt examined his profile critically.

"Hain't you never thought o' gettin' married?" she asked.

"No, Auntie Thatcher," Albert guffawed loudly; "who c'ud I marry?" he said. "I doan't know no maids."

"Thee might go farther from whoam and fare worse!"

"What do 'ee meän, Auntie?"

"Why, hasn't thee never thought o' Da'kis?" The bomb was thrown; Aunt Thatcher sat back to view the wreckage.

"*Da'kis!*" said Albert.

There was silence for a time. In her excitement Mrs Thatcher wiped her eyes with the embroidered silk handkerchief she had worn all day as an ornament, and discovering her mistake, stuffed it hastily into her reticule as a thing of small account in the present excitement. But she knew better than to allow her absorption to appear.

"Her be rare and common-sensical," she said practically.

"Aw!" said Albert hesitatingly. He knew nothing about it, but he felt instinctively that a man does not choose his wife merely for her common-sense.

Wily Aunt Thatcher knew this too. "Her bean't what everyone 'ould call handsome, but her do be good-lookin', doan't 'ee think zo, now?"

"I'd never thought o't," said Albert, with interest; "when I do get whoam to-night, I'll have a look to her!"

As for Dorcas herself, an unwonted sense of melancholy possessed her as she left the scene of the wedding festivities: perhaps it was because no one came out to bid her goodbye. Alone she opened the wicket gate, and turned to look back at the house. Her eyes fell upon the old garden. Such a change it was from the bare hillside. Old yew-trees guarded the front door, and stood like sentinels on either side of the pathway of white pebbles; daffodils, early wallflowers, and snow-on-the-mountain ran riot in the borders, primroses and daisies grew side by side upon the grass. A great shrub of

Whitsuntide bosses, weighted almost to the ground by heavy white blossom, nodded gaily from the distance. The peaceful beauty of the old place sank into Dorcas's mind. She started at a brisk pace down the road.

The shower which had caused such consternation to the feminine members of the wedding-party by falling just as Mattie left Corner Point Farm, had left twinkling dewdrops on every blade of grass. The hart's-tongue ferns, uncurling shyly amongst the huge clumps of bracken, shone delicately green. The sun gleamed tenderly on the scrubby sloe bushes with their budding leaves and the red earth where it lay bare and uncovered amongst the fern-roots. Dorcas saw it all with a queer, rapturous pain. These sights were familiar; every springtime of her life she had spent amongst the Mendip Hills, but never before had she seen the full beauty of this homeland. She walked as if on air, her eyes upon the pale tints of the sky, breathing in the fresh, earthy fragrance of the breeze with the simple gladness of a child. It was a surprise to her when she reached the village and began the ascent to Junction Farm through Echo Valley. Here it was darker, and the great blocks of moss-covered stone, the overhanging trees, and luxuriant vegetation added to the eeriness of the place. The inherent superstition of the West country was roused in Dorcas's mind. What stories of dark deeds herein mysteri-

ously committed had she not heard? Sensitive as a photographic plate to every impression, her mind recoiled from these things with a rebound almost physical in effect. Dully and quietly, only conscious of being very tired, Dorcas continued her way.

It was half-past seven when she reached home, and the light was almost gone. Dorcas changed her blouse and went down to the kitchen, taking out the ironing-board and commencing operations with vigour.

The reaction had set in after the unusual emotion of the day: everything was stale and uninteresting. She rubbed the flat-iron on the soap viciously, wiping it on the duster with precision, and beginning to iron muslin curtains with none of the pleasure she usually felt in the operation. When Albert came home the clothes-horse in front of the fire was covered with fine things—d'oyleys, curtains, and dainty linen airing.

Dorcas heard the trap stop in the yard, and her cousin's voice shouting directions to his man; then a fresh draught of air heralded the opening of the back door, and Albert stalked into the kitchen. His mien was surly, but he said nothing, only strode up and down with his hands in his pockets, looking in irritated disdain at the pile of clothes upon the table. It is always annoying to a man who has made up his mind to a particular course of action to find that people and circumstances combine to prevent the consummation of such action.

Albert felt this strongly on the present occasion. He had driven back from Fronford, after seeing Aunt Thatcher to her own domicile, with her advice ringing in his ears, and by the time he was half-way to Junction Farm he had made up his mind to do as she suggested. With the occasional impetuosity of a slow nature, he had come into the house prepared to ask Dorcas to marry him. It was disconcerting to find Dorcas prosaically ironing curtains as if there was no such thing anywhere as marrying and giving in marriage.

The memory of her face as she moved in and out amongst the guests at Mattie's wedding moved him strangely. Why couldn't Dorcas always look like that? There had been something in her eyes, a stillness, an intensity, which had made her stand out from all the other women. Albert remembered that he had felt proud in looking at her. If she had remained so, he told himself fretfully, he would have had no difficulty in saying his say; now the longer he left it the more difficult it seemed. In a last despairing effort he cast his eyes round the pleasant old kitchen: they alighted upon the clothes-horse. Here at least was a refuge. Albert moved one arm of the screen carefully and stepped into the enclosure, warming his back at the roaring fire.

"Thee've ironed t' clothes fine and vitty," he remarked.

"No better 'an ordinary!" Dorcas answered shortly.

Albert's first attempt at com-

pliment having failed, he rushed on impetuously.

"Da'kis, they've a been sayin' as I oughter get married!"

The announcement fell with the sudden sharpness of a hail-storm in spring, and Dorcas looked up blankly. Then she passed her iron along the edge of the frill before her and answered evenly, "Have 'em?"

"Yes." Silence once more, while Albert mopped his brow and surreptitiously watched Dorcas through the thin folds of muslin upon the horse, and Dorcas thought drearily that she would be ousted from the place which was home to her.

"They've been sayin', Da'kis, as I'd oughter marry *you*! What do 'ee zay to 'ut?"

Dorcas lifted her head proudly and looked straight over the clothes-horse into Albert's eyes. "I dunno, Albert," she said firmly; "I'll—I'll think on't."

For the first time in her life Dorcas could not sleep. She tossed and turned this way and that through the long hours, all to no purpose. Worn out at last, she lay still, gazing at the sky through the blindless window, and thinking, thinking.

What should she say to Albert—in what way could she give him his answer? There was no question in her mind as to what that answer should be. In looking back, it seemed to her that she had always—*liked*—Albert. It was strange and incomprehensible to her that he should ask her to be his wife. She realised the nature of the

man too well to imagine that he had proposed to her simply upon the suggestion of his aunt: he was too steadfast and deliberate for that. She smiled to herself in the darkness. She almost pitied Mattie, the bride of a day, because she had not married Albert, and turned to thoughts of Mattie's wedding. Her own would be nothing like that, of course: should it be smarter still, or—as quiet as *quiet*? She lay still, vibrant with tender emotions, and presently dropped off to sleep, a smile around her mouth. She bustled about in her usual energetic way in the morning, however, and no one—least of all Albert—guessed at her hours of wakefulness.

They were sitting at breakfast when Jennie put her head in at the door.

"'Tis Shepherd to zee 'ee, Mäister."

"Tell 'un t' come into th' passage," Albert called, and carried on an animated conversation with the man between disposing of overloaded forksful of food.

"Well, marnin', sir," Shepherd said at last.

"Marnin'," said Albert.

He dropped his eyes again to his plate, and after a hesitating glance at him Dorcas pushed back her chair and went out.

"Shepherd!" she called from the doorway. But the old man had gone on to the kitchen. Dorcas followed him swiftly, intent upon catching him up before reaching Jennie's dominions. "How be 'ee, Shepherd?" she called again.

"Fair and middlin', Miss,

thank 'ee." The big man, intent upon his work, avoided her eye and spoke with the indifference and lack of ceremony of an old and valued servant. Then he took a step away from her. Dorcas fidgeted with her apron.

"Shepherd," she said, almost shyly in spite of her practical tone, "have 'ee any lone lambs? I brought up two as had lost their mothers last year, do 'ee remember, and if thee have any t' year I'd mortal like to do 'ut again."

The man wheeled round and stood opposite to her, the absorbed expression fading from his weather-beaten face, his whole attitude altering and softening indescribably.

"There bean't none t' year, Miss Da'kis; I do a'most wish as there had a been. They two lorn 'uns thee brought up afore made fine and good sheeps, 'zure enough; thee've a real way wi' 'ee fur bringin' up young things. 'Tis but nat'ral; thee'll be marryin' and havin' bairns of thy own, zometime. Weddin's be in t' air, Miss Da'kis; marryin's beget marryin's. Y'sterday 'twas Miss Mattie; to-morra' it'll be thyself, likely." The old man dropped his voice and glanced at her with native curiosity. Dorcas's colour rose. "Well, well," he said with a chuckle of delight, "I won't tease 'ee, missy; noa, noa, trust Shepherd fur that. But zee thee here, I found zome flowers in t' wood and brought 'em along, mindin' as thee likes 'em. Thee'll have 'em fur luck, won't 'ee now?" And from the red handkerchief

he carried in his hand he pulled a tight, tortured bunch of white violets, thrust them into Dorcas's unwilling hands, and shuffled rapidly through the open doorway into the back-yard, repeating the phrase "fur luck" to himself unctuously, the while his eyes twinkled with amusement.

"You've had a rare talk wi' Shepherd."

"'Twas 'bout t' lambs," said Dorcas. Her face was flushed. She drank her coffee at a gulp, and poured herself out some more.

"Aw!"

Albert spoke complacently. He had the old feeling of his forebears strongly developed: it was the right and proper thing for the mistress of Junction Farm to take an interest in "the cottagers." The words of the Preacher rang in his slow brain all the morning, "She looketh well to the ways of her household." Dorcas being of the stock of the Medways, that was only natural, and with added pride Albert remembered that Dorcas's butter had a name even in Fronford Market; while Auntie Thatcher said that her hand-sewing was finer and more regular than any done by machine. He rode off to the distant pasturage of Long Acre on the farther side of Junction Mountain, and presently he spied Dorcas hastening down the valley.

"Her *be* a good 'un," he said, noting with his trained sight the bundle under her arm; "now I do s'pose as her *be* takin' zome poor body summ'at

tasty,—her *be* a good 'un, her *be*!"

He transacted his business at Long Acre, and returned along the hilltop, urging Queen Bess to a careful descent into the valley. The mare was used to the pathway, and clung like a cat to the hillside, stepping firmly and daintily. The two made very little noise as they trod the grass-covered pathway leading to the farm, and as they neared the house the sound of Dorcas's voice carried through the open window straight and true to the ear of her lover.

"Thee can put t' white vi'lets in a glass and carry 'em into t' sitting-room, Jennie. Shepherd gived 'em to me this mornin'; I be powerful fond on 'em!"

"White vi'lets!" Albert repeated the words to himself, a half-smile hovering round his mouth. White vi'lets were as common as common—he often saw them. If Da'kis liked them, she should have as many as she wanted; *he* would bring her some himself!

He hugged to himself for a week the idea that there were plenty to be found at any time, before he set out to hunt for them. But somehow he did not find it so easy to gather white violets as he had imagined it would be. "Dog" violets, primroses, frail anemones there were in plenty, but woods and hedgerows seemed bereft of their shy, pale sisters. Albert went home at twilight with a meagre half-dozen.

As he had expected, Dorcas

was ironing in the kitchen. Albert threw himself down unceremoniously in a chair and heaved a mighty sigh. Dorcas looked up, and her eyes fell upon the violets. "Oh!" she exclaimed involuntarily, "vi'lets?"

"I c'udn't find no more," said Albert shamefacedly, shoving them across the table to her; and there was a pause. Dorcas's heart was beating uncomfortably at the knowledge that Albert had brought these flowers for her, and Albert was exultant at the success of his first overtures in the character of sweetheart. He got up and stretched himself, and presently muttering something about feeling cold, he disappeared from view behind the loaded clothes-horse.

Dorcas watched him with rising irritation. Albert was not an ideal lover. Much as she thought of him, she was not blind to his faults, and the rustic boorishness which was apparent in the hole-and-corner manner of wooing he adopted offended her sense of what was fitting. Her eyes glinted with anger as she listened to his ponderous phrases.

"Da'kis, have 'ee thought 'bout what I axed 'ee last week,—'bout marryin' wi' me, I do meän?"

Dorcas continued her ironing. Albert waited in vain for a reply.

"*Have* 'ee considered 'ut, Da'kis?" he added feebly, his uneasiness vibrating through his speech.

Dorcas banded her iron down upon the stand with a

force which made her cousin jump ere she turned her back upon the clothes-horse and answered him.

"Yes, I've considered 'ut," she said scornfully, "and I be *still* considerin' of 'ut; will that satisfy 'ee?" And with the carriage of a disdainful princess she passed out of the door.

Weary and disappointed, Albert followed her to the sitting-room. The white cloth was spread upon the table ready for the early supper, but nothing else was on it. Dorcas went to and from the pantry with knives, forks, and glasses, chattering now to Jennie and again to Albert, as her swift feet brought her to the vicinity of either. "You women ha' such tongues!" Albert growled. Yet he felt aggrieved when she finished her task and went out to "dish up" the toasted cheese and onions. He was so used to this constant chatter,—the reiteration of small remarks, the query as to outdoor events, the oft-expressed wonder about the small items of news which filtered up from the village through the ready medium of "t' hands,"—that in the face of the deep passions newly vibrant within him the silence felt unbearable. He thrust his hands deep into his trousers-pockets and stalked out into the garden, standing at the gate and looking down into the valley with unseeing eyes. Silence out of doors had none of the unaccustomedness of silence within the house. In the distance he heard the

champ, champ of Queen Bess in her stable, and the cawing of the rooks in the elm-trees near at hand. The homely familiarity of it all sank into his mind, calming and soothing him. This was all his,—the house, the cheerful bustle, the peaceful stir, the fields on which he looked—these were his own possessions. Pride seized him for an instant,—had he not the right to take and hold whatsoever he desired? Inarticulately, but none the less surely, the old conservative spirit of his forebears dictated such questioning. Then came the thought of Dorcas and her womanly independence, and he felt baffled. A quiet melancholy descended upon him. The one creature who opposed him he could not do without. With unusual helplessness of masculine nature when dealing with the feminine, Albert was utterly nonplussed. He went in to supper with the saddest heart he had ever had, and behaved like a bear in consequence.

Dorcas, wiping the dishes in the scullery while Jennie washed, heard him shouting at the men in the yard, and turned away with a hard face. "He bean't worth thinkin' of," she said. Her own awakening during the past year of intimacy with Mattie to the deeper issues of life—the primal emotions, the pathos and the tragedy underlying most of our lives—had been so gradual, that in looking back it seemed to her that she must always have

felt so. Confronted with the crude, dogmatic, narrow-minded Dorcas of earlier years, she would have been pained and startled. As no kind fairy was at hand to bring back the ghost of herself, however, Dorcas continued to think scornfully of Albert, magnifying his faults to the exclusion of his virtues for three long days, until a sudden overwhelming flood of tenderness ousted her critical spirit, and she longed eagerly for ironing day to come once more. She knew well that to Albert's mind no other time would do to speak on this subject, since he had established a precedent. When Tuesday evening came she waited in sickening anxiety and excitement for him to come in, ironing with feverish energy until the clothes-horse tottered beneath the weight of articles upon it; and still Albert did not come.

Was he staying out on purpose? she asked; did he mean her to understand that he was tired of waiting?

Albert was riding home after his first visit to Corner Point Farm since the wedding-day, and as he rode the memory of a pretty picture stayed with him,—Mattie and her husband laughing together over a superfluous and belated wedding-present, while old Uncle Thomas Thatcher sat on the corner of the settle looking on contentedly, and the firelight cast a warm glow over the whole room; the primroses upon the table, the bit of dainty stitchery

thrown carelessly on to a chair, Joseph's dirty boots thrust down beside the fire in a homely disregard of appearance.

How nice Mattie had looked, how easy she was to talk with! He had spoken with her as simply and sincerely as he could have spoken to another man. It was the first time since the memorable talk with Dorcas a week ago that he had held a conversation on anything but agricultural topics, and he felt cheered and encouraged. In his pocket there reposed the little parcel Mattie had put into his hand as he was leaving: "Will you give that to Da'kis for me, Albert, and thank her ever so much for lending it to me? Why don't you get her to wear it herself—for *you*?" she had added mischievously.

"I wonder what 'ut be?" he cogitated slowly. Presently he took it out and turned it over in his hand, then with a sudden access of curiosity he undid the pin which held the paper together and peered inside. What was it,—a handkerchief? The paper dropped off, and as he made a spring to catch it, the stuff he held in his hand unrolled and fell over his arm and foot in a billowy cascade.

"Deary me!" said Albert. He gave the veil a shake in a kind of dazed embarrassment, and it was blown by the wind back across the head of Queen Bess. The mare started, reared back, and then rushed forward impetuously. Albert gripped the reins with no gentle touch; but the unaccustomed sensation of the thin covering flapping over her eyes frightened

the sensitive creature, and not even her master's voice raised in entreaty or command allayed her fears. She galloped up the road towards Junction Farm in an ecstasy of terror, and Albert, engaged in holding her in, was powerless to remove the cause of her fright. Speechless from mingled anger and embarrassment, red in the face with shame at his plight, he dismounted in front of his grinning serving-men at the kitchen-door. Then he paused for an imperceptible instant before turning the door-handle. Da'kis must have seen all from the window. Da'kis would be laughing too. Yet his stubborn will forbade him to hide the cause of the trouble. With the veil hanging over his arm he stalked into the kitchen.

A sidelong glance at Dorcas's face as she stood at the ironing-board showed him that she was not laughing. He breathed more freely. The smell of warm linen and the homely domes-

ticity of the scene soothed his ruffled feelings. He laid the veil silently upon the table and edged away towards the outspread horse.

Dorcas met his eyes steadily. "Thee needn't get in ahind t' clothes-horse," she said with emphasis. "I've a bin' considerin'——" She fingered the veil he had just laid down nervously. "I've a bin' considerin'——"

Albert's eyes lit up eagerly; he took a slow step near her. "Do 'ee meän——" he asked huskily, his fingers groping for hers in the folds of the wedding-veil,—"*do 'ee meän as thee'll wear 'ut, Da'kis?*"

"P'raps, when t' vi'lets come again."

"They cän't *all* be gone by now!" Albert declared with ardour.

"'Tis late fur vi'lets, and they allers be rare."

The manhood in Albert awoke. "You be rarer than any vi'lets!" he said.

THE SWEETHEART SWEEP.

BY SIR J. GEORGE SCOTT, K.C.I.E.

THERE is an idea that marriage in the East is a very simple matter,—either a *Lochinvar* affair or an arrangement made by the parents at any time, sometimes even before either the bride or the bridegroom has been born.

So it is with people in some parts of India, with those whom we should call sporting, but who are most businesslike, and consider themselves ultra-orthodox; and the Burman especially likes an elopement, even when he knows that the lady and her parents, and his own parents and everybody else, are quite prepared to accept the marriage in a much less picturesque way. Probably he does it out of sheer protest against the monotony of things in general, for the Burman is by no means the offensively good person some writers like to paint him.

The Burmese girl, on the other hand, when she is good, is so very very good that nothing like her is to be found out of the books for young ladies of the early part of last century. But for all that she does not mind being eloped with, if there is nothing expected of her but to be seized in the street and bundled into a carriage or a boat and carried off to some place where her silks will not be too much rumpled, and where there is plenty of cocoa-nut oil for her

hair. The Burmese girl who is not so very good—and there are quite a lot of them—are not so easily eloped with. They dislike the worry of it, when things can be managed so much more simply and without the notoriety which makes a divorce and a fresh combination so much more troublesome. They like variety, and are quite of the opinion of the misguided small boy who said the marriage of one man to one woman was called monotony.

Up in the hills, where the deep valleys and huge ranges isolate the villages very emphatically, the choice is naturally very limited, and the distressingly strict endogamy which is practised by many tribes is perhaps quite as much a council of despair as a matter of pride of race. Where cousins are made to marry cousins, or certain villages are only allowed to intermarry with certain others, it may be due quite as much to the conviction that in so limited a field it does not much matter who marries whom, and so the matter may as well be arranged by the old people, who have done with marrying themselves, but want other people to marry so that there may be young folk to cultivate the fields. And so the young ones are married by order, just as a man might be sworn of the peace.

If they refuse to accept the

selection of the elders they are fined a buffalo, or a bullock, or a few hogs, or in extreme and urgent cases are married willy-nilly, and locked up together till they accept the situation.

If they marry an unauthorised person they are buried alive up to the neck, or thrown into a pit and stoned to death. There is no romance either way.

Some of the curious marriage customs of the hill tribes may have arisen from a revolt of the young people against this day-book and ledger, hopelessly unemotional way of contracting a union. Up in the north of Yünnan once a-year the marriageable youths and maidens assemble on either side of a narrow ravine and throw balls of cotton across to one another. If a girl catches a young man's ball the matter is settled without benefit of clergy, and their future doings interest themselves only. If any youth is agile enough to catch the ball thrown by a particular girl, there is no doubt he must be desperately in earnest, and capable of anything.

But this is a comparatively elementary game, and not susceptible of much development or excitement, except where two or three youths, all armed with swords and spears after the manner of hillmen, collide in the attempt to catch the ball of some particular belle. Then there is a return to the methods of rutting stags or dog-seals, and the worry and unpleasantnesses which the

system is designed to get over and start fresh again.

Up in the Rumai country they have a more elaborated system—said to be handed down from times to which the mind of man runneth not to the contrary. Nowadays, like all immemorial customs, it is disappearing; but there are still out-of-the-way places where it is carefully observed. Every year, about the month of October, a marriage lottery—a sort of sweethearts' sweep—is held. The names of all the marriageable girls and of the young men of the circle who want to get married are written on slips of paper and thrown into separate earthen pots. From these they are drawn against one another by the local wise man.

The drawing of the names of two young people against one another does not necessarily mean that they are there and then married, and must go off immediately and set up house together. At any rate it does not mean that nowadays, whatever may have been the rule in less sophisticated times. It simply determines the fact that the Rumai girl has come out and is ready to be married; and the youth whose name is drawn against hers thereby obtains a particular letter of introduction, with authority to make love immediately with what ardour and success he is capable of. To be authorised to make the first attempt on a maiden's heart, even in a small village, may be assumed to be an advantage. There is, at any rate, the advantage of a

clear start and no possible misunderstanding as to what the issue of the proceedings is to be.

The actual drawing of the lots is preceded by a procession of the young men who want to get married to the houses of all the eligible girls. All those who can play musical instruments take these along with them and perform according to the skill that is in them, with no regard whatever as to what their neighbours are doing or thinking. Those who cannot play either sing or dance, or do whatever they can to show off, so as to attract the attention of the girls. The pleasing of them is another matter to be thought of later.

There was a drawing of the kind almost due in the village of Tawngma, a small place of thirty or forty houses built along an absurdly narrow ridge, of the kind common in the Tawngpeng country. The only flat ground is a grass-grown space with a footpath in the middle, and buffalo-wallows scattered about here and there, determined rather apparently by the convenience of the beasts than by that of their owners. From this the hillside falls away with an abruptness which sometimes is quite startling. The houses stand over the slope. It is a mere step up of a foot or two in front, and behind the house-posts are fifteen or twenty feet from the floor to the ground. Rumai houses are long, barrack-like things, with sometimes three or four families under the one roof; and they are built in any

way that suits the character of the ground or the fancy of the owner,—parallel to the ridge, or at right angles to it, or encroaching on the road, or standing well back from it,—so that there is no semblance of what we should call a street. And the village of Tawngma stretched over half a mile or more.

Along this open strip a youth named Sam Sa was strolling about an hour after sunset. He was in his best clothes, and scorned to wear a blanket over his shoulders, though in October the cold weather makes its coming felt, and there was a biting wind blowing down the ridge from Namsan, the capital of the State. But Sam Sa was very much in love. This is quite against the rules; for until a girl's name has appeared in the marriage-pot, she is not supposed to be anything but a little chit, who knows nothing of love and cannot be made love to by anybody. Orientals are often said not to know what real love is; but some of them display it in the most violent way, and kill the object of their affections and their rivals and themselves in the most melodramatic way. Sam Sa had not got anywhere near developments of this kind, but he was very desperate. He was in love with Et Hwe; and Et Hwe was a very pretty girl, and, what was more serious, she was the daughter of the *bidan*, the headman of the village, and was not therefore easily to be won. She was likely to be particular on her

own account, and her father was likely to be still more troublesome about the presents to be given by the suitor.

Sam Sa was wildly speculating on the possibilities of the luck of the draw, and still more excitedly considering whether it would not be possible to get Hla Sa, the man who drew the lots, to come to an arrangement about the drawing of them, and if so, what the consideration would be.

Now Hla Sa had drawn the names for years, but there never had been the slightest hint that he had ever been known to rig the marriage market. He did a variety of things — presided at spirit feasts, drew up horoscopes, calculated lucky days, and even did a good business as go-between for such families as had adopted more modern ways of arranging marriages; but above all, he not only drew the lots — he actually fixed the day on which the lots were to be drawn.

This particular night was the night of the preliminary procession; and Sam Sa had come out much too early, because he was too excited to stay at home, and he was feverishly afraid that he might be too late—for of course the first visit would be paid to the *bidan's* house, and no other house but that in which Et Hwe lived interested Sam Sa in the least.

There were understood to be nine girls ready for the marriage-pot that year. Three of them were leavings from the year before, and the rest were

maiden starters, chief of whom was Et Hwe.

Sam Sa's father was an elder of the village. He had the title of Founder of a Monastery, and owned a small tea-garden with from twenty to twenty-five full-grown tea-trees in it. This was quite above the average size for Tawn-gma, and the old man was looked upon as well-to-do and eminently respectable. But unfortunately he had not saved much. The building of the monastery had cost a great deal, and alms to the monks was a constant drain; and, what was worse, he had four other sons, all younger than Sam Sa, and therefore to be provided for. There were also several daughters, who, however, counted rather as assets than as an expense. So Sam Sa had not any special recommendations from the worldly point of view, and repeated scrutinies of himself in a mirror on the back of a tin betel-box—made in Germany—left him very uncertain as to whether he had sufficient personal attractions to fix a girl's fancy. He fingered his flute nervously, and tried to remember the Burmese air which he had heard when he went down to Mandalay with the village tea-caravan the year before.

After some time of this there was a noise on the slope above the village, and four youths, carrying pine-torches to scare away snakes, came singing along the road from Tawn-gme, a village a few miles off to the north. They went straight to the *zayat*, the strangers'

rest-house near the market-place, which was the traditional assembling-place of the wooers.

Sam Sa was very much annoyed. It had not struck him that there would be candidates except from Tawngma itself. However, he comforted himself temporarily with the reflection that there could be hardly any of them who knew Et Hwe, and probably they had only come for the fun of the thing and to chaff the swains of Tawngma. So he also walked along to the rest-house, and before he had been there many minutes the rest of the Tawngma youths came—attracted, no doubt, by the noise of the Tawngmè arrivals. There were nine of them, so that there were more young men than maidens. Several of them, however, were very young, and had probably only come out of curiosity. They were all in a very excited state, shouting and singing and playing on their flutes or clashing their cymbals.

As soon as it appeared that all were collected, they went to the house of Hla Sa, the wise man, to get the list of the girls from him, and receive instructions as to when they were to come for the drawing of lots. Hla Sa kept them some time waiting in his compound, and during this delay two more Tawngmè youths came in, and proceeded to abuse the earlier arrivals for not having waited for them at the village; and Sam Sa became violently jealous when he heard the name of Et Hwe mentioned by some of them, and pictured

to himself that this outside contingent had come on account of Et Hwe and nobody else.

He moved closer to hear what they were saying, but before he had heard anything definite Hla Sa came out and announced that there were only eight girls to be visited, because Et Ke had fallen ill that morning and was to be kept back till next year. As was expected, he told them to go to Et Hwe's house first, and then to take the others in rotation according as their houses fell in the way. On the third day at sunset they were to come to the market *zayat*, and he would draw the lots before them all.

Sam Sa promptly protested that there were more lads than lasses for them, and suggested that the Tawngmè invaders should be excluded and sent home again; but Hla Sa said that this was against old-established custom, and that in his time he had always found that the girls liked the strangers best, because there was more excitement in the drawing and more novelty in the courting afterwards, since men who would take the trouble to come so far must be distinctly in earnest, or quite adepts at love-making.

So they set off with a great blowing of flutes and clashing of well-tuned cymbals, and much strutting and attitudinising, and in a minute or two reached the *bidan's* house.

The *bidan* and his wife had gone to bed, which was in accordance with well-established rule; and Et Hwe was in the

reception-room, supported by a younger sister and two little girls from a neighbouring house, besides one of the woman servants. She had flowers in her hair, instead of wearing the usual national painted hood, and the whole room was heavy with the smell of musk.

The majority of the visitors, especially those from Tawn-gma, who had seen Et Hwe grow up from childhood, looked stolidly foolish or laughed in the clownish sort of fashion natural to hobbledehoys, and to all youths who have only just got out of the stage of looking upon girls as contemptible beings. Somehow or other the Tawngmè intruders seemed more at their ease. One of them broke out in a love-song of quite a florid kind, while several of the others pranced about in the turkey-cock fashion which does duty for dancing in Indo-Chinese countries.

Sam Sa pushed forward to try to get into conversation with the girl, but was out-manceuvred by another Tawngmè youth, who spread himself out large in front of her, and had a fund of conversation which defied interruption. Sam Sa had to console himself with the reflection that the occasion was one more for showing off than for an exchange of sentimentalities; but it was not till afterwards that he remembered that he had not even shown off.

After ten minutes of very mixed music, posturing, and platitudes, the visitors said good-night and went off to the

next girl's house, with music and singing as before. Except one or two who had been to performances of the kind in the previous year, and had experimentalised in love-making, the bulk of the party looked as if they would be very glad to have the thing over; and as far as Sam Sa was concerned, he could do nothing in all the succeeding houses but reflect that he had done nothing in Et Hwe's house but gaze fatuously at her.

If he had been left to himself he would have gone straight home after that one visit was over, but traditional regulations were inflexible on this point. It was a hard-and-fast rule that any one who dropped out, and did not visit the house of every girl on the list, would have his name cut out of the marriage lottery. Accordingly he went moping round with the rest, and entered every house, including his own home, where one of his own sisters was coming out; but he did it all with an unflattering absence of demonstration, for which he was afterwards to be taken to task.

At length, however, it was over, and the band of probationary lovers went back in somewhat subdued fashion to Hla Sa's house to report that they had completed the round. He made a note of their names; but two of the youngest of the Tawngma contingent said they did not want to enter, and three of the Tawngmè visitors said they had only come to make it lively for the girls, and that they did not care to enter their names for the lottery either.

They would prefer to wait for the Tawngmè love-lists, which would be drawn up in the next eight or ten days, and hinted broadly that the Tawngmè girls were much better fun. This immediately provoked energetic protests from the youths of Tawngma, and the two parties went off wrangling noisily. Sam Sa remained behind, and, after some humming and hawing, asked Hla Sa if it would not be possible to arrange for two particular names to be drawn together.

Hla Sa said: "Every year I am asked that question. I might have been very rich, but, as you see, I am not. It is dangerous to interfere with the decrees of the spirits. Moreover, I am an upright man. But since I see you are greatly in earnest, I will tell you that the scanning of the horoscopes afterwards sometimes shows that the fates are malign. The calculating of the nativities of two persons is laborious and costly. It is time you were asleep. The hour is late."

"I am very glad to hear you say that," said Sam Sa. "I have here a wooden pipe—a foreign thing that I brought from Mandalay. All the notable people there use such things, and smoke it while one might cook a pot of rice. I am ashamed to have interfered with your studies. Please accept the pipe as a token of my gratitude, and as a sign of your forgiveness;" and he laid it with both hands on the corner of the mat on which Hla Sa was squatting.

That worthy took it up, blew

through both ends, tried the hardness of the wood with his thumb-nail, and then laid it down. "The pipe is not for my smoking," he said, "for I only use home-made things; but I will take it as an oddity. The drawing is on the third day, the day of the Great Dragon, at the hour of the snake."

"Very well," said Sam Sa with a grin which struggled between gratification and baffled hopes; "I will come early, at the second gong-sounding time [nine o'clock]. Now I take my leave," and he backed out and slouched home by the roundabout way of the *bidan's* house, where nothing was to be heard but the cattle chewing the cud in the pen below the house and a gasping snore from the night-watchman.

According to ancient custom, the youths and maidens who are entered for the marriage lottery have to take lessons in the art of love-making. There are past Mistresses of Love, or Dames of Dalliance, who give hints to the girls as to the approved methods of alluring, or restraining, or repulsing, if need be. Nothing in the way of kissing, or caressing, or squeezing hands, still less waists, is permitted or even thought of; so it is all the more necessary for a girl to know how to draw out a tongue-tied bumpkin, to check the ecstasies of a too ardent and voluble swain, to warn off the detrimental, or the lout whom the fair one makes up her mind that she cannot possibly accept, no matter what the fates may

have determined or appeared to recommend.

There are tricks for the plain girl, who must take what she can get, or secure what chance offers; coquetries for the lively girl, who does not know her mind and wants to have all the fun she can get; and high and mighty airs for the beauty or the girl of position who wants to make the most of herself, or to test the devotion of the chance-sent sweetheart.

Professors of Love for the striplings are naturally much more necessary. The percentage of young men who know how to make love without hints or practice is exceedingly small. The chief duty of the love tutors is to engage to prevent their pupils from appearing to be babbling idiots. They teach the callow youths tags from love-songs, more or less obvious compliments to suit various openings, and lofty sentiments from the Burmese *Niti* books—collections of copy-book maxims on all manner of subjects, with sections about women, domestic relations, and conjugal love. These enable the most empty-headed and resourceless of youths to worry through the necessary formal courtship—if not in very exhilarating fashion for the girl, at any rate without feeling within themselves that they really are the drivelling, abject fools which they have a secret conviction that they would otherwise infallibly seem to be.

This instruction usually begins only after the lots have been drawn, when there are three days allotted for this

exercise in the art of love-making and cramming up of gallantry. Most youths take the whole thing so much as a matter of course—for bachelorhood is a very rare thing in the East, except with the monks, with whom it is a vainglory—that they are satisfied with the merest superficial smattering of courtesies, enough to save their own conceit rather than to pander to feminine vanity.

Sam Sa, however, was desperately in earnest, and so conscious that he did not know what to say, that he began a course of love-making lore the very next day, and worried away for hours at rhapsodies and quips and high-flown compliments as if he were preparing for an examination.

But alas for his hopes! On the third day, when Hla Sa drew the names from the wedding-pots, Et Hwe's name was drawn against Ne Htun from Tawngma; and Sam Sa, who, since he had not drawn Et Hwe's name, would rather have been one of the blanks, found that he was drawn with I Sawm. This added to his desperation; for I Sawm was undoubtedly a very nice girl, and she lived in the next house to Sam Sa's, and had already—at least so he, in his masculine conceit, thought—shown that she was by no means indifferent to him, if sidelong looks and loiterings on the path when he was near, and passing the time of day whenever practicable, were any signs.

Sam Sa, instead of being grateful, went straight to the

wise man and asked if there were no means of suppressing the decision of the fates.

Hla Sa looked him all over with great deliberation, and then surveyed the neighbourhood—a mixture of houses close at hand, and great ranges of hills, one behind the other, stretching into space. After he had got rid of a mouthful of betel juice, he said—

“What is the use of asking questions like that? Everybody knows that the fates must be obeyed. But if you find that you cannot agree with one another, then, of course, it is all over. Three days from now you must send a present to I Sawm; and if three days later she sends you a return present, then you must go and court her at the time of night set apart for that occupation.”

“But I want to court Et Hwe,” objected Sam Sa.

“Well, you can do that too, after the other man—what’s his name?—yes, Ne Htun—has done his wooing. You must not interfere with him; but if afterwards Et Hwe won’t have him, or if her father says she must not marry him because Ne Htun has no money to support her or to give proper presents, then you can go and court Et Hwe if you want to. But why should you? All girls are alike. I know it, because I have had four, five, or eight of them. Et Hwe will give you much trouble and cost you a great deal of money afterwards, and your father a great deal now for the presents. It would be much better

to take the girl the spirits have given you. I Sawm has long glossy hair and slender limbs and a bosom like the *tinduka* fruit; she has beautiful calves to her legs, white and smooth and tender,—I have seen them when she has been out weeding,—and no one can seek to have her before you. Remember what the books say: ‘Never provoke an official, a customer, or a woman.’ A woman can only marry one man; a man can have many wives, if he is stupid enough to marry them. You must certainly go and woo I Sawm, or she and her family will be shamed, and they will be very angry, and the spirits of the household may very likely do you a mischief. Do not be foolish. I Sawm is a fine strapping wench, and there is no saying what luck you may have. Moreover, it will be good practice for you if you want to try Et Hwe afterwards. I warrant you she will expect a great deal, and will have very little mercy for clumsy sweethearting. Besides, she will be desperately expensive—mind that. Now go home, and don’t waste any more of my time.”

So Sam Sa went off and moped, and his Paphian professor found that he was not nearly so zealous in his studies of the theory and practice of gallantry during the next two days as was demanded by custom and common decency, and as he had been up to the drawing of the names.

On the third day, under the orders of his instructor, Sam Sa sent a rose-pink neckerchief

and a small round varnished metal box, with a mirror on the lid. It was possibly of Birmingham or Sheffield manufacture,—more likely nowadays made in Germany,—and is the sort of thing all Indo-Chinese girls, at any rate in the inland and the hill villages, like to have. Most of them use it for holding the fragrant *thanakha* face-powder while they are young and when they are paying visits, and for holding betel-nuts and betel-vine leaf when they have grown older and more philosophic.

On the third afterwards I Sawn sent him back a florid sort of woollen muffler with tassels to it, worked with worsteds dipped in aniline dyes of the most thoroughly Teutonic and offensive tints, and a waistbelt such as Battersea Park schoolboy cricketers delight in. The muffler, it was intimated by the small boy who brought the presents over, was worked by I Sawn with her own fair fingers. She also sent some large green cheruts of her own rolling.

Sam Sa viewed them with a mixture of distaste and despair, which was not removed by the professional approval of his teacher of love. "This," said that worthy, "is very correct. Now we must go to-night at nine o'clock. Bring your flute with you, and have your jacket open a little so that she can see that you are wearing her belt. I think I Sawn will give little trouble, and you will not need me to help you after the second night. Remember that bit I taught you yesterday: 'I can-

not conquer my anxious mind. Thine eye is clear as the water in a water-jar. I cannot look but at thee. As yet I can make love to thee with my eye only——' and so on. You remember it, don't you?"

Sam Sa grunted, and said he must first see whether Ne Htun went to Et Hwe's house.

"Go to Et Hwe's house! Of course he must go. What has he drawn her name for, if he does not go? Do you think he could offend the *bidan* by not going? Let Et Hwe alone, and think of my teachings. Ne Htun is all right. He has come to live with his relatives at the north end of the village. The *sayā* (teacher) Kyaw Tha tells me he is very quick at learning lovey-dovey talk. He is far quicker at that sort of thing than you are, and he has got new silk brocade trousers."

Sam Sa's love mentor was very angry because his pupil had fallen off so much and would not devote himself with proper enthusiasm to the study of graduated love-talk for the benefit of I Sawn. His theory was that I Sawn was quite willing, and that therefore the earlier stages of mere compliments might be lightly hinted at and bolder love-flights of a more florid and personal kind commenced at the earliest possible moment compatible with the courting system. He did not care an atom for Sam Sa and his disappointment, or for I Sawn and her possible discomfort, but he was seriously afraid that his own reputation as a professor of philandering might suffer. Nevertheless, his arguments and urgings so far

had fallen on dull and unsympathetic ears. He had therefore made up his mind that he would get Sam Sa to commit himself farther than he showed any symptoms of doing, so far as direct allusions to the charms of the lady's person were concerned; but that blighted youth had refused to learn any of them by heart, and altogether, from the theoretical point of view, was a very hopeless prospective lover, though he was so much in love.

However, at nine o'clock, the "young-men-go-courtin'-time" of Burma and the Shan States, the traditional tender-trysting time, the winsome wenches' wooing-time, Sam Sa and his *sayā* set out.

As they passed the *bidan's* house they saw a light in the receiving-room, so that there was little doubt that Ne Htun was already pressing his suit. Sam Sa blew his flute in desperation, and a few minutes later they turned into the enclosure, half-garden, half-barnyard, of I Sawn's house. It was a big house, quite two hundred feet long, but, as is commonly the case in the Rumai country, the building was shared by another family, relatives of I Sawn's parents. The nearer, and therefore better, end was where I Sawn lived.

There was a fringe of flower-garden round the inside of the yard-fence—a few roses, hollyhocks, zinnias, and marigolds; and the space underneath the living-rooms, between the piles on which the house was raised, was a jumble of great bins for paddy, miscellaneous farming

tools, buffaloes and pack cattle and their gear.

"Play gently, play lovingly," protested the *sayā*. "The noise you make is like the braying of mules or the howling of a dog which has been hit by a stone. You play as if you were an old married man who has had a dozen wives, big and little, sonsy and demure."

They were already on the steps leading up to the house, so Sam Sa only snorted. The next minute they were inside.

The glow from the small wood fire on the big square earthen tray in the centre of the room was the chief light, but there was also a small earthen saucer full of oil, with a bit of torn cloth sticking up at the edge to serve as a wick, which furnished a little more illumination. It was quite a suitable light for lovers. There was enough to show that I Sawn had flowers in her hair and powder on her face and neck. She was wearing all her mother's jewellery, earrings and bangles, and round her neck she wore the national broad silver torque, while round her waist was the equally national thick bunch of black varnished bamboo hoops. Her skirt was panelled in cotton velvet of gay colours, and she sat on a piece of carpet alongside the fire.

"Ah, you have come," she said.

"I have come. It is a fine night," replied Sam Sa.

"You should say, 'I have come sweeting. How could I ever stay away, or go away now that I have come?'" prompted the True-love Tutor in a loud whisper.

I Sawn looked modestly at her wrist—she had a very pretty hand,—and Sam Sa sat down on another piece of carpet opposite the fair one, and leaned on the cushion which was put there for his comfort.

“I hope your father is quite well and all the rest of the household,” he proceeded to say after some deliberation.

“My father is very well. He has gone to sleep. I am afraid you cannot see him.”

“Now, then,” urged the *sayā*, “tell her that all your life long you have sighed to see her alone, all by herself, and that now you cannot find words for joy.”

“I am very glad,” said Sam Sa in a stolid matter-of-fact way. “It is very nice weather now, but it is rather cold at night.”

“Fathead,” pronounced I Sawn’s Directress of Dalliance with alarming distinctness. “He does not know a thing. Tell him, my darling, that he should not have come out if he felt it cold.”

Poor I Sawn leant over the fire for a moment, and then said, “I am sorry you should find it so cold. Here is a cherut; I rolled it myself. Here is a light too.”

Sam Sa felt a qualm, partly of shame, partly of compassion, and blurted out some of his book-lore love-talk: “The woman who attends to her husband at his meals as a mother would; who cherishes those in her care as a nurse would; who is constantly busy over household work; who is always ready to help her husband in his labours; who never fails in any duties in or out of

the house; who solaces her man at the end of the day; and among relatives talks as she would to a mother,—such a woman is truly called excellent.”

“You won’t have much fun in your courting, my poor dear,” said I Sawn’s mentor with much acerbity. “That’s all old fool’s talk,” and she cast a look of scorn at Sam Sa’s tutor. “I think you should make up your mind to jilt him. And the chances he had, too!”

The True-love Tutor shifted uneasily on his heels, on which he was sitting, and said furiously in Sam Sa’s ear, “If you don’t want to make up to the girl, at least don’t disgrace me. Say something. Tell her she is like a fairy from Paradise; that she is like shining gold, the golden yolk of your soul; like a necklace of flowers to hang on your neck. My gracious me! for goodness’ sake think of some of the things I have taught you. I warrant you Ne Htun is getting on famously, and Kyaw Tha, his teacher, is nothing like so good a *sayā* as I am; everybody knows that. He has only given gallantry lessons for eight years. Go on, will you?”

I Sawn, who could hear every word practically as well as Sam Sa, broke in nervously, “You have been to Mandalay, have you not? It must be a very fine place. Like a festival every day, and all day. I have never really talked to any one who has been there. I suppose you saw plenty pretty girls there?”

“Now then, stupid,” said the *sayā*.

“Oh yes, there were pretty

girls enough," granted Sam Sa; "but the girls of our village are far prettier."

"Yes, there is Et Ke; she is really a nice girl. What a pity she is ill. She might have——" and I Sawm blushed and adjusted her torque. She had been very nearly hinting that it was courting time,—lads and lasses' sporting time, men and maidens' mating time,—and that would have been very forward indeed for the first evening, unless the other side had made great advances. "Yes, there is Et Ke and Pan Sôn and I Ze—lots of pretty girls—and yes, of course, there is Et Hwe," she went on desperately.

"Yes, isn't she pretty, Et Hwe—I mean, she is very pretty; but you are far nicer," blundered Sam Sa. "You are lovely in looks and thoughts. You have eyes like those of a deer; hair long, a fathom long; waist slim; you have fine teeth; your mouth is pretty and your talk is clever, and—and—you are very industrious."

"Oh no; I'm not pretty at all. But Et Hwe, everybody says she is lovely. I heard it said that a smile of hers was worth a *viss* [three and a half pounds] of gold."

"Now then, can't you see she is jealous. Nine women in ten are jealous, and that's the way to manage them. You must say that Et Hwe is nothing in particular, except that she is the headman's daughter. Go on, will you," prompted the Philandering Professor.

"Et Hwe is different. Do you know Ne Htun? He is courting her," said Sam Sa.

"Oh yes, I heard. At the drawing—I mean Pan Sôn told me that Ne Htun had come on purpose to see her. He is very amusing, Ne Htun, and he sings beautiful songs," said I Sawm hurriedly.

"That's right, my girlie," said the Directress of Dalliance; "make *him* jealous. That's the way to manage him," and she looked scornfully at the True-love Tutor.

"Oh, Ne Htun!" sniffed Sam Sa; "he is all very well for Tawngma. He thinks he can act, but they would not think much of him away from his village."

"Ah, how nice it must be to travel. You think of nothing but Mandalay now," said I Sawm, nervously trying to change the subject.

"Lal-lal-la, Mandalay! Ne Htun is very conceited; but in Mandalay! Ough! Ne Htun may be very clever, but you know the proverb, 'Clever young men have little beauty.'" Sam Sa was quite excited now; there was no doubt about it.

"The proverb—yes; and you know the other half of it, 'Pretty girls are very unlucky,'" said I Sawm demurely. "I'm glad I'm not pretty; but think of Et Hwe, and surely Ne Htun is not so very ugly!"

"That's the way, my dearie; keep on like that," whispered I Sawm's Dame of Dalliance.

"Now they'll do," said the *sayā* to himself.

"Yes," said Sam Sa, "Et Hwe will be very unlucky if she listens to Ne Htun. He is very big, and he wears a very big turban, as if he were a

Hsenwi Shan; but he has not got any money. How can he buy Et Hwe what she wants? And the *bidan* will never give her to him."

"It is very sad; if she loves him, why should they not arrange? But this is not talk for a little girl like me."

"You do not like Et Hwe."

"Why do you talk so much about Et Hwe? I have heard people say that she is very proud. If you are offended with me, you should tell me why. I think it is getting very late," said poor I Sawn tearfully.

"I am very sorry. I am a man of wood. I am like the blind man with bright eyes. I did not see that I was wearying you," said Sam Sa, as he got on his legs. "I will return home."

The *sayā* was somewhat disconcerted by this sudden ending; but he promptly said, as he also rose up, "Top teeth and bottom teeth must sometimes crunch together, but they cannot do without one another. The husband plays the harp and the wife the lute. I return home."

I Sawn's instructress, who was by no means pleased with the way things had gone, remarked caustically, "The bride that weds a witless groom, were better buried in the tomb."

"No needle has two sharp points," said the True-love Tutor as they went down the steps.

Sam Sa entreated his preceptor to find out the first thing in the morning how Ne Htun had fared in his courting, which could be ascertained by

comparing the versions of the instructors of the lady and the gallant, and then they separated and went off home.

The *sayā* thought it useless to say anything to Sam Sa in the state of mind he evidently was in. He reflected that it is stupidity to overload a rickety cart, and left him without a word of remonstrance or advice.

The next day, however, there was great excitement all over Tawngma. A party of officials came in early in the morning from the capital and went straight to the *bidan's* house, where they announced that they had been sent by the Chief of the State to fetch Et Hwe. The Sawbwa had heard of the beauty of the *bidan's* daughter, and had determined to take her as one of his minor wives. The *bidan* was to be promoted to office in the capital, and some gorgeous clothes, bangles, and double torques, as worn in the *Haw*, the Sawbwa's Palace, were brought for Et Hwe. She was to get ready to go as soon as possible; and meanwhile the chief fortune-teller from Namsan, the capital, took up a stall in the market-place, and announced that he had inspected Et Hwe's horoscope and had discovered from this that she had been predestined for a palace. He was now prepared to forecast the fortunes of all the pretty girls, and for a slightly larger fee would make researches on behalf of young men who wanted to ascertain the dispositions of capricious or too vacillating fair ones.

Every one hastened to tell Ne Htun that he had had a

narrow escape not to have gone farther with his suit; and he was advised, for his own sake, to say nothing at all about ever having gone courting the girl.

Ne Htun pointedly informed Sam Sa that he had already come to the conclusion that Et Hwe was not the sort of wife to take to Tawngma, and had quite made up his mind not to go on with his courting after his single night's experience.

Sam Sa and all the village cynics declared that this was because Et Hwe had snubbed him with very considerable pertinacity and emphasis on the occasion of his visit; but Ne Htun vowed with somewhat unnecessary vehemence that none of the Tawngmè girls were worth walking half a mile to see, and that he had been very badly treated in having to pay the marriage-pot fee to Hla Sa when he had got so very little return for it. It was an experience, no doubt, to have had love-talk with one of the Sawbwa's wives, but this was a thing which it would obviously be very unwise to brag about; so Ne Htun, having delivered himself of these sentiments, lost no time in returning that very day to Tawngma, where he confined himself to stating that he would have no more to do with Tawngma on any consideration, whether in the way of love, trade, or gossip.

Et Hwe remained for four or five days making preparations, and then went off to Namsan, and neither Sam Sa nor the rest of the village ever saw any more of her.

Sam Sa was very discon-

solate for a day or two, moped about, and discarded his True-love Tutor as far as further instruction was concerned. He got no sympathy from any one, however, and the *sayā* openly laughed at him. So he came to the conclusion that he might as well go to I Saw'n's house. The omission of several days technically put an end to his right of courting; and according to the rules he could not take his Philandering Professor with him, because it was not certain that I Saw'n's instructress would be there, and it would have been unfair for one side to have a supporter while the other had not. However, he thought he would risk it. The visit would serve to divert his thoughts, whether he was admitted or not, and after all I Saw'n was undoubtedly a nice girl, and disposed to be friendly, and Sam Sa felt very much in want of friendly feeling of some kind.

So he went round a little after nine o'clock, and played vigorously on his flute. The house was quite dark when he arrived, so he took a couple of turns backwards and forwards, tootling all the time, so that it might be quite clear for what house the serenade was intended. After a little while he was rewarded by seeing a fitful glimmer, as if the wood fire on the earthen frame in the front room was being blown up.

He then ventured into the compound, and saw that the door was slightly ajar. So he went up, and there, sure enough, sitting by the fire, he found I Saw'n, with a little sister in a corner behind her.

I Sawn had clearly got her best clothes on; but there was no powder on her face, and only one flower in her hair, which she had probably worn there all day long.

"Were you waiting for me, little one?" asked Sam Sa.

"Waiting for you! Why should I wait for you? I was only sitting by the fire because I was cold and could not sleep. What have you come for, and why have you come alone? It is not proper for a young man to come alone to a girl's house." I Sawn did her best to assume an air of offended dignity and modesty, which was altogether discounted by the mere circumstance that she permitted the visit at all.

"Don't you remember that our names were drawn together out of the courting pots?" asked Sam Sa, preparing to sit down, which he proceeded to do not far off the door-mat sort of carpet, which was the only one by the fireplace.

"I remember that my mother told me you were coming one night after the—one night three or four days ago; and when you came you did not wear the muffler I sent you when the—when you sent me this neckerchief; and I wore the neckerchief every night after you sent it; and you were very disagreeable, and you shamed me before the whole village, because you never came again—at least, that is what my mother says. I was nearly cr—I mean I am very angry with you," and I Sawn turned her back on him.

"I got a pain in my neck because I did not wear your muffler," said Sam Sa reck-

lessly. "I was in such a hurry to come to you that I forgot. You see I am wearing it now. It is a very fine muffler. The pattern is very cunning. I have never seen so fine a muffler. It must have taken you a long time to make. I shall always wear it when the weather is cold. The pain in my neck is better now," he continued, rambling on in desperation, because I Sawn was dabbing at her eyes and showing other signs of distress.

"If you had a pain in your neck, why did you not send to tell—why does my mother know nothing of it? I don't believe it a bit, and all the village people think you have disdained and slighted me,—and I am very miserable." I Sawn broke down altogether now, and began to sob and wipe her eyes with her neckerchief—the neckerchief that Sam Sa had given her.

That commonplace youth was very much disconcerted. This was not at all the quiet talk he had proposed to have, and it was a development which had not in any way been dealt with in his philandering studies. So he shuffled over to the carpet on which I Sawn was sitting, and in defiance of all the proprieties took her hand and began protesting that nobody but the people in the house could know that he had not come regularly, and that she was a sweet little flower, and that her hair was as splendid as a peacock's-tail feathers; her lips red as the *kem* fruit, whether she had chewed betel or not; her eyes like stars, and that he had always loved her

and nobody else. And the end of it was that I Sawn turned half towards him, and perhaps got a little nearer at the same time, and after a while she taxed him with being much fonder of Et Hwe than of her.

Sam Sa protested disingenuously that it was impossible for anybody to be in love with Et Hwe when she was one of the Sawbwa's inner-chamber women; and I Sawn said she must be a very forward girl and must have shown herself off before the Sawbwa, and Sam Sa thought that very likely she must have done so at the spirit feast at the capital.

They were getting closer and closer together, and Sam Sa had actually put his hand once or twice on I Sawn's shoulder,—a familiarity which is the nearest approach to kissing and fondling that is permitted to the benighted hill youth,—and they might have gone on this way for hours longer, if it had not been that I Sawn's mother came to the conclusion (she had been looking through a crack in the wall at intervals) that it was time that this red-hot and lawless courting was put an end to; so she came out of the inner room with just a sufficient amount of preliminary warning noise and deliberation to give Sam Sa time to get on his legs and pretend that he was just going home.

There was an elaborate amount of make-believe among all three of them that nothing out of the ordinary had been happening; and I Sawn's little sister, who had been sound asleep for most of the time,

had to be wakened up, and furnished the necessary subject of conversation to cover the situation and satisfy the proprieties.

Next day I Sawn's Mistress of Dalliance met Sam Sa's True-love Tutor in the street and said, "Aha, I taught my girlie to some purpose. In spite of all that foolery about Et Hwe and the loutishness of your Sam Sa, the two have come together. I was sure they would. But you should teach your pupils better. I was really quite ashamed of your work the other night."

The True-love Tutor snorted, "Oh, Sam Sa, he is just the sort of fool any woman can get round, without any teaching. Don't you flatter yourself. Just wait. If he can support two wives he will have them. If he can support five wives he will have them. Any girl that takes the trouble, and thinks it worth her while, will be able to catch him and take him away from your little girlie when she is a few years older."

Within the next few days Sam Sa's parents went round to I Sawn's house, and the financial details of the match were discussed with the old people there. They came to the conclusion that the pair must wait, and wait they did until another caravan journey had been made to Mandalay, when enough presents were forthcoming to make assent an easy matter.

There were other marriages brought about by the wedding lottery that year, and Tawn-gma plumed itself on its regard for good old customs.

THE HIGHWAYMAN.

PART ONE.

I.

THE wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees,
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
And the highwayman came riding—

Riding—riding—

The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn-door.

II.

He'd a French cocked-hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace
at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doe-skin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle: his boots were up to the
thigh!

And he rode with a jewelled twinkle,

His pistol-butts a-twinkle,

His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jewelled sky.

III.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clanged in the dark inn-
yard,
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was
locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting
there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark-red love-knot into her long black hair.

IV.

And dark in the dark old inn-yard a stable-wicket creaked,
Where Tim the ostler listened: his face was white and
peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like mouldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter,
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

V.

“One kiss, my bonny sweetheart, I’m after a prize to-night,
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning
light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight;
 Watch for me by moonlight;
I’ll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the
way!”

VI.

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her
hand,
But she loosened her hair i’ the casement! His face burnt
like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his
breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight
 (Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!)

Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped
away to the West.

PART TWO.

I.

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o’ the tawny sunset, before the rise o’ the moon,
When the road was a gipsy’s ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A red-coat troop came marching—
 Marching—marching—
King George’s men came marching, up to the old inn-door.

II.

They said no word to the landlord, they drank his ale instead;
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot
of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their
side!
There was death at every window;
 And hell at one dark window;
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he*
would ride.

III.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering
 jest;
 They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath
 her breast!
 "Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her. She heard
 the dead man say—
Look for me by moonlight;
 Watch for me by moonlight;
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

IV.

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held
 good!
 She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat
 or blood!
 They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours
 crawled by like years,
 Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
 Cold on the stroke of midnight,
 The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was
 hers!

V.

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the
 rest!
 Up, she stood up to attention, with the barrel beneath her
 breast.
 She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
 For the road lay bare in the moonlight;
 Blank and bare in the moonlight;
 And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her
 love's refrain.

VI.

Tlot-tlot! tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horse-hoofs
 ringing clear,—
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance? Were they deaf that they
 did not hear?
 Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
 The highwayman came riding,
 Riding, riding!
 The red-coats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight
 and still!

VII.

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot*, in the echoing night!
 Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
 Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath,
 Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
 Her musket shattered the moonlight,
 Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with
 her death.

VIII.

He turned; he spurred to the Westward; he did not know
 who stood
 Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her
 own red blood!
 Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
 How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the
 darkness there.

IX.

Back, he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
 With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier
 brandished high!
 Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was
 his velvet coat;
 When they shot him down on the highway,
 Down like a dog on the highway,
 And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of
 lace at his throat.

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X.

*And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
 When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
 When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
 A highwayman comes riding—
 Riding—riding—
 A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn-door.*

XI.

*Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn-yard;
 And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked
 and barred;
 He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
 But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
 Bess, the landlord's daughter,
 Plaiting a dark-red love-knot into her long black hair.*

ALFRED NOYES.

'THE TIMES' HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.—II.

WE said last month, when we had completed the first half of the new volume¹ of "The Times" History of the War,' that we looked forward to an interesting and fascinating study when we should grapple with the later chapters of the work. Our optimism has been justified, for Mr Williams, the editor, has improved in his descriptive power as he warmed to his work. We find his narrative more lucid, his arguments and deductions more convincing, and his general treatment of his subject more illuminating than it was in the opening pages of the work. It would be hopeless, in a magazine article, to do more than select certain phases from Mr Williams' digest for the purpose of scrutiny. The volume itself is only three leaves short of 600 pages, and to do the editor and his collaborators real justice would require more space than the reviewer dare contemplate. This being given, we will select certain stirring episodes from the second year of the war and study Mr Williams' treatment of them, hoping thereby to form some estimate of the work as a whole.

After we find Lord Roberts at Pretoria the first incident

that really interests us is the explanation of the want of co-operation between the Commander-in-Chief and his next senior subordinate. As readers of 'Maga' who have followed us through our analysis of previous volumes of this History will remember,² we have entertained the view that the repeated magnanimity shown to the commander of the Natal Army was opposed to the best interests of the country. We know that the feeling on this subject was so strong during the march of Lord Roberts' headquarters from Bloemfontein to Pretoria, that even the most patient and discreet of staff officers were unable to refrain from expressing an opinion which in ordinary circumstances would not have been wrung from them. It had always been our hope that some historian would be given access to the telegrams and letters which must have passed between Lord Roberts and General Buller during that period. It is possible that Mr Williams has had access to these telegrams, for his data are extraordinarily accurate; but we are inclined to think that he has taken too lenient a view of a miscarriage of joint military

¹ 'The Times' History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902 (general editor, L. S. Amery), vol. iv. Edited by Basil Williams. Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., Ltd.

² A review of vol. ii. appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' June 1902; and of vol. iii. in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' June 1905. The first portion of this review appeared in 'Blackwood's Magazine,' July 1906.

movement for which we ourselves can find no extenuatory circumstance. The following is the hardest word that *'The Times' History* has to say on an episode which would be impossible in any other recognised Continental army:—

"Roberts, deprecating the idea of sacrificing men in an attack upon Laing's Nek, urged Buller more strongly to adopt the Vrede route, and advance by way of it into the Transvaal at Standerton. Finally, Buller, who learned to regard his position as almost desperate, again suggested that Roberts should send a division to the Drakensberg in order to enable him to cross it. At this Roberts apparently gave up all hope of getting any assistance from Buller, and, telegraphing on May 25 that he would manage without him, approved of his suggestion that he should advance northward and cut the Delagoa Bay Railway somewhere near Belfast. Buller's objections to the Vrede route were based partly upon the difficulties of transport it would entail and partly upon the difficult nature of the road. He certainly was somewhat short of transport, and had he moved his entire force by Vrede, this deficiency might have proved a serious obstacle to him. Again, there is a good deal to be said for his contention that if his objective was to be Standerton, he should advance thither along the line of the railway. But had Buller chosen to bring up all his available men and overcome his apparent nervousness that his lines of communication in Natal would be cut, there is no doubt that it would have been quite possible to have made a simultaneous advance both by Vrede and along the railway, as soon as he had mended the line as far as Newcastle. That this would have assisted Roberts there can be very little doubt, as so many of the latter's troubles were due to the fact that in his advance all the Boers who had congregated in the north-eastern part of the Free State were out of his reach. The numbers of the Boer

forces actually opposed to Buller do not maintain his contention that he had in front of him nearly half the federal forces; in any case, the fact remains that Buller's advance failed to give Roberts' main advance the support that might have been expected."

If Mr Williams had found the time, co-ordinately with his labours in producing his own history, to make a reflective study of any one of the great Japanese land victories, he would have realised that the whole gamut of the military success of such an instrument of war as a trained modern army depends upon the unquestioned co-operation of its component parts. The battle of Mukden is probably the best illustration of this. In our opinion, it was Buller's inactivity in Natal that burdened this country with the superfluous load of eighteen months of war. We can find no extenuating circumstances to mitigate either the culpable weakness of the Commander-in-Chief in brooking it for a single hour, let alone weeks; or in the subordinate himself, who apparently based his arguments upon the mirage-picture in his immediate vicinity, and missed the strategical perspective of the campaign. And we are not sure that we should absolve Mr Williams, who, apparently, with full information in his hands, has not taken the opportunity of laying bare the miserable limitations of a national spirit that will allow a military system to survive that produces generals to acquiesce in operations thus conducted. It is the system that we would

inveigh against,—the personal element is but the result of a system that is not only pernicious but suicidal. Mr Williams would have rendered a far greater national service if he had taken a club and beaten in the real lessons of our disgracefully conducted war, instead of gingerly flicking us with my lady's riding-whip over such issues as junior staff organisation and alleged inability of cavalry corporals to scout. We are moved to these earnest representations because we appreciate the folly of allowing this generation to die in the belief that the South African episode reflects the smallest credit upon our national system. That many thousands of gallant members of the Empire freely gave their lives to haul the rotten conveyance, that represents our system, back on to the rails it so readily left, we hasten to allow; also, at infinite sacrifice, they brought the crazy coach safely home. But the dominant lesson of the war should be that the coach was crazy, and it should be the duty of every historian to emphasise the fact. Another history has appeared—an official history of this same war. It dismisses the battle of Colenso with five lines of criticism, and this after Manchuria has set the historians the standard of what modern warfare really means to conqueror and vanquished alike!

To our reasoning, nothing that is said now by way of emphasising the astuteness which the commander of the Natal

Army showed at Botha's Pass and in subsequent engagements can condone those previous weeks of inactivity. Yet the average Britisher is so blind to the fitness of things that he will applaud as "astute" a general commanding an army who, rather than deal a crushing blow to 10,000 of his enemy, is content "to outwit" them when they have dwindled to 1500,—which was the exact total of the Boers at Botha's Pass, Alleman's Nek,—even though in effecting this inimitable strategic *coup* he rendered semi-abortive, to the verge of wreckage, the comprehensive campaign of the Commander-in-Chief. Truly it is an occasion for the cudgel!

The next phase of the war that we will choose will be the Lindley incident. Much sentiment attached to the surrender of Colonel Spragge's Yeomanry, and until the publication of Mr Williams' very clear and well-reasoned account of the whole affair, considerable uncertainty existed as to the true course of events. It will be remembered that the overwhelming of this command of raw British soldiery at Lindley was the *coup-de-grâce* to Colville's military career, just as the Reddersburg incident professionally killed the late Sir William Gatacre. Mr Williams apportions the blame to Colville, who should have succoured the invested Yeomanry, and to Colonel Spragge for allowing himself to be cut off by a force of Boers who, "until the last day, did not

largely exceed his own." This is diplomatic, and in this case no doubt justifiable from a contemporary historian's point of view. But for us it opens up a broader field. After the arrival of Lord Kitchener in South Africa as the Field-Marshal's chief of staff, there arose a system of shelving officers who, in the opinion of Headquarters, failed in any particular standard. They were at once relegated to a base depot, for depot duties, at Stellenbosch. At one time relegations of staff officers to this particular scrap-heap were so frequent that "to Stellenbosch," or "to be Stellenbosched," became a term in the language of the campaign. We do not wish to particularise, but the present case and that of Sir William Gatacre show that while Lord Roberts was prepared to use the weeding-tool upon junior officers, whose failures, real or imaginary, were to some extent identical with his own, yet he was content to suffer in the highest ranks an inactivity which was tantamount to insubordination. This brings us back again to the peculiarly vicious nature of our system. As far as we can discover, there is no machinery in our system to apportion our officers to the particular offices to which they have been fitted by nature. If nature has made a man's professional ability of a "square" type, in our military service, it is three, or more, chances to one against his finding, during any period of his service, a "square" hole. When the strain comes

he fails, not generally because he is altogether incompetent, but because he is engaged in a command for which nature has not designed him. He goes at once to the scrap-heap, and is written off as one of the country's bad debts. In certain cases, of course, the service has developed men who would be worthless in any capacity; but these cases are comparatively rare, and the real causes of so many of our personal failures during the war can be traced to this round-ability-in-a-square-hole assortment. The Japanese are far more practical. In very few cases did the sagacity of their selection board fail. With them men were not selected to the command of brigades and divisions through the merits of their wives, Court influence, or the right of the seniority roster. They were selected and placed there, because a close study of their different temperaments had proved them to be eminently fitted for the particular command to which they were allotted. Thus our allies listed their fighting stock into separate brands, all of which are essential to the wellbeing of operations in the field. They grouped them as steady leaders, desperate leaders, civil organisers, staff directors, commissariat chiefs, &c., &c. And at no time during the war in the Far East, even when Japan had drawn upon her last resources, is there evidence of a senior officer being allocated to a department for which nature had not endowed him with a special aptitude. There is

nothing new in this. The faculty of unfailing selection in the matter of subordinates has been the secret of all great commanders, from Alexander down to the "Higher Military Organisation" at Tokio. But the absence of this faculty, as is abundantly evident in the History, produced the miserable spectacle of the early stages in the South African War.

Of all the battles and engagements described in Mr Williams' volume, Diamond Hill seems to us the most profitable one to study. It possesses a faint analogy to some of the battles in Manchuria. In the first place, the actual country between Rhenosterfontein and Krokodil Spruit is very similar to the first outcrop of parallel ranges that fringe the Liau plain. Mr Williams, who undoubtedly loves South Africa, is at his best when he allows himself the luxury of a description. As we read the following with delight, we can only regret that throughout his work he has been so ascetic:—

"East of Pretoria the country for 150 miles has, broadly, the same rolling outlines and the same bracing climate as the Free State, the veld never sinking much below an altitude of 4000 feet, and the ridges and kopjes reproducing the same soft contours and curves as the plain from which they rise. At Waterval Boven this country suddenly ceases; within four miles the railway here plunges down a depth of 900 feet into the semi-tropical low veld, which extends for the remaining 200 miles to Delagoa Bay. There are still mountains here, but they are steep, with clear-cut edges and

deep precipices, which descend into the steamy and fever-stricken valleys of the Sabi, Crocodile, and Komati Rivers. In some of these valleys there are forests where lions, elephants, rhinoceroses, and giraffes make their home; in others the luxuriant vegetation attracts the farmers with their flocks and herds from the high veld during the winter cold. Again, north of the Magaliesberg, all over the Transvaal the country assumes much the same characteristics of warm low-lying valleys and more pronounced hills, though it is only east of Waterval Boven that the semi-tropical belt begins. . . . The position to which Botha had retreated, sixteen miles from Pretoria, was admirably adapted not only to defend the railway and the approach to the remaining Boer strongholds on the east, but also for a counter-attack on Pretoria. With his centre on the railway at Pienaar's Poort, he commanded the Donkerhoek and Diamond Hill range, which curves away from the poort to Bronkhorst Spruit on the south-east and north of the line, and loses itself in a maze of scrub-covered hills and valleys."

We have added the second paragraph to Mr Williams' description to impress upon the student's mind the analogy between the Diamond Hill position that Louis Botha elected to hold, and the Russian positions at Tashichaou, Anshantan, Liauyang, and Mukden. Of the four, Liauyang perhaps carries the most resemblance. The comparison is confined to topographical conditions and the controlling idea in the tactical development of the British attack. In the matter of numbers there is no room for a parallel. According to Mr Williams, Louis Botha could only dispose of 6000 rifles along a front of thirty miles, to oppose an attacking

force of 14,000. It is probable that Mr Williams is very near the mark in the Boer total, but we cannot agree with him in the following views:—

“But Botha made up for his want of numbers by the skill of his tactical dispositions, in which, however, he was aided by the great natural strength of the ground chosen. He had thoroughly taken to heart his error at the Zand River in massing too many men in the centre and in leaving his right flank too weak and too little extended; for his few weeks' experience against Lord Roberts had enabled him to master the Field-Marshal's almost invariable method of attack, which was to hold back his centre until his opponent's flanks had been turned.”

Here we think that Mr Williams is inclined to do Louis Botha too much honour, and inadvertently, in so doing, he is unjust to the Field-Marshal. Knowledge that we have received from the Boer side confirms us in the view that, on this occasion, the chief genius of Botha's generalship lay in the precipitous nature and mountainous strength of the centre of his position. This was extraordinary, and entailed a deployment to a flank of over fifteen miles from the centre of the British line. It seems to us to be a relapse into pedantry, to claim that Louis Botha had “mastered the Field-Marshal's invariable method of attack,” simply because the Boer commandants and field-cornets instinctively posted themselves to defend the obviously vulnerable extremities of the line of their defence. We can picture Louis Botha, after the Zand River, studying the maxims of

Napoleon, and discovering that “those natural positions which are ordinarily met with are not sufficient to protect an army against superior numbers without recourse to art.”

To our understanding it is entirely fatuitous to attempt to credit the Boer generals with any but the crudest strategical skill. If they had possessed any, and the co-ordinating discipline which gives it effect, it is probable that they would have been defeated and reduced within six months. It was in the absence of the organised military mind that their success lay. It necessitated a new and unprecedented organisation to defeat the haphazard and lawless veld-craft of these hunters. The very absence of the then received conventions of war gave the Boers an advantage which the incautious may be easily led into mistaking for military genius.

Mr Williams gives a thrilling and well-proportioned account of the fighting on Lord Roberts' right flank. He is especially happy in his treatment of those episodes on Broadwood's front which cost us the lives of Lord Airlie, Major Hon. Lionel Fortescue, and Lord Chesham's heir; but we think that in his treatment of French's operations on the left flank, he has again “burked” the cavalry. Those who were present, however, know how narrowly disaster to the whole of the Diamond Hill operations was averted by the magnificent emergency qualities displayed by Sir John French,—quali-

ties which, alone amongst our South African generals, he seemed to possess. There may have been greater strategists, men more competent to organise, but General French stands out amongst the seniors, in his faculty for the instantaneous grasp of a tactical situation; in his resolution to act, and carry to a finish the course of action to which, the moment the occasion arose, his military instinct instantly prompted him. French's rare qualities as an emergency leader alone made Ian Hamilton's operations at Diamond Hill possible; for if he had given way,—and he only "held on with his eyelids" with a handful of dismounted troopers,—the indomitable De la Rey would have pushed right through to Silverton and altered the whole conduct of the engagement.

But although Mr Williams leaves the impression that De la Rey did not press French very hard, it seems that he is conscious of French's qualities, for in his not over-enthusiastic summing up of the whole series of operations he commits himself as follows:—

"Lord Roberts, on the other hand, did not display his usual vigour or clearness of decision. The very serious danger to his lines of communication distracted his attention, and for these two days his mind was quite as much busied with De Wet as with Botha. . . . Under these circumstances, it would probably have been better had Lord Roberts devoted himself entirely to the great strategical and political problems before him, and had left the conduct of the battle to French."

And further, so the text of the History runs,—

"President Kruger, in his war bulletins, claimed Diamond Hill as a victory for his side. This was absurd: still, for the English it was but a hollow victory, if victory it can be called. It is true that the actual menace to the capital was removed, and there was no longer a Boer army concentrated at Donkerhoek, but the vigour of the Boers for offensive tactics was in no way impaired."

We may now return to our Manchurian analogy. Mr Williams concedes that Diamond Hill removed "the actual menace to the capital," and, in the same breath, adds the illogical qualification to this concession by stating that the Boers' vigour was unimpaired. Similarly, it might be said that the Russians' vigour was unimpaired after the battles of Tashichaou, Kaiping, and Liauyang. The very fact that Lord Roberts undertook the Diamond Hill operations because the Boers were threatening his security in Pretoria, and as a result of the operations permanently removed this menace, seems to us to spell a certain degree of victory. The special circumstances which bring about *coups*, such as Paardeberg, were not in existence, and in our opinion Lord Roberts showed, at Diamond Hill, that he had realised the principle of modern warfare with its extended fronts and slow tedious turning movements. It should be remembered by the student, as he studies this part of the History, as it should have been remembered by Mr Williams, that the battle of Diamond Hill took place four years before the Russo-Japanese war, and that every Japanese

land success north of Nanshan is, in the abstract, a justification alike of the strategy and of the tactics which the Field-Marshal put into effect at Diamond Hill. We would invite the student, before forming a definite opinion, to read, together, Mr Amery's account of Colenso in volume ii. of *'The Times' History*; Mr Basil Williams' treatment of Diamond Hill, which is extraordinarily correct in its data; and the treatise of the battles of Tashichaou, Liauyang, and Mukden which appeared last year in *'Maga.'*¹ We feel assured, with all due deference to Mr Williams' able deductions, that, as a result of such a comparison, the student will form a happier estimate than has Mr Williams of Lord Roberts' strategical and tactical skill.

The scope of the present volume is so great, that it would obviously be unjust to select passages in which we are not in entire agreement—a very small portion of the work—without making reference to that which is wholly excellent, by far the largest section of the book. Where so much is good and all is instructive, it is difficult to select any portion and advise the student to read it on account of its excellence. We can put our fingers upon those points on which we are not in agreement and recommend them to the seeker after truth to accentuate our own arguments, but it is hard to decide which portion of the

work is the most praiseworthy. The chapter which has pleased us most, chiefly because we were ill-informed of the operations, is the one devoted to "The First De Wet Hunt." It is a very admirable piece of description, accompanied by an accurate, if difficult, plan. Each thread of this extraordinarily intricate narrative has been carefully unravelled, and, in a complete chronological sequence, is given in a most masterly manner. In a few pages the reader is able to assimilate all the guileful little practices by which De Wet baffled his pursuers, who were tumbling over each other in the pursuit.

It certainly is remarkable that Little's and Broadwood's forces should have been so close to one another on this day and yet unaware of one another's positions, and that for the next three days they never were in communication, although orders were received by both commanders from Lord Roberts. De Wet, on the other hand, had such an excellent service of intelligence by means of his two scouting corps under Theron and Scheepers that, though during the next three days both Little's and Broadwood's patrols were occasionally in touch with him, he was able to shake them off and to reach the railway on the night of the 21st. Here, as usual, he divided his force, crossing himself at Serfontein and sending Theron a little farther down to cross at Honigspruit. A train passed as De Wet was crossing, but it was thought better to let it go by until the huge convoy was well over. Theron, however, being untroubled with baggage, stopped another train, took the men on board prisoners, and secured a very useful supply of food and ammunition. The

¹ Now published in book form as *'A Study of the Russo-Japanese War.'* By Chasseur. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London.

two Boer forces then united at Mahemspruit, a farm about six miles west of Kopjes Station, and indulged in some natural self-congratulation on their achievements. . . . De Wet had chosen his lurking-place with his usual skill. His main laager on the farm Rhenosterpoort, near Reitzburg, was protected from the east by the forbidding semicircle of hills at Stinkhoutboom, and also gave him command of a convenient crossing-place over the Vaal at Schoeman's Drift. For twenty miles south of Stinkhoutboom he had outposts on the ridge-line ending at Rhebokfontein, a prominent hill situated on a loop of the Rhenoster River, and commanding a drift on each side of the loop."

This chapter justifies our previous appreciation of Christian de Wet's powers as a skilful guerilla and resourceful filibuster. But it also demonstrates the extraordinary good-luck which attended his star throughout the partisan period of the campaign. Mr Williams tells this portion of the story so well, that it would be almost impertinent on our part to paraphrase his narrative:—

"Then began a wild nightmare of pursuit. The British columns, now hot on the trail, now missing it and cutting off corners in the attempt to find it again, kept stolidly trudging along, with now and then a brief interval, not so much for repose as to take their bearings or to wait for the necessary supplies. Occasionally an obstinate rearguard or a glimpse of the last waggons of the Boer convoy seemed to give them the longed-for chance of having a blow at the inscrutable enemy, but it was only a rearguard or only the last waggons, and after an inconclusive skirmish the stolid trudging would begin all over again, until at last the men began to feel that life was one stupid, almost ceaseless march. The Boers, on their side, had no less weary work, plodding on often through the night as well as the day. Most of them

felt more dead than alive, and had not even the will left to rebel against the plans of their imperious leader. If they halted at a friendly farmhouse or by a pleasant stream during the day to snatch a moment of rest or a mouthful of food, as often as not the oxen and horses had hardly been outspanned when the cry 'Opzaal, opzaal, Khaki's coming!' would be carried through the laager, and the tired beasts would have to be put back into the waggons, and the dreary trek would begin anew. One advantage the Boers had over the English, that the farmers in the country traversed were nearly all friendly. Consequently, as Methuen had done very little in the way of devastation, the Boers, coming first, everywhere obtained plentiful supplies."

The climax of this long hunt furnishes not only exciting reading, but a poignant lesson in military history. Methuen, as dogged and indomitable as De Wet himself, picks up the Boer column north of the Vaal. By straining every nerve he drives De Wet before him. He knows that, once he had headed his enemy into the Hekpoort Valley, some one must bring him to final battle. There are only four points of egress. Baden-Powell is at one, Ian Hamilton at another, and Ian Hamilton has been deputed to supply a stop for the third—Olifant's Nek. Methuen himself is in position to close the fourth. With this knowledge, Methuen, on August 13, started as usual about 3 o'clock A.M., again came up with De Wet's rearguard, and saw him heading off in the direction of Olifant's Nek. Now at last it seemed as if he must be captured.

But "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

Ian Hamilton, for reasons which neither Mr Williams nor any one else that we have ever heard of has satisfactorily explained, had failed to stop Olifant's Nek. Thus this really magnificent British effort, instead of bringing the slippery guerilla to final battle, only enhanced his already fictitious reputation for generalship. Mr Williams states Ian Hamilton's case as follows :—

"Ian Hamilton had advanced to Zeekoehoe, at the end of the Hekpoort Valley, on the 12th, but, instead of sending to hold the nek, thought that he would protect the approach to it sufficiently by simply continuing his own movement westwards. This decision was most unfortunate, the more so as Ian Hamilton's advance westwards was very slow. Being to some extent misled by the information telegraphed from Pretoria, which in several instances post-dated De Wet's movements by twenty-four hours, he only reached a point south-east of the nek on the evening of the day when De Wet slipped through."

The only point for congratulation that can be found in this unhappy termination is that Ian Hamilton was not sacrificed on the altar of atonement. This, however, suggests that there are facts connected

with the unfortunate issue of the Hunt which have not reached the historian.

Considerations of the space at our disposal will not allow us to pursue this fascinating study any farther; and we must, reluctantly enough, leave undiscussed the exciting incidents of the Brandwater Basin operations, the sieges of Kimberley and Mafeking, and the advance to Komati Poort, including, as it does, an admirable study of Buller's later operations and the battle of Bergendal. We close the book with regret, for we feel that between the red boards of its cover there is a fund of information, honestly and soberly collated, that we have had neither the time nor the space to study as it deserves to be studied. But though in some few places we have ventured to stake our opinion against that of the editors, yet we feel that they and their collaborators have rendered a great public service: how great we had not realised until we glanced through the first volume of the *Official History of the War*,¹ which was published last month.

¹ *History of the War in South Africa, 1899-1902.* Compiled by direction of his Majesty's Government by Major-General Sir Frederick Maurice, K.C.B., with a staff of officers. Vol. i. Hurst & Blackett.

ON HEATHER-BURNING.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL SIR HENRY SMITH, K.C.B.

"MASTER TOMMY'S EXPERIMENT"¹ is a thrilling tale, admirably well told, bringing forcibly home to us the danger which always accompanies a "muirburn" in a high wind, and the suicidal policy of commencing operations when possibly the fire may get the upper hand. The districts densely populated by grouse and sheep, be they in the Highlands, Lowlands, or over the Border, are seldom or never densely populated by human beings; and to get together a body of men, sufficient as regards both quantity and quality, properly equipped with "beaters" — generally long switches of birch—is no easy matter. Imagine an ideal morning, still and calm, the men expected having all arrived eager for the fray, what can be more provoking than to be forced to dismiss the parade and send them to their distant homes again? But discretion is the better part of valour; and that fact, under excitement, is soon lost sight of. Then is the time for the laird or his grieve to take the head of the column, accept the responsibility, and put his foot down. Better far, should the wind show symptoms of rising, or clouds of mist be gathering on the hills, to hold your hand

and hope for good-luck next time, than to return your men to their domestic circles minus their eyebrows and half their whiskers sacrificed in what may prove to be an abortive attempt to beat out a fire consuming acre after acre of moor and plantation.

A young lady, the bride of only a few months, fearing that her husband's affections were already on the wane, consulted a matron of experience as to the most efficacious method of regaining and retaining his love. "Feed the beast" was the advice promptly and confidently proffered; and better advice could not have been given. We are all accessible through the stomach. If you wish to draw your neighbour's deer over the march, take every sheep off the ground and your crop of grass will increase and flourish like the green bay-tree. If you wish to draw your neighbour's grouse, burn so as to improve your heather, and give them any quantity of tender young shoots to feed upon. And talking of grouse and deer, there is no doubt that the life of many a stag has been saved by the crow of a cock grouse; for well does the monarch of the glen know, and easily can he distinguish

¹ 'Maga,' August 1883.

between, the call of the bird when suddenly startled by the approach of the stalker and the ordinary crow, loud and clear though it be, which he indulges in when strutting about among his fellows in a misty morning. To be almost within shot and see your quarry, getting warning of danger, toss his head up and bolt incontinently, especially about "the darkening," when there is little or no likelihood of another chance that day, is provocative of profane and unparliamentary language; or, looking to "The 'Ouse" as at present constituted, the adjective without the prefix would be more appropriate. I have suffered more than once from such a *contretemps*, and nothing certainly can be more trying; still, were I the proprietor or lessee of a deer-forest, I would make short work of those who wantonly destroy grouse eggs. Only two gillies, during a fairly long stalking career, have I seen resort to this practice,—absolutely indefensible, look at it how you may,—which makes me hope and believe that it is very far indeed from common. Were it not for its difficulty, deer-stalking would lose its charm. Those who approve of smashing eggs from which the frightened hen, poor thing, has just taken flight, would do well to exterminate the lambs also; for every one who has stalked on ground, forested and un-forested, knows that his difficulties are increased tenfold by the presence of sheep. But

revenons à nos moutons, the only excuse I can make for having left them being the disgust I used to feel at witnessing this cruel practice of which I so strongly disapproved.

Some thirty years ago, in lovely Ross-shire, I assisted for the first time at a "muirburn" carried out on thoroughly scientific principles; and seeing the change for the better by such burning, even in a year's time, and the fatal effects of burning on erroneous principles, I have since then done my best to master the subject—a subject of infinitely more importance than most people seem to be aware of shooting tenants and farmers alike: and it might be advisable before going farther to give some short quotations from Scots Acts interesting from their quaint spelling and antiquity.

The Act of 1424, 26th May, chapter 21 (Record Edition), reads as follows:—

"Item it is ordaynt that na man mak murbyrn efter the month of March quhill all cornis be schorne under the payne of xl shillings to be raisyt to the Lorde of the lande of the byrnar and gif he hes nocht to pay that he be prisonyt xl dais. An gif the lords of the lande will nocht rais sic payne na punys nocht sic trespassouris as is befor saide the Justice Clerk be indytement sall gar sic trespassouris be attachit to comper befor the Justice and there to be correkyt as is befor writtyne."

The Act 1457, chapter 38, re-enacts the statute just quoted.

The Act 1478, chapter 8, specifies a period from the last day of March till Michaelmas,

during which “na murbury be maid”; and increases the penalty to five pounds (Scots).

The principal Act which now regulates heather-burning is that of 13th George III., chapter 54.

All this seems to prove the great importance legislators have always attached to our subject.

Master Tommy, whom we have temporarily lost sight of, unfortunately for his papa—a Caithness laird—had been given a half-holiday to see the art of heather-burning; and having thoroughly enjoyed himself, decided next day on giving the moor the benefit of his experience and doing a little burning on his own account,—the result being that a young plantation of Scots fir and spruce, valuable in its position, and carefully tended for years, was totally consumed. Tommy had reached the mature age of ten, so there is some excuse for him; but what excuse can there be for those who, with five times his years and fifty times his experience, burn on the “happy-go-lucky” principle every season that comes round? Providentially there is a close time, and rain and melting snow have to be reckoned with, or that period which keeps farmers from their ewes and lambs, and gamekeepers from their usual avocations, which fosters selfishness, and sets landlords, tenants, and shepherds by the ears, would be too much for most of us.

When the interests of all concerned are diametrically

opposed one to the other, to attempt to reconcile such interests is far from a congenial task. That when one is pleased the other must be displeased is self-evident. Thus it is that to burn your moors to the satisfaction of every one borders on the impossible. On one point only all seem to be agreed, and undoubtedly ought to be agreed, that if you burn at all you should burn thoroughly—the owner, shooting tenant, and gamekeeper for the sake of the grouse, the farmer for the sake of the sheep. When you do not burn well down, but in perfunctory fashion, leaving long straggling roots, large quantities of wool are lost. Before the shearing season the fleece is loose and easily pulled off. It has, in fact, been gradually loosened by the growth of the new fleece forcing its way up. Sheep do not go voluntarily among such roots, I admit: there is little for them to eat, and what little there is is difficult to get at without pricking their noses. They are by no means devoid of intelligence. Their homing instincts are extraordinary; and the way they single out their own lambs by scent—and I am inclined to believe by sight also—and the scant courtesy they show to others, is interesting to watch. But no animals are more easily frightened, and under a sudden panic they will, like the spirit-possessed pigs, lose their heads and run violently through roots or anything else, one after another, to the loss of half their fleece. The hen

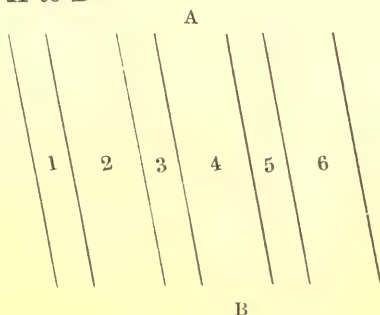
grouse also, when startled, will make anywhere for shelter; and should she get among the long roots with a brood only a few days old, some of them, in endeavouring to follow her, are tolerably sure to meet death by strangulation. Save and except this point—burning thoroughly—the views and wishes of the different parties interested are wide asunder as the poles. The farmer would burn ruthlessly every patch of heather on his farm. It is grass, not heather, that he and his shepherd want. The shooting tenant, seeing the moor ruined from a sportsman's point of view, prays in a dry season for wet weather, and appeals to his landlord to stand by him; and he, the landlord, half of whose income is derived from the former and half from the latter, attempts the unenviable task of pleasing both parties, and, as invariably happens in such circumstances, gets thanks from neither.

The farmer and sportsman, in their own interests, should bury the hatchet and come to an amicable understanding on another point which, for the moment, I had overlooked. Sheep and grouse alike suffer much both from heat and cold, and both, in addition to food, require shelter from a scorching sun or a hurricane of wind and rain sweeping over the moor. That shelter, where dykes and plantations are few and far between, can only be obtained by leaving patches of heather entirely alone till they grow sufficiently long to afford it;

and though such patches soon become fit for nothing but shelter, they are, in my opinion, indispensable.

Even among experts there is considerable diversity of opinion as to how heather should be burnt. To my mind it is impossible to lay down hard and fast rules, so much depends on the locality, the time of the year, and the weather, whether you are at work on flat low-lying moors or among the high hills, at an altitude say of some six or seven hundred feet to fifteen hundred or two thousand above sea-level, in spring or autumn, in a season abnormally wet or abnormally dry. In a wet season there is little or no danger of permanently injuring the peat surface. In a dry season, on the contrary, when the ground has got baked after weeks of drought, irreparable damage may be done: the whole surface may catch fire to the depth of eight or ten inches or even more, ruining the moor for an indefinite number of years.

Say that we are burning a portion of a large extent of ground in strips fifteen yards broad, the wind blowing from A to B—



Starting at B—that is, against the wind—I begin by burning 1; then leave a strip, numbered 2, double the width—that is, thirty yards—unburnt; then burn 3, leaving another thirty yards; and so on.

If you make a good beginning, and get several strips burnt, a conflagration will be easy to check should a gale suddenly spring up.

It is marvellous how a moor may be improved—that is, how you may increase your stock of grouse by judicious burning. Money must and always will enter into our calculations, and no man, however wealthy, would have an extensive moor as carefully tended as a flower-garden or a putting-green; but it is easy to try an experiment on a small scale. Enclose, say, half an acre, making it “sheep proof”; for should there be a heavy stock of sheep, they will spoil your work and tear up the heather by the roots. Burn thoroughly. If once is not enough, go over it again, and in nine or ten months’ time you will have food exactly suited to the requirements of the birds. Grouse disease may be likened to distemper in the dog: the more you see of it, the more it puzzles you—how it came, and why it came. Still, by providing good feeding for your birds, you have at any rate the satisfaction of knowing you have done your best to exorcise the scourge.

Burning would undoubtedly frighten the grouse completely away, especially if you keep at it too late in the season, de-

stroying nests and sitting hens on them, were it not for the fact that when you are at work every one is at work. The whole country is alight; and after flying round, seeking rest and finding none, both grouse and blackgame gradually return to the land of their nativity, every moor claiming its own again. It reminds me of one’s charger on “Lord Mayor’s Day.” If given to shying, one flag is enough for him on every other day of the year; but on this anniversary, should he yield to his inclinations, he would be “on the shy” from morn to dewy eve. Flags are above him, flags to his right, flags to his left, flags on his front, flags in his rear; so after a bit he accepts the inevitable, settles down, and gives you a fairly comfortable ride.

The spring of ’95 or ’96—I forget which—was one of extraordinary heat; scarcely a drop of rain fell for weeks; and the hateful heather-burning went merrily on day after day. Even the farmers were content; and all, bar one, in my neighbourhood called “Hold, enough!” The exception—a cantankerous old rascal he was—would have burnt every sprig of heather on the moor, and many a time he tried to seduce from his allegiance a keeper whose sole work it was to look after him. “Come in by,” he would say when the blaze was well alight and the wind beginning to freshen,—“Come in by, there’s nae fear noo; Boab’ll look

efter't,"—Boab being his son and heir, a young incendiary as bad as himself. Friday, the closing day that year, came at last. On the Sunday following, in walking to church, I descried my friend "in runkl't breek's a' spilt wi' lying by for weeks," stepping demurely out in front of me. Overtaking him, I noted with satisfaction that his "sairious face" had caught it pretty badly. His complexion, naturally alcoholic, now rivalled in richness a sunset by B. W. Leader: his nose was "barked," and his beard and whiskers considerably cur-

tailed in dimensions. "Well, Armstrong," I said, hailing him with hypocritical cordiality, "you ought to be satisfied this year at any rate." "Saitisfeed," he replied, with a sanctimonious upraising of his eyebrows, or what remained of them,—“weel, we’ve maunaged to get a wheen bit pautches döne”; and as he was walking in past the plate where lay the bawbees, to thank God he was not as other heather-burners, he added in a subdued and resigned tone, “Ou maun jist mak a bit airlier stert next year.”

CROFTERS, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE Crofter question has risen again; the advent of a new Bill has been announced by the Government; and though in England these periodical Bills may be regarded with a languid interest—like the hardy annuals, Female Suffrage and the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill,—yet to those Scots who believe, as the writer has been brought up to believe, that “the crofters are the backbone of their country,” the provisions of the Bill to be laid before the House are awaited with anxiety not unmingled with fear.

Any artificial interference with the natural laws which determine the occupation and means of subsistence adopted by the inhabitants of a country is apt to produce consequences which its advocates have never foreseen, and would be the first to deplore. Under these circumstances it may not be amiss to recall some of the well-meaning efforts that have been made in former years to find a satisfactory solution of this problem, for history repeats itself. The climate and soil remain the same, and it would be indeed disastrous if those who are now considering this subject were to derive no wisdom from the results of past experiments and past failures.

From the speeches sometimes made, and articles written, it would seem as if the history of the Highlands had been very

little studied,—nay, even as if its present condition were not very familiar to those who speak and write on the subject. Those of us who have been brought up in the Highlands from our youth often come across statements quite at variance with “what we have seen with our eyes and our fathers have declared unto us.” One very common error is to fail to recognise the immense difference that exists between a crofter in the eastern counties and a crofter in the western counties of Scotland. On the east coast of Scotland the term “crofter” is applied to any small farmer or labourer with allotment; on the west coast it denotes what in England would be known as a superior “squatter.”

The landowners in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries encouraged people to settle on their lands,—first, in order to have a larger number of adherents in the frequent raids and forages in which they took part, and later, in order to command cheaper labour on the home farm. Many of these so-called tenants originally paid no rent, except in kind,—an occasional “reek hen,” as it was called, a few bolls of meal, or perhaps a sheep, being brought to the laird or his factor in good seasons; whilst the crofter's cart and horse, and his own services, were occasionally requisitioned to gather in the harvest, lift the

“taties,” or cart the peats to the “muckle hoose.”

Half a century ago the crofters in the West Highlands seldom saw money, and never needed it. They erected for themselves huts mostly built of turf, floored with clay, and roofed with heather; they kept a few cattle, goats, and sheep, which grazed at will on the open hillside and provided them with milk and wool. They lived a truly simple life, and their needs were few. They grew oats for their own food, and potatoes, which formed their other chief article of diet. Tea was an unknown luxury,—it was by no means uncommon to find persons who had never tasted it. Wheaten bread had never been seen in those parts. Their clothes were made from the fleeces of their own sheep, spun and woven by the goodwives during the long winter nights, and dyed with simple dyes made from the lichens which grew on the stems of the trees or on the boulders of rock in the neighbourhood. The whisky they drank came from secret stills on the hillside, and had never paid excise. The nearest parish church was often many miles away; no school was there for the children,—very few of them indeed could read or write. Still fewer had ever heard a word of English spoken. Their spiritual needs, however, were not neglected, for they received constant visits from the “Men,” as they were called, who had constituted themselves the spiritual guides of their neighbourhood.

VOL. CLXXX.—NO. MXC.

These Men were greatly revered, partly because they had somehow obtained a little more education than their neighbours and could read the Bible, and partly because they were believed to have the gift of prophecy and to be able to foretell the future. No doubt many remarkable instances of the fulfilment of these prophecies actually occurred, but whether the result of natural sagacity or preternatural prescience it is difficult to say. No doctors attended to the physical wants of these poor people. When ill they carried potatoes in their pockets, put salt in their shoes, or attempted privately to propitiate the nearest “wise woman,” who was supposed to have “overlooked” them. If these remedies failed, they tried “whusky”; if that was not enough, more “whusky”; if that failed, well, then, it was time to think of opening the window to let the spirit find its way comfortably to another world, and to prepare the salt to lay on the breast of the departed. Poets were by no means uncommon amongst them, and simple Gaelic odes celebrating the virtues or lamenting the loss of some local hero or heroine passed from mouth to mouth, and may even yet linger in some out-of-the-way districts. They always went barefooted, no American bootmakers having yet dumped their goods on the shores of the British Isles.

Such were the crofters in the first half of the last century. “A happy and prosper-

ous race," say the advocates of re-crofterisation. Happy, no doubt, they may have been,—the simple conditions under which they lived did not preclude happiness,—but it is doubtful if their more materialistic descendants would consider the scanty livelihood they extracted from a barren soil under an ungenial sky deserved the name of prosperity. But even these simple wants were not always supplied: in bad years the sufferings that these unfortunate people endured were often indescribable. Especially was this the case in the commencement of Queen Victoria's reign, when the one prosperous industry which had sprung up amongst them, and upon which they had depended when their crops failed, was destroyed by economic changes. This was the production of kelp, the ashes of calcined seaweed, much used in the manufacture of glass. At this time several bad years in succession, complicated by a disease amongst the potatoes, plunged the Highlands into a state of distress which has rarely been equalled in any civilised country.

This condition of things was speedily brought before Parliament, on the 11th of February 1841, by the member for Inverness-shire, Mr Henry Baillie, who moved "That a committee be appointed to inquire into the condition of the population of the Highlands and Islands of Scotland with a view to afford the people relief by means of emigration." He said:—

"It is hardly necessary to enter into a very lengthened or detailed history of the kelp manufacture on the western coast of Scotland. It is quite sufficient for the House to know that it once existed; that it was in existence so far back as the end of the seventeenth century; that it was one of those manufactures which had long been fostered and encouraged, perhaps unwisely, by protecting duties; that it was the means of affording occupation and existence to a very large population, which had been encouraged from time to time to settle in those wild and barren districts of the Highlands, where they had, comparatively speaking, no agricultural resources. The consequence was that when these protecting duties were withdrawn the manufacture rapidly declined, the people were thrown out of employment and reduced to the utmost state of misery and destitution. The protecting duties to which I allude are the duties upon salt, sulphur, and barilla. In consequence of the sudden reduction of the duties upon salt and sulphur, a new manufacture came into operation, composed of these two substances, called British alkali, and which proved to be a complete substitute for kelp: this was the first great blow which the manufacture received. It still, however, continued to be employed for some purposes until the duty upon barilla was removed, when it may be said to have been extinguished altogether as a profitable manufacture. True it was that kelp was still manufactured, but only in small quantities, generally for the purpose of employing the most destitute portion of the population, and for the most part at a positive loss to the manufacturer.

"The consequences which followed the reduction of these duties were ruinous in the extreme to the landed proprietors. True it was that some of them with vast possessions were enabled to contend against it, but the smaller proprietors, and those whose estates were burdened with family settlements, were absolutely and completely ruined. One gentleman's whole estate was not sufficient to pay the settlements which were made upon his younger brothers

during the flourishing state of the kelp manufacture. He was in consequence obliged to give up his whole estate to his younger brothers, and he himself was only last year sent out at their joint expense as a sheep-farmer to Australia. I might mention other cases of similar hardship. They have been ruined, but they do not complain; they know that there are occasions when private interests must yield to the public good. They admit this, and do not call upon the House for compensation; but they do call upon Government, and, I think, with some justice, to assist in removing the superabundant population from their estates, who, from no fault of their own, but in consequence of the legislation of this House, have been deprived of all means of existence.

"I know I may be told that distress exists in other parts of the country as well as in Scotland, more particularly in Ireland. I admit the fact; but at the same time I submit that the cases are widely different. In Ireland, for instance, there is a rich and fertile soil, capable of sustaining, even with its present imperfect cultivation, not only the people which now exist, but a much larger population.¹ If, then, distress exists in Ireland, it proceeds from other causes, and not from any want of capability in the soil of affording food for the inhabitants: it may proceed from political causes, or from want of capital to develop the resources of the country. These are doubtless evils, but they are evils which it may be hoped one day to see removed. But these poor Highlanders have no hope or expectation that their condition can ever be improved—no influx of capital, no ingenuity of man, can devise means by which those barren rocks and mountains which they inhabit can be made capable of affording food for the population which at present exists. For them there is but the choice of two alternatives—either to remain where they are and to perish by diseases engendered by unwholesome,

improper, and insufficient food, or to remove to some distant country: . . . all they ask is that Parliament will afford them the means of removing.

"The famine which, it will be well remembered by this House, took place in 1837 was the natural consequence of the state of things which I have described. Upon that occasion some thousands of these poor people were saved from the most horrible of all deaths—starvation—by the prompt assistance which they received from Government, as well as by the philanthropy and generosity of the British public. But if the evil has thus been arrested in its course, the disease is not cured—it still exists; and so certainly and so surely as that failures of their crops must in the nature of these things again take place, so certainly will famine again return, so surely will Government be called upon to interfere and the British public be again appealed to. . . ."

Again he says:—

"There are at least 40,000 persons in a destitute condition who ought to be removed. . . . I must remind the House that these people have peculiar claims upon consideration. I must remind them that in spite of all their misery and all their distress we have heard of no outrages, we have heard of no violence, we have heard of no Chartism in that country. . . . Can I believe that the people of England, who a few years ago so nobly and generously sanctioned a vote of £20,000,000 of the public money for the purpose of bettering the condition of the negroes in the West Indies,—not their physical condition, I admit, I should rather say their social position,—can I believe that the Government, which only last year obtained a vote for £60,000 for the purpose of endeavouring to civilise the inhabitants of the interior of Africa . . . can I believe, I repeat, that the people of England, or the

¹ This, of course, is not intended to apply to some districts in the west of Ireland, where the soil and the conditions of the inhabitants very much resembled those of the Scottish Highlands as here described.

Government, will now turn with cold indifference from the sufferings of their own fellow-countrymen, sufferings far more intolerable, misery far greater than any that ever was endured by the negroes in the West Indies! Anything so monstrous I cannot believe possible. All I ask for is a committee."

After a debate in which Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel took part, Mr Baillie's motion was agreed to and a committee appointed, which fully confirmed the above statements.

I have quoted at some length from this interesting debate, as it shows the crofter's question in rather a different light to that in which it is placed by candidates electioneering in crofter districts in these days; but lest it should be supposed to be a mere party statement, let us see what other contemporary writers have to say.

In the same year, 1841, the Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D., minister of St Columba's, Glasgow, wrote on Dec. 8:—

"Except something is done, and speedily done, and that on a great scale, I do not know what is to become of the tens of thousands now in a state of actual starvation in the Highlands and Lowlands. I am convinced that they are bearing their present fearful sufferings with patience, in the hope of relief from emigration, and if nothing is done I shudder to think of the consequences. . . . When the Government have announced their scheme it might do some good if a great public meeting could be held in London under the patronage of the Lord Mayor and the City merchants, and at the meeting the condition of the poor Highlands should be brought forward. If my presence and advocacy at such a meeting could be

of any good, most willing am I to attend. . . . I have devoted many years to labouring for the good of the Highlands without fee or reward. . . ."

These old papers form a strange contrast to the glowing pictures sometimes set before us of a thriving prosperous peasantry displaced to make room for deer forests. In 1841 the railroads had not yet brought English sportsmen to the North, or carried game to the English markets. Thus the principal exodus from the Highlands was occasioned by economic changes, and assisted by philanthropists and politicians.

In a very interesting autobiography of the late Duke of Argyll just published, he says, speaking of this period (vol. i. p. 285):—

"We bought cargoes of Indian meal, and gave it out for the people in wages for systematic drainage on the land. But we did also what was even more necessary for a permanent reform. The time had not then come, which I call the epoch of the fools, when agitators told the people that an excessive population ought to be 'rooted in the soil,' and that emigration was a device of the great enemy of mankind. The people themselves . . . petitioned my father to help them to emigrate. . . . Large sums were spent on emigration for several years. . . . The whole rental of the estates affected was absorbed for more than five years, whilst a sum of £10,000 was borrowed from Peel's parliamentary loan fund, at the rate of 6½ per cent."

The Duke further states (p. 291) that he expended over half a million pounds sterling in land improvement, but he adds, "No one has ever known

my work as a land-improver."

"The drainage of land is never seen at all, and even farmhouses and enclosures escape attention. The landlord invests his thousands mainly underground, and the passing idiot thinks that his rental is some kind of spontaneous return for which the owner has done nothing."

Let us hear one more witness,—not a minister or a politician this time, but a plain matter-of-fact man of business. Mr Duncan Shaw, a gentleman who for thirty years had the management of some of the largest estates in the north of Scotland, wrote in 1841:—

"Without inquiring into the misery likely to be caused by so sudden and entire a change of measures, the Government reduced the duties on barilla and sulphur, and entirely removed the duties on salt. By these measures barilla and British alkali came into competition with kelp, and soon reduced the prices from £14, £15, £16, and £20 per ton to less than £3. The income of one Long Island estate was reduced from £12,000 to about £3500. Instead of yielding a large revenue, kelp came now to be manufactured at a great loss to the proprietors: the consequence had been in some instances their complete ruin; their debts and family settlements remained burdens on their estates, while the incomes of those estates were reduced two-thirds. Nor was this reduction of income the only misfortune; the extra population created by the kelp manufacturers under the protection of Government remained a burden on their hands: not only were they obliged to import provisions for their extra population, but their presence prevented their letting their lands in large grazing farms, and so turning their estates to some account. The small tenants, far from paying rents, cannot maintain themselves, their allotments being necessarily so small. In proof of the state to which the kelp trade is reduced, I

may observe that, in 1838, 584 tons of kelp were manufactured on an estate under my management at a loss to the proprietor of £626, 11s. 5d., while the same proprietor has for the last five years imported at an average 500 bolls of meal for the use of his tenantry, independent altogether of the large quantity sent by the Committee for managing the funds subscribed for the destitute Highlanders. The next summer I cannot estimate the probable import on the same estate at less than 800 bolls, and I have no reason to believe that the other estates in Long Island are differently situated to the one to which I have referred: no person the least acquainted with the state of the population of those islands can entertain a doubt that provisions to a large extent must be imported annually till a very great portion of the population is removed; the people are unable to support themselves where they are, and equally unable to pay the expense of emigrating. The proprietors, already distressed by the loss of two-thirds of their incomes, are unable to support the people at home or assist them in going abroad."

The emigration scheme then proposed as a remedial measure by Government and the philanthropists was at first received with gratitude by the crofters, and numbers gladly availed themselves of the free and assisted passages that were provided. Many rich and prosperous families in Canada are descended from those who then left their native land. Unfortunately one of these emigrant ships was lost, and after that nothing would persuade the people that they were not being taken away to perish, and emigration received a decided check.

Soon after this, however, a fresh influence entered the Highlands. The English tourist and the English sportsman

appeared on the scene, and the money brought into the Highlands produced in certain districts a slight revival of prosperity, but the needs of the crofter have increased since then. He now requires a stone house with a slated roof, a house that even in the neighbourhood of stone quarries cannot be built for less than £100 to £150. He needs two churches, or indeed three churches—one Established, one Free, and one United Free,—all of which must be supported. He needs education for his children, shoes for his own feet and theirs, tea and white bread, posts and telegraphs, a weekly, sometimes even a daily paper, a medical man, a road by which he can take his butter, eggs, and honey to the nearest market—nay, it has even been whispered that he has been known to patronise patent pills and various kinds of soap.

Now all these things cost money. Some one must pay for making and repairing the roads along which the baker's cart brings the crofter the white bread which is fast replacing meal as his chief food; some one must pay the relieving officer and parish doctor; some one must build and endow the churches which reach the outlying districts; some one must pay the heavy school rate, which brings an elaborate if not always a practical education within the reach of all. Now let us turn to the eastern crofters.

On the east coast of Scotland, in the less mountainous

districts, the term "crofter" is applied to a very different person,—a fact which is often ignored. In these eastern counties the so-called crofter is in no respect different from any ordinary farmer, except that his holding is smaller. He has a nineteen years' lease; his house has been built by the landlord, who also has made, and in many instances keeps in repair, the by-roads which connect the district with the turnpikes; the landlord also has made the drains, or at least supplied the pipes which relieve his ground of superfluous moisture. In a few instances the roofs are the property of the tenant, erected by himself, or purchased by him from the last outgoing tenant when he leaves: they are valued, and he receives their full value. This excellent practice is, however, fast being discontinued, which seems a pity, as the tenants kept their roofs in better repair when they owned and took an interest in them, besides doing the repairs cheaper than the landlord could do; and the money, which they received either from the landlord or the incoming tenant, came at a moment when it was much needed to enable them to start in a new home. The east-coast crofter is usually a prosperous member of the community. He is a great assistance to the large farms in the neighbourhood, especially in districts where labour is scarce. He supports himself and his family the greater part of the year, and his cart and his plough are

often at the service of his neighbours. The occasional wages he earns enable him to hold out in bad years.

Why, then, should there be any reluctance on the part of the landlords to break up the large farms, which do not pay as they used to do? Because it is the extra work on the large farms which provides a means of subsistence in bad times for the smaller holders, and because it is impossible to erect the necessary buildings without incurring an expenditure that any obtainable rent would repay.

Take, for instance, twenty acres of average land and suppose that the owner wished to turn it into a croft. The probable rent received would be about £25 a-year, including buildings. Now these buildings, at the present rate of erection, would certainly not cost the landlord less than £300. That would include a dwelling-house, which could not be put up in most districts to satisfy the requirements of the County Council under £150; it would also mean a stable, cart-shed, byre for the cows, and barn, which would cost another £150. The drainage of twenty acres would probably cost another £200: of course in a dry soil less drainage would be required, but then there might be a scarcity of water of a quality to satisfy a sanitary inspector, and the fetching of water would probably cost as much as the drainage.

Thus we see that there would be an initial outlay of at least

£500, or £20 a-year. Now this money would have to be raised by the landlord at $3\frac{3}{4}$ per cent, or, including legal expenses in raising and renewing loans, it would be about 4 per cent. Thus the landlord's annual outlay would be—

	Per annum.
Interest on buildings .	£12 0 0
Interest on drainage or water-supply .	8 0 0
County and parish rates, land tax, &c. .	3 2 6
Annual repairs to buildings and management .	2 10 0
	£25 12 6

Even this estimate allows nothing for road-making, if required. Now, supposing the wicked landlord who exacts a rent of £25 for a yearly expenditure of £25, 12s. 6d.—supposing this grasping individual to be swept away by a beneficent Government, what would a crofter owning his own land have to pay?

He would still need house, byre, cart-shed, and stable, and for the £300 which this represented he would probably have to pay at least £5 per cent, which is the ordinary rate charged by the local banks. His expenses work out—

Buildings . . .	£15 0 0
Drainage, &c. . .	10 0 0
Owner's rates, less income-tax . . .	2 2 6
Annual repairs . .	1 10 0
	£28 12 6

No doubt some of these expenses would vary in different localities; but even though in some favoured districts where both water-supply and drainage are not required, yet on

any large estate a certain number of bad debts are sure to arise, which would largely diminish the small margin of profit which necessary expenses have left. Who, then, can wonder that few new crofts are built?

Nevertheless, the agricultural community would get on badly without crofters. As one who knew both Highlands and Lowlands, both eastern and western counties, well once said: "Crofts do not pay, but no estate should be without them. They form a training-school for the best class of farmer, and provide cheap labour for the large farms. Each large farm should have so many crofts attached to it. Crofters can only exist comfortably by working on large farms in bad seasons."

The same gentleman said once, when some one was being praised for breeding shorthorns at a loss to improve the breed: "I should prefer to breed crofters; they would not pay either, but they would be of more use to the nation."

Crofters have certainly been of great use to the nation. Many great men, many brave soldiers, many clever doctors, have come out from the crofts, and surely a race which produces such splendid specimens of humanity should not be allowed to perish. A race that has enriched the annals of our country with so many noble names deserves something better than to be made the shuttlecock of contending political parties, or to be dumped down in districts and

under conditions where it is impossible to make a livelihood.

Unfortunately, natural causes seem to be effacing them. They certainly are diminishing. How is this to be arrested? By fixity of tenure, say some! That may benefit certain individuals, but not the race. At present there is a decided progressive movement in the crofter community in the eastern counties. It is continually recruited by the best and most industrious ploughmen and farm-labourers, whose great ambition is to save £100 or £150 in order to marry and take a croft. At the end of their nineteen years' lease many of the crofters elect to give up their holdings. The thriftless and indolent men are thankful to be relieved of land that they cannot use; they return to service, and the land they have neglected is re-let, probably at a reduced rent, to some more industrious man. The prosperous crofter, on the other hand, takes a larger holding at the end of each term, till he reaches the summit of his ambition as a large farmer. Many of the best farmers in the country have begun their career in this manner. But fixity of tenure will stop all healthy movement of this sort. Old crofts will no longer be available, as their holders will not leave, and the formation of new crofts has been shown to be too expensive. Thus the unfortunate ploughman will have to relinquish his ambition. The small crofter, chained as a serf to

the soil, will have no prospect of exchanging his "but and ben" for a more commodious residence. A flowing stream will be arrested and converted into a stagnant pool. Surely no malicious fairy could have designed a more fatal gift.

The capital which has hitherto aided the crofter in bad years, either with gifts of manure, reductions of rent, or several months of waiting for payment, will no longer be available, for the capitalist will lose interest in land which is virtually no longer his.

Rates and taxes will still have to be paid, and show no signs of diminishing; houses will have to be built and repaired; roads and drains will have to be made and maintained.

The twentieth-century crofter rightly enough will not rest contented with the old-world "clatch" or hut which sufficed for his forebears. He demands something better, and his demands are not unreasonable.

We are told that scientific farming will effect wonderful economies in the future. It may be. A future generation may see marvels. They may see old-age pensions relieving the poor rates; Christian Scientists replacing the parish doctor; flying machines and aerial ships making roads no longer necessary; electricity regulating the rainfall of the future, so as to produce and dispel it when and where it is needed; the old volcanoes which we are told once existed in this country may resume a fertilising activity, or a new

artificial manure may be discovered which, like radium, is inexhaustible, and will "make the wilderness to blossom as the rose."

Yes, wonderful things may lie hidden in the future, but one thing, alas! seems more probable, and that is, that in one form or another "the poor will never cease from the land."

In attempting to remedy this sad problem, we are too apt, as Mrs Browning says,

"To talk by aggregates
And think by systems, and being used
to face
Our evils in statistics, are inclined
To cap them with unreal remedies
Drawn out in haste."

And is the present legislation likely to be an exception to this rule?

It is to be feared that in England few people take the slightest interest in the subject. As a poor crofter woman once said to the writer, "We are but a few poor sheep here in the wilderness, and how should the great folk in the towns understand what we feel." Unfortunately the representatives of the crofting constituencies are too often either men who have been brought up in a town or whose sympathies are so local that they find it difficult to realise that legislation admirably adapted to a squatter in the Hebrides might ruin the prospects of a small farmer in Banffshire or Aberdeenshire. Some few lairds who have held land or lived in various districts have some ideas of the different aspects of

the subject, but they are not likely to let their ideas be known. They have been so little used to any legislation that improved their prospects, that they have ceased to think any good can come out of Westminster. So they await events in a sullen silence.

No doubt something is being done by establishing home industries in certain districts, but these artificially nourished industries will never really solve the question. No legislation that "the wit of man can devise" will bring back the shadow on the dial of time or revive the crofter of fifty years ago. All that can be done is to enable the very different crofter of to-day to adapt himself to the altered conditions which economic changes have produced in the world around him,—changes which, whilst they have improved the conditions of life in the cities, have complicated existence in outlying districts. Any improvements must be gradual and partial, if they are not to occasion more evils

and injustices than they were designed to remedy.

Those who are seeking to advance their own interests by espousing the cause of this deserving class, will sooner or later find that they are building houses on the sand and daubing their walls with untempered mortar, and the waves of time will shortly efface all trace of their efforts; but if this cause were ever espoused by such a man as Lord Shaftesbury or Howard, acting not for any party or personal reason, but solely actuated by the desire of promoting the good of his fellow-men and the eternal principles of truth and justice, then surely a new era might yet dawn for this interesting race both in Highlands and Lowlands. Should, however, their real interests be sacrificed to party exigencies and to flashy and showy legislation, then emigration on a large scale will again have to be resorted to, and the country will lose many stalwart and valuable citizens.

THE MILITARY OBLIGATIONS OF EMPIRE.

"I propose, in the name of my colleagues, that the number of British soldiers shall be 20,000 fewer regulars than at the present date. I am able to say, in the name of the Army Council, that, considering the Army as organised through the number of men we have been able to get under the *Militia* principle, we should be able to mobilise in war, and keep prepared in time of peace, a force which contrasts with the old force as three army corps to two."—[The Secretary of State for War in the House of Commons on July 12.]

"Do not, I implore you, my lords, suffer our fellow-countrymen to continue any longer under the misconception that a small regular army is all that is needed for the security of India and other places; that the defence of these islands can be entrusted to insufficiently trained, insufficiently officered auxiliary forces; and that it will be time enough when war breaks out or is imminent to arrange for the large reserve that will inevitably be required."—[Field-Marshal Lord Roberts in the House of Lords on July 10.]

"I believe that the voluntary principle overlooks the great moral value of the idea of a general patriotic obligation. As every citizen in this country has a right to have a voice in the control of its destiny, so he is bound, on the same principle, to be prepared to serve for its defence. . . . If a system which is adopted by every other great European nation, and by the one nation of Asia which has obtained a great position as a world Power, which was adopted by our own ancestors, by all the free nations of antiquity, is to be regarded as a system unworthy of a free people, I would ask myself, how does it come about that none of the great nations of Europe which have adopted it shows any serious signs whatever of departing from it?"—[Lord Milner in the House of Lords, July 10.]

It is a miserable thought that the three great speeches from which we have extracted the above passages should be received by the nation with no more serious attention and reflection than is given to the ordinary backwash of party politics. Let us consider the inward portent of these speeches. We have the authority of Lord Roberts, indisputably the greatest British soldier of our time, that we cannot depend upon our small regular army for that expansion which, under the stress of a great war, would be necessary for the defence of this empire. This, one would surmise, is evidence that no sane nation could afford to neglect. It is the studied opinion of

a distinguished soldier, who, whatever his detractors may say, has brought to a successful termination every operation of war to which he has turned his hand; and who, during the past sixty years, has watched the science of war develop concurrently with the rapid and terrifying advances, in design and power, of arms of precision. But it may be said, "These are only the views of a distinguished soldier. The soldier lives for war: he can contemplate nothing except the environment of war." Even if we concede this point, yet there is another aspect: the soldier, although he may be prejudiced, is under no misapprehension as to the consequences of un-

successful war. But let us put the soldier away from us, and study the weighty words of warning from the great statesman who steered our interests through the stormy seas of revolt in South Africa.

It cannot be said of Lord Milner, as it may be suggested of the professional soldier, that his vision has been perverted by that lifelong association with arms which, in the soldier, doubtless tends to magnify the importance of the business of war. Here we have the hard-headed, thoughtful statesman, who is guided in his calculations, not by any thought of professional aggrandisement, but by the knowledge of the limitations of international arbitration and the awful calamity of ill-success in war. No living man can realise more fully than Lord Milner what the price of ill-success would mean to this empire: he has actually participated in the anguish of two states swept by the remorseless hand of the invader, and has seen, as a co-ordinate result, a mighty continent so wasted and dwarfed, that a decade does not hold out promise of a healthy convalescence. Can we, as a nation with responsibilities of empire such as no world Power has had on its shoulders in the past, listen unmoved to the warnings of our most trusted statesmen? Lord Roberts, in a speech "remarkable alike for the width of its historical range and for the intense sincerity of its tone," and Lord Milner, reinforcing the distinguished Field-

Marshal's arguments, have told us that there is no security for the nation that, instead of relying upon its whole manhood for its defence, is content to leave its military salvation in the hands of a small professional class. Yet, what revulsion in popular feeling has been effected by these statements, which, in each case, were delivered as national appeals?

The result has been, as is shown by the quotation that heads this article, that the Secretary of State for War, clever and accomplished lawyer, on July 12, for four hours, held the House of Commons spell-bound with his personality, while, with all the forcible urbanity and self-satisfied aplomb in which he is a past master, he informed the nation that, in spite of the crying demand of every competent statesman and of every military expert for expansion, he proposed to reduce the military forces of the Crown by 20,000 men. And then, with all the courteous address of the politician intent upon ridiculing the intelligence of his immediate listeners, he proceeded to expound, in kindly phrase, the old schoolboy problem of "how many blue beans make five":—

"I cannot express my obligations too deeply to my colleagues of the Army Council for assisting me to work out the scheme of reorganisation which I have to present, and—in the hypothesis that reductions are right—the whole-hearted concurrence they have expressed in a proposal which, just because it is their own, I believe will result in the increase

of the efficiency of the British Army by fifty per cent."

There you are. There are your "blue beans"; but we question if the statement we have quoted is altogether honest. It is true that Mr Haldane put it to the Army Council that the Cabinet would require the experts to work a reduction on the existing estimates, and whole-heartedly the latter have enabled him to show the reductions which his party unfortunately insist upon; but this loyal co-operation has not been given for the reasons that Mr Haldane so patronisingly declaims. The Army Council, faced with the inexorable determination of the present Cabinet, have striven to do as little damage to the structure of the Army as possible, and to do such damage as was unavoidable in such a way that it will be comparatively easy to reconstruct when the present evil hour has been tided over. Mr Haldane may address the House of Commons with all complacency, and quote with affected pride what he maintains to be "the view of the Army," but he will not make us believe that there is a single military member among his coadjutors who will diagnose his scheme as being anything but the least permanently disastrous means of effecting the reduction in expenditure forced upon them by a blind, narrow-minded, and inconsequent coterie of legislators. It is the best that may be done in the miserable circumstances. Mr Haldane's travail has produced an Army

Scheme, but there is not a professional soldier, in Pall Mall or out of it, or a statesman worthy of the name, who will admit that his amours with the present Cabinet have produced *the* Army Scheme that is consonant with the sacred trust of empire.

Let us first examine what these obligations of empire comprise. Statistics show that while the area of the world is 52,000,000 square miles, 12,000,000 square miles, a little less than one-fourth, is the British Empire; that of the total 1,500,000,000 of the world's populace, 403,000,000 are British subjects, and that the British Empire possesses about one-third of the world's trade. In a word, the present Ministry is responsible for the safety and welfare of a quarter of the globe. By the same law of progression in the growth of all things, empires of such colossal size as our own, unless decaying, must expand and increase. In 1896 Lord Rosebery reminded the nation that its possessions during the previous decade had been augmented by nearly 3,000,000 square miles of territory. He also pointed out the gravity of the responsibilities entailed by such an acquisition of territories. Yet we find, although our steady increase has in the same ratio increased our military liabilities, that our military efficiency is about to be reduced, to all intents and purposes, to the same standard as existed in 1897. Yet the acquisitions of territories, concerning which Lord Rosebery

sounded his warning, have been overshadowed by those which have come after them. The war of 1899-1902 brought us hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory. The late Government, alive to the march of events and the responsibilities incurred by these increases,—even though it never quite realised that no motive power yet invented would propel battleships over hills and dales to impress the will of a Sea Power upon Inland States,—augmented the land forces of the Empire, first in 1897-98, and subsequently during the South African War. A steady current of obstruction, however, has set in against this tide; and here we are in 1906, as Lord Roberts said in his great and patriotic speech before the Peers, with our first military experts despairing

“of the country’s ever becoming alive to the danger of the unpreparedness of our present position until too late to prevent some fatal catastrophe. Nearly seven years have passed since the war in South Africa broke out, and one year has gone of our alliance with Japan. But the lessons that the war should have taught us have borne no fruit, and it would appear as if the nine years that remain of the alliance may pass without our house having been put in order.”

We would implore our readers to consider this indictment a moment. We, the greatest empire the world has ever seen,—we, the rulers of 300,000,000 of Asiatic subjects,—must perforce enter into an alliance with an Asiatic race before we are able to set our house in order.

But there is another aspect

of our military expenditure which appears to have totally escaped the wit of our legislators. We have pointed out that the British Empire possesses about one-third of the world’s wealth. Has it never occurred that there lie within this vast accumulation of riches the very germs of those national dangers about which our present Cabinet is so complaisant? George Washington had no mistaken view of the sordid influences that may prompt even a friendly nation, when he told Congress that “to be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.” Given this view: also, as South Africa proved to us, that we cannot improvise an instrument for effective land warfare at a moment’s notice, and bearing in mind that a practical development in aeronautics is well within the range of possibility, and may any day diminish the exact reliability of naval defence,—we, as a business nation, should view the question of Army Estimates as a business proposition. The only way to do this is to study the annual increase of the nation’s wealth, and to appropriate for its assurance such sums as may reasonably be expected to ensure us against the payment of an indemnity that would ruin the Empire. This, surely, is not a question of enlisting men to fit a monetary estimate, but of providing funds to furnish sufficient men to render our insurance policy gilt-edged. If the aggregate income of the Empire, as stated in ‘The

Times' of the 5th July, is £3,200,000,000, it should be simple for an insurance actuary to inform us of the premium necessary to cover all risks. If the sum produced will not supply both an adequate sea and land protection, then we must turn to the measures which Lord Milner has been single-minded enough to espouse. "As every citizen in this country has a right to have a voice in the control of its destiny, so he is bound, on the same principle, to be prepared to serve for its defence." If the [citizen has not been so blessed, by birth or education, with the means to enable him to subscribe an adequate share to the great national insurance fund, then let us legislate so that in lieu of cash he may give his services. Even if we were never called upon to fight—as in these circumstances would probably be the case—we should be a better nation if we dispensed with mercenaries. Was it not Bacon who wrote "Of Empire and Armies" in the following words?—"For their men of war, it is a dangerous state when they live and remain in a body, *and are used to donatives*, whereof we see examples in the janizaries and pretorian bands of Rome; but trainings of men, and arming them in several places, and under several commanders, and *without donatives*, are things of defence and no danger."

To sum up, we would consider as an act of treason the reduction of the land forces of this country by a single com-

batant. In this conviction, let us see what our Secretary of State for War proposes.

THE NEW MAKESHIFT.

The Secretary of State for War proposes: (1) To organise a striking force of 150,000 men. (2) To reorganise the Militia and to make it supply wastage for oversea service in time of war. (3) To establish a territorial army from the existing auxiliary forces, less a portion of the Militia.

This is the constructive programme. The destructive portion is as follows: (1) To reduce the regular army by mustering out the 3rd Scots Guards, 3rd Coldstream Guards, 3rd and 4th Northumberland Fusiliers, 3rd and 4th Royal Warwicks, 3rd and 4th Lancashires, and the 3rd and 4th Manchester Regiments, and a reduction in peace establishments of the Guards and Line battalions.

(2) The conversion of 36 field batteries into training batteries, with reduced establishments, half to be 4-gun, half 2-gun batteries.

(3) To juggle with certain departmental units in the Regulars and bring them upon a Militia basis, with the intention to supply departmental duties in time of war.

At the first blush it seemed that a very reasonable makeshift had been developed out of Mr Haldane's labour. The scheme was given to the House with all that benign charm of conviction which is possible when the speaker knows that

he has at his back a sheep-like majority yearning to keep office at any price, and, owing to iniquitous closure arrangements, is without a moment's fear that his arguments will be shredded out in the fair debate such a delicate occasion deserves. With the practised force and vigour of the professional cause-pleader, the great lawyer made his case, and pressed his claim upon the House with those arts and graces which are the hypnotism of the Bar.

But let us consider. What is this striking force that is to be fifty per cent better than any striking force that we have had before? Has it that homogeneity of composition that is essential to the finished fighting unit? Here is its proposed state: 50,000 Regulars with the colours, 70,000 Reservists, and 30,000 Militiamen. This sounds well as it is rolled out with practised effect for the edification of the ignorant. But Mr Haldane must not tell us that his professional colleagues in Pall Mall came forward gratuitously to offer this. Remember this Expeditionary Force is the screen behind which a Militia second line is to be mustered and trained, as well as the Territorial Army, which at present is only a hypothetical promise. Is it not risking much to send out our first line equipped with reservists in the proportion of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 trained man; and to each group of 3 trained men, 1 amateur? Also, what precedent is there to show, as Mr Haldane suggests, that the

departmental duties of Ammunition and Food-Supply, Transport, Engineering, can be readily administered by amateur units? All precedent points in an opposite direction. Ammunition and Food-Supply and Transport functions are branches which demand a very special and intelligent training in all ranks.

But this is mere daisy-clipping. Where and how is the present scheme to supply the wastage of war; reinforce India; and, leaving alone the home-defence duties of the Territorial Army, equip, train, and repair the second striking force which must be ready, in the event of success, to reinforce the original expeditionary force, and, in the event of disaster, to take its place? Totally ignorant of the lessons from Manchuria, the wastage of this expeditionary force is estimated at 50,000 in the first six months. For the sake of the military counsellors whom Mr Haldane drags with him into the mire, we will allow these numbers. How does the scheme propose to replenish this wastage? From the Militia! Good, and how will these militiamen go to the front? Will they go as drafts, or complete units? Let them go as either! God help the general that has to command our Second Expeditionary Force, or the reinforcements for India and Egypt, for nothing but divine intervention will save him!

We will "burk" the question of the Artillery,—we have not the heart to face it. In this case let the soldiers of India

point the moral,—it concerns them very closely. When the push comes, somebody will be without trained men to work the quick-firers. Let us hope it will not be India. We wonder if Mr Haldane has taken the trouble to find out from Winchester House the length of time calculated, in Germany, in France, in Japan, to train efficiently the simple field-gunner (1) to understand his weapon, so that numbers 1 to 5 can be interchangeable in event of casualty; (2) to be sufficiently disciplined to sustain the strain of opposing artillery "preparation." We would recommend a further scrutiny into this question of emergency expansion before the proposed mutilation is undertaken.

Mr Haldane says: "I think, having regard to the importance of artillery, to which the Powers are more and more awakening, to which the General Staff are awake, and of which the Army Council is convinced, we ought to encourage the artillery in every way"! If this wholesale dissipation of our trained reserve of batteries for India is the best encouragement that the General Staff and Army Council is capable of, the sooner both bodies are replaced the better. For

after a close study of the War Secretary's speech, and his implication of the Army Council in his schemes, we feel with Bacon,—*"To conclude, there is no decoying merchant, or inward beggar, hath so many tricks to uphold the credit of their wealth, as these empty persons have to maintain the credit of their sufficiency. Seeming wise men may make shift to get opinion, but let no man choose them for employment; for, certainly, you were better take for business a man somewhat absurd than over-formal."*

But we will never believe that the men of military reputation who compose the latter body, which apparently the War Minister can steer at will, have lent their talents, except in the forlorn hope that their manipulation of the present Government's sentimental and miserable parsimony will do the nation less permanent harm than if they had left the visionary lawyer unadvised to work his own and the Cabinet's wicked will upon our army. This indeed is patriotism, for in his catch-phrase rhetoric the War Minister has stultified the military acumen of the Army Council to the whole world.

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, THE SCHOOLS, AND THE LORDS.

THE Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, appointed more than two years ago, has now been issued, and, as was only to be expected, does not satisfy everybody. If, however, it should have the effect of uniting the Moderate Evangelical party and the Moderate High Church party, constituting between them four-fifths of the clergy and at least three-fourths of the Anglican laity, against the two extremes, we could dispense with the approval of either of them. The fact that the Commissioners have been unanimous, and that we have no minority report, affords some ground for hope that this result may be attained.

To the possible influence of this Report on the progress of the Education Bill we shall refer presently; but before doing so it will be better to ask ourselves what it really means, and how far its diagnosis of the evils which it was intended to correct is in itself, and apart from all extraneous considerations, accurate. Some reform of the Ecclesiastical Courts must, in the opinion of the Commissioners, precede any permanent removal of the disorders which now agitate the Church. A certain class of offences may, as we shall see, be dealt with immediately. But the great majority of alleged irregularities belong to the debateable land, involve protracted argument, and cannot be satisfactorily disposed

of by the courts as at present constituted. The Commissioners give up the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which has, they say, lost what we doubt if it ever possessed, the confidence of the Church and Churchmen; and their recommendations for establishing a new tribunal may be thought, perhaps, by many persons the most important part of the Report. But for our present purpose it is more needful to glance at the conclusions on which the Report is founded, and the "intention" with which it has been framed, than to criticise the machinery for giving effect to it.

We must remember on the threshold that the Report deals only with the Church of England, with parties and principles as they exist inside her pale, and with these only. The questions at issue lie within a narrow compass. They do not concern the differences between different Churches or different forms of Christianity. They relate only to differences between members of the same Church who profess allegiance to the same creed, and are bound by oath to observance of the same liturgy. We may not import into the discussion partialities drawn from other communions, or exclude from it considerations which other communions may reject. To put the matter briefly: as it is well known that the main object of the Commission was to investigate

the growth of Ritualism, with a view to the suppression of lawless irregularities in the conduct of divine service emboldened by a prolonged impunity, so of course it was necessary for the members of it to take the English Prayer-Book as their standard, and to hold that the test of lawlessness was whether any practice or ceremony complained of contradicted the teaching of the Prayer-Book. To go outside of these limitations would bring us face to face with controversies which the Commission was not called upon to touch, which are far too deep and too wide for discussion in periodical literature, and which, indeed, have little to do with the points of immediate interest raised by the document before us.

It is enough for us, therefore, to take up those points which are what everybody is thinking of when Ecclesiastical Discipline is mentioned,—we mean those practices and ceremonies which make up together what is called Ritualism,—and to follow the Commissioners in their attempt to discriminate between those which are in strict conformity with Church of England teaching, those which do not contradict it, and those which are manifestly and flagrantly opposed to it. Of the first we need say little. Such customs and observances as only symbolise doctrines which the Church has always held may be safely let alone. Of the third, it is sufficient to say that what the Church of England expressly condemns, no conscientious Churchman can

deliberately adopt and yet remain within her pale. As there is little or no difficulty in determining what such practices are,—a list of them is given at p. 75 of the Report,—there ought to be little or no difficulty in putting an end to them. It is when we come to the second category that our real difficulties begin.

Ornaments, vestments, &c., symbolical of doctrines which, though the Church of England does not expressly teach them, are perfectly consistent, nevertheless, with what she does teach, are to be tolerated, says the Report, under certain conditions.

“There will probably be cases in which some practices significant of teaching legally declared not to be contrary or repugnant to the articles or formularies of the Church of England may reasonably be allowed. But in no circumstances would this, in our opinion, be right, except under conditions of efficient regulation, and with careful regard for the opinions and feelings of congregations” (par. 79).

This was Dr Pusey’s opinion, which ought to be a warrant with High Churchmen for its soundness. At p. 19 we find that the Bishop of London,

“having been appealed to by a parishioner of St Luke’s, Enfield, on the ground that the incumbent had announced his intention to introduce these vestments on and after Christmas Day 1904, replied that he always dissuaded clergy from introducing them against the wishes of the communicants of their parishes, but that he found on inquiry that the vicar’s decision was based on the almost unanimous request of the communicants of the church, most of whom were parishioners.”

He added that, in those circumstances, the use of the vestments would “come within the

limits of the Bishop's toleration."

The following paragraph, as a summary of the position with regard to this particular class of irregularities, is worth quoting entire:—

"Many witnesses have, however, argued that these vestments are in the public mind so closely associated with the Roman Church that their introduction into the Church of England, where, in fact, they were entirely discarded for 300 years, cannot fail to convey generally the impression that the Roman doctrine and practice are being brought back. They have urged that the attempt to restore such vestments is often accompanied by the restoration of a group of practices discarded at the Reformation. It is replied that the force of this argument was greater fifty years ago than now. What was then a complete and startling novelty has become a practice—a practice condemned by the law, but for thirty years unrepressed—in more than 1500 English churches; and thousands of middle-aged persons now living have been accustomed to see these vestments worn as long as they can remember. It is urged that, unless the teaching of the clergy who wear these vestments be Roman, such persons may not see any necessary approximation to Rome in the use of vestments which even in Western Europe are not exclusively Roman."

It is here, we repeat, that the greatest difficulty may arise. To distinguish clearly between such irregularities as come within this second category from those which come under the first and third will, we fear, sometimes be impossible; while in the next place the legalisation of vestments, even though unrepressed for thirty years, and familiar to thousands of middle-aged persons who have been used to them from childhood, is likely to be warmly resented by the zealous Evangelicals. Yet this

second category becomes of special importance when we remember how it affects the great body of even moderate High Churchmen. These will be the men who will be the hardest hit by any enforced prohibition of this class of usages. And it is at this point that the prospect of uniting the two great middle parties in the Church seems to grow somewhat fainter. That it was the intention of the Commissioners to secure the acquiescence of the moderate High Churchmen by this concession there can be no doubt. It has been their object, while showing no quarter to Romanising propensities, to deal gently with all such revivals as cannot justly be charged with these proclivities.

It is a great misfortune that the two have got mixed up together in the public mind. But if the Established Church is to be held together, the distinction between them must be steadily borne in mind. The Report advises the summary prohibition of what is decidedly Roman, combined with the guarded toleration of what is confessedly Anglican. By a strict enforcement of the one, and a generous interpretation of the other, is it too much to hope that a lasting peace may be secured? The Evangelicals, without whose energetic protests we should have had no Commission at all, will expect a literal and immediate fulfilment of the recommendation made at p. 75 of the Report, and the High Churchmen must be satisfied with such qualified concessions in regard to vest-

ments and ceremonies as are suggested in paragraph 79. It will be for the Evangelical party to take care that limitations imposed in deference to their own religious views are carefully and honestly observed.

The High Churchmen must remember that in one sense they are the aggressors. Ritualism is a bastard growth for which the High Church party is in a measure responsible; and should future legislation fall more heavily on them than the Commissioners suggest, it will have been provoked by excesses which have been naturally, if wrongfully, identified with their own tenets.

We must all pray for unity. And the longer a settlement is delayed, the wider is the gap likely to become. By the permanent alienation of either of the two great middle parties the field would be left clear for disestablishment. Rome would profit largely by the event, and become in time the most powerful religious organisation in this country.

We are not prophesying. We merely indicate consummations towards which Anglican dissensions, if permitted to continue, would appear to be gravitating. Let us trust that, when once satisfied of the coming expulsion of Romanism from the Anglican pale, there may be a union of all parties for the common good of the Church of England, by which alone, humanly speaking, it can be saved from disestablishment.

Now that we have a distinct assurance that practices plainly repugnant to the prin-

ciples of the Church of England are no longer to be tolerated, and that an extinguisher is finally to be placed on that flaunting Romanism which has too long been permitted to flourish on Anglican soil, like poppies in the wheat, we are rejoiced to think that one obstacle the less will lie in the path of the Opposition when the Education Bill comes before the House of Lords. That jealousy of clerical influence, due in great measure to the excesses of ritualism, which has hitherto to some extent hampered the defenders of religious education, should cease to operate during the remainder of the struggle. Even without this relief, we have no doubt that the Peers would have done their duty. With it their task should be, if not an easy one, free at least from those heated recriminations from which even the best of men, though working together for some important object, are not always able to refrain.

Unless something is done on the Report the Bill will go up to the House of Lords altered in no essential respect from what it was when first submitted to the House of Commons. No single amendment of any consequence has been either proposed or accepted by the Government, whose usual practice it has been to take away with the one hand what they have given with the other. Mr Birrell is a great master of this useful art; but his devices in this case have been too transparent, and all his so-called concessions are seen to be illusory. All the Radical vices

of the Bill remain untouched. Denominational instruction is not to be given in the regular school hours, for fear, perhaps, it should prove infectious. The children are not to be required to attend it, and the regular teachers are not to be allowed to give it. Mr Birrell's latest device, "the State-aided school," embodying the principle of "contracting out," which we have always upheld, is coupled with conditions which rob it of all practical value. The "bilateral," the latest effort of this constructive genius, is really too silly to be ridiculous. In our last number we said of this singular bargain that there was "no logical connection whatever between its two terms," and on the last night of the Committee debate (July 18) Mr Balfour used almost the same words: "He was perfectly unable to see what logical or equitable connection there was between the privilege of giving denominational instruction and the privilege to the local authority of commandeering every school in their locality if they chose." Poor Mr Birrell, conscious of the mess which he had made of it, left his bilateral clause to the Committee, who rejected it by a large majority.

The exceptions to the rules which restrict religious education, and silence those best qualified to impart it, still remain exceptions, and are confined to urban areas, where the Roman Catholics are more numerous, and denied to the rural districts, where the Church of England represents the vast majority. As the Bill has been

framed to meet the views of Nonconformists, the pertinacity with which this clause has been maintained is of course their doing. They pride themselves on being the special representatives of Protestantism, and the way they show it is by allowing to the Church of Rome liberties and privileges which they refuse to the Church of England. So much for their Protestantism!

Nothing can show more clearly the real nature of the whole measure than this particular clause. There can be no earthly reason why the rural districts should not enjoy the same facilities as the urban areas, except that to grant them in the former would strengthen that Church which it is the object of the measure to destroy. Neither religion nor education has anything to do with the Bill. It is a political job inspired by social jealousy, and worked by men careless of the means employed so long as the great end is gained.

Yet, after all, the Government have not got what they hoped for when this clause was agreed upon. Their Nonconformist allies may be pleased with the treatment of the Church of England, but the Government have not pleased the Roman Catholics. If the bitterest punishment a man undergo is the memory of "a crime perpetrated in vain," Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman must have some uneasy moments. Let those who wish to know what the Roman Catholics themselves think about the matter read the leading articles in 'The Tablet.'

When the Bill is before the House of Lords we trust they will at once recognise its real character. The debates in the House of Commons have stripped it of the very clumsy disguise in which it first appeared, and if the friends of the Church had not done it in the House, the friends of the Government would have done it in the press. It can, indeed, have escaped hardly any one competent to form an opinion on the subject, who made a study of the Bill when it first appeared in print, that under the specious pretext of a zeal for education a covert blow was aimed at the Church of England. But 'Maga' was the first to say so in so many words. And what we wrote on the first of May, just three months ago, has since that time been generally recognised, and emphatically asserted by Mr Balfour. We then said: "Ministers, instead of dispensing that even-handed justice of which they make such boastful profession, have openly taken the field on the side of the Nonconformists in their organised attack on the Church. They have proscribed her Prayer-book, silenced her teachers, and annexed her property. And this they have done in obedience to their Nonconformist masters, who now begin to think that their opportunity has arrived. A generation brought up in ignorance of the history, the principles, and the liberality of the Church of England will, it is thought, more readily acquiesce in her destruction."

We recommend these words to the attention of all such members of the Upper House as may honour us with their attention. Debate after debate, down to the conclusion of Part I., only proved more and more conclusively their literal truth.

The House of Lords must take up this Bill as being simply an attack on the rights and liberties of the Church of England with a view to her ultimate disestablishment. There is no necessity to labour this point. We have pressed it on our readers so frequently in the course of our remarks upon the Bill, that any lengthened exposure of the real intention of the Government is no longer necessary. But what we would urge upon the House of Lords is this, to keep this "intention" constantly before their eyes, and to make it the basis of all their criticism. In a debate upon the second reading there will be no necessity to anticipate the work of Committee. The greatest service which the House of Lords can now perform is to hold up before the public eye the real character of the Bill, to expose its original design, and to take care that no one who feels the slightest interest in the subject shall remain ignorant of its object. This should be done without any unnecessary discussion of minor details. A few leading provisions are quite enough for the purpose. We should deprecate any reference whatever to particular amendments. The Bill is, under another name, an organised attack on the Constitution in Church and State, and, as

such, should be first hung up to public obloquy, and afterwards, if necessary, taken down and reconstructed.

But this is a secondary consideration. The important point is that between this time and next October the public should be made fully aware of what it is that the House of Lords is called upon to do. This is simply to defend the Church of England from immediate robbery and ultimate disestablishment. The proofs of what we say have been so regularly furnished during the progress of the Bill, and only quite recently have received such signal illustration, that it would be waste of time to recapitulate them. We are happy to think that the Report on Ecclesiastical Discipline will strengthen the hands of the Peers, who should now be able to depend on the support of all loyal churchmen.

But if that part of the Bill which is concerned with religious education spells disestablishment, that which deals with Welsh education is the sign-post which points to Home Rule. In the debate (July 17) on clause 37, Part IV., regarding the appointment of the Welsh Council of Education, this was several times pointed out by Mr Balfour, and not denied either by the Government or any of the Welsh members. No doubt, in the House of Lords this lurking element of separatism will receive its due share of attention. But of scarcely less importance is the machinery by which Mr Lloyd-George proposes to effect his object; and even this is almost eclipsed

by the light-hearted manner in which a great constitutional change, based on a private member's amendment, was forced through the House without a word of notice beforehand or time allowed for discussion.

All we know is, that there is to be a Minister of Welsh Education with a Department under him, and supposed to control a Welsh Educational Council. He seems intended to share his responsibilities with the President of the Board of Education, to whom on religious and controversial topics there is to be an appeal, while on other subjects it will be to the Welsh Minister. State-aided schools in Wales are to be taken out of the Welsh educational system and to be handed over to the English Education Minister, "under a code which he has not authorised, and for which his Department is not responsible." Thus we should have two Education authorities, between which there must inevitably be constant friction. How the Welsh Education Minister is to "control" the Welsh Council we are not told. No machinery is provided for it; but as the poor man is to have no salary, and cannot therefore be "got at" in Parliament, he will not perhaps take his duties very seriously. The whole clause as left at present is a mass of confusion and contradictions, which the House of Lords must unravel as best it can. Mr Lloyd-George takes credit to himself for the "concessions" which he has made to the Opposition. We do not deny

the concessions. But nobody knows better than himself what his own party have gained by them.

The dodge, for we can call it nothing else, by which this consummation was brought about was worthy of its authors. The original clause, sub-section 5, provides "that the Board of Education shall in each year pay to the Council of Wales any money which may be granted by Parliament in respect of Education Fees in Wales." But nothing is said about Parliamentary control over the money, nor is any person indicated who should be responsible to Parliament for its management. It was foreseen, of course, that the Opposition would object to the uncontrolled expenditure of national funds by local or provincial authorities. This was the trap laid. Mr Smith moved his amendment, placing the Welsh Council, which he preferred to call "a consultative education committee," under the Board of Education. Mr Lloyd-George jumped at the suggestion. Oh, said he in effect, if Parliamentary control is what you want, you shall have plenty of it. Mr Smith's amendment was to the effect that "the President of the Board of Education shall be responsible to Parliament for any act of the Welsh Central Committee done in the exercise of any of the powers of the Board of Education delegated to the Committee under this section, and shall have full control over the Committee in respect of the exercise of such

powers." Mr Lloyd-George cheerfully "accepted both these conditions"—only he didn't. For at this point he let the cat out of the bag.

The responsible Minister must not be the President of the Board of Education. They must have a separate Welsh department, with a Minister of the Crown at the head of it. This was what he and his party had been playing for all along: and the clever way in which they contrived to get it in the form of "a great concession" to the Opposition is worthy of all admiration. Mr Lloyd-George wanted an instalment of Home Rule, but he wanted somebody else to pay for it. So he contrived to let it appear that it was granted as a favour to the Opposition, who were thus made to seem answerable for a principle which they had always steadfastly opposed. It was a smart stroke of business, we admit. Just change the name of the Minister, says Mr Lloyd-George; it is a mere matter of form. It will make no difference. I accept the substance of your amendment. And thus a wholly new principle is smuggled into the constitution, in vindication of which even Mr Asquith's forensic dialectic entirely broke down. The Government proposition, he said, was merely in the direction of giving greater Parliamentary control over Welsh education, which is what the Opposition wanted—an argument which falls under the head of what logi-

cians call the fallacy *plurium interrogationum*, when two propositions are advanced under cover of one. The answer is, Yes; the Conservatives wanted greater Parliamentary control, but not the principle of Home Rule tacked on to it,—a distinction which Mr Asquith ignores by treating the two things as one. Such sophistries may answer very well in addressing a court of law, but are rather out of place in Parliament, especially when the speaker is a Minister of the Crown, who should have left all such tricks of the trade behind him when he took his seat upon the Treasury Bench.

We need here only add that a Welsh Conservative agent has knocked the bottom out of Mr Lloyd-George's argument as to the unanimity of Welsh Conservatives,¹ for which, however, Mr Lloyd-George almost did the same kind office himself, since he admitted that when the conference took

place at which this alleged unanimity was exhibited, the Bill was not in existence! It is not very likely that any number of Welsh Conservatives would have sanctioned a measure placing religious education in Wales at the mercy of the "passive resisters," which would certainly be the effect of the Bill if carried in its present form. That, however, we are confident it never will be. The House of Lords cannot possibly accept the Welsh scheme of the Government. Intoxicated for the moment by the possession of almost absolute power, the Government seem to have grown careless of their own reputation. They can afford to defy criticism and to laugh at precedents. Constitutional usage and Parliamentary law they do not condescend to discuss. And we must look to the House of Lords to recall them to a sense of obligations which no former Government has ever ventured to disregard.

[*P.S.*—We cannot forbear from adding to these remarks a few words of condolence with the distinguished statesman who has recently experienced a loss than which few that fall to the lot of mortal man can be accounted heavier. The death of a young and beautiful wife to whom he was tenderly attached, and who repaid his affection with equal warmth, would by itself justify them. But when we add to this, that by her tact, her courtesy, and her charming manners she rendered him invaluable service in the performance of his public duties, it is difficult to express in adequate terms the extent of his bereavement. The consciousness that the large majority of Lord Curzon's countrymen are sharers in his sorrow may do something to alleviate it. But the wound is too deep to be speedily healed, and the brief and respectful assurance of our heartfelt sympathy is all that we can offer.—*ED. B. M.*]

¹ See 'Standard,' July 20.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MXCI.

SEPTEMBER 1906.

VOL. CLXXX.

ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN AND KHALIF, AND THE PAN-ISLAMIC MOVEMENT.

HISTORY will some day recognise in Abdul Hamid II., Sultan and Khalif, one of the most striking figures, and, within certain obvious limitations, perhaps even one of the master-minds, of our times. Sanguinary palace conspiracies placed him in 1876 on the throne of Turkey as the puppet of contending factions. Within two years of his accession the conquering armies of a great European Power, which claimed to be the champion of Christendom, were encamped almost under the walls of his capital. He was compelled to purchase peace from his external foes by costly cessions of territory, not only to the victors but to the petty Christian States, carved out of his ancestral dominions, just as he had purchased a truce from internal strife by promising constitutional reforms which, if carried out, would have permanently destroyed

the ancient absolutism of the Sultanate. He bowed, or feigned to bow, to the inevitable; but his fertile brain, undaunted by adversity, was already at work to rebuild the shattered fabric of his power on new and broader foundations. The story goes that on one occasion, when he was having his horoscope cast as a young man, he asked the soothsayer, who had predicted to him surpassingly brilliant fortunes, whether he was destined to be "the heir of Osman," the reputed founder of the Turkish dynasty, and the answer came: "Ay, and heir to much more than Osman could have bequeathed to thee." And, when he pressed for a more definite interpretation, the soothsayer prostrated himself before his future master: "Oh, *Emir el Mumineen!* Oh, Prince of the Faithful, it is written. I worship the Khalif who shall

rule over the *Dar-ul-Islam*, the world of Islam." The story may not be true, and probably is not true. But it embodies the central idea which has inspired Abdul Hamid's statesmanship throughout his reign—namely, the revival of the spiritual authority to which he lays claim as heir to the Khalifate, in order to compensate the curtailment of his temporal dominions as Sultan.

The attractions of such a policy for Abdul Hamid were twofold. He was no less bent upon restoring his own authority as an absolute monarch at home than upon preserving the remnants of his enfeebled Empire against the further encroachments of Christendom. The more he succeeded in magnifying his office as Khalif, the easier was it to shake himself free from the trammels which masterful bureaucrats, or liberal reformers with vague aspirations towards western constitutionalism, had imposed upon him as Sultan. His immediate predecessors had been little better than *rois fainéants*, and so long as the resources of the Empire and the proceeds of foreign loans allowed them to indulge their love of pomp and pleasure, they had been content to surrender the reins of government into the hands of a bureaucratic oligarchy whose chiefs were for nearly half-a-century the virtual rulers of Turkey. In the days of Abdul Medjid and Abdul Aziz, the Sublime Porte had been the real seat of Ottoman government, and the Grand Vizier of the day, whether an

Ali, or a Fuad, or a Reshid, was in fact the Mayor of the Palace. The political, military, and financial bankruptcy of Turkey had, however, shaken the Porte as much as the Palace, and Midhat Pasha and his Reform Party, with their new-fangled Turkish Parliament and Constitution on the European model, represented merely an ephemeral and exotic makeshift which Abdul Hamid used for a time as a blind for his own personal aims, and then quickly dismissed by a stroke of the pen back into the realm of unrealities out of which it had been artificially conjured. The old bureaucracy had helped Abdul Hamid to shake off the borrowed feathers of constitutionalism, but he had no intention of putting on again the bureaucratic fetters which his predecessors had patiently worn. Perhaps no chapter in the annals of his reign illustrates more forcibly his tenacity of purpose and his consummate statecraft. Grand Vizier after Grand Vizier, Ministry after Ministry, flit in rapid succession across the stage, and every one leaves in turn in Abdul Hamid's retentive hands some larger fragment of the power which once belonged to the Porte, until at last the rambling pile of Government buildings in Stamboul is tenanted by mere clerks, Ministers and Excellencies though they be still styled, whose sole business it is to register and to carry out the unquestioned behests of their Imperial master. The very

names with which European diplomacy at Constantinople was once familiar have all disappeared out of the great offices of the State. Those who bore them have gone into exile, or have died in the course of nature, or otherwise, or have been deported into some remote province, or, more fortunate, drag on an obscure existence in the enforced privacy of their *yalis* on the Bosphorus. The Sublime Porte has come to be little more than a polite fiction. From one end to the other, Turkey is ruled from Yeldiz Kiosk, where, surrounded by a Pretorian guard and a scarcely less numerous army of spies, Abdul Hamid, himself a prisoner to his own morbid fears within its walls, holds in his hands every thread of the military and civil administration throughout the whole Empire.

This absolute despotism, which is Abdul Hamid's signal achievement as Sultan, stands in turn rooted in the spiritual power which he has drawn unto himself as Khalif. When in the early years of his reign he summoned the Tunisian Khair-ed-din to the Grand Vizierate, much to the disgust of the old Turkish bureaucracy, he silenced all objections by declaring that in the world of Islam there could be no nationalities, and that the Sultan as Khalif had a right to claim the services of the best Mahomedans, wherever they might be found. As far as the great offices of State are concerned, he has seldom followed up the precedent which he then

established, but it gave the key-note of his policy. Syrians and Circassians, Kurds and Arabs and Albanians, rather than Turks, are the favoured denizens of Yeldiz Kiosk, the trusted confidants of the Master's mind. They are picked, it is true, and they know that they are picked, from the various Moslem races of the Empire, on the same principle on which the regiments in garrison at Yeldiz are always recruited from widely distant provinces, with an eye to the racial jealousies which act as a safeguard against the dreaded possibility of disloyal combination, and occasionally an explosion of imperial fury takes place such as that which has recently destroyed the whole Kurdish clan of Bedr Khan. But whilst Ministers are here to-day and gone to-morrow, for they represent merely the accidents of Abdul Hamid's temporal power, the Palace camarilla weathers every storm, for it is the chosen instrument of the Khalif's will, and to those who most promptly interpret and anticipate the expression of that will belong preferment and power and wealth. Behind this strange medley of private secretaries and spies, aides-de-camp and eunuchs, looms up the characteristic figure of Sheikh Abul-Huda, the inspired channel through whom in moments of crisis "the Shadow of God on Earth" receives "revelations" equally potent to explain away failure and to invest success with a supernatural glamour.

However repugnant to us the methods of Yeldiz Kiosk may be, it is impossible to deny the greatness of the conception which underlies Abdul Hamid's statecraft. The whole historical significance of the Sultan's claim to the Khalifate, with its implied headship of Islam, appeared to have been forgotten by his predecessors, who even affected to prefer in their intercourse with the European Powers the Westernised title of Emperor of the Ottomans to that of Sultan. After the Crimean War Turkey had been formally admitted into the comity of European nations, and her rulers deemed it good policy to suppress, as far as possible, all the outward tokens of her Asiatic and Mahomedan origin. But this childish game of pretending could not possibly be kept up. The ruthless repression of the risings in Bosnia and Herzegovina, and shortly afterwards in Bulgaria, showed conclusively that the leopard had not changed his spots, and the action of the Powers at the Constantinople Conference, and during the Russo-Turkish War, disclosed once more the strength of the latent antagonism between the Crescent and the Cross, to which even the policy prescribed by the individual interests of rival nations had to be in a great measure subordinated. Great Britain, it is true, intervened effectively at the close of the Russo-Turkish War to avert the actual occupation of Constantinople and to mitigate the consequences of the Turkish defeats; but she, nevertheless, agreed together with the other Powers of Christendom at the Berlin Congress to ratify a partial dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire, and after the fall of Lord Beaconsfield's administration in 1880 Mr Gladstone's Government cast off the last semblance of consideration for the susceptibilities of Turkey and took the lead in organising measures of armed coercion with the avowed purpose of enforcing not only the territorial claims of her Christian neighbours who had not so long ago been her subjects, but even the rights of those who still remained her subjects to be placed on a footing of civic equality with the ruling race. Nor was the humiliation of Islam confined to Turkey. Egypt and Tunis, it was whispered, were about to pass, as Algiers had already done, under the unbelievers' yoke. The Mahomedan Khanates of Central Asia were disappearing one after the other before the advance of Russia, and the independence of Afghanistan seemed to be equally threatened from the south and from the north. Only a few years before, the assumption by Queen Victoria of the title of Empress of India had sealed afresh and with peculiar solemnity the incorporation into her dominions of a vast sub-continent, which counted sixty millions of Mahomedans amongst its inhabitants, and which had been within the preceding century the seat of a great Musulman Empire. The *Dar-ul-Islam* appeared to

be crumbling away in every direction under the aggressive impact of Christendom. It was at this desperate crisis in the fortunes of Islam that Abdul Hamid laid down the lines of the new policy to which he has faithfully devoted the incessant energies of his masterful mind, with results which can no longer escape even the most unobservant eye. For he has raised once more the fallen standard of Islam, and has rallied its scattered forces by giving them under his headship as Sultan and Khalif a new sense of cohesion and a new unity of direction. Yeldiz Kiosk has become, within a quarter of a century, the head-centre of a great organisation which aims at embracing the whole Musulman world, and has certainly already succeeded in spreading its ramifications over a great part of it.

The essence of the Mahomedan system has always been, from the days of the Arabian Prophet, the intimate association of political and religious power, and it is therefore only natural that in this last Pan-Islamic revival politics should play what appears, to the outside world at least, as large a part as religion. Who can say even which are the considerations that preponderate in Abdul Hamid's own mind? At anyrate, the only manifestations of Pan-Islamism which we can usefully attempt to follow are those which have occurred in the domain of politics. Within the frontiers of his own Empire the two main objects to which Abdul Hamid

has applied himself are so intimately connected with the larger issues of Pan-Islamic policy that they deserve more attention than they perhaps generally receive. Abdul Hamid came to the throne at a time when European intervention on behalf of the Christian races under Turkish rule resulted, as we have already seen, in the invasion and partial dismemberment of his Empire. It was not unnatural from his point of view that he should trace the origin of this disastrous situation back to the ill-advised, if contemptuous, tolerance which his ancestors had extended to the Christian communities brought under their sway. The large measure of autonomy which they had continued for centuries to enjoy as religious corporations had enabled them to preserve not only their faith, their language, and their race, but also traditions of national independence which the sympathies or the ambitions of modern Europe had quickened into a serious menace to the very existence of Turkey. As far as it lay within his power, Abdul Hamid determined at all costs to eliminate this source of danger in the future. Armenians in Asia Minor, Greeks and Bulgarians in Macedonia, were in turn ruthlessly repressed and suppressed. It was undoubtedly a bold game upon which he ventured, when he allowed thousands of wretched Armenians to be slaughtered in his own capital under the very eyes of the diplomatic representatives of Christendom.

But his shrewd political instinct had already taken the measure of the impotence to which international jealousies were once more reducing the famous concert of Europe, and he had reason to feel assured of the benevolent neutrality of one at least amongst the greatest of the European Powers. European diplomacy was as hopelessly crippled by the *vis inertiae* of Germany as by the latent antagonism between England and Russia. The news went abroad throughout the world of Islam that Abdul Hamid had crushed the revolt of a subject Christian race in rivers of Christian blood, and that not a single Christian Power had ventured to stay his hand. Within another year or two, thanks to the egregious folly of Greece, Abdul Hamid was able to gather fresh laurels for Islam in open war against a Christian State. As an Indian Mahomedan paper put it at the time, "Once again on the soil of Christian Europe the sword of Islam has smitten the Unbelievers and has been sheathed in victory." Abdul Hamid's policy of extermination in Macedonia may not appear to us to have been crowned with an equally full measure of success, but here again the Musulman world does not look far beneath the surface, and all that it sees is that, in spite of European interference and naval demonstrations, Abdul Hamid still holds Macedonia in his grip, and dares the combined forces of Christendom to make him relax it. In the eyes of the

Mahomedan world Abdul Hamid has well earned the self-conferred title of Ghazi Abdul Hamid—Abdul Hamid the Victorious.

The other object to which Abdul Hamid has applied himself with equal tenacity of purpose has been to strengthen his hold over Arabia as the region with which his claim to the headship of Islam is closely bound up. Arabia is the cradle of Islam. It is there that Mahomed lived and preached the Koran and died. It is there that his first successors assumed the title of Khalif or Vicegerent of the Prophet. It holds the two sacred places, Mecca and Medina, which have been for more than thirteen centuries the goal of annual pilgrimages from all parts of the Musulman world. Whether the descendant of the Abbaside Khalifs who four centuries ago transferred to Sultan Selim I., the Ottoman conqueror of Egypt, the slender remnant of spiritual sovereignty which the turbulent Slave Mameluke rulers of Cairo had allowed him to exercise for their own greater glory was qualified to convey a good title to the Khalifate, or whether, indeed, there can be a true Khalif who does not even claim to be of the same blood as the Prophet, are points of law upon which Musulmans have always differed, and still differ. But the possession of Arabia and the Guardianship of the Holy Places are concrete facts which carry immense weight with all Moslems, whether they acknow-

ledge or deny the Sultan's specific claims to the Khalifate. Even the Persian Shiah recognises him to be *Muhafiz el Haramein*, and the Moslem pilgrims from the most remote parts of the world, from Java and from Morocco, from Central Asia and from Western Africa, see Abdul Hamid's soldiers mounting guard over the sacred Kaaba at Mecca and Mahomed's tomb at Medina. The Kaaba is truly the corner-stone of Pan-Islamism. Yet until recently the hold of the Ottoman Sultans over Arabia has been more nominal than real. The allegiance of the great Arab chiefs was apt to be shadowy and elusive, and even the loyalty of the Grand Sherif of Mecca fluctuated with the ebb and tide of *largesse* from Constantinople. Only a century ago a great religious revival swept over the whole peninsula, and but for the intervention of the great Pasha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, who at the bidding of Constantinople sent his armies, under Ibrahim, to crush the Wahabi rebellion, a new theocratic power might have arisen in Arabia which would have been equally fatal to both the spiritual and the temporal supremacy of the Sultans. Abdul Hamid has nowhere laboured more systematically than in Arabia to consolidate his authority by force as well as by diplomacy. He has played off one tribe against another, one chieftain against another, stimulating their dissensions and always profiting by their divisions.

He has increased and extended his garrisons, and made the Hedjaz the headquarters of an army corps. The task of reducing these vast and inhospitable regions into complete subjection has not been and is not an easy one, and in the southern province of Sanaa rebellion has no sooner been put down than it has broken out afresh. But reverses only stimulate Abdul Hamid's relentless purpose, and within the last ten years it is estimated that 200,000 Turkish troops have been poured into Southern Arabia, where the climate is often as deadly as the fierce methods of Arab guerilla warfare. Recent reports tell of fresh disasters to the Turkish arms; but even if they have not been magnified in transmission, they are not likely to affect the ultimate issue of a struggle in which time can only increase the disparity of organised forces between a powerful military empire and a loosely-knit confederacy of primitive tribes, especially when the Hedjaz Railway has been completed. This railway is indeed one of the most significant undertakings upon which Abdul Hamid has embarked. The very distinguished German officers whose services have been lent continuously to Turkey by the Berlin War Office for the reorganisation of the Turkish army since General von der Goltz first proceeded to Constantinople in 1881, found it no easy task to convince the Sultan that without adequate roads and railways the best mobilisation schemes are of

little avail. Roads and railways were too closely associated with a name which is still anathema at Yeldiz. Was it not Midhat Pasha's reform party which had first preached the necessity of "opening up" Turkey by the introduction of Western means of communication, and had not the roads which Midhat himself had built with so much energy and self-complacency when he was Vali of the Danube before the Russo-Turkish War, served mainly to facilitate the advance of the Russian armies into Bulgaria? Finally, however, Abdul Hamid not only allowed himself to be persuaded, and granted the German concessions, first for the Anatolian and then for the Baghdad Railway, but insisted on an extension of the scheme which should absorb the one or two small railways already built, chiefly by the French, in Syria, and ultimately link up the Holy Places of Arabia with Constantinople. The latter, indeed, had come to be a most vital point. Without railways the Sultan is almost entirely dependent upon sea communications for the transport and maintenance of his armies in Arabia, and in this respect he is practically at the mercy of Great Britain's naval power—a position all the more unpleasant for him in proportion as his policy, both at home and abroad, has tended to alienate our goodwill. Financially, the Hedjaz Railway, from Damascus to Medina and Mecca, — practically a desert railway, — was not calculated to attract German capital, and

the Sultan has had to undertake its construction on his own account; but German engineers have surveyed the line and drawn up the plans, and are superintending their execution, and the Baghdad Railway has undertaken to complete the connection through Northern Syria with the great trunk line to Constantinople. The works are being pushed on with extraordinary energy, Turkish troops supplying most of the labour, and by the end of July the line had already reached Dhat-el-Haj, about half-way between Damascus and Medina. The Beduin tribes, who might have harried the construction parties, have been amply subsidised, and to make assurance doubly sure, Circassian colonies are being planted out along the line wherever a patch of vegetation can be raised to support them. The cost must be very considerable; but however much impoverished the Turkish Treasury may be, the Sultan's private wealth is unquestionably very great, for he is an excellent man of business, with unlimited powers of appropriation. But though he, no doubt, defrays a very large part of the expenditure on the Hedjaz Railway out of his own exchequer, he has not appealed in vain to the whole Musulman world for assistance in this pious undertaking. Seldom has a railway been so widely advertised, for in all parts of Asia and Africa wherever Musulmans congregate, Abdul Hamid's emissaries are there to impress upon them the duty which devolves on all

good Musulmans to help their Ever - Victorious Khalif in securing the safety and reviving the prosperity of the Holy Places of Islam. Thus a railway which is primarily strategic serves to magnify Abdul Hamid's name throughout the Musulman world, just as his Armenian and Macedonian policy, though dictated by considerations of ruthless expediency and solely in the interests, as he conceives them, of Turkish ascendancy, is made to redound far and wide to the glory of the Khalif as a triumphant vindication of Moslem rights.

It would seem, indeed, that Abdul Hamid's prestige has risen to a much greater height amongst Moslems outside his own dominions than amongst those who live under his immediate sway. The explanation is not far to seek. His subjects are painfully aware of the countless evils which his *régime* has produced, — the misery of the whole population, Mahomedan as well as Christian, the sufferings of the soldiery, ill - paid, ill - fed, and ill - clad, the grinding taxation, and withal the continuous impoverishment of the public exchequer, the prostitution of justice, the ostracism of old and honoured servants of the State, the infamous system of corruption and delation which centres in Yeldiz Kiosk. It is no rare experience to hear respectable Turks of the old school complain bitterly to their European acquaintances, not that the Powers interfere to protect the Christians from

oppression, but that none interferes to protect his Moslem subjects from the Sultan's misrule. For the pillars of the Hamidian *régime* are turbulent and rapacious Kurds and Albanians and Circassians, at whose hands the industrious and law-abiding Turkish peasantry and townsfolk, especially in Asia Minor, often suffer scarcely less grievously than their Christian neighbours. Of all this, however, the True Believer beyond the confines of Turkey hears little and sees nothing. All he hears is that, in the days of adversity which have fallen upon Islam, there is one great Mahomedan potentate whose courage is still undaunted, whose power is still unbroken, whose solicitude for the interests of all good Mahomedans never sleeps or slackens,—truly the Vicegerent of God's Prophet, the Prince of the Faithful, Sultan and Khalif, Abdul Hamid the Victorious. This is the ceaseless burden of the propaganda which through a hundred different channels, by preaching Mollahs and mendicant Fakirs, by pilgrim Der-vishes and travelling students, is being carried on, year in and year out, from one Musulman centre to another, under the supreme direction of one master-mind at Yeldiz Kiosk. The heat produced in our own country by the sectarian aspects of an Education Bill is but a pale reflection of the tremendous energy which a religious idea can still generate in the East, and above all in the Mahomedan East, where

the one potent war-cry has ever been "*Ed-Din!*"—"The Faith!" Accustomed to the blatant publicity of the West, which advertises every new "movement," however crack-brained, almost before it has had time to germinate in the mind of its author, we seem to have lost the power of reckoning with the silent processes of Eastern thought; and because the mysterious growth of a Pan-Islamic revival does not easily fit in with the more materialistic age, we remain comfortably blind to it until it reveals itself in a sudden burst of lurid light, which discloses the activity of elemental forces none the less formidable because they work through hidden channels in unexplored depths.

To arrest, even for one moment, our attention, always abundantly engrossed with the obvious, some such startling revelation is needed as that which has been vouchsafed to us by recent events in Egypt, and even so its significance has to be expounded to us with all the weight which few responsible statesmen nowadays carry in the same measure as Lord Cromer. If a year ago any one of less authority had ventured to suggest that in Egypt of all countries the Pan-Islamic seed had fallen on to fruitful soil, "the man in the street" here would have laughed him to scorn. "What? In Egypt, in a country which we have rescued from oppression and bankruptcy, to which we have given justice,

security, prosperity, where we have brought life-giving water to the fields of the poorest *fellah*, and made the desert to blossom and bear fruit,—you would have us believe that the people, forgetful of all these blessings, which they owe to our beneficent rule, are listening once more to the wiles of the unspeakable Turk, who lashed them with whips and scourged them with scorpions? And on what grounds? Simply because they happen to be Musulmans and we to be Christians? Do we interfere with their creed? Have we closed their mosques? Have we hampered the pilgrimages to their holy places?"

To the utilitarian logic of the West the immemorial answer of the Mahomedan East has been conveyed in the letter addressed to Lord Cromer by an anonymous correspondent, who sets forth the views which "predominate in the minds of a considerable number of Egyptian Moslems." No more illuminating document can be quoted, for it explains not only the Mahomedan attitude of mind upon which Abdul Hamid relies to build up Pan-Islamism, but the purpose which shapes his action in challenging from time to time, with what seems at first sight such wanton temerity, the open hostility of Christendom. This letter, "signed by one in the name of the people of Egypt," is dated Cairo, May 10—i.e., at the time when there was imminent danger of hostilities between Great Britain and Turkey:—

"It is often said by fools, or by those who think thereby to make favour with the great, 'The curse of God upon the Christian'; 'May hell consume the unbeliever, his household, and his possessions.' These are unbecoming words, for curses pollute the lips of the curser, and the camel lies in wait for the driver who smites him unjustly. At the head of this letter I call you by the name of 'The Reformer of Egypt,' and by this name you are known between the seas and the deserts; also many, but not all, of the English who serve under you have followed in your footsteps, as wise children carry on the traditions of their father. He must be blind who sees not what the English have wrought in Egypt: the gates of justice stand open to the poor; the streams flow through the land and are not stopped at the order of the strong; the poor man is lifted up and the rich man pulled down; the hand of the oppressor and the briber is struck when outstretched to do evil. Our eyes see these things, and we know from whom they come. You will say, 'Be thankful, oh men of Egypt, and bless those who benefit you'; and very many of us—those who preserve a free mind and are not ruled by flattery and guile—are thankful. But thanks lie on the surface of the heart, and beneath is a deep well. While peace is in the land the spirit of Islam sleeps. We hear the Imam cry out in the mosque against the unbelievers, but his words pass by like wind and are lost. Children hear them for the first time and do not understand them; old men have heard them from childhood and pay no heed. But it is said, 'There is war between England and Abdul Hamid Khan.' If that be so, a change must come. The words of the Imam are echoed in every heart, and every Moslem hears only the cry of the Faith. As men we do not love the sons of Osman; the children at the breast know their works, and that they have trodden down the Egyptians like dry reeds. But as Moslems they are our brethren; the Khalif holds the sacred places and the noble relics. Though the Khalif were hapless as Bayezid, cruel as

Murad, or mad as Ibrahim, he is the shadow of God, and every Moslem must leap up at his call as the willing servant to his master, though the wolf may devour his child while he does his master's work. The call of the Sultan is the call of the Faith; it carries with it the command of the Prophet (blessings, &c.) I and many more trust that all may yet be peace; but if it be war, be sure that he who has a sword will draw it, he who has a club will strike with it. The women will cry from the house-tops, 'God give victory to Islam!' You will say, 'The Egyptian is more ungrateful than a dog, which remembers the hand that fed him. He is foolish as the madman who pulls down the roof-tree of his house upon himself.' It may be so to worldly eyes, but in the time of danger to Islam the Moslem turns away from the things of this world and thirsts only for the service of his Faith, even though he looks in the face of death. May God (His Name be glorified) avert the evil!"

The writer, it will be noted, does not ignore or even minimise in any way the benefits which we have conferred upon Egypt, for he is one of those who clearly remember what Egypt was before we went there. But we have been there now for close upon five-and-twenty years, and a generation is growing up which knew not Pharaoh—a generation which, ignorant of the evils from which British control has rescued it, merely chafes under the restraints inseparable from orderly methods of government, and magnifies every petty mistake that occurs, and must inevitably from time to time occur, even under the wisest and most benevolent administration, into deliberate acts of oppressive tyranny. Remember, moreover, that there are still powerful

personages, from the Khedive downwards, and influential classes in Egypt for whom British ascendancy is apt to represent chiefly the loss of ancient privileges, and the suppression of abuses upon which they were wont to batten. From the moment when the Anglo-French agreement of 1904 destroyed the hopes which they had hitherto entertained that international complications might still some day drive England out of Egypt, their only chance lay in the intervention of Turkey. Hence the so-called "Nationalist" movement of the last two years in Egypt assumed the form of an essentially pro-Turkish movement, in singular contrast to the "Nationalist" movement of 1880-82, which was almost as strongly anti-Turkish as anti-foreign; and whilst the most prominent survivors of the older movement freely recognise in the results of England's work in Egypt the practical fulfilment of a large part of their own inchoate programme, the more recent movement has derived its chief inspiration from the Palace, from the Sultan's Commissioner, from the old ring of Turco-Egyptian pashas and officials—in a word, from all the anti-national forces of oppression and corruption against which Arabi professed to have risen in revolt. All this Lord Cromer's correspondent fully realised. Yet between the continuance of the benefits which he so freely admits to have been the result of British intervention and his allegiance to

the Khalif, though it involve the recurrence of the old evils, of which he at least has not forgotten the reality, his choice is made as soon as he is compelled to choose. Here we have the real clue to Abdul Hamid's action. Many people in England, and not only in England but all over Europe, asked themselves in vain, during the recent controversy between this country and Turkey, why the Sultan should incur the risk of an armed conflict with the British Empire for the sake of a remote strip of desert. The apparent cause was no doubt inadequate; but the apparent cause was not the real cause. Pan-Islamism preaches disaffection to every form of alien and non-Mahomedan rule; it appeals to every grievance, legitimate or illegitimate, which an alien or non-Mahomedan rule inevitably calls forth; it teaches every Moslem to turn towards the Khalif for help and redress. But the supreme sanction of Islam is, and has always been, the sword; and, to serve the purposes of Pan-Islamism, to convert disaffection into an active and aggressive force, the world of Islam must be brought once more to believe that the Khalif can and will, in his own good time, once more wield in its defence the ever-victorious sword of Islam. The Pan-Islamic press in Cairo hastened during the recent crisis to welcome the advent of the Turkish army which was to liberate the valley of the Nile, and one paper went so far even as to announce that Turkish troops

were already landing in Alexandria. To us all this seems childish enough, and in the final outcome of the crisis we see only a fresh self-inflicted humiliation for the Sultan. It may well be doubted nevertheless whether that is the construction which will be generally placed upon these matters in the East. How easy it is to confuse the immediate issues, or to explain them away as another proof of the Khalif's infinite wisdom. The completion of a further section of the railway to Mecca is already described as Turkey's answer to British threats. Abdul Hamid, it is argued, was too profoundly solicitous of the welfare of Islam to imperil the safety of the Holy Places until he had carried out in its entirety the great scheme which will place them beyond the reach of British designs. Then in his own good time will the Khalif draw the scimitar of action, and cast away the scabbard of reflection. In the meantime let all good Moslems gird up their loins to be ready "to leap up at his call."

In India we have had no such instructive warnings as we have had in Egypt, and from the nature of things need not look to have them. Yet even in India signs are not wanting of the growth of Pan-Islamic influences amongst the Mahomedan section of the population. India was, indeed, one of the first fields which Abdul Hamid explored when, under Mr Gladstone's administration, Great Britain took the lead in the European concert against

Turkey. In 1881 a newspaper, called 'Peik Islam,' was printed within the precincts of Yeldiz Kiosk for circulation in India, with the special object of attracting the attention of Indian Moslems to Turkish affairs, and of enlisting their sympathies on behalf of the Khalif in his struggle against the allied forces of Christendom. The 'Peik Islam' does not appear to have had a very long life, but it probably served its purpose in advertising Abdul Hamid's desire to enter into closer relations with the Moslems of India. At any rate, there can be no doubt that relations of a more or less intimate character have steadily grown up and increased during the last twenty years between Constantinople and the chief Mahomedan centres of India. The great majority of Indian Moslems are Sunnis like the Turks, and from amongst them, it must be remembered, the bulk, or at least a very large proportion, of the finest regiments of our native army is recruited. Moreover, the unruly tribes along the North-West frontier of India are all Musulmans, and behind them lies Afghanistan, the one Central Asiatic state which has hitherto preserved with a large measure of independence the fighting qualities developed by Musulman fanaticism. Amongst such elements a propaganda which can always appeal in the last resort to the community of religious interests is bound to meet with some response. Though there is no need to call

in question the loyalty which prevails amongst the Muslim population of India as a whole, it is foolish to close one's eyes to the evidence that Abdul Hamid has acquired a hold upon their imagination which none of his predecessors possessed. It was at the time of the Armenian massacres, when Lord Salisbury was threatening the Sultan with punitive measures, that some of the highest authorities on Indian affairs first directed public attention to the dangerous consequences which might result from any act of hostility against a sovereign towards whom so large a proportion of our Indian subjects entertained a special feeling of religious reverence. Shortly afterwards the Turkish victories over the Greeks in Thessaly were not only celebrated with considerable enthusiasm by the Mahomedan communities all over India, but they admittedly played a not unimportant part in stimulating the turbulence of the fanatical tribes on our North-West frontier which led to the Tirah campaign in the autumn of 1897. Last winter, again, none could fail to notice the number of meetings held by Moslems in different parts of India to protest against the naval demonstration by which the Powers tried to bring pressure to bear upon the Sultan in support of their scheme of reforms in Macedonia, and especially against British participation in such measures of coercion. When the Egyptian boundary question threatened

to bring on a direct conflict between Great Britain and Turkey, the Indian Mahomedans could hardly give the same open expression to their sympathies, but it is no secret that the Government of India viewed with no little concern the effect which such a conflict might have produced. A very distinguished and learned Mahomedan whose loyalty is beyond dispute—Nawab Mohsin-ul-Mulk, Honorary Secretary of Aligurh College—goes probably as far as any Mahomedan can in denying the right of the Sultan to claim or to exercise any authority as Khalif over his coreligionists in India. "Indian Muslims," he declares, "cannot call him their Khalif in the real sense of the term, . . . nor are they in any sense bound by their religion to obey him. They are subjects of the King-Emperor, and owe their allegiance to him alone." At the same time, he feels constrained to admit that "it does not follow that the Indian Muslims have no love for the Sultan of Turkey, and that they do not care for the safety of his Empire. On the contrary, the truth is that all the Mahomedans have great sympathy and love for the Sultan. They all wish with one heart the stability of Turkish rule, and earnestly pray that friendly relations between their Government"—*i.e.*, the British Government—"and the Sultan may be firmly established." Is it not in itself a sign of the times that the authorities of a great centre of liberal Mahomedan thought like Aligurh College

should have deemed it necessary to issue such a warning, and can we feel very confident that the more ignorant and bigoted masses will discriminate in the same way between duty and sympathy? Apart from purely religious issues, the growth of new political forces among the peoples of India, irrespective of race or creed, can no longer be ignored. The movement represented by the Indian Congress party has hitherto been chiefly confined to the Hindus, and has received but little support from the Mahomedans, for very obvious reasons. This movement is an outcome of Western education, and its avowed object is to secure for India a larger measure of self-government in accordance with British principles. Its success would enure mainly to the benefit of the Hindus, who not only form the vast majority of the population, but have shown, on the surface at least, much greater adaptability to Western learning and to Western ideas. Individually some of the best results of Western education have been obtained amongst the Musulmans, and Aligurh College, for instance, has produced a number of able men of the highest character as well as of great intellectual attainments. But, owing to the greater rigidity of their creed, the Musulmans, as a whole, have been left behind in the race. Many of them therefore view with suspicion, and even with hostility, a movement which is largely controlled by Bengali Babus, whom they specially

despise as an essentially unwarlike and servile race. It is therefore all the more significant that within the last year or two the Congress movement has suddenly gained considerable ground among the Musulmans, and even in the Punjab, which has always been one of the strongholds of militant and conservative Islam. Even farther east than India, in the Malay Peninsula, the anniversary of Abdul Hamid's accession is celebrated by the Malayan Moslems with scarcely less demonstrativeness than the birthday of King Edward VII.

No other European Power offers so wide a field for Pan-Islamic activity as the British Empire. But it is by no means exclusively confined to the British Empire. The French do not conceal their alarm at the progress which it has made in their possessions in North Africa, and the support which Great Britain received during the recent crisis from French diplomacy at Constantinople was due quite as much to a sense of common danger as to the loyalty with which France felt bound to act up to the spirit of her engagements towards us in regard to Egypt. It is worth noting in this connection, that no sooner has Abdul Hamid been compelled by us to refrain from aggressive action on the Egyptian border, than he is embarking upon a precisely similar course of action against the French in the hinterland of Tunis. The story of his encroachments on the oasis of Janet, on the plea that it

forms part of the vilayet of Tripoli in Barbary, reads like an exact repetition of what happened a few months ago at Tabah and El Rafah. When one remembers how powerful a factor Mahomedanism still is all over Central Africa, from the Indian Ocean right across to the West Coast, and what an attraction it possesses for the primitive negro races of the dark continent, the danger which the spread of a militant Pan - Islamic spirit would present in those regions, if Abdul Hamid once obtained control of it, is self-evident. Hitherto the Arab influence, traditionally hostile to the Turk, has predominated amongst the Central African Moslems, but it cannot be safely assumed that any signal success redounding to Abdul Hamid's prestige as Khalif would not profoundly modify their attitude. Italy and Austria-Hungary afford less scope for Pan - Islamic propagandism, though both have some cause for concern, the former in Erythræa and the latter in Bosnia and Herzegovina. Russia has not concealed for some years past her anxiety to purchase Abdul Hamid's goodwill, even at the cost of renouncing in practice her former championship of the Christian races in the Near East. The lukewarmness with which she has carried out the mandate intrusted to her and to Austria, in connection with Macedonian reforms, is but another instance of the caution which she displayed at the time of the Armenian mas-

sacres, when she left Great Britain to bear the brunt of Abdul Hamid's displeasure. Hence, probably, on the one hand the peace which has prevailed amongst the Moslems of Russian Central Asia throughout the war with Japan and the revolutionary commotions in European Russia, and, on the other, the free hand which the Tartars of the Caucasus have been given in "repressing disorder" amongst Armenians, Georgians, and other Christian subjects of the Tsar.

Most instructive of all, however, is the attitude which Germany has consistently maintained towards the august promoter of Pan - Islamism. Having little or nothing to fear from it herself, she has not hesitated openly to countenance it—in the first place, as the best means of securing the friendship of the Sultan, and in the second place, because it opens up possibilities of hostile diversions which, in certain contingencies, might prove a source of serious embarrassment, and even of danger, to her European rivals. Whenever she has taken a seat in the orchestra of the European concert, it has been to introduce a *rallentando* movement, or, as in the Cretan question, to "lay down her flute," when the tune began to jar upon Abdul Hamid's ears. Germany prides herself to-day upon her *real-politik*—i.e., upon a purely utilitarian policy unhampered by any considerations of mere sentiment or humanity; and Turkey has no doubt abundantly repaid Ger-

man friendship by commercial favours and railway concessions of far-reaching importance. There is indeed nothing abnormal or unprecedented in the cultivation of close political relations between a Christian Power and Turkey. From the time of Francis I. of France down to the Crimean War and the Cyprus Convention, Turkey has been frequently courted by, and she has entered from time to time into political combinations and alliances with, most of the European Powers. But it has been reserved to the Emperor William to do public homage to the Sultan as the spiritual head of Islam. In the spring of 1898, whilst Abdul Hamid's hands were still red with the blood of tens of thousands of unfortunate Armenian Christians—men, women, and children—slaughtered wholesale not only in remote provinces of the Empire but in his own capital, the German Emperor paid a state visit to Constantinople, and thence to Syria, where, after a somewhat theatrical pilgrimage to the holiest shrines of Christendom, he delivered himself at Damascus of an astounding speech, in which he proclaimed *urbi et orbi* that “the 300,000,000 Mahomedans who, dwelling dispersed throughout the East, reverence in his Majesty the Sultan Abdul Hamid their Khalif, may rest assured that at all times the German Emperor will be their friend.” Nor was that pronouncement merely a rhetorical flourish. It marked the beginning of a

new development of German policy, which has been consistently followed up ever since. Germany had realised that the growth of Pan-Islamism was bound to prove a source of serious embarrassment to those European Powers whose Eastern dependencies include a large Mahomedan element, and notably in the case of Great Britain and of France. Anything that might tend to weaken France was of course acceptable to Germany, and Great Britain was already regarded as the chief obstacle to the fulfilment of Germany's destinies in the wide spheres of “world-policy.” From this point of view Pan-Islamism could only increase the potential value of Abdul Hamid's friendship for Germany. It deserved and received every encouragement. Attention has already been drawn to the intimate connection which exists between German railway enterprise in Asia Minor and the construction of the Hedjaz railway, which will bring the capital of the Khalifate into direct communication with the sacred cities of Arabia. Equally deserving of attention is the persistency with which the accredited organs of the German Government have not only laid stress upon the community of interests between Germany and Turkey, but deliberately stimulated Abdul Hamid's hostility towards Great Britain. The question of the Aden Hinterland, the risings in Yemen, the arrangements into which we have entered with

the Sheikh of Koweit, tribal feuds in the heart of Arabia, the precautions taken by the Egyptian Government to provide for the security and health of the Egyptian pilgrim caravan to Mecca, every incident more or less directly connected with the Arabian peninsula, whether we were or were not, even remotely, concerned in it, has been successively exploited and misrepresented by our German friends in order to intensify the Sultan's distrust, and to convince him that in Egypt, at Aden, in the Persian Gulf, Great Britain is engaged upon a vast conspiracy to undermine his authority in Arabia, and even to raise up against him a new Arab state under British control. Last year, during his demonstrative visit to Tangier, the Emperor William again openly struck the Pan-Islamic note when, in order to defeat the scheme of reforms which France was pressing upon the Sultan of Morocco in conformity with the Anglo-French agreement, he urged upon the Moorish officials, who had come to convey their sovereign's greeting, that the present was an unsuitable moment for reforms on European lines, and that all reforms should be based on Islamic law and tradition. In the same way, throughout our controversy with Turkey in regard to the Egyptian boundary, the German semi-official press ostentatiously defended the Turkish case, and the Pan-Islamic propaganda in Cairo received direct encouragement and assistance from the many

semi-official agents whom German diplomacy upholds or repudiates, according to results. The German Government claims, it is true, that its Ambassador at Constantinople did ultimately warn the Sultan not to push matters to extremities, but this timely advice was obviously given in the Sultan's own interest, and it was not given until the eleventh hour, when the determination of the British Cabinet was, much to Germany's surprise, seen to be inflexible. That it was inspired merely by a sense of politic expediency is clearly shown by the *mot d'ordre* which has again been issued by the Press Bureau in Berlin to emulate the Pan-Islamic press in denouncing the Denshawi executions. The usefulness of Pan-Islamism for the purposes of German *welt-politik* is not yet by any means exhausted.

Space forbids more than a passing reference to other developments, both within and without the Mahomedan world, which have contributed not a little to the furtherance of Abdul Hamid's policy: amongst the former, the enfeeblement of Persia, the one Shiah state whose prestige was formerly to some extent a counterpoise to the ascendancy of the orthodox Sunni power of Turkey, and in a lesser degree the decrepitude of Morocco, whose Sultans, although also orthodox Sunnis, have always repudiated the spiritual primacy of the Turkish Sultans; and amongst the latter, the collapse of Russia,

which, temporarily at least, relieves Turkey from the pressure of her most dangerous and aggressive neighbour in Europe, and the internal dissensions which likewise cripple the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Pan-Islamism tries even with no little ingenuity to make capital out of the victories of Japan, which have no doubt shaken the submissive belief of Asiatics of every race and creed in the invincible superiority of Christian Europe. But though the subject is by no means exhausted, quite enough has perhaps been said to show how many and diverse are the points at which the growth of Pan-Islamism, obscure as it may

seem to us, reacts upon the evolution of the less recondite political forces which are moulding the destinies of the world before our eyes. For no Power does Pan-Islamism constitute so great a potential danger as for the British Empire, which we sometimes ourselves describe with our usual light-heartedness as the greatest Mahomedan Empire in the world. Let us hope that we shall not some day be taught by a rude awakening that the phrase we use with such glib complacency has in reality a very different significance, which none apprehends so fully as Abdul Hamid, Sultan and Khalif.

P.S.—Since the above was written a very remarkable document has been published, which, by admission and omission, corroborates on singularly high authority what has been said with regard to the scope and purpose of Abdul Hamid's Pan-Islamic policy. This document is a letter addressed to Sir Edward Grey with reference to his statement in the House of Commons on the Pan-Islamic agitation in Egypt, by his Highness Prince Sabah-ed-Din, grandson to the late Sultan Abdul Medjid, and nephew to the present Sultan. Prince Sabah-ed-Din went into voluntary exile about six years ago, in order to maintain his opposition to the reactionary tendencies of the present *régime* at Constantinople, and has identified himself with the moderate section of the Turkish

Reform party, commonly known as "Young Turkey." Prince Sabah-ed-Din admits that "Pan-Islamism is no myth."

"In popular language that word is used to express the counter-action of the East against the action of the West, which, far from being at all times a peaceful action, has not seldom been aggressive and even brutal. It is not impossible that the East, or, to be more exact, a part of it, labouring under the presumption, whether true or false, that it is being imposed upon, could be brought to sympathise with the Pan-Islamic doctrine, in hopes that in it might be found the elements of an understanding between all Muslim countries, whereby the constituent unities of the nation might be preserved."

His Highness, however, denies that Pan-Islamism is necessarily an outcome of fanaticism, or that it should be identified with Turkey. It is only under the present reign, he points

out, that Constantinople has become the centre of Pan-Islamic activity.

"For four centuries the Ottoman Empire has been the seat of the Kaliphate, yet, till recent years, it has displayed no sign of activity as regards the political union of the Musulman nations. If, therefore, Osman's Empire, when it had reached the zenith of its military power, never dreamt of such an achievement, what could induce it now to attempt its realisation? Selim I. transferred the Kaliphate to Constantinople so as to settle the question once for all; and, till quite recently, Ottoman sovereigns accounted the Kaliphate a merely honorary title, which was, moreover, most sparingly used in official documents. It was only during the latter half of his reign that the present Sultan began to attach more importance to his spiritual authority. But we know that Abdul Hamid II. has never looked upon his Kaliphate from the point of view of all true disciples of Pan-Islamism. The sole reason why a religious policy is favoured at Constantinople is that an influence may be exercised over the Musulmans of the interior. To explain the reason for this policy, a rapid survey should be taken of the intellectual transformation now going on in Turkey."

Prince Sabah-ed-Din then seeks to show that the whole Pan-Islamic movement under Abdul Hamid has been engineered mainly with a view to build up a barrier between his Christian subjects, who are naturally more accessible to Western ideas of reform, and the Musulman population of his Empire, which was more slowly but steadily developing similar liberal tendencies.

The Armenian massacres are quoted as a specially instructive instance of Abdul Hamid's methods. Pan-Islamism has in fact, according to His Highness, merely been used by Abdul Hamid as a "spiritual mantle" to cloak a reactionary and anti-European policy, inspired by a growing sense of alarm for his own personal power. "Official Turkey," he attests, "has evolved in the sense of theocracy out of hatred to the liberal movement, not out of sympathy with Pan-Islamism"; and he feels confident that, "with the triumph of liberal ideas in Turkey, the great moral influence which Constantinople possesses over Islamism at large is destined to serve as a powerful agent of reconciliation" between the Eastern and Western worlds.

Prince Sabah-ed-Din's letter does not by any means cover the whole field, and it refers only indirectly to the international aspects of Abdul Hamid's Pan-Islamic policy which, in so far as it is directed to "the formation of a league between Musulman peoples," is, he admits, bound to compromise Turkey's relations with those nations which have Mahomedan subjects. Notwithstanding its limitations, this emphatic protest against Pan-Islamism as understood and practised by the Sultan is specially instructive as coming from one who himself stands so near the Ottoman throne.

A MAN'S BÊTE-NOIRE.

WHAT is true of tastes is equally true of distastes—there is no accounting for either the one or the other. I suppose that every man, woman, and child has some real or imaginary *bête-noire*. The presence of a mouse in the room will drive some women to distraction. I have seen a commonly sensible girl go off into hysterics because a harmless little bat flew in at an open window, and a strong-minded man curl up into nothing because *Felis domestica*, actuated by the most amiable sentiments, has rubbed up against his leg. Again, I have known a most complaisant individual out of temper for four days in anticipation of a duty dinner-party, and another man absolutely miserable for a good week beforehand because he had pledged himself to accompany me across St George's Channel.

"Well, if you are sick, it won't kill you," I argued. "Eat a good dinner beforehand, and forget all about it."

"Dinner! Forget all about it! A brute like you ought never to be allowed to travel in the same ship as other people."

"Non omnes omnia," indeed. My own *bête-noire*, after a diligent search through my stock of grievances, I have discovered in the idea of being taken—my old nurse preferred "tooked"—for a walk. It sounds silly to say so, but there is something in the phrase itself that irritates me.

A suspicion of coercion seems to be implied. It is not that I, in any way, object to pedestrian exercise. In many cases I prefer walking to any other mode of locomotion.

"Are you inclined for a walk this afternoon?"

Over and over again if I am asked this question I accept the offer with alacrity. But on the instant that some well-meaning companion couches what should be an invitation in the form of the categorical assertion, "I am going to take you for a walk," my whole system seems to rise into revolt.

My impression is that the feeling was innate. If not innate, it dated back from very early infancy. For I distinctly remember my old nurse using the phrase "tooked for a walk." Partly by good fortune, and partly, perhaps, by reason of my obstreperousness in that one among other particulars, I won comparative immunity from the infliction. For my nurse herself was not of a figure that lends itself kindly to violent exertion, and her under-strapper, the nursery-maid, received such a shock to her nerves on one memorable occasion, when I was "tooked for a walk" by her, that she was only too ready in future to let me find my daily exercise in the form of tumbling about in the garden. I spent much of my childhood in an old Welsh parsonage, which stood fronting the sea at the foot of a wooded hill. A shady

pathway running through the wood, which abounded in wild flowers and wild strawberries, was naturally chosen for the morning walk on a bright mid-summer morning. We were plodding along, I fancy, much after the fashion of the modern nursemaid and child out for a walk,—the girl, that is, dragging forward, and thinking herself one ill-used individual, the child hanging back, and knowing himself to be another,—and suddenly, as we turned a corner, right in the middle of the pathway lay a large dead snake. That the nursemaid shrieked and fell into hysterics on the spot was quite natural. Had I been a nervous child I might have followed her example; but being imaginative rather than nervous, and never at any time having had the common human antipathy to snakes, I was rather pleased than otherwise. For I made up my mind on the spot that the creature was none other than my Bible acquaintance Satan, and I was quite glad to see him in the flesh, the more especially so because I recognised that he was as dead as mutton. I even had it in my mind to carry the defunct enemy of mankind home with me, partly by way of either trophy or treasure-trove, partly with the idea of convincing a sceptical family that I really and truly had seen the devil, and that there was no necessity in future to pray for deliverance either from himself or his works. But the evil smell of the beast, when it came to handling, fairly put me off my

purpose. Even so, however, I was so far in the same plight as Simon Magus that the thought of my heart—or indeed it may have been the noisome odour which clung to my fingers—was accounted an act of unrighteousness, and the maid, whom the prospect of enjoying the snake's society all the way home had brought to her senses, dragged me off to the tune of "You are a bad boy, Master George! You see if I don't tell Nanna of you!"

This, in my case, was really such an oft-told tale that it did not weigh heavily on my soul; and against the disappointment of learning that friend Satan was believed to be as lively as ever, I could balance the happy certainty that henceforth I was allowed to play at will in that which was, in my eyes, as compared with the outside world, a veritable garden of Eden—an Eden from which I could watch the waves beating against the rocks, nay, even on occasion against the garden wall itself. That I was never "prammed," and so escaped the danger of unconsciously provoking the indignation of adult mankind, I am pretty well positive. For the perambulator, pest of humanity alike on town pavement and country path, had either not been invented or, at any rate, had not penetrated to our remote corner of the world. I seem indeed to have a faint recollection of being once or twice in my life jolted about in a donkey's pannier, and of wondering whether the occupant of the other pannier hated the operation as heartily as I

did. But, in the absence of creatures of my own age in the home circle, that evil fate must have befallen me on the occasion of a visit to some small cousins. Yet the Eden in which I grew strong and lusty was not on all occasions either a wholly safe or a wholly happy hunting-ground. For a most flourishing colony of wasps, stirred up with a stick by an adventurous elder brother, once did their best to terminate my existence. The original aggressor fled to Megiddo or some other place, and there, I hope, got soundly spanked by way of sequel to his share in the day's sport. But I myself, in the courage of ignorance, stood the brunt of the attack, to find that live wasps were far more realistic playfellows than dead snakes. I danced like a dervish to the tune of the stings they inflicted on my tiny bare legs, and screamed for all I was worth. But I was in one way more lucky than Absalom, the flowing locks, cultivated in his case to his own undoing, in mine to a great extent protecting face and head, though the nursery-maid later on had her hands badly stung in disentangling the venomous insects.

It was left to a so-called nursery-governess a few years later, in a new neighbourhood, to intensify my dislike to being "tooked for a walk." My recollection is that there was more of the nursery than of the governess about my lady friend of that period. Although the dear thing, to whom I over and over again offered my heart and hand, did a good deal for

me in the way of cleaning and tidying, I cannot remember that I learnt anything from her but a few nursery songs of a slightly amatory nature, and a rather vicarious usage of the letter H; for neither a boarding-school education nor a certain amount of natural refinement could wholly redeem her cockney dialect. Unfortunately for her nursling, her love of pedestrian exercise was more pronounced than her power or inclination to vary the performance. I was too young in the ways of the world to appreciate the reasons for her behaviour at the time, too young, most fortunately for my peace of mind, to understand that the kind creature who loved me dearly in the privacy of the schoolroom must have been beyond all women charitable if, on our walks abroad, she did not regard me as what Mr Mantalini would have called "a demd infernal nuisance." Ours, I am afraid, was the old, old tale of two being company and three none, and it fell to my lot, all unconscious as I was, to play gooseberry. Four days in every week I was taken up a dreary hill to a village a mile off to pay a visit to a rather pretty little dressmaker. Later in life I began to understand that these visits, which bored me to extinction, were as essential to my chaperon's peace of mind as the society of Matilda Price to Miss Fanny Squeers. On the other days we made our way to a shady and secluded lane, where the rather grim-looking and bull-necked usher of a neighbouring

commercial school was to be found lying in wait for us. The gentleman's society in one respect commended itself to my liking rather than the dress-maker's. In both cases, it is true, there was a good deal of whispering, a certain amount of kissing, and a plentiful use of language supposed to be French, employed no doubt lest little ears, that really were far more wearied than itching, might hear too much. But whereas the lady's idea of entertaining the superfluous guest was limited to supplying him with fashion-plates and, once in a way, a slice of stale seed-cake, the usher could generally be relied upon to produce for general consumption packets of sweetmeats, which had doubtless been confiscated from the young commercial gentlemen. The stickiness of the provender, no matter whether it came in the form of a legacy from the original proprietors or from the palpitation of the usher's heart, did not materially affect my enjoyment of it; and on the principle that a boy who is seriously employed in discussing sweets will neither hear nor say nor see too much, I was allowed the lion's portion of the entertainment. Am I laying myself open to a charge of fickleness when I confess that, much as I loved my "Lottie," I was in the end infinitely relieved when a year's assiduous courtship terminated in a highly respectable and, I trust, happy marriage? The wedding itself went off with great *éclat*, and everybody did the correct thing,—the bride simpered and blushed becom-

ingly; the bridegroom palpitated and perspired visibly; the bridesmaid, of course the pretty dressmaker, alternately wept and flirted with the bull-necked usher's yet more bull-necked brother; and a certain little spectator marked his appreciation of the performance by partaking so heartily of wedding-cake, that for a full week to come he suffered from a feeling of plethora and general discomfort. But in home life henceforth for him there was peace and contentment, and he found ready compensation for the loss of his daily companion in the deliverance from the peril of being "tooked for a walk." It was unfortunate that the simple circumstance of a Yorkshire seaport being selected by the happy pair for their future residence should have cost me in certain circles of the village that reputation for piety which of inheritance should ever appertain to the parson's son. For, sent on a message to a certain Granny White, the widow of our Trafalgar veteran, I gave the worthy dame, who, as living in a remote corner of the village, and being as deaf as a post, was apt to fall behind in knowledge of the events of the day, a totally wrong impression of what had occurred. "And where's your pretty lady to-day, Master George?" she inquired, after graciously accepting her half-pound of tea, —no small gift in those days.

"She's married, and gone to Hull," I piped down the trumpet; and thereat was not a little startled when the old dame, after falling back in her

chair and uttering a loud shriek, a moment later roused herself to make a vicious, though fortunately misdirected, blow at my knuckles with the business end of the instrument, and then to overwhelm me with a storm of reproaches. I did not even know at the time what sin I was supposed to have committed, but I was not too young to recognise that it was sound policy to keep out of reach of the trumpet. And so "I was the owdaciousest young varmint in the parish, the more shame for me that I was the reverend's son; an early opportunity was to be taken of informing the reverend of my backslidings, when my jacket would be thoroughly warmed; until that operation was completed I was in no wise, not even if I brought a whole pound of tea, to set foot in the cottage of a lone, lorn, but essentially pious widow, whose ears I had defiled, and whose peace of mind I had for ever upset, by my profane cursings and swearings. Whatever had happened to the pretty young lady, there was no doubt in the speaker's mind as to my own ultimate destination: if her own old man had been alive, he would have sorted me as properly in this world as them whose business it was would sort me in the world to come."

Not even the jackdaw of Rheims could have received a more full and perfect condemnation. But the boy suffered under it less acutely than the bird. Impressions on a child's mind are seldom long-lived. For a day or two I wondered

what on earth I had done to set Granny White's tongue so wagging, and I seemed to detect a certain coolness in the manner of some of my old-time cronies in the village. But I neither pined nor lost my spirits like the jackdaw, nor until a year or two later when I was packed off to school, there to lose some of my primitive innocence, did I receive any enlightenment as to the sin of the tongue which had been laid to my charge. That was a merciful dispensation of Providence, I have often felt, which saved me from going to a preparatory school, and some preparatory school from numbering my unregenerate self among its alumni. The preparatory school is such a staid, formal, and highly respectable institution as to be eminently unsuitable for boys of certain sorts and conditions, and I shall always attribute a certain power of making the best of circumstances in after life to the fact that I was pitchforked into a public school, and had to fight my own battles in early life wholly unaided by magisterial sympathy. Not least among the advantages of the situation was that of never being called upon to form part of a small boy's "crocodile," and expected to pick my way along a muddy road, under a master's surveillance, on days when the playground was impossible. To us the playground was never, in my recollection, impossible. The survival of the fittest was in the matter of game-playing the order of each and every week-day, and, ex-

cept on dire occasions when I fell into the clutches of our good matron, I got at least six good games of football, or whatever else was going, in the course of the week. True, some spare hours on half-holiday afternoons and Sundays had to be disposed of, and I have a vague recollection that two or three masters, actuated doubtless by the kindest sentiments, were in the habit of taking out their separate gangs of boys for a long Sunday constitutional. But the walk being a matter of choice rather than of compulsion, I preferred to find my own "ploy," which meant snake-hunting or birds'-nesting in the summer, and bird-stoning along a sheltered brooklet that ran through the school grounds in the winter months. What added zest to the latter employment was the circumstance that stone-throwing was accounted a capital offence by the reigning monarch, whose word was law, and whose hand was almost too ready to punish. Fortunately the brook was a sort of recognised Alsatia. For the king never wandered in that direction, his eyes were, like Mr Samuel Weller's, only ordinary eyes, and he was not in the habit of using unworthy means, such as telescopes, to compass our destruction; fortunately, too, prefects and minor authorities, in the form of assistant masters, regarded some of the decrees of Draco as over and above Draconian. And so generation after generation of boys hardened their muscles and quickened their eyes in the pursuit of tough

old blackbirds along the brook, with the result that in one year three of us hurled the cricket-ball well over a hundred yards in our athletic sports.

Not long ago I was watching the boys at a large and successful preparatory school playing cricket. I saw some pretty batting and some quite respectable bowling, but after some time, turning to the headmaster, an old schoolfellow, though some years my senior, I asked this question—

"Why is it that not one of your boys can throw like a Christian?"

"No brook, old fellow," was the answer, "and no practice with stones. Of course you and I were not supposed to throw stones at school, but we did. Here they don't. We don't thrash a fellow nowadays for throwing stones, but we simply see that he has no chance of doing it. You can throw a stone if you like, but upon my honour I don't know where you will find one worth throwing: we don't keep them in the playground."

Twice then only, in the eight years that I spent at school, do I remember being "tooked for a walk." On the first occasion, when I was nearly twelve, a young master, new to the game, and knowing about as much regarding the habits of the boy natural as I may chance to know of the Maoris, suddenly announced his intention of taking myself and three or four class-mates out for a walk. Poor fellow! Doubtless he meant well; doubtless he felt that everything was smiling

upon his undertaking. A stroll through a lovely country on a glorious May afternoon, leave off roll-call, tea at a country inn,—what could commend themselves better to a boy's liking? Ignorant of the scope of magisterial authority, accepting the invitation in the light of a royal command, too shy to explain that for the first time in my life I had been chosen to play for the first eleven of the third—or it may have been the fourth—club against the next twenty-two, I could have cried from sheer vexation. It was all very well for the other quartette, to each of whom, as it happened, immunity from compulsory cricket came as a welcome diversion; but for myself, I would rather have been thrashed twice over if only I might have been allowed to play my game afterwards. However, we started, and for the first mile or so I was sulky, silent, resentful, brooding over my real or imaginary grievance. But presently my natural vitality asserted itself, and effectually safeguarded me against a repetition of the invitation from the same quarter. To my mild and essentially respectable preceptor, Mob, Bob, or Chittabob might have proved a more congenial companion. It was in his mind, I fancy, to favour us with a gentle discourse—à la Mr Barlow—on the beauties of Nature; in mine, to make the best of a thoroughly unwelcome situation. It was unfortunate, under the circumstances, that we should have chosen a route which led us first across the

railway and then along the banks of the river; for I know not which commended itself least to Mentor's liking,—the scathing indignation of the signalman at the one place, or the wholesale vituperation of a more than ordinarily eloquent Thames bargee at the other. As a matter of course, when we came to the railway, there being a train in sight, I put my already much flattened penny on the line. In our bi-weekly walks to the bathing-place, we had to cross the railway at a point about a mile lower down, and it was a daily habit of myself and my chosen gang of companions to put, each of us, our penny on the line and mark what effect the passage of the train had upon it. He who at the end of the bathing season could produce the best flattened penny was a prouder boy than the possessor of the champion walnut-shell. To hold both trophies in one and the same year was at least as great an achievement as to win the St Andrews medal at both the spring and autumn competition. In my zeal to steal a march on the other competitors I had overlooked the fact that the signalman's hut in this case commanded a view of the operation. Hardly had I retrieved my treasured coin when the "Grummer" or "Bumble" of the line swooped down upon us.

"It ain't what kiddies like them 'ere do as I minds so much," he remarked by way of peroration, "and I don't say as a cine like as that is going to upset no train, but as a man, who seeing as he've got girt

whiskers did ought to have gotten some sense, should stand by and watch such fullishness, it's that as fairly beats me. A natteral idiot might, but nary a man with a grain of sense in his head."

It was I, too, who provoked the wrath of the bargee. That also all came in the ordinary course of the day's work. It was as much the habit of our small fry to chaff a bargee when we saw one, as it was to eat sweet-stuff when we could get it. I did not even stray out of the beaten track, trusting rather to the bargee to supply that which was lacking in originality by way of repartee. And this specimen of the tribe in no way disappointed expectation. A small boy's remarks and questions the wiser class of bargee too often accepted with contemptuous and most annoying silence. But when there was a man to be attacked at a safe distance, and without undue exertion, quite a common and everyday bargee could be trusted to do the thing handsomely.

"Who ate puppy-pie under Marlow Bridge?" I piped out; and then the bargee had his say, levelling his remarks at Mentor only.

"Call yourself a man, indeed!" and with that he proceeded to call Mentor a great many other things instead, of which the most repeatable was "fiddle-headed, blue-tailed hape," and he did not exactly say "blue-tailed" either. The transition from instant personalities to the family tree was rapid and effective. Mentor's

ancestors, whether of the male or female degree, up to the third and fourth generation, were pronounced to be wholly impossible on the score alike of looks, language, and morality; and even so, considerable doubts were scattered broadcast on the legitimacy of his claims to having any ancestry at all. It was fortunate, on the whole, that language and allusions which make adult men fairly squirm are so much Hebrew to the comparatively innocent ears of boyhood. Even the more sober-minded acolytes rather enjoyed the bargee's explosion than otherwise, and were inclined to be jealous of me for provoking it. Not so, however, Mentor himself. There was some severity about the manner in which at the end of our walk he took leave of the party.

"I shall be very pleased to take you, and you, and you," specifying every boy except myself, "out for a walk some other day. You seem to know how to behave yourselves. But I shall not ask you again, young man," and on hearing this I felt like the Peri who has gained the gates of Paradise.

On the other occasion I was induced, by fraudulent misrepresentations rather than compelled *vi et armis*, to accompany a trio of bug-hunters. Why the three scientists, who were by no means to be reckoned among my sworn associates, desired my company on that particular day still remains to me a mystery.

"Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat." Perhaps there lies the solution. Or again, when they came across

me idling after our four-o'clock dinner in what we chose to call the bear-garden, the idea that, as in other pursuits, so, too, in bug-hunting, four pairs of hands do more work than three, and that I was not likely to claim my portion of the spoil, may have suddenly occurred to them. Having played cricket assiduously from early morn till the dinner-hour, I was found more or less at a loose end in the bear-garden, for the simple reason that the necessity of finishing an imposition had so far delayed me that I was wondering whether it was worth while to run the whole way down to the bathing-place on the off-chance of overtaking my more fortunate companions. Inasmuch as I finally fell a victim to the insidiousness or inventive powers of the trio, who one and all seemed extraordinarily anxious for my company, I may fairly describe myself as being "taken for a walk" under false pretences. One held out fair promises of bird-stoning; the second vowed that he knew the harbourage of a truly enormous snake; the third, not to be behindhand in iniquity, was prepared to introduce me to a kingfisher's nest, and had elaborated a scheme for disinterring it wholesale, much to the enrichment of our pockets. I think the sum mentioned as being offered by the British Museum for such a treasure-trove was £100. Fair promises indeed, but scant fulfilment! The snake was not at home, some one else had rifled the kingfisher's nest, and we never seemed to come to any place

that promised sport with birds. Dirty little ditches with their dirty little contents had absolutely no charms for me. I could not even see the points of a cow-dung beetle, though I could smell some of them. Matters came to a crisis when we halted at a black-looking pool or pit, which man had at some time or other created for sheep-washing purposes. The place, so the arch bug-hunter informed me, was famous for some particularly large newts, and a species of fresh-water shrimps which fulfil the purpose of scavengers. I quite recognised that scavenging was a good and necessary work, but had my doubts as to the freshness of the water.

"How are you going to catch them?" I inquired, the steepness of the banks and manifest insecurity of foothold suggesting the question.

"Why, you fellows must make a chain, and hold me tight while I grope along the bottom with my prawn net," responded the arch bug-hunter, who had come prepared for emergency.

"Bags top, then!" I ejaculated, having some regard for a pair of comparatively clean flannels. We fell into our positions without much delay, and for the space of a good five minutes I held on manfully, feeling much in the position of Hercules with the weight of the heaven resting on his shoulders. Certainly, if the hero's shoulders felt half as weary as my arms, he had every right to shrug them. I seemed to have overlooked the fact that if the position of top boy in a chain

promises more security, it also involves more continuous strain.

"Hold on tight!" gasped the fisherman, as he, having explored the nearer depths, prepared to launch out into deeper water. Perhaps the other pair obeyed the injunction, but at the critical moment I really believe that my foot did slip, rather than that the devil entered into my soul. Anyhow, I let go, and in an instant found myself sitting on the top of the bank and watching, like Mark Twain in the 'Innocents Abroad,' not a wreck exactly, but something after the nature of a *débâcle*, three plunging forms, three pairs of reversed legs, presently followed—for fortunately the pit was rather muddy than deep—by the re-appearance of three blackened and angry faces. It was sound policy under the circumstances to go straight away home, and leave the adventurous trio to make the best of their way out of the quagmire or quarrel among themselves in it. Even now, as I calmly review the situation after a long lapse of years, supposing always that my foot did really slip, I am convinced that I did the right thing. In the first place, it was no matter of life or death; then, again, there was obviously more room in the pit for three than for four; finally, a pair of clean flannels was in those days an all-important consideration.

How vividly did these old-time experiences recur to my mind when one fine day last month I found myself, after a long period of immunity, being

"taken for a walk" by a small American boy named Teddie. I suppose that the little creature has a surname somewhere, but to myself he was known as "Teddie" only, for the brief but painful period of our acquaintanceship. Lest I should incur a charge of folly, let me explain that nothing was farther from my intentions that day than to allow myself to be taken for a walk, whether by Teddie or any one else. On the contrary, I had planned a solitary pilgrimage to a pretty village some two miles out in the country, and had signified my intention to a dear lady who has on sundry occasions lent a helping hand to me on shopping expeditions.

"Let me come with you," she suggested with her usual kindness; "I can show you such a pretty short cut through the woods. I love that walk!"

Naturally enough I accepted the offer.

"It will do my little girls good to have a morning off, and get some wild flowers. Should you mind my bringing them too?"

"Mind? My dear lady, of course not. The more the merrier."

Even when the pair of demure little maidens appeared in my room with the announcement that "Mother was waiting for me in the garden, and had got Teddie with her," I was in nowise alarmed.

"Let me introduce Teddie to you," said my kind escort. "He is rather at a loose end to-day. His father has gone to Berlin, and his mother is laid

up with a cold, and so I've offered to take him for a walk."

So woman proposed, but the matter finally resolved itself into our being "taken" by Teddie, who, for a mite of seven, has a stronger will and a more terribly nasal twang than any child that I have ever encountered. He was equipped for the occasion in a sailor suit, which struck me as being built with a wholly unnatural bulge about the region of the chest. How he had got the cause of the bulge—a huge india-rubber ball—inside his garments, and how he proposed to get it out, were riddles beyond my powers of solution.

At the start matters proceeded smoothly, but no sooner had we reached the high-road outside the town than a difference of opinion arose.

"This way, children," exclaimed our guide as she stepped into a bridle-path leading through the woods that skirted the right-hand side of the road.

"Teddie reckons that he's going to the pheasantry," announced the young republican, pointing his finger to another bridle-path that ran in quite a different direction.

"No, no; not to the pheasantry to-day, Teddie," corrected the guide of the party.

"Teddie is going to the pheasantry," reiterated the urchin, and by way of emphasising the assertion he sat down in the very centre of the road.

Threats, expostulations, arguments, had no effect upon him. Indeed, I can conceive

no more unassailable attitude of passive resistance than that adopted by a small boy, another person's child, who, sitting fair and square in the middle of a busy road, alternately howls and sucks his thumb. Fortunately the road was broad, and drivers of vehicles charitably disposed. But by the time that a picnic party in a brake had laughed at us, a van-driver had sworn at us, and a small boy with a vegetable cart had chaffed us, the adult members of our party were at their wits' end. Even the spanking which my hands itched to inflict seemed to promise more immediate dust than permanent effect.

"Teddie reckons he's going to the pheasantry," repeated the offender for about the sixth time.

"Had we not better go on, and leave the little beast here?—he's sure to follow," I suggested.

"He's much more likely to be run over. I really dare not leave him. Would you very much mind carrying him for a little way, or"—for at the word "carrying" Teddie promptly threw himself flat on his back and prepared to kick—"would you very, very much mind going to the pheasantry?"

Teddie at once sat up again.

"Where is the pheasantry?" I inquired. "And why does the little beast want to go there?"

"Teddie reckons he's got a ten-cent piece," came from the child himself, and my guide fairly burst out laughing.

"There is a sort of automatic chocolate machine at the pheasantry," she ex-

plained; "and it is really quite a pretty walk."

By way, I suppose, of proving that a man can be quite as obstinate as a boy, I suggested a compromise.

"It won't take me five minutes to step back and buy some chocolate, and then he'll come on."

But the guide hesitated.

"It's very hot for you to go back, and besides, I'm not quite sure that he would come on even then," she whispered. "The poor little mite has unfortunately got a very delicate inside, and I should not like to take the responsibility of letting him have more than one stick of chocolate. He's not my child, you see."

"Nor mine either, by Jove! or he might have a pretty sore outside into the bargain."

Having so far relieved my feelings, I submitted to superior discretion. We meekly yielded the point, and Teddie triumphed all down the line. The ungracious little animal did not even use his victory generously, and not William himself of Deloraine had a more uncomfortable travelling companion.

"Well, we'll go to the pheasantry; but Teddie will have to be a good boy."

Up jumped the urchin, and I had the pleasure of brushing him when indeed we turned into the woods. For the space of perhaps five minutes he walked sedately behind us with the two little girls; and I was listening with some interest to a story told me by my companion when there came a new interruption.

"Mother dear, Teddie has run away!"

"Run away! Where, child?"

"Down that path. I think he was after a butterfly."

"Oh dear! why could not you children watch him?"

"We did watch him, mother; we watched him run away!"

"Let him run!" growled the male member of the party.

"Oh, but I'm afraid that would not do at all. The wood stretches for miles and miles. Would you very much mind—I mean, let us all go and look for him."

Of course the matter resolved itself into my companions waiting while I went in pursuit of Teddie, and that is a long stern chase in a thick wood when the party pursued, though capable of chattering a good nineteen to the dozen when wanted to hold his tongue, poses as one possessed with a deaf and dumb devil when he hears anybody shouting for him.

I did catch him at last, only to find that I was expected to carry him.

"Teddie's legs do ache so," he explained.

"He's not at all a strong child, you see," chimed in the guide when I had deposited my burden.

"He's a very naughty one," I snapped.

"Perhaps you were very naughty too when you were his age. We are not all born good, or it would be a very dull world. Luckily the pheasantry is close by, and then we will have a long rest."

The so-called pheasantry at this date may be said to retain

the title on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle. I believe, indeed, that there are a few wild pheasants in the wood, and perhaps within the memory of man there was either a breeding- or a feeding-place in the open spot now occupied by a gay little inn surrounded by a drinking-garden, a sort of merry-go-round apparatus, and—last, but by no means least important—a rough-and-ready type of automatic sweetmeat machine.

"Ladies first, young man, and good children before naughty," I remarked, as I saw Teddie preparing for an onslaught on the machine; and as I happened to have two pennies—more properly, ten-pennig pieces—in my pocket, I did the needful for the two little girls, who promptly carried off the spoil to a shady seat.

"Teddie calc'lates that he can buy his own choc'late," announced the independent young party, counting, as wiser people have done before him, without his host. For though by dint of standing on tiptoe he managed to get his penny into the slot, the drawer mocked his efforts by coming out empty. Blank astonishment, angry recrimination, much shaking and kicking at the offending machine, loud howls of indignation followed in rapid succession until the tow-row brought the presiding fairy of the show, a wizened old dame with plenty of tongue but no teeth to speak of, to the rescue. And once again Teddie's opportunity, backed this time by

my best German eloquence, carried the day. The machine was unlocked, and Teddie's coin being discovered stuck half-way up the rusty works, he received the wages of his iniquity. It was later that I learnt that the shameless little beast so far played upon the feelings of the two little girls with a mixed yarn about the shortcomings of the machine that he actually inveigled them into sharing their chocolate with him, and pocketed his own portion for future consumption, and, I am thankful to say, future stomach-ache into the bargain.

After half an hour's rest we started for home, and twice over on our way along the bridle-path I was deputed to retrieve Teddie, who, preferring to herd alone, doubtless with a view to the surreptitious enjoyment of his private stick of chocolate, persistently lagged behind, and disappeared at intervals. I found that his willingness to answer to my repeated shouts on the second occasion was caused by the fact that he had managed to stick one leg into a mud-hole, and there had lost a shoe. It must have caused the little animal some pains to discover this oasis in an essentially dry wood; it certainly cost me a stained umbrella and a pair of very dirty hands to recover the missing article and restore it to its proper position. I partially consoled myself by playing the nursery-maid and dragging rather than carrying our very dirty little deserter back to the main army.

"Now, if you don't mind, Mrs —," I exclaimed, quite out of breath with my exertions, "we will let the small fry walk in front. I am pretty well through with hunting Teddie."

For the next quarter of an hour the new arrangement worked admirably; so much so, indeed, that I had almost forgotten the existence of Teddie, when the rear rank of the advance-guard turned a corner at the bottom of a slight incline which brings the foot-passenger into the town. We elders were following at our leisure, when a series of loud cries of "Mother! Mother!" caused us to quicken up, and we hurried round the corner to find the two frightened little girls unwilling spectators of a determined single combat between Teddie and a German peasant boy about one size larger than himself.

"What brutes men are—separate them at once!" was the indignant reply to my natural suggestion that they had better be allowed to "have it out." Which was the original aggressor? I quite forgot to ask the question at the time, but I will lay my life that it was Teddie. Nor do I think that Teddie had had any the worst of the encounter. If the small German had scratched his opponent's nose and torn off his necktie, Teddie had got well home once at all events on what I believe "the fancy" calls the sinister optic. The main point was that the quarrel had to be adjusted with all convenient speed, as anything in

the nature of a fracas between foreigner and native is apt to lead to serious complications. "Lex Germanica curat de minimis." Half a mark purchased from the home-born peace, not exactly with honour, but—what was more important—with Teddie's necktie, which the Teuton foe was at first disposed to regard in the light of *spolia opima* in a victory which he most certainly had not won. Then Teddie was led off the field of battle, a little the worse for wear, but proudly defiant.

"I calc'late I'd have whipped him," he murmured to himself at intervals; and in despite of my anxiety and hope that the young termagant himself might shortly find himself in the position of the whipped rather than that of the whipper, I was on the whole inclined to endorse his opinion.

In extenuation of that infirmity of purpose which presently caused me to relinquish my hold on the young gentleman's arm and again turn him loose upon society, let me explain that in the first place I am not enamoured of the occupation of dragging another man's very dirty and wholly unwilling child along a public thoroughfare; in the second place, that I was only a dozen yards away from my lodgings, where my share in being "tooked for a walk" by Teddie might naturally be supposed to terminate; in the third place, that he had solemnly undertaken to give no further trouble.

"Trot along, then!" I said, and was in the act of shaking

hands with my kind guide when I saw her face suddenly blanch with terror. In that one instant the little villain had produced his india-rubber ball, thrown it bang across the street through the middle of the traffic, and started in hot pursuit of it. The devil looks after his own, they say, and certainly some protective power made things go comparatively well for Teddie. A tram-car pulled up with a jerk, a van-driver with a loud oath turned his horse almost at right angles, a bicyclist in his anxiety to avoid the boy collided with a man who, with one arm on his own motor bicycle, was talking to a policeman, and then, before any one could appreciate exactly what had happened, Teddie strolled back quietly to our side of the street with the ball under his arm.

Her anxiety relieved, the lady took the situation a great deal more coolly and comfortably than the man.

"You are a naughty boy, Teddie; but come along quick, you're late for your dinner already. Good-bye,"—this to me,— "you'll explain, won't you?"

And in a moment I found myself encircled by two indignant bicyclists, each of whom had his machine more or less damaged, and a hot and angry policeman, who had witnessed the game of ball-throwing, strictly "*Verboten*" in a public thoroughfare, played under his very nose.

The policeman led off the attack, producing a large notebook, and demanding, so far

as I could make out, the name and address of the criminal lunatic who had aided and abetted his son in the awful crime of playing "*bal-spiel*" in the public street.

In defending myself against this accusation I employed my usual plan of supplementing my laboured and very bad German with a free and easy English version of what I should really like to say if I were a more perfect master of the German tongue. This I do not merely on the off-chance that some English-speaking bystander may take pity upon my infirmity and offer his services as interpreter, but also from a sure and certain conviction that to any sensible Christian of whatsoever nationality the King's English must be more intelligible than my German.

"Aber, Herr Schuttsman, ich nicht bin der Vater. Ich das kleine Kind nicht kenne, und ich wieder sehen nicht wünsche. My good man, I'm not the child's father. I've never clapped eyes on the little devil in my life before, and I hope that I shall never see him again."

I cannot say that either my German or my English explanation entirely satisfied the policeman, but either one or the other produced the effect of so far mystifying him that he held a rapid consultation with his satellites before tackling me again.

His next demand, so far as I could make out the purport, was that I should immediately hand over to justice the boy's

real father. Nothing in life would have given me greater pleasure, if I had only been gifted to know the party's name. Penal servitude for life, I felt, would be an over-light penalty for the man responsible for Teddie's birth and education.

"Aber, Herr Schutsmann, ich nicht kenne," and having got so far, I was looking round for inspiration, when, lo and behold! a veritable *deus ex machina* hove in view on the other side of the street, in the person of a gentleman who had only the day before been pointed out to me as the one really fat American ever seen in Germany.

"Ach! Fragen Sie, bitte, jener Mann; vielleicht er ist der Vater, jedenfalls er ist Amerikaner, ich bin Engländer. Go and ask the stout party over the way. He is far more likely to be the little beast's father than I am. Anyhow, he is an American, and I'm not!"

Never did bold experiment meet with more instant success. That which I had merely meant to suggest as a possibility, the eager and indignant trio accepted as a fact. Taking immediate advantage of the instantaneous dive made by my persecutors in the direction of the other "innocent abroad," I fled into my pension with the happy conviction that in case of

pursuit my loyal and warm-hearted little landlady would on my behalf argue, scream, gesticulate, nay, even fight, tooth and claw, with the best of them. From the safe security of my own upper-floor window I enjoyed the pleasure of being a comparatively unconcerned spectator of the final act of the little drama. The stout American had, as I could see, a far more perfect mastery of this never-to-be-sufficiently-condemned language than I am ever likely to attain. It took him perhaps two minutes to comprehend that he, a respectable and sober-walking citizen of no mean city, was not only by way of being saddled with the paternity of a small ruffian whom he had never seen or heard of, but was furthermore being held responsible for the unknown child's transgressions. It took him later a good deal more than two minutes to express his own feelings on the subject. My last view of the contestants came as they were making a bee-line for the American consul's house, and their positions seemed to be reversed. For it was the stout American who was leading the way, his companions who seemed to show little relish for being "tooked" for that walk.

I have never seen Teddie since that morning, und ich nicht wünsche.

"A GENTLEMAN OF RANK."

BY WALTER B. HARRIS.

PERHAPS he never existed at all, this "homme de Qualité." I cannot guarantee him; I cannot even tell you his name. I discovered him in a little old volume—and even in that he is anonymous—which was for sale amongst a lot of old rubbish in the Tangier market. A few Arabs were searching amongst the useless trifles for old locks and hinges, and the man who presided over the heap of rubbish was a native Jew, who spoke no language that any rational human being ought to be expected to understand. Yet out of this strange medley came the handsomely bound little volume, damaged a little from its associations with rusty iron and broken china, that lies before me now, with its title-page in red and black—

MEMOIRES
ET AVANTURES
D'UN HOMME
DE QUALITÉ,
QUI S'EST RETIRÉ DU MONDE.
À AMSTERDAM
AUX DEPENS DE LA COMPAGNIE
MDCCLXXXI.

And then in autograph beneath, "I. R. van Szrevelshouk, C," who may have been the printer, or perhaps the owner of this little work.

It was there, in the native market, with its strange medley

of people, noise, dust, and dirt, that I first made the acquaintance of "l'homme de Qualité." I took him home and dusted him, and as my acquaintance increased I came almost to love the strange anonymous author of this little autobiography, with his pride and his resignation, and above all his ingenuous overwhelming conceit. He makes no secret of his accomplishments—they were evidently many,—and unconsciously displays all his faults—they were perhaps more. Throughout the book his personality breathes in every page, whether he is lecturing the reader and exhorting him to do the things which he himself seldom if ever performed, or describing how his yellow hair fell in curls to his waist, for he lived in the days of curls and wigs. Often a smile must cross the reader's face, when, in his quaint old-world French, the author dwells upon his own personal attractions, his own chivalry, his own skill in arms and in music, and his own undoubted fascination.

The book was written, as the title-page states, after he had retired from the world, in the seclusion of a monastery, and one cannot help imagining that after the stirring life he had led "l'homme de Qualité" must have found the inactivity irksome, though he himself hints that it was not so. One can

almost see the old man, still full of conceit, fearful lest the world should forget his history, as perhaps it had forgotten him, and on that account writing his autobiography, satisfied at its conclusion that though his identity was concealed the records of his life would survive him. His decision not to make public his name and title was characteristic of himself, and probably caused him no little moral satisfaction as an act of the greatest self-denial, consistent with the rôle of religion which toward the close of his life he had adopted.

It is perhaps as well that we know no more about him than he chooses to tell us himself. His ingenuous estimate of his own character might have suffered at the hands of others, and later editions, with notes, might have brought him down from his self-constructed pedestal and left him a damaged statue at its base. Let us take him at his own valuation, and if at times he appears to overrate his accomplishments, let us believe that he was "*sans peur et sans reproche*,"—though it is only himself who tells us so.

But be that as it may, the little book, full of sadness, is a veritable human document—the more so that even in the seclusion of the monastery, where the manuscript was written, the author still retains the strange blending of conceit and resignation that marks his whole lifetime.

Almost the opening words of the autobiography, after a

gentle lecture to the reader on the subject of wealth and unhappiness, are a eulogistic account of the author's ancestors. He tells one that he is descended from an illustrious family, which had produced many personages of note. His grandfather was a famous soldier under Louis XIV., and his father well maintained the traditions of his house. But in spite of their illustrious descent they do not seem to have been exempted from considerable troubles and quarrelling. His father gained the wrath of his grandfather by marrying the girl he was in love with, instead of the girl who had been chosen for him; and of so violent a character was the old man's displeasure that he was obliged to fly the country with his young bride. It was in exile that our hero was born, and the news of this unwelcome addition to the family so upset his grandfather that he expressed the devout hope that he might have the opportunity of putting his son to death with his own hand. Nor were his objections purely verbal: he promptly married a young girl of eighteen, who bore him two sons. In their favour the old nobleman altered his will and disinherited his exiled son, who for means of livelihood engaged in trade, and, aided by a philanthropic partner, flourished in his new profession. A year after our hero's birth his mother bore a daughter. It is in speaking of his sister Julie and himself that one

obtains one's first real insight into the hero's character, for he says: "I would not wish to wound the reader's modesty by representing myself as too charming, but I do not hesitate to do so as I speak of years long gone by. My dear sister and I were the objects of the greatest admiration on the part of all who knew us." Both Julie and the author were brought up in entire ignorance of their birth, and it was not until they had reached years of discretion that they were informed of it, for their parents passed under an assumed name. It was at this period, feeling the children's future a heavy responsibility, that their father made known to them the secret, and sent them on the delicate mission of peace-makers to their aged and irascible grandparent. They were accompanied by Scoti, a faithful valet, and a *femme de chambre*. Five days' journey sufficed to bring them to their grandfather's chateau, and Scoti was despatched to ask for an interview on the part of a lady and gentleman of position whose travels had brought them into that neighbourhood. The request was accorded, and the two children—for such they still were—stood in the presence of their grandfather. On their making their identity known, the old gentleman fell into a towering passion, spoke of his son as a "monster," and bade them depart. But the young suppliants fell upon their knees and implored mercy. Little

by little the old man melts, and, amid general shedding of tears, embraces them both. The author gives verbatim the imploring speech that he made upon this occasion, but the choice of words and expressions reads more like the cloister of his after-life than the passionate outpourings of a youth. All through the book this is most noticeable; and every conversation which is given at length, every letter which is quoted, is so delicately worded, so carefully sentenced, that it is easy to perceive that their form is due more to the careful and scholarly pen of the autobiographer than to any real desire by an effort of memory to recall with exactitude the original. Although a touch of reality is for this reason often absent from such incidents, there is no reason to doubt the incidents themselves. At the most, the author is but parading the recollections of his youth in the garb of his more critical old age.

There were great rejoicings at the chateau at the arrival and pardon of the old nobleman's grandchildren. The peasants and all the retainers made a holiday of the occasion, and were entertained. It was late when the family retired to bed, and our hero, whether on account of his nerves or the result of the feasting, slept ill. A succession of nightmares and a fall out of bed forebode ill in his superstitious mind, and surely enough his grandfather falls ill and dies, not, however, before he had revoked his will

in favour of his exiled son, who was unable to come to the funeral on account of his wife's illness. With much ceremony and receiving of visits the old nobleman was buried, and the author and his sister start to join their parents. But the good fortune of the inheritance was to be more than balanced by a succession of ills. Their coach was attacked by a band of mounted robbers. The author offered them his money, as resistance was out of the question, but the chief of the brigands replied that it was Julie they wanted and not his purse. Drawing his sword to defend his sister, he made ready to spring from the coach. At the same moment a pistol bullet, intended for him, pierced Julie's breast, who, murmuring “Thus God saves my honour,” sank into her brother's arms and expired. The pathos with which the “*homme de Qualité*” writes of the loss of his sister years afterwards shows how intense his devotion to her must have been. The wound in his heart never heals, and from time to time throughout the book he reverts to his irreparable sorrow. Nor was this the only grief he was to suffer. His father met him with the news of his mother's serious illness. Together they hurried to her side. For a time excuses were invented to account for Julie's absence: she was suffering from indisposition, and would come soon. But in vain: the mother learned the sad secret, and praying that her life

might end, she died murmuring the name of her beloved daughter.

It was in sorrow and mourning that his father and our hero went to take up their residence in the ancestral chateau. Gloom told upon the young man's spirits, and it was decided that he should proceed to Paris, there to finish his studies. He arrived at the time of the *fêtes* that were taking place in the capital to celebrate the adoption by Louis XIV. of the title of “*Le Grand*.” For a while he remained in Paris,—he gives as a fact few dates and little idea of gathering the length of his sojourns in various places,—and it was only the news that his father, who had never recovered the death of his wife and daughter, had entered a monastery that brought him home again.

He took up his residence at the chateau, where the second wife of his grandfather and her two sons were still residing. It will be remembered that they had been disinherited in favour of the author's father. For a time all went smoothly, but one day the Countess informed him that she and her sons were leaving, and the day following her departure bailiffs took possession of the place in the name of the law. The Countess had brought an action against her husband's will, claiming that the present holder of the estates was illegitimate, having been born abroad as the result of a marriage which had not been in accordance with the laws

of France. The claim held good, for his father had married his mother without the consent and formalities necessitated by the existing laws, and our hero was dispossessed of name, titles, and estates in favour of the Countess's two sons.

Collecting such moneys as he could lay his hands on, he set out on his travels. By chance he fell in with the Prince of Tour and Taxis, whom he accompanied to Bruxelles. There, searching for adventure and a career, he joins William Prince of Orange's expedition to England, which was soon to start, and in 1688 is appointed a lieutenant of Guards. It was not long before he was intrusted with a delicate and difficult mission, for he was employed to convey to England, and to place in the hands of agents whose names had been made known to him, Prince William's Manifesto, which had been printed at The Hague. This famous Manifesto is too well known to need description here; suffice it to say that it explained the object of the Prince of Orange's forthcoming invasion, and his intense desire to free England from the bonds and violence of Catholicism. He was successful in his journey, and rejoined the Prince at "Tolbai"—as he writes it—a few days after a landing had been accomplished. He accom-

panied the Prince on his march toward London, of which he gives but few details beyond the fact that they were joined by Churchill,—afterwards Duke of Marlborough,—by Prince George of Denmark, by the Duke of Ormonde, and others. He describes briefly the arrival of King James's Commissioners,¹ whom he does not mention by name, and states that the Prince informed them that he could not treat seriously with them or their king until his arrival in London. The course of historical events is but slightly touched on. James attempts escape and is arrested at Feversham, and our hero is again chosen by William of Orange for a delicate mission. He is sent to London with others to take charge of the king, with secret orders to connive at his escape; and he mentions that at the interview Prince William expressed his annoyance that King James had not been successful at Feversham in leaving the country. He quotes the Prince of Orange's words, though it must be remembered that they were not written down till long afterwards:—

"Le Roi doit être reconduit à Londres. Ceux qui l'ont empêché de passer en France, ont mal entendu mes intérêts; mais c'est une faute dont j'espère tirer avantage. Je veux le faire tirer à Rochester,² mais à vûe seulement pour sauver les apparences. . . . Il [le Roi] ne manquera pas de faire de nouvelles tentatives pour se

¹ They were Halifax, Nottingham, and Godolphin.

² The author is at fault. Ham House was first proposed as the place to which King James should retire, and it was only on account of the damp and cold at that spot that Rochester was chosen in preference.

sauver. . . . Vous ne ferez pas semblant de vous en appercevoir, & vous le laisserez le tems de se rendre à la mer. Alors vous courrez sur ses traces, & vous marquerez beaucoup de regret de sa fuite. . . . C'est aujourd'hui l'unique moien de rendre la paix à cet Etat ; le tems decidera du reste."

The following paragraph, if it can be accepted as correct, is of extreme interest, for had the proposal therein been carried out the sequence of the historical events of this period might have been entirely changed. The author narrates that, on leaving Prince William's presence, his companion and he were accosted by "Milord —," who informed them that he had still further secret instructions from the Prince of Orange—namely, that the king was to be put to death should he show any resistance while attempting to escape. Our hero expressed his surprise at this command, but was satisfied that "Milord —" would not have delivered it had he not been authorised to do so, and Milord explained the fact that the Prince himself had failed to mention it, as orders of this kind were best given "à demi mot." The author clears Prince William's character from any doubt of being implicated in this crime, for he adds that the Prince only heard of the plot after King James's escape, and that he was most indignant at its existence.

With a small body of trusted guards, specially chosen by Prince William, the author accompanied General Warnef (*sic*) to London, and the next

day proceeds to Rochester with the king. His Majesty showed no disinclination to leave his capital, which Prince William entered the same afternoon.

The author is, as has already been noted, very chary of dates, and this exit of King James from London is one of the few that he gives. He states that it was on November 28 that the king left, whereas history tells us that it was December 18. It is evident that November is but a slip for December, for the author gives a clear account of how he passed the subsequent time until his arrival in Cologne on Christmas day. There still remains the error of ten days, but the fact that the Roman Catholic countries, including France, had already adopted the new calendar, which was not introduced into England until 1751, exactly accounts for them. The date, to a Frenchman, was December 28; in England it was December 18, for at that period only ten days' difference existed between the old and the new style.

This question of dates is important, and at first seemed to throw discredit upon the whole narrative, and it was not until taking into consideration which countries had adopted the new style and which still maintained the old that the discrepancies disappear.

The author states that he reached Cologne on Christmas day. We know that he must have left London for Rochester on December 18 in company with King James—new style

December 28. He left Rochester a day or two before the king's escape, which took place on December 22. The author's journey to Southampton took him one day, and he crossed to La Brille in fifteen hours. He could have therefore easily been in Cologne on December 25, Christmas Day, for there the new style had not yet been adopted, and though in *his* calculations it was January 4, N.S., he would be much more likely to use on this occasion the old style, as he arrived during the holiday-making of "le jour de Noël."

To return to the author's narrative. He states that he found Rochester "une petite ville assez agréable," and that the Castle was in sufficiently good repair to serve as the king's lodging. No one came to visit King James, but he was accompanied by a certain number of his faithful followers.

"The unfortunate monarch was so agitated that you could guess the state of his mind. He said often to me, 'You will see that all this will end in some tragedy (quelque chose de funeste). The English are excited, I have not taken sufficient precautions, and my zeal for my religion has made me commit faults.' Another time he said to me, 'You who are French, what made you take my enemies' part against me? I am not hated in France.' 'No, Sire,' I replied, 'your Majesty is not hated at all in France, and of all Frenchmen I am one of those who most respect you; but your Majesty knows that one is not master of one's own fortunes, and often, without being able to foresee it, one finds oneself subjected to cruel necessities. Great kings are not the only men whose fortune is exposed to great ill-fortunes.' The king, of course, asked

him his history, and 'Je lui racontai toute mon histoire.' The king listened attentively and appeared touched"—

and perhaps under the circumstances was a little bored with it all. One would imagine that his own misfortunes were sufficient, without having to listen to those of our hero, who, one can see by his book, loved on every possible opportunity to pour out his woes to any one who would listen to them.

It was, however, perhaps wise of King James to have "appeared touched," for from that hour the author begins to feel a certain repugnance at the duty which lies before him,—for it must not be forgotten that he still imagined he was under orders to kill the king if he attempted to escape. "Tuer un Roi! me disais je: faire le personnage d'un lâche assassin! Non, je ne veux point me deshonoré par une action si infame." But could he betray the trust of the Prince of Orange, who he believed had given the secret orders which had been delivered to him by "Milord ——" ? The Prince had honoured him with his friendship,—could he leave him in the lurch? These questions the author argued at some length, finally deciding that as whatever course he pursues will endanger his own life, the wisest thing to do was to fly. "General Warnef" had discovered the king's intention to escape, and consults with our hero as to how best to make sure of delivering their blow with a certainty of success. The author fearing the king's flight

before he had time to disappear himself, wrote the following words on a piece of paper, and slipped them into the king's prayer-book: "Fuyez, grand Roi, le plus promptement que vous pourrez. Vous êtes mal gardé, vous pouvez fuir: s'il arrive qu'en fuyant vous soyez poursuivi, ne songez pas à vous défendre, il y va de votre vie." He noticed the king after he had read the paper: "He kept his face well, but I was able to perceive his disquietude."

At dawn the next morning our hero was *en route* for London, on the excuse of having received orders to that purpose from the Prince of Orange. Continuing at all haste to Southampton, he pretended there to be the bearer of important despatches for Holland, and being known to many as in the immediate service of the Prince, a vessel was placed at his disposal, and the same night he put to sea. Fifteen hours later he landed at La Brille, and on Christmas day arrived in Cologne.

With the exception of the mistake of November, which it is quite evident is a slip for December, the dates of these incidents coincide so exactly with history that on the face of it the author appears worthy of credence in his narrative. The king fled from Rochester on December 22, and escaped into France, probably at the moment that the author was either at sea or speeding through Holland on his way to Cologne.

Three weeks were spent at Cologne waiting for Scoti, his

faithful valet, whom he had rather thoughtlessly, it appears, deserted in England. On his master's flight being discovered Scoti had been kept three days in prison, but unable to learn anything from him, the authorities had set him at liberty.

At Cologne the author hears that the Diet of Ratisbon was likely to result in war between the Empire and France. His idea was to join the Imperial troops in their crusade against the Turks, and the news of a probable war between the Emperor and the "Roi très-Chrétien" seemed likely to frustrate his plans. His mind was set at rest, however, by reading in the public news that Prince Louis of Baden was leaving with an army for the Danube. He hurriedly travelled to Vienna, in the hopes of gaining employment. Here he found much excitement existing, on account of the preparations for the coming expedition. The Emperor Leopold, he says, having broken off relations with France, was desirous of exerting all his energies against Turkey in order to drive the Sultan to an advantageous peace before taking up arms to fight the French. With this brief statement as to the political situation he passes on to his own affairs. "Je me logai," he says, "dans une Auberge Française, à l'enseigne du Lion d'or."

His first endeavour was to find some gentleman of position who would assist him in getting employment, and in recounting

his success, he feels it his duty to inform the reader that "I was extremely prepossessing. My figure was remarkable, and my long golden locks, which reached to my waist, caused me to be much admired; but at Court these attractions did not stand me in much good stead, for I was known to no one." He felt the necessity of friends, and thought his best method of finding them was to play cards. Apparently this virtue of gambling opened the doors of palaces, for the author was soon frequenting the houses of the Viennese aristocracy. "I gained little," he says—he might have expected that—"beyond the estimable friendship of the Comte de Vieneratz. I won from him a thousand 'ecus' which he paid, and two thousand francs which he promised to pay." The Count, however, was as good as his word. He took the author in his carriage to his hotel—in spite of our hero's protestations that two thousand francs were a mere bagatelle, about which it was not worth bothering. On arriving at the hotel the same discussion occurred over again, and the author informs the reader that he always made a point of forgetting his winnings at cards the moment the game was over. "I," replied the Count, "never forget to pay. Now that you have come, I wish you not only to receive what is due, but to do me the honour of supping with me." As the Comte de Vieneratz was a member of the Imperial council, it was no doubt his

friendship that our hero desired, and he was possibly willing to lose his two thousand francs in order to gain it. As it was, he got both. He gives a brief notice of his supper-party. The conversation of the younger members of the company—for the Count's two sons were present—ran on the Court of Louis XIV., and no doubt our "homme de Qualité" enlarged much upon the subject. Particularly, he says, did the young men make inquiries about the ladies of the Court, "et la reputation qu'elles ont d'être galantes." They wondered how he could tear himself away from such attractions, but on this occasion, though the opportunity offered, he spared his company the narration of his misfortunes, probably intentionally, and merely remarked that he had come to Vienna for the purpose of taking arms against the infidel Turks.

Leaving his own career for a few pages, he narrates an episode of which he was a witness, which happened to one of the Count's sons. This worthy youth and another member of the aristocracy apparently shared the attractions of a certain young person of considerable personal beauty,—in fact, she was the mistress of both. No great jealousy existed between them, but at the proposal of the lady in question they determined to engage in a drinking duel on her account. Our hero stood the Count's son in good stead, for he showed him a trick worth knowing, and on his advice the

young man took for his breakfast a basin of cabbage soup, followed by a spoonful of salad-oil! At first the youth was most indignant at the proposal of this artifice: he blustered and swore that it was dishonourable, that he thought Frenchmen too brave ever to propose such a thing—but he took the soup and the oil, and won his duel, after a scene which there is no necessity to dwell upon here. The author, as usual, has his little moral lecture for the reader,—was he not writing in a monastery?—and he puts down the sobriety of his life to witnessing this bestial orgy. In three hours the duel was over. The adversary fell incapable upon the floor. The Count's son continued drinking by himself, seated on the body of his antagonist, where he sang a song glass in hand, interjecting from time to time that the author must not forget to report this final triumph to his mistress. A refreshing draught, and five or six hours' sleep, sufficed for his recovery.

In due time our hero accompanies the Emperor's army to Novibazar, in Servia. The surrounding districts formed the theatre of the war. In Prince Louis of Baden the army possessed a skilful leader, who had gauged the Turks' tactics during a campaign the previous year in Bosnia. After several small victories an advance was made toward the Morave. Here a more important engagement took place, resulting in a victory for the Emperor's forces. Ad-

vancing to the little river Nissave, Prince Louis of Baden himself led the attack on the main army of the Turks and utterly routed them, forcing them to retire to Sofia. Caught in a tight corner of the battle, the author received a deep sabre wound in the shoulder. He does not forget to mention that Prince Louis himself congratulated him on his prowess, and advised him to pay all attention to his wound. Advancing to Vidin, on the borders of Bulgaria and Servia, the city fell after a short siege, regarding which the author has little to say beyond the remark that "the licence of the German troops can better be imagined than described"—so there were Bulgarian atrocities even in those days. Here he had the good fortune to save the life of the Greek archbishop, and refused in return the handsome reward in money that his holiness offered him.

Winter was now approaching, and Prince Louis made up his mind, as further fighting was impossible until the spring, to return to Vienna in order to report to the Emperor on his operations. In bidding his adieux to his commander-in-chief, the Prince bestowed upon our hero the command of a company of dragoons of the Bosemdam regiment. Seeing the Christian army broken up for the winter, the Turks commenced their depredations in Servia, and their expeditions in the country wrought havoc on every side. Every Christian they could lay their hands

on was captured; in fact, they had their revenge for the brutality of the German troops at Vidin.

At length the author's wound was sufficiently healed to allow him to set out for Vienna, but only two leagues from their headquarters the little party were suddenly attacked at the village of Crasted. "We performed prodigies of valour," he writes, "but we fell before superior numbers." Sabre in hand he threw himself into the midst of the Turks, but was taken prisoner, not, however, until with his own hand he had slain four "Infidels." "They lost more than two hundred killed in this engagement; but nearly all my friends perished." Only seven Christians were taken alive, and two of them, who were severely wounded, were immediately put to death. Our hero was taken by the leader of the band, as the Turks "could not help perceiving both from my manner and my costume that I was 'un homme de Qualité.'" Amongst the men who had actually captured him the Turkish commander distributed what money was found in the prisoner's pockets; then, his hands tied, he was placed upon a horse and led away captive to the residence of Elid Ibezu, at Sofia, and there shut up in a dark room.

With this episode the author's career as a soldier comes to an end. He never, it appears, took up arms again. He was to enter now upon a long period of captivity, which

gave origin to incidents that, if less exciting than those of his earlier days, led to a romance, the unhappy termination of which altered the whole course of his life.

The second portion of the narrative opens in a desponding manner: "My past only afforded me afflicting recollections; my future, with all its doubts, terrified me; but even more deplorable was my existing situation, for it seemed the spot at which all my misfortunes combined." A sudden thought strikes him,—he decides to try religion as a solace, and finds it successful; but he gives us the impression that it did not last very long, for the first real pleasure that he mentions was from the possession of three books which he fortunately had with him. They were "le 'Télémaque' de Monsieur de Fénelon, 'Les Caractères' de la Bruyère," and "un tome des Tragedies de Racine." It was hunting for, and finding in these volumes, similar situations to his own that cheered him. In 'Télémaque' he discovers a parallel case, where the hero is a slave in Egypt; and the words of Thermosiris and Mentor help to console him. At length he is visited by his master, the Turk Elid Ibezu, who treats him kindly and informs him that he had long been desirous of possessing a Christian slave, and that if he serves him well he will have nothing to fear. The author expresses his surprise at the gentle manner and speech of this Turkish gentleman, and

eulogises the whole nation. He had expected to find them barbarous and cruel, he discovered them to be gentlemen. From Sofia he was sent for a time to Adrianople, to the residence of Elid Ibezu's brother. He is astonished at the size and magnificence of Adrianople, and is pleased with his surroundings. But a new and great disappointment overtakes him, for his master insists upon cutting his hair off, and bestows upon him the name of Salem. "*La perte de mes beaux cheveux, qu'il fallut me faire couper, me tondra presque jusqu'aux larmes.*" Indeed his grief at this loss to his personal attraction seems to have affected him far more than the fact that in his new capacity of slave he was told off to dust and polish the household furniture, which, he ventures to remark, he succeeded in doing to his master's entire satisfaction. Our hero was destined to more than one romance in the house of Elid Ibezu at Sofia, for soon after his arrival an elderly slave lady bestows upon him the full force of her amorous affections. "*Cruel Salem, me laisserez-vous mourir sans pitié,*" remarks Timec, for such was her name. For a time he puts her off, and his attention is soon called away from the early stages of this love-affair by a misadventure. He meets a French renegade who strongly advises him to change his religion and become a Moslem. So furious is our hero at the very idea that he unfortunately, in his eagerness to defend his

own faith, paid less respect than was advisable to that of the country he was in. He was immediately seized as a blasphemer and hurled into jail, and it was only with some difficulty that Elid Ibezu obtained his release. He adds, of course, his little homily for the reader,—How glorious to die in the cause of one's faith, and how willing he would have been to have laid down his life—for death was the penalty of blaspheming in Turkey in those days; but in the next paragraph he shows such ingenuous delight in receiving a present from his master of new clothes—"which showed off my figure to perfection"—that one cannot help being a little incredulous about his desired martyrdom. Nor did he see any necessity any longer to withstand the love-sick Timec, but falls an easy prey to her matronly devotion.

But another accomplishment of his was to stand him in good stead. He purchased a "*Theorbe*," and, to the astonishment of his master and a number of guests who were dining in the house, "I gave them a pleasure they had never known, for, needless to say, I played remarkably well."

The whole household purchased "*Theorbes*," and our hero was told off to instruct Elid Ibezu's children in the art of playing them. The doors of the sacred harem were opened to him, and he was admitted to the presence of his master's daughters, though not, apparently, to that of his wives. The eldest son too became his pupil,

a youth of the name of Amulem, of whom we are to hear more anon. But his interest was centred not in the son, but in a daughter of the name of Selima, whose beauty fascinated him from the very first. He notices, too, that the young girl always blushes at his approach, and conjectures that his fascinating personality has not failed to charm her. In his elderly slave-lover, Timec, he confides his secret, and her devotion to him seems to have been such that she was even prepared to aid him in his love-affair with a rival.

Our hero writes a little love-letter on a sheet of music, and gives it to Selima for a music-lesson. On the next occasion he met her, she blushed and murmured, "It is too difficult." His reply was again written between the lines of the music: "I shall die, beautiful Selima. Remember, in hearing of my death, that you are its cause." Selima hesitates, declares her love, and advises him to confide in Timec, which, by the way, he had already done; but Timec was fated to prove of little use. Death claimed her, and our hero states that "he regrets her, not as having been his lover, but as a mother who helped him in his affair with Selima." Poor Timec might not have been flattered with such an epitaph.

His love-affair with Selima was not to run on in perfect smoothness, as might be expected. The climax arrived when a fire broke out in the "Serail," causing the utmost

confusion amongst the ladies, who scattered and fled in every direction. It was our hero, of course, who dashed in and rescued Selima, and in order to convey her to a place of safety he escorted her to his own room, which opened on to the courtyard. But Elid Ibezu was collecting his dispersed harem, and having bundled them all into one room he proceeded to count them. It was not until he found one missing that he noticed the absence of Selima. A hint was given him as to where she had flown, and to the lovers—the author at his lady's feet tenderly kissing her hands—enters the enraged parent. Fortunately Amulem, Selima's brother, arrives on the scene, and is in time to stop the old man thrusting his dagger into our hero's bosom. Both declare their innocence of any guilt, and Amulem supports them, with the result that Elid Ibezu is somewhat appeased, though he sends the author to prison, which, it must be confessed, he richly deserved.

Elid Ibezu's brother at Adrianople dies, and Amulem is sent off to collect his moneys and administer his estate. It is there that the author, who accompanied him, learns of the "Twenty-five Years' Truce of Carlowitz"—which fixes the date at 1699, eleven years after his departure from England. It is only from the casual mention of historical incidents that one can gain any idea of the passage of time in the author's narrative,

for, with very few exceptions, he gives no dates, and does not even record the length of his sojournings in the various countries to which his fate took him. That he had been long in captivity was evident, for he speaks of having translated ‘*Télémaque*’ into Turkish; but this mention of the newly-signed “Truce of Carlowitz” fixes the date exactly, for it was brought about in 1699.

From Adrianople Amulem and our hero, with a retinue, journey to Constantinople, where a singular adventure meets them on the day of their arrival. They had not entered the city gates, but were still some miles away, when they suddenly meet the Sultan (Mustapha II.) hunting in the forest. He is accompanied by his favourite slave-girl, a young Greek, who had been captured by “Mezzo Morto,” the famous corsair, at Smyrna, and presented by him to the Sultan. But they seemed to have other business on hand besides the chase, for the Sultan was standing, dagger drawn, gesticulating wildly at Oscine,—for such was the lady’s name,—while at his feet lay the bleeding corpse of a youth. It was Oscine’s Greek lover, who had followed her to Constantinople, and hearing that his betrothed was to go hunting with the Sultan, he had disguised himself, followed her, and been discovered. From his pocket the Sultan drew forth the love-letters of his slave. In floods of tears she enters her carriage, the

Sultan mounts his horse, and the procession sets off.

But Mustapha II. was to find yet another rival. The youthful Amulem decides to rescue the lady, whose beauty he had perceived from afar; and by bribing the eunuchs and slaves of the palace he succeeds in getting a letter conveyed to her. “You are free, beautiful Oscine,” he writes, “or I die in the attempt.”

The story of the rescue and escape of Oscine is told at some length, but it is the story of Amulem and not of our “*homme de Qualité*,” though, to be sure, he takes a considerable amount of credit for it. The lady escapes by night by being lowered from her window in a basket. A boat is ready on the Bosphorus. They land at Famastro and proceed to Sofia, where Elid Ibezu, who is never told to whom Oscine really belonged or the story of her escape, is much pleased with his son’s beautiful wife, who apparently had soon forgotten her murdered Greek lover, and bestowed her affections on the wealthy young Turk.

The author is received back into favour by Elid Ibezu, who allows him the *entrée* into the “Serail”: a sure sign that he gives his permission to his marriage to Selima. There is a pretty scene between the lovers, but their union does not take place until some months later, when, Elid Ibezu having died, Amulem bestows his sister on the hero, and dowers her with a

princely dot. A few pages, filled with touching sentences about their love, describes his departure from Sofia and his arrival with his bride in Italy. After a short sojourn at Livorno, they proceed to Florence, where they take a house, are received into the best society, and are invited to the palace of the reigning Grand Duke — "Un homme bien vif sur l'article de femmes." An adventure, in which his wife is almost successfully carried off by the Grand Duke's brother, Prince Gaston Jean, decides him to leave Florence, and they repair to Rome. It is there, at the advice of Cardinal Janson, that Selima is baptised, and the sacrament of matrimony celebrated. The author states that they had attempted to keep Selima's baptism private, but that a host of important personages arrived at the church, and on all sides one heard exclaimed, "The beautiful Christian!" There follow several pages of the speech that he made to her on their return from the church, full of love and admonition, and distinctly pedantic.

At Rome he met and describes one of that strange class of men who wandered over Europe at this period. They were known as "opérateurs," and were in reality not unlike the spiritualist mediums of the present day. This particular example, who rejoiced in the delightful name of Miracolofo Florifonti, had also some little knowledge of medicine. It was only once,

apparently, that our hero was given a chance of witnessing his magic powers, when suddenly he appeared in the form of a bear, remaining as such for some seconds, and then gradually retaking his own shape. It is this extraordinary person who attends Selima in her confinement, and by aid of drugs she passes through the crisis "presque sans douleur." A few days after the magician is seized by the Inquisition, and, as was generally the case in such circumstances, he disappeared entirely. Our hero, too, had it not been for the patronage of certain cardinals, would not unlikely have suffered the same fate, for he was known to be a friend of Miracolofo Florifonti, and an order for his arrest was even issued.

For the summer they retired to a villa at Frascati, of which period the author has little to say, except to narrate the misfortune that occurred to him in having set fire to his beautiful hair, which, scented with oils, burnt quickly. He expresses his sorrow at this great loss, but mentions that he looked well in a wig. On their return to Rome Selima is taken ill with fever, and dies, murmuring to her husband, "Aimez moi toujours, je mœurs en vous aimant." With all his little conceits and self-satisfaction, there is no doubt of the author's sufferings at this terrible loss; and even as one reads the pages written years afterwards in the monastery, one cannot help perceiving that the wound had never healed. His little daughter became his

sole joy in life, and at first even she was powerless to remove one atom of his grief. The heart of his wife was enclosed in a gold casket, which he kept with him. He gave way to such despondency as almost persuades the reader that his mind was affected. He draped a room in black cloth, and shut out all the daylight. On the walls he hangs Selima's dresses, and a black draped table in the centre of the room bore the casket containing her heart. Candles and torches burned around it, and here, in solitary misery, he spent two months in prayer and tears.

The man who was to draw him forth from his solitude was his uncle—one of the two sons of his grandfather by his second wife. It will be remembered that it was in favour of this uncle and his brother—boys at that time, and both younger than himself—that our hero had been disinherited. But it had been the work of the mother, and the first to come and console him was the man whom he had always looked upon as an enemy. To him the author shows the golden casket, with the words, "*Voyez-vous cette boîte, voilà le tombeau de mes plaisirs et la source éternelle de mes peines.*"

Together they return to France, where the hero meets his father, who had long been in seclusion in a monastery.

Of his uncle he has nothing but good to relate—of his generosity, his unselfishness, and his love, both to himself and to his daughter, who in memory of his murdered sister he had called Julie.

His father dies, and the son, weary of life, never recovering from his great sorrow, decides to follow his example and enter a monastery. He had but one duty more to perform—the marriage of Julie. Her beauty was remarkable, and she had many suitors, but her high spirits caused her to ridicule their love-making. But her fate arrives, and her father narrates: "*Je ne doutai point que ma fille, qui ne pouvoit avoir le cœur si dur qu'elle le faisoit paraître, étant née d'un père et d'un mère si tendres, ne fût touchée de l'amour de cet aimable jeune homme,*"—and so it came about.

"Le mariage se fit enfin avec une égale satisfaction des deux amans et l'applaudissement général de toute la Noblesse du pays."

"Having nothing more to desire in this life, I decided to renounce it, and to spend the remainder of my sad existence in a monastery. . . . I pass my days in ever looking forward to that joyous moment when I shall be once more with those whom cruel death has taken from me."

THE COALITION CABINET : BEHIND THE SCENES.

THE unfinished autobiography of the Duke of Argyll,¹ begun in the year 1897, when he was seventy-four years of age, contains a narrative of events very nearly to the end of 1857. "Memory," the preface says, "was invoked to bring back from the storehouse of the past all that had especially impressed him." Down to that date the Duke had only been five years in office, chiefly as Lord Privy Seal, and quite recently as Postmaster-General. The chief subject of interest is his account of the Coalition Government's treatment of the Eastern Question in 1853-54, and of its responsibility for the Crimean War. In that regard he produces some documentary evidence in the shape of letters of his own to the Foreign Secretary, Lord Clarendon, which attest the extreme interest which he as a Cabinet Minister took in proceedings which were not in any way under his direction, but which he was responsible for equally with his colleagues, and was expected to defend in the House of Lords. This autobiography fills more than the first volume, and when it ceases the interest of the book is at an end. He was Secretary of State for India at a later date, but in the momentous events which occurred during the remaining forty

years of his life he was not one of the actors, and the narrative of them is given with much more effect in the biographies of those who were, and in histories directed exclusively to them, undisturbed by the exigencies of biographical reminiscence. In other words, the rest of the book is somewhat dull and dreary.

The Duke's memory was no doubt fortified by access to papers, but not the least interesting reminiscences are of a purely personal nature, and no mention is made either of diary or occasional notes. They hardly ever suggest a doubt as to whether at that age he was entitled to rely on his recollections of forty years ago. Only two instances occur. He regarded Gladstone's forthcoming budget speech of 1853 as big with the fate of the Cabinet. Till the success of the financial proposals the stability of the Government was so insecure that future uncertainties were hardly their business. Yet two different dates are assigned to that critical event, on pages 429 and 445, and one of them is connected with the course of events at Constantinople. The other is a ludicrous description of his first acquaintance with the celebrated Lord Westbury,

¹ The Eighth Duke of Argyll : Autobiography and Memoirs. Edited by the Dowager Duchess of Argyll. In 2 vols. London : John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. 1906.

then Sir R. Bethell, to whom he says he was attracted as a perfect stranger on a steamer in the Caledonian Canal, sharing a carriage with him on an expedition. Early next year the Attorney-General was summoned to the Cabinet to advise on international law, and the Duke describes his astonishment when his chance-acquaintance of a few months previously entered the room as "our new law officer of the Crown." Memory must have gone completely astray over this incident. It does not seem likely that the two acquaintances should have remained ignorant of each other's identity; while the statement that in 1857 Sir R. Bethell was a new law officer of the Crown is a complete mistake. He had been a colleague of the Duke as Solicitor-General since the beginning of 1853. The Duke had taken extreme interest in Gladstone's finance of that year, and had stood sponsor for it in the House of Lords. Bethell, on the other hand, had been Gladstone's right-hand man, his "*fidus Achates*," in carrying the Succession Duty Act of that year through the House of Commons. Besides, on questions of international law arising during and previous to the Crimean war, Bethell could not have been lost sight of by the Cabinet. The whole anecdote, amusing as our readers will find it, is improbable and contradicted by known facts, and shows that memory is not to be implicitly relied on after forty years. But, in spite of this,

we see no reason to distrust the reminiscences of those momentous events and striking personalities which surrounded the Duke on his first entrance upon Cabinet life. He gives most graphic details of his colleagues in that celebrated Coalition, their personal peculiarities, relations to one another, and their authority resulting from their, in many cases, famous and eventful past. The Duke's own position was that of a novice of the highest rank and of considerable ability, placed there, no doubt, to serve an apprenticeship with a view to the future; but not at all disposed, if we may accept his own account, to play from inexperience other than a leading as well as a responsible part. As soon as Gladstone's great financial schemes were fairly launched, the terrible issue of peace and war hung over his head. The way in which he dealt with it is of interest. His evidence as to his colleagues' treatment of it is, notwithstanding all that has been written and said on the subject, a contribution to history which comes straight from behind the scenes, and ought not to be neglected.

The handling of the Eastern Question by the Coalition has been described in many biographies, and at length we have it in the form of a continuous narrative by the last survivor of the Cabinet. The contemporary authorised version of that handling was given in the memorable phrase of the Foreign Secretary, that we were "*drifting into war*"; a

later Prime Minister, of unprecedented authority in foreign affairs, has declared in another memorable phrase that "we laid our money on the wrong horse." No one has ever said a good word for the management of the most complicated political difficulty in which this country was involved during nearly the whole of the nineteenth century. We turn to the Duke of Argyll's revelations and confessions, and find it admitted by authority that, as might have been expected, the Cabinet had no charter of policy, and no rudder to steer by. A graphic picture is drawn of the Czar Nicholas, of his imperious will; hardly anything is said of the equally strong-willed ambassador at Constantinople, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe; quite enough is said of Napoleon III. to show that he was for his own hand entirely, and not to be trusted. Austria and Prussia, and for that matter Turkey also, were quite willing to stand aside and let France and England pull their chestnuts out of the fire. In such a seething conflict of wills and selfish aims, the only safety for this country was that its Government should have a definite policy, publicly avowed, so that its own people and foreign powers should know what they might rely upon. But none was forthcoming, with the result that Russia was encouraged to believe that aggression would not be forcibly resisted, and that the British people were at the same time exasperated to a white heat of fury at the

feebleness of their leaders, and compelled them into war.

In the absence of any settled line of action for which to take credit, the main point which the Duke endeavours to make is that the universal opinion as to a divided Cabinet being the cause of admitted drifting is an unaccountable delusion. He had been a member of every Liberal Cabinet that succeeded it for twenty-nine years, and he never saw any of them which worked more smoothly or with less individual friction. He says there were no quarrels in the Cabinet, and that no division was ever taken. No Minister dreamed of the possibility of war until at the end of April 1853 Lord Stratford explained to them the aggressive character of Prince Menschikoff's mission. He says there was not a shadow of difference as to the course to be pursued. It was to stand on the Treaty of 1840 and the Protocol of 1841; to resist the absorption of Turkey by Russia, and to checkmate any method of deglutition by diplomatic notes aimed at establishing a Russian protectorate over the Christian subjects of the Porte. But not a word is said as to this policy being publicly announced and steps taken to give effect to it. The initiative (as important in diplomacy as in war) was abandoned to Russia, whose Government proceeded from one aggression to another, unresisted by either action or open declaration, until at last it declared that no interference by Europe with its Turkish

policy would be tolerated. During the ten months of this gradual development of war-like policy what were the British Cabinet doing? What was their line of action? They consumed their time in collectively reading the despatches, a work which proved "wearisome beyond endurance"; enlivened, however, by Lord Clarendon's inimitable comments, which rendered his readings of the character of each diplomatist as good as a play. It is a fruitless search to inquire whose hand was on the helm. We "drifted"; and when a loud call arose for the pilot, no one knew who he was or where to find him. The Duke was a young man of thirty at this period, the youngest member of the Cabinet, but as Lord Privy Seal supposed to devote himself body and soul to an affair of this portentous importance. He tells us that a great portion of the ten months was consumed in trying "to find some phrase or form of words in which Turkey could give a promise to Russia which would be safe." They thought the word "spiritual," when applied to the Christian privileges which Turkey was to guarantee, would serve the purpose. But the Duke tells us that doubts as to the value of a frail verbal barrier against the pressure of Russian ambition came over him at times with such painful force that he wished himself "out of the affair." He suppressed these doubts by the reflection that the proper spirit in which to

bear the burden imposed was that "of doing the best that seemed possible in each contingency as it actually arose." There cannot be a clearer definition of "drifting," and when the whole proceedings were supposed to be dominated by a man of Lord Aberdeen's known vacillation and indecision, "always," as the Duke tells us, "against any step which would render war inevitable," that is, of taking any step which committed us to a definite line of action, all control over the course of events slipped from our grasp. Turkey declared war in the autumn of 1853. No question arose as to leaving Turkey to fight her own battles in the first instance, as was the case in 1877. But an agreement was arrived at to use our fleet so as to defend Turkey against any assault likely to end in bringing Russia to Constantinople, and at the same time to go on negotiating. Meanwhile the British public, bereft as it thought of statesmanlike guidance, was roused to a passionate violence of resistance to Russia, which evidently perplexed and alarmed the Cabinet. The nation had not been taken into confidence, and refused to acquiesce in that which it regarded as disastrous indecision.

The Duke's account of the proceedings evades entirely the issue as to who was responsible for the almost frenzied condition of the public mind, exasperated alike with its own and the Russian Government. The moment that question is raised there is but one answer to it—

viz., Lord Aberdeen, whom it is a principal object of this reminiscence to exculpate. If we had had a Prime Minister at that time who had commanded public confidence, the result might not improbably have been the same, but it would have been a war of statesmanlike resolution and purpose rather than of public passion. It was a tangled skein which was offered to the British Government to unravel; but when warlike fury was practically invited, all further diplomacy was futile. All were agreed that Constantinople must be defended. If the Christian subjects of the Porte should rise against a Mohammedan ruler, and be supported by Russia, the complication, it is not obscurely hinted, would have divided the Cabinet. Precipitate action had to be avoided; for one object was to enlist, if possible, Austrian active intervention on the side of France and England. The French alliance was not a thing to be jubilant about. There never was a time when it was more important for the British Cabinet to have the British nation at its back. But this factor in the situation had not been secured. Then there was within the Cabinet the increasing dissatisfaction of Lord John Russell with his position. All have agreed at the time, and since, in reproaching the course which he took. The only defence for him is that he regarded the continued Premiership of Lord Aberdeen, considering the es-

timate rightly or wrongly formed of him by the public, as a calamity likely to result in national disaster. His restlessness and dissatisfaction may well have been quite as much on public as on personal grounds. Lord Aberdeen may have recommended himself to his colleagues as a calm and dispassionate statesman. The public regarded him, not without reason, as wholly unfitted for his post.

The war, when it came, was welcome to the British nation as a resistance to Russian aggression, which it was feared would eventually, if successful, upset the balance of power in Europe, and place a formidable rival across one of our roads to the East. Both to the Cabinet and to the public it was only nominally a war to defend Turkey. As far as Turkey was concerned, the only object was, then and in the years which have since elapsed, to secure that the fate of all territories which slipped from the Ottoman grasp should be decided by the European Powers, and not by any one of them acting in its own exclusive interest. In 1877-78 that end was secured by a firm adherence to the treaty which ended the Crimean War, by standing aside whilst Russia and Turkey fought out their war, by insisting upon its results being revised by a European conference. We had no Aberdeen coalition then to mismanage our affairs. The Liberal party fought out its differences on the Opposition benches; the nation supported

its Government, which propounded a clear and definite policy, and rigidly adhered to it. The result was peace with honour, instead of war with disaster. The Duke of Argyll grants to his colleagues a verdict of acquittal from all reproach because they were unable, during ten months of drifting, to put their finger on one single point where they came to an erroneous decision. It would have been more to the purpose if they had been able to point to some definite and intelligible policy which had been proclaimed to their own and foreign nations and resolutely pursued. The result might have been the same, but the reputation of the Cabinet would not have been trailed in the dust.

After war was declared, we learn from the Duke that in order to secure at least the assent of other Powers, as much or even more interested in checking Russian designs than we were, an attempt at length was made to define its objects and indirectly foreshadow the terms of peace. It resulted in the celebrated "Four Points," which embodied some vague and hazy ideas, the chief of which contemplated the limitation of Russian naval power in the Black Sea,—an object which does not, half a century later, appear to be worthy of the means. In October 1854 the Duke wrote to his colleague, Lord Clarendon, a letter which he now publishes, in which six months after war had begun he, the youngest member of

the Cabinet, makes a belated and ineffectual protest that the Cabinet should come to a definite understanding as to the "aim and object of this war." He pointed out that we were not fighting "for any special interests of our own"; that in the absence of authoritative statement of its object, different parties would bid against each other in clap-trap sayings, which would commit the country and embarrass its policy. In 1854 the Duke was of opinion that no policy had been declared, and that the results were confusing the public mind. And here follows, in a letter of remonstrance to the Foreign Secretary, a precise and candid admission of that total absence of statesmanlike guidance which the public condemned and history has reprobated.

"What I dread is," said the Duke to his colleague, "our going on without some purpose more definitely recognised—afraid of public opinion because we do not try to lead and guide it, shy of each other because we do not know exactly each other's views. I do not believe there is any difference which will prevent a practical conclusion, provided we try to come to it. But there is quite enough variety of tendency and feeling, if we do not try, to keep our language various and our course unsteady—perhaps I ought rather to say to prevent any definite course from being shaped at all. We shall then be at the mercy of the tides, and our motion becomes a mere drift."

There cannot be a more emphatic confession of incapacity to deal with a great crisis in the affairs of Europe and our own fortunes. It was written by one of themselves towards the

close of the Cabinet's career. It describes the past, portends the future, and is the most effective epitaph which could be written over the tomb of the weakest and most discredited of Queen Victoria's Cabinets. The Cabinet foundered just as the most gloomy of all the accounts of Crimean disaster reached home. The expedition against Sebastopol was undertaken with enthusiasm, but with no great care and circumspection, as the most deadly blow to Russian predominance in the East. The Duke's vindication of his colleagues is that they at least transported French and Turkish armies to its assistance, concluded a treaty with Sardinia, and began reform of war administration, of which, at a later date, Lord Palmerston's Government reaped the benefit. This may be pleaded as some mitigation of their discredit at the bar of history, but it does not go very far.

When Parliament met, Lord John Russell resigned. His increasing dissatisfaction both with public affairs and with his own personal position was well known, and his secession led to a defeat by a majority of 157—more than two to one. It appears that the whole Cabinet resigned at once, but the Queen refused to accept it, commanding Lord Aberdeen to tell the Cabinet "that our resignation under such conditions was unjust towards herself, injurious to our own character, and indefensible as regards the country." Here is epitaph No. 2. We learn that on

reflection some members of the Cabinet had serious misgivings as to the correctness of their decision. The Prince Consort, it appears, was "unhappy about the debate which followed. There was no statesman's speech." The Duke considers that the greatest homage paid to the Aberdeen Ministry was that no successor was possible except a reproduction of it as nearly as could be attained. That, however, was an accident. He himself refused to join with Graham, Gladstone, and Sidney Herbert in retiring from the new Government. His reason, he tells us, in amusing forgetfulness of the sacred unanimity of the Coalition, was that he "never had felt that dread of Palmerston which had been expressed by the Peelite members, and which he had such difficulty in overcoming." Gladstone showed great irritation at this refusal, and very shortly after illustrates the supposed unanimity of the late Cabinet by arguing himself "into a fever of antagonism and suspicion against Palmerston as determined to fight for mere victory" after proposals of peace had been made at Vienna said to have been satisfactory to Lord John Russell. Every one is familiar with this extraordinary episode in Gladstone's career. The Duke's comment upon it is: "If his parliamentary and popular credit at the time had been what they were at a later date, he might have done infinite mischief." His violence caused secession in the scanty number

of his own friends. The reason of it was that the "Peelites had suspected Palmerston of a disposition to enlarge the declared objects and to widen the area of the war." As another illustration of the value of the Duke's testimony as to the unanimity of colleagues who were "shy of each other because they did not know exactly each other's views," we learn that the Duke discovered that he was soon on an altered footing with Lord Aberdeen. That statesman was influenced by Gladstone's denunciation of any effectual limitation of Russian preponderance in the Black Sea. The Duke, on the other hand, considered that they were all parties to the "Third Point," and that there was no meaning in that point nor any sense in the attack on Sebastopol except with a view to strike a great blow at that preponderance. He went to see Lord Aberdeen, and found him in

company with Graham. He felt at once that that redoubled the antagonism with which he was encountered. "Graham was suspicious of others, and especially of those from whom he differed greatly. I knew his dislike of Palmerston and his ineradicable suspicion of Palmerston's intentions." After this the Duke's autobiographical memorandum may be thrown out of the window, so far as it claims to vindicate the cordial unity of the Coalition Cabinet. Truth will out, even in an autobiography with a purpose. The memorandum, full as it is of revelations and confessions, appears to us to put a finishing touch to the destruction of that Cabinet's reputation, and to place beyond further dispute the aimless "drifting" of its conduct and the hopeless disunion between its members, which latter was strongly suspected at the time, and defied concealment when once they had separated.

P O - T H E T.

BY MAJOR MORRIS BENT.

THE two Assessors were at variance upon the verdict, hopelessly divided; and even the Judge's lucid exposition had failed to secure that unanimity which the most self-supported authority would still prefer to have in a matter of life or death. Ko-Pochin, the Burman, as wholly unconvinced as he was unconvincible, and retaining the opinion he had formed in favour of his fellow-countryman before hearing the evidence, had pronounced the prisoner "Not guilty." Sidi Mohamed, the Mussulman, on the other hand, who had a brother in the police, and was therefore equally prejudiced against the accused, as emphatically had declared for a conviction. It rested with the Judge. . . .

Sentence had been passed. The condemned heard it with apparent indifference—his attitude unchanged as it had been throughout the long sultry hours of the trial, the head slightly bowed, the hands palm to palm before his face. For a moment, on hearing his name, he had indeed raised his eyes,—the haunted look of them I shall never forget,—but as suddenly they had dropped again, and resignedly, indeed even with alacrity, he had shuffled down from the dock,

and now was marching his last march back to the Pyi Myo gaol.

The little court-house was cleared and closed, and the Judge, by whose courtesy I had been present at the trial, lighting a well-earned cheroot whose fragrance mingled with the sweet night-scented air, led the way towards the river and gymkhana club, where already the remaining members of the regular præprandial rubber-party were impatiently awaiting him. We walked along in silence; presently, as if divining my thoughts,—

"If it hadn't been a European in the execution of his office he might have got off with the Andamans—there were extenuating circumstances. Still, he can appeal, you know; I have recommended him to appeal."

I admitted the advantages of an appeal—from the Judge's point of view.

"Yes," he said, "when there is a doubt—mind, I don't say there is in this case, at least as regards the deed—it is sometimes a comfort to feel that one's decision is not necessarily final."

"You mean that responsibility shared is no responsibility."

"I mean that two heads are occasionally better than one, always excepting those of our

‘assessors,’¹ who may look ornamental but are generally useless. No, there was here really no alternative.”

By this time we had reached the club, and the Judge, whose powers of abstraction were a source of admiration to me, was presently as fully engrossed with his trumps as he had been with his trial. I strolled off into the garden with my pipe, and sat down under the tamarind. The great river flowed darkly at my feet; stirred to music by the fitful breeze, the bells of the Shwé pagoda rippled and died and rang out again with their celestial harmony; fire-flies with lanterns alight flitted among the bushes, and from the farther town came the echo of a pwé,² even to the laughter-bursts of the audience.

The event of the day was vividly before me, and in strong contrast its tragic details stood sharp and sharper out against this peacefully succeeding scene. During the day I had heard all the evidence of what appeared an atrocious and cruel crime; had watched the string of witnesses sworn to truth which no amount of burning paper or palm-leaf on their part as Easterns could for truth attest; and, in the end, I had seen a fellow-creature destined to death. The prisoner, a young Burman half-caste, undefended, had apparently made up his

mind that it was useless to protest innocence, his demeanour that of a man who feels the futility of words, and yet, were it worth his while, who could say much by way of exculpation. He had, he admitted it, killed the police-officer, Mr Kellett, but Kellett, he averred, had killed his mother. The latter statement was rebutted by several witnesses, and was obviously absurd, since it was matter of common knowledge that Mah Shwé Galai had died quite a natural death some six months back in her own house—Saya Win said so, and he was the doctor.

“Fool!” Po-Thet had muttered; and thenceforward maintained silence to the close of the proceedings. I could not but be struck, too, with the evident fact that Po-Thet was not a pure Burman; and that, differing from the ordinary Eurasian of the Indian peninsula, he had gained rather than lost in presence and bearing by the admixture of, as I surmised, English blood. This thought led me on to imagine what manner of man his father had been; whether that father was still alive; whether, if so, he was alive to his son’s impending fate. Probably he had never heard of a son’s existence—was away across the great sea, having long since forgotten, among other scenes and influences, the little

¹ Assessors, two in number, form the nearest approach to a jury as understood in England. The judge is bound to record their opinions; at the same time he can disagree with either or both of them, and give effect to his disagreement in the sentence.

² A popular theatrical entertainment *al fresco*, usually as long in its performance as it is broad in its jokes.

Burman girl that once trusted him.

I was roused from my reverie by the Judge's cheery voice calling to me that it was time to be returning to the Circuit-house if we were to have any dinner.

"Pot luck," he said, "you know; but I daresay my boy has managed to get us a hilsa to help out the tinned things, and there's plenty of whisky and soda to wash it down."

So home we wended—this time by way of the bund above the ghat, whence shone the lights of one of the larger cargo-boats of the Flotilla company, awaiting day to resume her voyage. Coolies were still at work upon her, and the unforgettable odour of ngapi,¹ of oil, and other delicacies rose to us from landing-stage and hold. A wheel to the left beneath the trees, then a half-turn to the right, and anon we were mounting the steps of the Circuit-house.

"Dinnah ready, Sahib"—and we sat down.

The meal disposed of and a lesson on "the art of dissecting the hilsa" assimilated by his guest, the Judge produced a box of his *ne plus ultra* cheroots—and who that has once smoked these, knowing by whom they were rolled, will ever smoke anything else—and we settled ourselves to long leg-rest chairs in the dark verandah to enjoy, far from the lamp-fretting moths, a moonlit

night. How very peaceful it all was: even the chatter of the servants in the godown sounded remote and subdued.

"The great white owl that in the gloom doth see
Cries 'Koko-lu-lu-lu'; hard by the gate
Contented Toukteh² haunts his hollow tree."

And then, as touching the bells with fairy fingers, came a cool breath from the river, and the Payah³ spake. We listened entranced while the sound lasted.

"Yes," said the Judge, as if pursuing the voice,—

"Aërial music—hark the night wind wakes,
Whispers the palm, breathes to the breathless land,
Stems the strong river and a murmur makes—
Man's brow relaxes, and his fevered hand;
The sleepless sleep, they rest whom rest forsakes,"—

"It has always struck me," he continued, "as one of the most exquisite of devotional conceptions this dressing of the shrine with bells high in air to be sounded only by the breath of heaven. It turns the prosiest to poetry."

"So I perceive," I replied, not a little surprised at this unexpected side of the Judge's character. "'Man's brow relaxes, and his fevered hand.' I wonder what that poor wretch Po-Thet thinks of it all to-night."

"Ah," said the Judge, "thereby hangs a tale. I knew

¹ Ngapi—pressed fish, a Péguan condiment in high repute.

² Toukteh—a peculiar form of large lizard, deriving its name from its note, contentedly complaining.

³ Lord, but also commonly used of sacred buildings, such as the pagoda.

Kellett; in fact, I helped him to his billet in the police."

"You said there were extenuating circumstances."

"So there were," said the Judge, "and so there are; he can appeal if he likes. Perhaps you would care to hear the story?"

I assented willingly enough; and my companion, lighting a fresh cheroot himself, and pushing the box towards me, began as follows:—

"It must be twenty years ago now that Frank Kellett, son of an old college friend of mine, came out to Burma. He was destined for a mercantile career, and, on arrival, entered the well-known house of Olivier in Rangoon. I heard of, and occasionally from, him up-country from time to time: at first all *couleur de rose* and satisfaction, then a note of dislike of his employers and distaste for his employment which, he said, was too sedentary or something for his health. Finally came a letter to the effect that he couldn't stand it any longer, and that unless some kind friend (by which I took him to mean myself) could find him another job, he would put himself on board the first homeward-bound ship and return to England. Knowing what this would mean to his father—a poor parson and prolific—I made what interest I could for him, and eventually succeeded in obtaining him a post in the Burma police. With this he declared himself much pleased;

and, with expressions of gratitude to his 'benefactor,' was soon installed as an inspector in the Kama district. Here, with little pay if less expense, he seemed for the present content enough, professing himself much interested in the new country and the habits of the people, especially the latter, he said, when I saw him. We met at Thayet Myo, where my brother was quartered with his regiment, and whither I found Kellett would resort as often as it was possible to reconcile his 'T.A.' with a visit to the garrison town.

"They had made him an honorary member of the mess, and he could get an occasional game of polo with the youngsters, or bear a hand at the periodical gymkhana meetings of the place.

"One day, some time after this, when I was again the guest of my brother, the latter said, talking of the dissipations of some young scapegrace of theirs who had just come to grief—

"'By the way, you know young Kellett the policeman,—they say he's a fine fellow,—has just annexed the prettiest manégalai in the district. No one would have thought about it, but for the fact that she is the Thuggyi's¹ daughter of Mindé, who, honest man, it appears had other ideas for her.'

"'Oh,' I said, 'and what about the young lady herself?'

"'That's the point. You see she's of age, or whatever is

¹ Thuggyi—head man of his village.

the Burman equivalent for that period of youth and indiscretion; and Master Kellett, they tell me, has promised to make her his wife—or, at all events, to make her a substantial present in the event of his ever (which, of course, he never will) making some one else his wife. The young fool has given her this in writing, and on the strength of it she has gone off with him to Kama. Thuggyi is a good deal annoyed, having seen something of young policemen before.'

"'I remember that Thuggyi,' I said; 'and no doubt his little daughter justifies the selection of our friend. Boys will be boys——'

"'No, they won't,' interrupted my brother, 'they'll be men; and as men they'll have to answer for such boyhood.'

"This was a serious view for a soldier to take; but perhaps he'd been bitten himself ere-while.

"Several—I daresay six—months had elapsed after this, and before I heard anything more of Kellett; but about that time, in the spring of 18—, I got a line from the young man saying that as he was about to 'run home on urgent private affairs,' he would be happy to take any small parcel I might wish to send; or could he do anything for me in England? I replied, wishing him *bon voyage*, and saying I would trouble him with nothing heavier than my best remembrances to his people, who, I hoped, were not the cause of this sudden summons. Well——'" Here the Judge

paused and contemplated the end of his cheroot.

"Well," I said, "I suppose he came back all the better for his trip—full of 'buck and beans,' eh?"

"He did," said the Judge significantly. "Yes, he returned after 'unavoidably' somewhat overstaying his leave and thereby forfeiting his pay. But that was not the worst of it. With him came—*horresco referens*—another. I happened to be in Rangoon at the time, and on the Tsulai wharf, as the big ship ranged alongside. Among the first to step ashore was my young friend, closely followed by a lady of pronounced personality whom he hurriedly introduced as his wife.

"'Only just time,' he said, 'to catch the night mail. Yes, had a good voyage; wife good sailor. Good-bye—so long,' and they rattled off towards the station."

I pictured the arrival next day at Kama, and said so.

"Of that," the Judge resumed, "I can tell you nothing of my own knowledge; but the scene at the bungalow was probably not an edifying one, for the Burmans are passionate where their affections are engaged. I heard incidentally, however, that the girl Mah Shwé Galai behaved with an unexpected dignity in withdrawing herself, after a momentary outburst of indignation, when Mrs Kellett had ordered her removal by the servants on discovering that she was not one of them! The poor child had come up that

evening, hearing of the Thahkin's return, all unsuspecting, with a present of fruit and flowers. Kellett meantime had probably gone off to report his arrival. His wife, no doubt, told him of the rencontre, which was, to say the least, an awkward one, and one which he had hoped to forestall. However, that mischief was done; it was now for him to prevent further accident. So, to begin with, he lied to his wife, who may or may not have believed his assurance that the girl was a poor crazy creature in whom his benevolence had been interested before he went home. To go on with — and this was of even more consequence to him — he could not, as things had turned out, now hope to evade his lightly written contract (all she had for her 'marriage lines')—

‘I promise to pay
Mah Shwé Galai
Rs. 4000—if I send her away.’

So it ran. He hadn't got Rs. 4000; and if he had—well, he had other uses for them now.

“The sequel, I think, for cold-blooded brutality has rarely had its equal. Kellett sent the girl an affectionate message begging her to meet him near the old Pagoda in the Thayet Myo road next night at moonrise, when, he said, he would explain everything to her. The meeting took place. By false words and caresses little by little he succeeded in

restoring a measure of her confidence. Slowly they paced along together, and his arm stole round her neck. Suddenly a snatch—a snap—and the little silken bag which always hung in her bosom was in the hands of the man.

“‘Amé,’ she cried. ‘Oh, give it me—Amé, Amé!’”

“Kellett knew better. Before her eyes he drew forth his own promissory note and tore it into fragments; then he gave her back the silken bag.”

“The infernal dog,” I caught myself exclaiming.

“Without a word the girl turned from him and fled into the night.”

“And she laid no information against the scoundrel?” I said.

“What information could she lay? His word and position against hers now, if it came to question. She was just a poor discredited Burman girl, and she knew it. Her father, the Thuggyi, might receive her—they are indulgent; but she had not the heart, if she ever had the inclination, to return. There was also her child, *his* child. No, she would shift for herself. She had a friend in Prome, also with a history, who made cheroots (these very *ne plus ultras*); to her she would go and work. Her son should go to the monastery of the holy Shwé-san-daw, and in time—yes, in time he might—but she would not teach him revenge. He should learn his Aneissa, Dokka, Anatta,¹ and

¹ Aneissa, Dokka, Anatta, the three articles of the Buddhist remembrancer.

grow to be a man, perhaps a Poonghi,¹ and she would gain a little merit.

"Thus, then, had she come to Prome, or Pyi Myo, as the natives call it; and there she had lived, retired and retiring, a sad little figure among the merry maidens of the place. Thus it was that I became acquainted with her, and gradually, very gradually, from her own lips, with her own story. I had not, of course, previously connected her with Kellett, nor known her for the heroine of the Kama affair, the Thuggyi's little daughter of Mindé."

"And the *hero*?" I asked.

"Found it expedient soon after the fracas to get a transfer. I believe they went to Akyab, he and his wife; at any rate, I lost sight of him, and, until the late "sensational murder of a police officer" startled the Burma world the other day and I read his, Kellett's, name as that of the victim, I had not heard of him nor known that he had come South again. Po-Thet was his murderer."

"His son," I said.

"The son of Mah Shwé Galai," said the Judge.

Filled with this moving recital, I had got up, and was about to wish my companion good-night, when I became aware of a little figure below crouched motionless in the moonlight. I called the Judge's attention to it. He

descended the steps, and quietly approached the spot. Then I saw him bend down and say something in a low tone. The figure rose suddenly to its feet and as suddenly prostrated itself before him; the long jetty locks loosened as if by magic, fell to the ground, and, with an inarticulate cry, she began to wipe his feet with her tresses. "Poor child, poor child," I heard him say; "there, there, don't cry," as he raised her up.

"Will the Thahkin hear me?—I am little, he is great. Will the Thahkin hear me? I have been to the Payah with the best-loved flower and prayed and prayed ever since they led him away. The good nats² heard me and the bells, and they bade me go and fall before the Thahkin to save his life. Will the Thahkin not save his life? See," and she hastily produced from a fold of her pawah³ a set of jewelled earrings and two gold bangles, "I have brought these—to-morrow I will bring more," and she held them out. "No? the Thahkin shakes his head. Oh! Dewa Payah, hear and look on this." She burst into passionate weeping uncontrolled.

"Who are you?" said the Judge.

It was some time before she regained sufficient composure to answer the question; then—

¹ Poonghi, a monk of the yellow robe.

² Nats—the good spirits of nature, analogous to our own lost fairies.

³ Pawah—the woman's shoulder-scarf, of bright colour.

"What does it matter who I am. He called me Mah Hla, my pretty one, when we were happy, and I loved him. Can the Thahkin not spare his life?"

"How long have you been here?" said the Judge, more, I thought, to gain time than aught else.

"About the boiling of a pot of rice," she returned. "I heard the voices above, and I was afraid, and so I waited."

"Well, go home now, and go to sleep. Where do you live?"

"I lived with Po-Thet, but I will go to Saya Gyi's; he is a good man, and his wife was kind to me when my mother died. Will the Thahkin not spare Po-Thet?"

At this moment appeared from the godowns Ayakanoo the butler, and to him the Judge called, bidding him see the girl safe to the house of Saya Gyi. On rejoining me in the verandah he said—

"It's getting late; I dare say you would like to turn in. I have to make an early start for Tharawadi to-morrow."

"There's nothing to be done, then?" I said, referring to the girl.

"Nothing, of course, more than has been done. I told you I had recommended the man to appeal; but murder is murder, and this was deliberate."

The Circuit-house was astir betimes in the morning on the

transfer of the sessions to Tharawadi. I saw my good friend off by the early train, and, with a day still in hand, now bent my steps towards the gaol. This, indeed, from no idle curiosity, but from a strange—almost unaccountable—impulse to see again the unhappy man whose fate and fortune had taken so strong a hold upon me. I had, in truth, slept but little for thinking of him and of the little pitiful pleader who had besought his respite with such simple eloquence. The road led me past Saya Gyi's house,—workshop and dwelling in one,—where the skilful craftsman by turns could combine his worldly work in silver with a reassuring view of the distant Shwé-sandaw. A sleepy pariah in the morning sun rose from the dust and snarled at my approach, otherwise there was no sign of life as yet about the place. In the bazaar all was alert, however: without, the busy sellers of fruit and vegetables; within, the parti-coloured stalls, each under its quaintly pretty saleswoman now unlocking and arraying her wares for the day the while she smoked her long impossible seleik. I bought a handful of these for the prisoner, and went on filled with a sense of the contrast between this scene of light-hearted occupation and that which was in store behind the walls forbidden of the gaol anon to confront me.

On my summons the chief warder, who had his quarters at a coign of vantage over the

central gate, emerged. The governor, he said, had not yet come, but he would himself take me over the prison if I wished. I told him I was here less to view the prison than to see one of the prisoners, Po-Thet, who was tried yesterday. "Oh yes," he said, "Po-Thet, but he will not be hanged to-day." No, I didn't come to see him hanged; I wanted to speak with him if it was permissible. For answer my guide, selecting a heavy key from the bunch he carried, proceeded to unlock the second door, carefully bolting it again behind us. I was at once struck with the atmosphere of order that prevailed within, and the more so that it appeared to be mainly maintained by men who, while from their dress obviously themselves prisoners, were yet in some sort of authority among the rest. The regular warders were comparatively little in evidence, yet the day's routine was in full swing, and its hum arose from the severer forms of labour to the more skilled employment of the workshop, where wood-carving or weaving (effeminate trade, and so loathed by its votaries) found occupation for a large proportion of the convicts. Others again there were, as rounding a corner abruptly we came upon the curious sight of some half-dozen of aged men shepherded by a seventh, seemingly engaged in investigating the composition of a dormitory wall. I suppose my conductor noticed my surprise, for he said, indicating the

gang with a jerk of his thumb, "Too old for labour; they kill bugs!" and any one at all conversant with the Buddhist creed will appreciate the significance of this punishment. Leaving them, again we turned to the left past the permanent gallows, and presently came where three cells apart bespoke an ominous seclusion. The warder made for the centre one, and, unlocking the door, called the occupant by number. Po-Thet stood up, and his fetters clanked, — superfluously, I thought, — but no doubt it was out of respect for a violent character that he wore them. "Mischievous," said the warder as he stood aside to let me pass. Mischievous, however, was not the thing suggested by his present demeanour: on the contrary, the look was one of weariness and resignation, perhaps even of satisfaction. He wore the clothes in which I had seen him on the previous day unchanged, and accepted the proffered seleiks with the true Burman absence of expression as the privilege, and one advantage, at least, of being the condemned man. I could not but fill with compassion, and suppose I must have shown it in the tone of my demand to know if there was anything he would wish done in the matter of the appeal which I assumed he was to make, for he said at once, disregarding the question, "Will the Thahkin do this only for me?" He drew from his head-dress and handed me a folded palm-leaf on which I recognised the draft of a horo-

scope. "Will he give this to my wife, Mah Hla, and say this is my lucky day?"

I promised to do so, telling him at the same time of the visit she had paid overnight to the Circuit-house, and that I thought I knew where to find her. This seemed to pacify if not entirely to gratify him, for with an abrupt "Enough" he squatted on his heels, staring fixedly at the opposite wall, evidently with no wish to be further communicative. The door clanged to, and we left him to his undisturbed reflections. As we retraced our steps towards the entrance-gate I expressed a hope that the governor would soon feel justified in relieving him of the irons.

"He will make inspection to-day," said the warder, "and may so order it. Po-Thet is a mischievous one! Did your Honour see his eye?"

Once clear of the prison precincts, I naturally made it my first business to call at Saya Gyi's and inquire for his niece, as the old man explained her to be on my naming Mah Hla. He led me into the house, and pointed to a corner of an upper room. There, curled up, as she had cried

herself to sleep, lay the poor girl. I told the old man where I had been and what I had come for. "Don't wake her," I said, "she does well to sleep." Then I slipped the precious palm-leaf softly between the fingers of her right hand, the other one was beneath her cheek, and silently departed.

It must have been some ten days after the events recorded, and I was just meditating an inquiry after any further "developments" from the Judge, when a letter from another source reached me at Shwebo. It was from my friend the chief warder of Pyi Myo gaol to tell me that certain small articles of prison manufacture, for which I had left an order with him, were ready for despatch, and would shortly be forwarded. The letter then concluded as follows: "I have pleasure to tell your Honour that the man Po-Thet is dead. On same day you been see him the irons were after removed. He, taking advantage of the freedom when alone, dashed head against wall, and so he died. Your Honour may remember I said he was a mischievous one."

It was Po-Thet's lucky day: he had said it.

THE DAFT DAYS.

A NOVEL.

BY NEIL MUNRO,

AUTHOR OF 'JOHN SPLENDID,' 'THE LOST PIBROCH,' ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

IF Molyneux, the actor, was to blame for sending this child of ten on her journey into Scotland without convoy, how much worse was his offence that he sent no hint of her character to the house of Dyce? She was like the carpet-bag George Jordon found at the inn door one day without a name on it, and saying "There's nothing like thrift in a family," took home immediately, to lament over for a week because he had not the key to open it. There should have been a key to Lennox Brenton Dyce, but Molyneux, a man of post-cards and curt and cryptic epistles generally, never thought of that, so that it took some days for the folk she came among to pick the lock. There was fun in the process, it cannot be denied, but that was because the Dyces were the Dyces; had they been many another folk she might have been a mystery for years, and in the long-run spoiled completely. Her mother had been a thousand women in her time,—heroines good and evil, fairies, princesses, paupers, maidens, mothers, shy and bold, plain or beautiful, young

or old, as the play of the week demanded,—a play-actress, in a word. And now she was dead and buried, the bright white lights on her no more, the music and the cheering done. But not all dead and buried, for some of her was in her child.

Bud was born a mimic. I tell you this at once, because so many inconsistencies will be found in her I should otherwise look foolish to present her portrait for a piece of veritable life. Not a mimic of voice and manner only, but a mimic of people's minds, so that for long—until the climax came that was to change her when she found herself—she was the echo and reflection of the last person she spoke with. She borrowed minds and gestures as later she borrowed Grandma Buntain's pelerine and bonnet. She could be all men and all women except the plainly dull or wicked,—but only on each occasion for a little while; by-and-by she was herself again.

And so it was that for a day or two she played with the phrase and accent of Wanton Wully Oliver, or startled her aunts with an unconscious render-

ing of Kate's Highland accent, her "My stars!" and "Mercy me's!" and "My wee hens!"

The daft days (as we call New Year time) passed—the days of careless merriment, that were but the start of Bud's daft days, that last with all of us for years if we are lucky. The town was settling down; the schools were opening on Han'sel Monday, and Bud was going—not to the Grammar School after all, but to the Pigeon's Seminary. Have patience, and by-and-by I will tell about the Pigeons.

Bell had been appalled to find the child, at the age of ten, incredibly neglected in her education.

"Of course you would be at some sort of school yonder in America?" she had said at an early opportunity, not hoping for much, but ready to learn of some hedge-row academy in spite of all the papers said of Yales and Harvards and the like.

"No, I never was at school; I was just going when father died," said Bud, sitting on a sofa, wrapt in a cloak of Ailie's, feeling extremely tall and beautiful and old.

"What! Do you sit there and tell me they did not send you to school?" cried her aunt, so stunned that the child delighted in her power to startle and amaze. "That's America for you! Ten years old, and not the length of your alphabets,—it's what one might expect from a heathen land of niggers, and lynchers, and presidents. I was the best sewer and speller in Miss Mushet's

long before I was ten. My lassie, let me tell you you have come to a country where you'll get your education! We would make you take it at its best if we had to live on meal. Look at your Auntie Ailie—French and German, and a hand like copperplate; it's a treat to see her at the old scrutoire, no way put-about, composing. Just goes at it like lightning! I do declare if your Uncle Dan was done, Ailie could carry on the business, all except the aliments and sequestrations. It beats all! Ten years old and not to know the A B C!"

"Oh, but I do," said Bud quickly. "I learned the alphabet off the play-bills,—the big G's first, because there's so many Greats and Grands and Gorgeouses in them. And then Mrs Molyneux used to let me try to read Jim's press notices. She read them first every morning sitting up in bed at breakfast, and said, 'My! wasn't he a great man?' and then she'd cry a little, 'cause he never got justice from the managers, for they were all mean and jealous of him. And the best papers there was in the land said the part of the butler in the second act was well filled by Mister Jim Molyneux; or among others in a fine cast were J. Molyneux, Ralph Devereux, and O. G. Tarpoll."

"I don't know what you're talking about, my poor wee whitterick; but it's all haivers," said Miss Bell. "Can you spell?"

"If the words are not too big," said Bud.

"Spell cat."

Bud stared at her incredulously.

"Spell cat," repeated her aunt.

"K-a-t-t," said Budd (oh, naughty Bud!).

"Mercy!" cried Bell with horrified hands in the air. "Off you pack to-morrow to the Seminary. I wouldn't wonder if you did not know a single word of the Shorter Catechism. Perhaps they have not such a thing in that awful heathen land you came from?"

Bud could honestly say she had never heard of the Shorter Catechism.

"My poor neglected bairn," said her aunt piteously, "you're sitting there in the dark with no conviction of sin, and nothing bothering you, and you might be dead to-morrow! Mind this, that 'Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever.' Say that."

"'Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever,'" repeated Bud obediently, rolling her *r*'s and looking solemn like her aunty.

"Did you ever hear of Robert Bruce, him that watched the spiders?"

Here, too, the naughty Bud protested ignorance.

"He was the saviour of his country," said Bell. "Mind that!"

"Why, Aunty, I thought it was George Washington," said Bud, surprised. "I guess if you're looking for a little wee stupid, it's me."

"We're talking about Scot-

land," said Miss Bell severely. "He saved Scotland. It was well worth while! Can you do your sums?"

"I can *not*," said Bud emphatically. "I hate them."

Miss Bell said not a word more; she was too distressed at such confessed benightedness; but she went out of the parlour to search for Ailie. Bud forgot she was beautiful and tall and old in Ailie's cloak; she was repeating to herself Man's Chief End with rolling *r*'s, and firmly fixing in her memory the fact that Robert Bruce, not George Washington, was the saviour of his country and watched spiders.

Ailie was out, and so her sister found no ear for her bewailings over the child's neglected education till Mr Dyce came in humming the tune of the day—"Sweet Afton"—to change his hat for one more becoming to a sitting of the Sheriff Court. He was searching for his good one in what he was used to call "the piety press," for there was hung his Sunday clothes, when Bell distressfully informed him that the child could not so much as spell cat.

"Nonsense! I don't believe it," said he. "That would be very unlike our William."

"It's true,—I tried her myself!" said Bell. "She was never at a school: isn't it just deplorable?"

"H'm!" said Mr Dyce, "it depends on the way you look at it, Bell."

"She does not know a word of her Catechism, nor the name

of Robert Bruce, and says she hates counting."

"Hates counting!" repeated Mr Dyce, wonderfully cheering up, "that's hopeful; it minds me of myself. Forbye its gey like brother William. His way of counting was '£1, 10s. in my pocket, £2 that I'm owing some one, and 10s. I get to-morrow — that's £5 I have; what will I buy you now?' The worst of arithmetic is that it leaves nothing to the imagination. Two and two's four and you're done with it; there's no scope for either fun or fancy as there might be if the two and two went courting in the dark and swapped their partners by accident."

"I wish you would go in and speak to her," said Bell, distressed still, "and tell her what a lot she has to learn."

"What, me!" cried Uncle Dan, "excuse my grammar," and he laughed. "It's an imprudent kind of mission for a man with all his knowledge in little patches. I have a lot to learn myself, Bell; it takes me all my time to keep the folk I meet from finding out the fact."

But he went in humming, Bell behind him, and found the child still practising Man's Chief End, so engrossed in the exercise she never heard him enter. He crept behind her, and put his hands over her eyes.

"Guess who," said he, in a shrill falsetto.

"It's Robert Bruce," said Bud, without moving.

"No, — cold — cold! — guess again," said her uncle, growling like Giant Blunderbore.

"I'll mention no names," said she, "but it's mighty like Uncle Dan."

He stood in front of her and put on a serious face. "What's this I am hearing, Miss Lennox," said he, "about a little girl who doesn't know a lot of things nice little girls ought to know?"

"Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever," repeated Bud, reflectively. "I've got that all right, but what does it mean?"

"What does it mean?" said Mr Dyce, a bit taken aback. "You tell her, Bell; what does it mean? I must not be late for the court."

"You're far cleverer than I am," said Bell. "Tell her yourself."

"It means," said Daniel Dyce, the lawyer, seating himself on the sofa beside his niece, "that man in himself is a gey poor soul, no' worth a pin, though he's apt to think the world was made for his personal satisfaction. At the best he's but an instrument—a harp of a thousand strings God bends to hear in His leisure. He made that harp—the heart and mind of man—when He was in a happy hour. Strings hale and strings broken, strings slack or tight, there are all kinds of them; the best we can do's to be taut and trembling for the gladness of God Who loves fine music, and set the stars themselves to singing from the very day He put them birling in the void. To glorify's to wonder and adore, and who keeps the wondering humble heart, the adoring eye,

is to God pleasing exceedingly. Sing, lassie, sing, sing, sing, inside ye, even if ye are as timmer as a cask. God knows I have not much of a voice myself, but I'm full of nobler airs than ever crossed my rusty thrapple. To be grateful always, and glad things are no worse, is a good song to start the morning."

"Ah, but sin, Dan, sin!" said Bell, sighing. "We may be too joco."

"Say ye so?" he cried, turning to his sister with a flame upon his visage. "By the heavens above us, no! Sin might have been eternal; each abominable thought might have kept in our minds, constant day and night from the moment that it bred there; the theft we did might keep everlastingly our hand in our neighbour's kist as in a trap; the knife we thrust with might have kept us thrusting for ever and for ever. But no,—God's good! sleep comes, and the clean morning, and the morning is Christ, and every moment of time is a new opportunity to amend. It is not sin that is eternal, it is righteousness and peace. Joco! We cannot be too joco, having our inheritance."

He stopped suddenly, warned by a glance of his sister's, and turned to look in his niece's face to find bewilderment there. The mood that was not often published by Dan Dyce left him in a flash, and he laughed and put his arms round her.

"I hope you're a lot wiser for my sermon, Bud," said he; "I can see you have pins

and needles worse than under the Reverend Mr Fraser on the Front. What's the American for haivers—for foolish speeches?"

"Hot air," said Bud promptly

"Good!" said Dan Dyce, rubbing his hands together. "What I'm saying may seem just hot air to you, but it's meant. You do not know the Shorter Catechism, never mind; there's a lot of it I'm afraid I do not know myself; but the whole of it is in that first answer to Man's Chief End. Reading and writing, and all the rest of it, are of less importance, but I'll not deny they're gey and handy. You're no Dyce if you don't master them easily enough."

He kissed her and got gaily up and turned to go. "Now," said he, "for the law, seeing we're done with the gospels. I'm a conveyancing lawyer—though you'll not know what that means—so mind me in your prayers."

Bell went out into the lobby after him, leaving Bud in a curious frame of mind, for Man's Chief End, and Bruce's spider, and the word "joco," all tumbled about in her, demanding mastery.

"Little help I got from you, Dan!" said Bell to her brother. "You never even tried her with a multiplication table."

"What's seven times nine?" he asked her, with his fingers on the handle of the outer door, his eyes mockingly mischievous.

She flushed, and laughed, and pushed him on the

shoulder. "Go away with you!" said she. "Fine you ken I could never mind seven times!"

"No Dyce ever could," said he,—*"excepting Ailie. Get her to put the little creature through her tests. If she's not able to spell cat at ten she'll be an astounding woman by the time she's twenty."*

The end of it was that Aunt Ailie, whenever she came in, upon Bud's report, went over the street to Rodger's shop and made a purchase. As she hurried back with it, bare-headed, in a cool drizzle of rain that jewelled her wonderful hair, she felt like a child herself again. The banker-man saw her from his lodging as she flew across the street with sparkling eyes and eager lips, the roses on her cheeks, and was sure, foolish man! that she had been for a new novel or maybe a cosmetique, since in Rodger's shop they sell books and balms and ointments. She made the quiet street magnificent for a second—a poor wee second, and then, for him, the sun went down. The tap of the knocker on the door she closed behind her struck him on the heart. You may guess, good women, if you like, that at the end of the book the banker-man is to marry Ailie, but you'll be wrong; she was not thinking of the man at all at all—she had more to do; she was hurrying to open the gate of gold to her little niece.

"I've brought you something wonderful," said she to the child—"better than dolls, better than my cloak, better

than everything; guess what it is."

Bud wrinkled her brows. "Ah, dear!" she sighed, "we may be too joco! And I'm to sing, sing, sing even if I'm as—timmer as a cask, and Robert Bruce is the saviour of his country." She marched across the room, trailing Ailie's cloak with her, in an absurd caricature of Bud's brisk manner. Yet not so much the actress engrossed in her performance, but what she tried to get a glimpse of what her aunt concealed.

"You need not try to see it," said Ailie smiling, with the secret in her breast. "You must honestly guess."

"Better'n dolls and candies, oh, my!" said Bud; "I hope it's not the Shorter Catechism," she concluded, looking so grave that her aunt laughed.

"It's not the Catechism," said Ailie, "try again. Oh, but you'll never guess! It's a key."

"A key?" repeated Bud, plainly cast down.

"A gold key," said her aunt.

"What for?" asked Bud.

Ailie sat herself down on the floor and drew the child upon her knees. She had a way of doing that which made her look like a lass in her teens; indeed, it was most pleasing if the banker-man could just have seen it! "A gold key," she repeated, lovingly, in Bud's ear. "A key to a garden—the loveliest garden, with flowers that last the whole year round. You can pluck and pluck at them and they're never a single one the less. Better than

sweet peas! But that's not all, there's a big garden-party to be at it——"

"My! I guess I'll put on my best glad rags," said Bud. "And the hat with pink." Then a fear came to her face. "Why, Aunt Ailie, you can't have a garden-party this time of the year," and she looked at the window down whose panes the rain was now streaming.

"This garden-party goes on all the time," said Ailie.

"Who cares about the weather? Only very old people; not you and I. I'll introduce you to a lot of nice people—Di Vernon, and—you don't happen to know a lady called Di Vernon, do you, Bud?"

"I wouldn't know her if she was handed to me on a plate with parsley trimmings," said Bud promptly.

"——Di Vernon, then, and Effie Deans, and Little Nell, and the Marchioness; and Richard Swiveller, and Tom Pinch, and the Cranford folks, and Juliet Capulet——"

"She must belong to one of the first families," said Bud. "I have a kind of idea that I have heard of her."

"And Mr Falstaff—such a naughty man, but nice too! And Rosalind."

"Rosalind!" cried Bud. "You mean Rosalind in 'As You Like It'?"

Ailie stared at her with astonishment. "You amazing child!" said she, "who told you about 'As You Like It'?"

"Nobody told me; I just read about her when Jim was learning the part of Charles the Wrestler he played on six

'secutive nights in the Waldorf."

"Read it!" exclaimed her Aunt. "You mean he or Mrs Molyneux read it to you."

"No, I read it myself," said Bud.

"Now my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life
more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not
these woods
More free from peril than the envious
Court?"

She threw Aunt Ailie's cloak over one shoulder, put forth a ridiculously little leg with an air of the play-house, and made the gestures of Jim Molyneux.

"I thought you couldn't read," said Ailie. "You little fraud! You made Aunt Bell think you couldn't spell cat."

"Oh, Queen of Sheba! did she think I was in earnest?" cried Bud. "I was just pretending. I'm apt to be pretending pretty often; why, Kate thinks I make Works. I can read anything; I've read books that big it gave you cramp. I s'pose you were only making - believe about that garden, and you haven't any key at all, but I don't mind; I'm not kicking."

Ailie put her hand to her bosom and revealed the Twopenny she had bought to be the key to the wonderful garden of letters—the slim little grey-paper-covered primer in which she had learned her own first lessons. She held it up between her finger and thumb that Bud might read its title on the cover. Bud understood immediately and laughed,

but not quite at her ease for once.

"I'm dre'ffle sorry, Aunt Ailie," she said. "It was wicked to pretend just like that, and put you to a lot of trouble. Father wouldn't have liked that."

"Oh, I'm not kicking," said Ailie, borrowing her phrase to put her at her ease again. "I'm too glad you're not so far behind as Aunt Bell imagined. So you like books? Capital. And Shakespeare no less! What do you like best now?"

"Poetry," said Bud. "Particularly the bits I don't understand, but just almost understand. I can't bear to stop and dally with too easy poetry; once I know it all plain and there's no more in it to see, I—I—I amble on. I—why! I make poetry myself."

"Really?" said Ailie with twinkling eyes.

"Sort of poetry," said Bud. "Not so good as 'As You Like It'—not *nearly* so good,

of course! I have loads of poetry inside me, but it sticks, and then I get bits that fit, made by somebody else, and wish I had been spry and said them first. Other times I'm the real Winifred Wallace."

"Winifred Wallace?" said Aunt Ailie inquiringly.

"Winifred Wallace," repeated Bud composedly. "I'm her. It's my—it's my poetry name. 'Bud Dyce' wouldn't be any use for the magazines."

"Bless me, child, you don't tell me you write poetry for the magazines?" said her astonished aunt.

"No," said Bud, "but I'll be pretty liable to when I'm old enough to wear glasses. That's if I don't go on the stage."

"On the stage!" exclaimed Ailie, full of wild alarm.

"Yes," said the child. "Mrs Molyneux said I was a born actress."

"I wonder, I wonder," said Aunt Ailie, staring into vacancy.

CHAPTER VIII.

Daniel Dyce had an office up the street at the windy corner facing the Cross, with two clerks in it and a boy who docketed letters and ran errands. Once upon a time there was a partner,—Cleland & Dyce the firm had been,—but Cleland was a shy and melancholy man whose only hours of confidence and gaiety came to him after injudicious drams. 'Twas patent to all how his habits seized him, but nobody

mentioned it except in a whisper, sometimes as a kind of little accident, for in everything else he was the perfect gentleman, and here we never like to see the honest gentry down. All men liked Colin Cleland, and many would share his jovial hours who took their law business elsewhere than to Cleland & Dyce. That is the way of the world, too; most men keep their jovial-money in a different pocket

from where they keep their cash. The time came when it behoved Mr Cleland to retire. Men who knew the circumstances said Dan Dyce paid rather dear for that retirement, and indeed it might be so in the stricter way of commerce, but the lawyer was a Christian who did not hang up his conscience in the "piety press" with his Sunday clothes. He gave his partner a good deal more than he asked.

"I hope you'll come in sometimes and see me whiles at night and join in a glass of toddy," said Mr Cleland.

"I'll certainly come and see you," said Dan Dyce. And then he put his arm affectionately through that of his old partner, and added, "I would—I would ca' canny wi' the toddy, Colin," coating the pill in sweet and kindly Scots. Thank God, we have two tongues in our place, and can speak the bitter truth in terms that show humility and love, and not the sense of righteousness, dictate.

"Eh! What for?" said Mr Cleland, his vanity at once in arms.

Dan Dyce looked in his alarmed and wavering eyes a moment, and thought, "What's the use? He knows himself, they always do!"

"For fear—for fear of fat," he said, with a little laugh, tapping with his finger on his quondam partner's widening waistcoat. "There are signs of a prominent profile, Colin. If you go on as you're doing it will be a dreadful expense for watch-guards."

Colin Cleland at once became the easy-osey man again, and smiled. "Fat, man! it's not fat," said he, "it's information. Do you know, Dan, for a second, there, I thought you meant to be unkind, and it would be devilish unlike you to be unkind. I thought you meant something else. The breath of vulgar suspicion has mentioned drink."

"It's a pity that!" said Mr Dyce, "for a whole cask of cloves will not disguise the breath of suspicion."

It was five years now since Colin Cleland retired among his toddy rummers, and if this were a fancy story I would be telling you how he fell, and fell, and fell, but the truth—it's almost lamentable—is that the old rogue throve on leisure and ambrosial nights with men who were now quite ready to give the firm of Daniel Dyce their business, seeing they had Colin Cleland all to themselves and under observation. Trust estates and factorages from all quarters of the county came now to the office at the windy corner. A Christian lawyer with a sense of fun, unspotted by the world, and yet with a name for winning causes, was what the shire had long been wanting. And Daniel Dyce grew rich. "I'm making money so fast," he said one day to his sisters (it was before Bud came), "that I wonder often what poor souls are suffering for it."

Said Bell, "It's a burden that's easy put up with. We'll be able now to get a new pair of curtains for the back bedroom."

"A pair of curtains!" said her brother, with a smile to Ailie. "Ay, a score of pairs if they're needed, even if the vogue was Valenciennes. Your notion of wealth, Bell, is Old Malabar's—'Twopence more, and up goes the cuddy!' Woman, I'm fair rolling in wealth."

He said it with a kind of exultation that brought to her face a look of fear and disapproval. "Don't, Dan, don't," she cried—"don't brag of the world's dross; it's not like you. You must be needing medicine. We should have humble hearts. How many that were high have had a fall?"

"Are you frightened God will hear me and rue His bounty?" said the brother in a whisper. "I'm not bragging; I'm just telling you."

"I hope you're not hoarding it," proceeded Miss Bell. "It's not wise-like——"

"Nor Dyce-like either," said Miss Ailie.

"There's many a poor body in the town this winter that's needful."

"I daresay," said Daniel Dyce coldly. "The poor we have always with us. The thing, they tell me, is decreed by Providence."

"But Providence is not aye looking," said Bell. "If that's what you're frightened for, I'll be your almoner."

"It's their own blame, you may be sure, if they're poor. Improvidence and—and drink. I'll warrant they have their glass of ale every Saturday. What's ale? Is there any moral elevation in it? Its

nutritive quality, I believe, is less than the tenth part of a penny bap."

"Oh, but the poor creatures!" sighed Miss Bell.

"Possibly," said Dan Dyce, "but every man must look after himself; and as you say, many a man well off has come down in the world. We should take no risks. I had Black the baker at me yesterday for £20 in loan to tide over some trouble with his flour merchant and pay an account to Miss Minto."

"A decent man, with a wife and seven children," said Miss Bell.

"Decent or not, he'll not be coming back borrowing from me in a hurry. I set him off with a flea in his lug."

"We're not needing curtains," said Miss Bell hurriedly; "the pair we have are fine."

Dan finished his breakfast that day with a smile, flicked the crumbs off his waistcoat, gave one uneasy glance at Ailie, and went off to business humming "There is a Happy Land."

"Oh, dear me, I'm afraid he's growing a perfect miser," moaned Bell when she heard the door close behind him. "He did not use to be like that when he was younger and poorer. Money's like the toothache, a commanding thing."

Ailie smiled. "If you went about as much as I do, Bell," she said, "you would not be misled by Dan's pretences. And as for Black the baker, I saw his wife in Miss Minto's yesterday buying boots for her

children and a bonnet for herself. She called me Miss Ailie, an honour I never got from her in all my life before."

"Do you think—do you think he gave Black the money?" said Bell in a pleasant excitation.

"Of course he did. It's Dan's way to give it to some folk with a pretence of reluctance, for if he did not growl they would never be off his face! He's telling us about the lecture that accompanied it as a solace to our femininity. Women, you know, are very bad lenders, and dislike the practice in their husbands and brothers."

"None of the women I know," protested Bell. "They're just as free-handed as the men if they had it. I hope," she added anxiously, "that Dan got good security. Would it be a dear bonnet, now, that she was getting?"

Ailie laughed,—a ridiculous sort of sister this; she only laughed.

Six times each lawful day Daniel Dyce went up and down the street between his house and the office at the windy corner opposite the Cross, the business day being divided by an interval of four hours to suit the mails. The town folk liked to see him passing; he gave the street an air of occupation and gaiety, as if a trip had just come in with a brass band banging at the latest air. Going or coming he was apt to be humming a tune to himself as he went along with his hands in his outside pockets, and it was an

unusual day when he did not stop to look in at a shop window or two on the way, though they never changed a feature once a-month. To the shops he honoured thus it was almost as good as a big turn-over. Before him his dog went whirling and barking, a long alarm for the clerks to stop their game of Catch-the-Ten and dip their pens. There were few that passed him without some words of recognition.

He was coming down from the office on the afternoon of the Han'sel Monday that started Bud in the Pigeon's Seminary when he met the nurse, old Betty Baxter, with a basket. She put it down at her feet, and bobbed a curtsy, a thing that nowadays you rarely see in Scotland.

"Tuts! woman," he said to her, lifting the basket and putting it in her hand. "Why need you bother with the like of that? You and your curtses! They're out of date, Miss Baxter, out of date, like the decent men that deserved them long ago before my time."

"No, they're not out of date, Mr Dyce," said she, "I'll aye be minding yon about my mother; you'll be paid back some day."

"Tuts!" said he again, impatient. "You're an awful blether: how's your patient, Duncan Gill?"

"As dour as the devil, sir," said the nurse. "Still hanging on."

"Poor man! poor man!" said Mr Dyce. "He'll just have to put his trust in God."

"Oh, he's no' so far through as all that," said Betty Baxter. "He can still take his drop of porrage. They're telling me you have got a wonderful niece, Mr Dyce, all the way from America. What a mercy for her! But I have not set eyes on her yet. I'm so busy that I could not stand in the close like the others, watching: what is she like?"

"Just like Jean Macrae," said Mr Dyce, preparing to move on.

"And what was Jean Macrae like?"

"Oh, just like other folk," said Mr Dyce, and passed on chuckling, to run almost into the arms of Captain Consequence.

"Have you heard the latest?" said Captain Consequence, putting his kid-gloved hand on the shoulder of the lawyer, who felt it like a lump of ice, for he did not greatly like the man, the smell of whose cigars, he said, proved that he rose from the ranks.

"No, Captain Brodie," he said coldly. "Who's the rogue or the fool this time?" but the Captain was too stupid to perceive it. He stared perplexedly.

"I hear," said he, "the Doctor's in a difficulty."

"Is he, is he?" said Mr Dyce. "That's a chance for his friends to stand by him."

"Let him take it!" said Captain Consequence, puffing. "Did he not say to me once yonder, 'God knows how you're living.'"

"It must be God alone, for all the rest of us are wonder-

ing," said Mr Dyce, and left the man to put it in his pipe and smoke it.

Along the street came the two Miss Duffs, who kept the dame school, and he saw a hesitation in their manner when they realised a meeting was inevitable. If they had been folk that owed him anything he would not have wondered, from their manner, to see them tuck their skirts and scurry up the lane. Twins they were — a tiny couple, scarcely young, dressed always in a douce long-lasting brown, something in their walk and colour that made them look like pigeon hens, and long ago conferred on them that name in Daniel Dyce's dwelling. They met him in front of his own door, and seemed inclined to pass in a trepidation.

He took off his hat to them and stood, full of curiosity about Lennox.

"What a lovely winter day!" said Miss Jean, with an air of supplication, as if her very life depended on his agreement.

"Isn't it perfectly exquisite!" said Miss Amelia, who usually picked up the bald details of her sister's conversation and passed it on embroidered with a bit of style.

"It's not bad," said Mr Dyce, blinking at them, wondering what ailed the dears to-day. They were looking uneasily around them for some way of escape; he could almost hear the thump of their hearts, he noted the stress of their breathing. Miss Jean's eyes fastened on the tree-tops over

the banker's garden-wall; he felt that in a moment she would spread out her wings and fly. "You have opened the school again," he said simply.

"We started again to-day," cooed Miss Jean.

"Yes, we resumed to-day," said Miss Amelia. "The common round, the daily task. And, oh! Mr Dyce——"

She stopped suddenly at the pressure of her sister's elbow on her own, and lowered her eyes, that had for a second shown an appalling area of white. It was plain they were going to fly. Mr Dyce felt inclined to cry "Peas, peas!" and keep them a little longer.

"You have my niece with you to-day?" he remarked. "What do you think of her?"

A look of terror exchanged between them escaped his observation.

"She's—she's a wonderful child," said Miss Jean, nervously twisting the strings of a hand-bag.

"A singularly interesting and—and unexpected creature," said Miss Amelia.

"Fairly bright, eh?" said Mr Dyce.

"Oh, bright!" repeated Miss Jean. "Bright is not the word for it,—is it, Amelia?"

"I would rather say brilliant," said Amelia, coughing, and plucking a handkerchief out of her pocket to inhale its perfume and avert a threatening swoon. "I hope—we both hope, Mr Dyce, she will be spared to grow up a credit to you. One never knows."

"That's it," agreed Mr Dyce,

cheerfully. "Some girls grow up and become credits to their parents and guardians, others become reciters."

"I hope not," said Miss Jean faintly: the painful possibility was too much for Miss Amelia; she said nothing, but fixed her eyes on the distant tree-tops and gave a little flap of the wings of her Inverness cape.

"Peas, peas!" murmured Mr Dyce unconsciously, anxious to hold them longer and talk about his niece.

"I beg pardon," exclaimed Miss Jean, and the lawyer got very red. "I hope at least you'll like Bud," he said. "She's odd, but—but—but——" he paused for a word.

"—— sincere," suggested Miss Jean.

"Yes, I would say sincere—or perhaps outspoken would be better," said Miss Amelia.

"So clever too," added Miss Jean.

"Preternaturally!" cooed Miss Amelia.

"Such a delightful accent," said Miss Jean.

"Like linked sweetness long drawn out," quoted Miss Amelia.

"But——" hesitated Miss Jean.

"Still——" more hesitatingly said her sister, and then there was a long pause.

"Oh, to the mischief!" said Mr Dyce to himself, then took off his hat again, said "Good afternoon," and turned to his door.

He was met by Ailie in the lobby; she had seen him from a window speaking to the two Miss Duffs. "What were they saying to you?" she asked

with more curiosity in her manner than was customary.

"Nothing at all," said Mr Dyce. "They just stood and cooed. I'm not sure that a doo-cot is the best place to bring up an eagle in. How did Bud get on with them at school to-day?"

"So far as I can make out, she did not get on at all; she seems to have demoralised the school, and driven the Miss Duffs into hysterics, and she

left of her own accord and came home an hour before closing-time. And—and she's not going back!"

Mr Dyce stood a moment in amazement, then rubbed his hands gleefully. "I'm glad to hear it," said he. "The poor birdies between them could not summon up courage to tell me what was wrong. I'm sorry for them; if she's not going back, we'll send them down a present."

CHAPTER IX.

That the child should have gone to the dame school at all was due to her Auntie Bell. From the first Miss Ailie had been dubious of the seminary, but Bell, for once in her life, was terribly domineering; in fact, was neither to hold nor bind, and the doo-cot it bode to be. A product herself of the old dame school in the spacious days of Barbara Mushet, whose pupils in white-seam sewing and Italian hand were nowadays married to the best, and notable as housewives, she deemed it still the only avenue to the character and skill that keep those queer folk, men, when they're married, by their own fire-ends. As for Daniel Dyce, he was, I fear, indifferent how Bud came by her schooling, having a sort of philosophy that the gate of gifts is closed on us the day we're born, and that the important parts of the curriculum, good or bad, are picked up like a Scots or Hielan' accent, some-way in the home.

So Ailie had gone reluctant to the Misses Duff and told them that on the morrow the child would start in their academy. They currookity-cooed at the prospect, put past their crocheting, brought out their celebrated silver spoons, and made of the afternoon tea a banquet with the aid of a seed-cake hurriedly brought from A. & P. Macglashan's. Their home was like a stall in a bazaar and smelt of turpentine. Ailie, who loved wide spaces, sat cramped between a laden what-not and a white enamelled spinning-wheel, the feathers of her hat colliding with a fret-work bracket on the wall behind her chair, and thinking not unkindly of the creatures, wished that she could give them a good shaking. Oh! they were so prim, pernickety, and hopelessly in all things wrong! She was not very large herself, for stature, but in their company she felt gigantic. And oddly there rose in her, too, a sense of

gladness that she was of a newer kind of women than those gentle slaves, prisoned in their primness, manacled by stupid old conceits. She was glad she was free, that her happy hours were not so wasted in futilities, that she saw farther, that she knew no social fears, that custom had not crushed her soul, and yet she someway liked and pitied them.

"You'll find her somewhat odd," she explained as she nibbled the seed-cake, with a silly little d'oyley of Miss Jean's contrivance on her knee, and the doves fluttering round her as timid of settling down as though they had actual feathers and she were a cat. "She has got a remarkably quick intelligence, she is quite unconventional, — quite unlike other children in many respects, and it may be difficult at first to manage her."

"Dear me!" said Miss Jean. "What a pity she should be so odd! I suppose it's the American system; but perhaps she will improve."

"Oh, it's nothing alarming," explained Miss Ailie, recovering the d'oyley from the floor to which it had slid from her knee, and replacing it with a wicked little shake. "If she didn't speak much you would never guess from her appearance that she knew any more than—than most of us. Her mother, I feel sure, was something of a genius—at least it never came from the Dyce side; we were all plain folk, not exactly fools, but still not odd enough to have the dogs

bite us, or our neighbours cross to the other side of the street when they saw us coming. She died two years ago, and when William — when my brother died, Lennox was staying with professional friends of himself and his wife, who have been good enough to let us have her, much against their natural inclination."

"The dear!" said Miss Jean, enraptured.

"Quite a sweet romance!" cooed Miss Amelia, languishing.

"You may be sure we will do all we can for her," continued Miss Jean, pecking unconsciously at the crumbs on her visitor's lap, till Ailie could scarcely keep from smiling.

"She will soon feel quite at home among us in our little school," said Miss Amelia. "No doubt she'll be shy at first——"

"Quite the contrary!" Ailie assured them, with a little mischievous inward glee, to think how likely Bud was to astonish them by other qualities than shyness. "It seems that in America children are brought up on wholly different lines from children here; you'll find a curious fearless independence in her."

The twins held up their hands in amazement, "tcht-tcht-tchting" simultaneously. "What a pity!" said Miss Jean, as if it were a physical affliction.

"But no doubt by carefulness and training it can be eradicated," said Miss Amelia, determined to encourage hope.

At that Miss Ailie lost her patience. She rose to go, with a start that sent the doves more widely fluttering than ever in their restless little parlour, so crowded out of all comfort by its fretful toys.

"I don't think you should trouble much about the eradication," she said with some of her brother's manner at the bar. "Individuality is not painful to the possessor or like toothache, so it's a pity to eradicate it or kill the nerve."

The words were out before she could prevent them; she bit her lips, and blushed in her vexation to have said them, but luckily the Pigeons in their agitation were not observant.

"Like all the Dyces, a little daft!" was what they said of her when she was gone, and they were very different women then, as they rolled up the silver spoons in tissue-paper and put them in a stocking of Amelia's, before they started to their crochet work again.

It was a bright, expectant, happy bairn that set out next day for the school. No more momentous could have seemed her start for Scotland across the wide Atlantic; her aunties, looking after her going down the street alone, so confident and sturdily, rued their own arrangement, and envied the Miss Duffs that were to be blessed all day with her companionship. To Bell it seemed as if the wean were walking out of their lives on that broad road that leads our bairns to other knowledge than ours, to other dwellings, to the stranger's heart. Once the child turned

at the corner of the church and waved her hand; Miss Ailie took it bravely, but oh, Miss Bell! — Miss Bell! — she flew to the kitchen and stormed at Kate as she hung out at the window, an observer too.

Three and twenty scholars were there in the doo-cot of the Duffs—sixteen of them girls and the remainder boys, but not boys enough as yet to be in the Grammar-School. Miss Jean came out and rang a teabell, and Bud was borne in on the tide of youth that was still all strange to her. The twins stood side by side behind a desk; noisily the children accustomed found their seats, but Bud walked up to the teachers and held out her hand.

"Good morning; I'm Lennox Dyce," she said, before they could get over their astonishment at an introduction so unusual. Her voice, calm and clear, sounded to the backmost seat and sent the children tittering.

"Silence!" cried Miss Jean, reddening with a glance at the delinquents, as she dubiously took the proffered hand.

"Rather a nice little school," said Bud, "but a little stuffy. Wants air some, don't it? What's the name of the sweet little boy in the Fauntleroy suit? It looks as if it would be apt to be Percy."

She was standing between the twins, facing the scholars: she surveyed all with the look of his Majesty's Inspector.

"Hush-h-h," murmured Miss Amelia, Miss Jean being speechless. "You will sit here," and she nervously indicated a place

in the front bench. "By-and-by, dear, we will see what you can do."

Bud took her place composedly, and rose with the rest to join in the Lord's Prayer. The others mumbled it; for her it was a treat to have to say it there for the first time in her life in public. Into the words she put interest and appeal; for the first time the doo-cot heard that supplication endowed with its appropriate dignity. And then the work of the day began. The school lay in the way of the main traffic of the little town: they could hear each passing wheel and footstep, the sweet "chink, chink" from the smithy, whence came the smell of a sheep's head singeing. Sea-gulls and rooks bickered and swore in the gutters of the street; from fields behind came in a ploughman's whistle as he drove his team, slicing green seas of fallow as a vessel cuts the green, green wave. Four-and-twenty children, four-and-twenty souls, fathers and mothers of the future race, all outwardly much alike with eyes, noses, hands, and ears in the same position, how could the poor Misses Duff know what was what in the stuff they handled? Luckily for their peace of mind, it never occurred to them that between child and child there was much odds. Some had blue pinafores and some white; some were freckled and some had warts and were wild, and these were the banker's boys. God only knew the other variations. 'Twas the duty of the

twins to bring them all in mind alike to the one plain level.

It was lucky that the lessons of that day began with the Shorter Catechism, for it kept the ignorance of Lennox Dyce a little while in hiding. She heard with amazement of Effectual Calling and Justification and the reasons annexed to the fifth commandment as stammeringly and lifelessly chanted by the others; but when her turn came, and Miss Jean, to test her, asked her simply Man's Chief End, she answered boldly—

"Man's chief end is to glorify God, and to enjoy Him for ever."

"Very good! very good indeed!" said the twin encouragingly. She was passing on to the next pupil, when Bud burst out with her own particular reason annexed, borrowed from the rapturous explanation of her uncle.

"Man is a harp," she said as solemnly as he had said it—"a harp with a thousand strings; and we must sing, sing, sing, even if we're timmer as a cask, and be grateful always, and glad in the mornings with things."

If the whistling ploughman and his team had burst into the schoolroom it would have been no greater marvel, brought no more alarm in the breasts of the little teachers. They looked at her as if she had been a witch. The other pupils stared, with open mouths.

"What's that you say, my

dear?" said Miss Amelia. "Did you learn that in America?"

"No," said Bud, "I just found it out from Uncle Dan."

"Silence!" cried Miss Jean, for now the class was tittering again. She went with her sister behind the black-board, and nervously they communed. Bud smiled benignly on her fellows.

Just as disconcerting was her performance in geography. Had they tested her in her knowledge of the United States she might have come out triumphantly commonplace; but unfortunately they chose to ask her of Scotland, and there her latest teacher had been Kate.

"What are the chief towns in Scotland?" asked Miss Jean.

"Oban, and Glasgow, and 'Tornoway," replied Bud with a touch of Highland accent; and, tired of sitting so long in one place, calmly rose and removed herself to a seat beside the Fauntleroy boy, who was greatly put about at such a preference.

"You mustn't move about like that, Lennox," explained Miss Amelia, taking her back. "It's not allowed."

"But I was all pins and needles," said Bud frankly, "and I wanted to speak to Percy."

"My dear child, his name's not Percy, and there's no speaking in school," exclaimed the distressed Miss Amelia.

"No speaking! Why, you're speaking all the time," said

the child. "It ain't — isn't fair. Can't I just get speaking a wee teeny bit to that nice girl over there?"

The twins looked at each other in horror: the child was a thousand times more difficult than the worst her aunt had led them to expect. A sudden unpleasant impression that their familiar pupils seemed like wooden models beside her, came to them both. But they were alarmed to see that the wooden models were forgetting their correct deportment under the demoralising influence of the young invader.

Once more they dived behind the black-board and communed.

There were many such instances during the day. Bud, used for all her thinking years to asking explanations of what she did not understand, never hesitated to interrogate her teachers, who seemed to her to be merely women, like her mother, and Mrs Molyneux, and Auntie Ailie, only a little wilted and severe, grotesque in some degree because of their funny affected manner, and the crochet that never was out of their hands in oral exercises. She went further, she contradicted them twice, not rudely, but as one might contradict her equals.

"You talk to her," said Miss Jean behind the black-board where they had taken refuge again. "I declare I'll take a fit if this goes on! Did you ever hear of such a creature?"

Miss Amelia almost cried. All her fixed ideas of children were shattered at a blow.

Here was one who did not in the least degree fit in with the scheme of treatment in the doo-cot. But she went forward with a look of great severity.

"Of course, coming from America and all that, and never having been at school before, you don't know," she said, "but I must tell you that you are not behaving nicely—not like a nice little girl at all, Lennox. Nice little girls in school in this country listen, and never say anything unless they're asked. They are respectful to their teachers, and never ask questions, and certainly never contradict them, and——"

"But, please, Miss Duff, I wasn't contradicting," explained Bud very soberly, "and when respect is called for, I'm there with the goods. You said honor was spelt with a 'u,' and I guess you just made a mistake, same as I might make myself, for there ain't no 'u' in honor, at least in America."

"I—I—I never made a mistake in my life," said Miss Amelia, gasping.

"Oh, Laura!" was all that Bud replied, but in such a tone, and with eyes so widely opened, it set half of the other pupils tittering.

"What do you mean by 'Oh, Laura'?" asked Miss Jean. "Who is Laura?"

"You can search me," replied Bud composedly. "Jim often said 'Oh, Laura!' when he got a start."

"It's not a nice thing to say," said Miss Jean. "It's

not at all ladylike. It's just a sort of profane language, and profane language is an 'abomination unto the Lord.'"

"But it was so like Jim," said Bud, giggling with recollection. "If it's slang I'll stop it,—at least I'll try to stop it. I'm bound to be a well-off English undefied, you know; poppa—father fixed that."

The school was demoralised without a doubt, for now the twins were standing nervously before Bud and put on equal terms with her in spite of themselves, and the class was openly interested and amused—more interested and amused than it had ever been at anything that had ever happened in the doo-cot before. Miss Amelia was the first to comprehend how far she and her sister had surrendered their citadel of authority to the little foreigner's attack. "Order!" she exclaimed. "We will now take up poetry and reading."

Bud cheered up wonderfully at the thought of poetry and reading, but alas! her delight was short-lived, for the reading-book put into her hand was but a little further on than Auntie Ailie's Twopenny. When her turn came to read "My sister Ella has a cat called Tabby. She is black, and has a pretty white breast. She has long whiskers and a bushy white tail," she read with a tone of amusement that exasperated the twins, though they could not explain to themselves why. What completed Bud's rebellion, however, was the poetry. "Meddlesome Matty" was a kind of poetry she had

skipped over in Chicago, plunging straightway into the glories of the play-bills and Shakespeare, and when she had read that—

“One ugly trick has often spoiled
The sweetest and the best;
Matilda, though a pleasant child,
One ugly trick possessed”—

she laughed outright.

“I can’t help it, Miss Duff,” she said when the twins showed their distress. “It looks like poetry, sure enough, but it doesn’t make any zig inside me same as poetry does. It wants biff.”

“What’s ‘zig’ and ‘biff’?” asked Miss Amelia.

“It’s—it’s a kind of tickle,” said Bud. “I’m so tired,” she continued, rising in her seat, “I guess I’ll head for home now.” And before the twins had recovered from their dumbfounderment she was in the porch putting on her cloak and hood.

“Just let her go,” said Miss Jean to her sister. “If she stays any longer I shall certainly have a swoon; I feel quite weak.”

And so Bud marched out quite cheerfully, and reached home an hour before she was due.

Kate met her at the door. “My stars! are you home already?” she exclaimed, with a look at the town clock. “You

must be smart at your schooling when they let you out of the cemetery so soon.”

“It ain’t a cemetery at all,” said Bud, standing unconcernedly in the lobby; “it’s just a kindergarten.”

Aunt Ailie bore down on her to overwhelm her in caresses. “What are you home for already, Bud?” she asked. “It’s not time yet, is it?”

“No,” said Bud, “but I just couldn’t stay any longer. I’d as lief not go back there. The ladies don’t love me. They’re Sunday sort of ladies, and give me pins and needles. They smile and smile, same’s it was done with a glove-stretcher, and don’t love me. They said I was using profound language, and—and they don’t love me. Not the way mother and Mrs Molyneux and you and Aunt Bell and Uncle Dan and Kate and Footles does. They made google-eyes at me when I said the least thing. And they made me read kindergarten poetry—that was the limit! So I just upped and walked.”

The two aunts and Kate stood round her for a moment baffled.

“What’s to be done now?” said Aunt Ailie.

“Tuts!” said Aunt Bell, “give the wean a drink of milk and a piece.”

And so ended Bud’s only term in a dame school.

(To be continued.)

THE STAGHOUND — PAST AND PRESENT.

IN the early middle ages the staghound had his origin in the forests of Ardennes. There the monks of St Hubert bred the hounds, which were the foundation of our modern packs. Two races similar in build and appearance, but differing in colour, took their origin from the Benedictine monastery in the Ardennes. There was the black St Hubert, slow, deep-voiced, ponderous, and always staunch to the line; and the white St Hubert, with an equal gift of tracking man or beast, almost if not quite the same rich tones in his voice, somewhat lighter in build and swifter of foot. This latter variety it was that laid the foundations of the royal kennels of France, which received year by year a tribute of hounds from the kennels of the monks of St Hubert. The same white hounds were brought to England by the head of the Talbot family, and, rapidly gaining credit for their qualities in the chase of the stag in the forests of England, were known as Talbots. These hounds are the foundation stock from which was built up with the aid of many crosses the old English staghound, and his modern descendant the foxhound. In the year 1825 the last pack of English stag-hounds was sold to go to Hungary. They were the representatives of the old Talbot, but about the time of the Stuarts they were crossed with the hound of Normandy and

Vendée. Indeed the pictures of the old English staghound as he was in the early years of the nineteenth century greatly resemble the hounds of Vendée. This last is supposed by French writers to be the descendant of the white hounds of the royal kennel of the house of France. French authorities believe that these royal hounds were crossed with the greyhound to give them speed, and with the pointer to give them quickness and dash in their work. Those writers who, like Collyns, had seen and heard the old hounds hunting in the deep combs of Devon and Somerset, or followed them as they swept over the grass and heather of Exmoor, describe them with regretful admiration. They were tall, powerful hounds, standing twenty-eight inches at the shoulder; they had large and noble-looking heads, their ears were placed lower than those of our foxhounds, the skin of the ears was soft and fine. The whole carriage and appearance of the staghound resembled—as was natural, considering their common origin—the bloodhound. They had the broad open nostrils of the Norman hound, with which, as we have seen, they had some consanguinity; they were fine of nose and deep of tongue, and their rolling music could be heard for miles over Exmoor. The prevailing colour was white, with splashes of lemon. From their Vendéan

ancestors they derived the gift of holding without change to the foil of a hunted deer. They had great steadiness and perseverance; yet I think that the length of the chases in their day showed that these old staghounds were not so fast as the foxhounds of our time. Not that the staghound was much slower on a scent than the foxhound, but was more leisurely in his work and less intelligent at a check. The pace of a modern pack of hounds is, if we may put it so, in their minds. They think so quickly, and make up their minds with such rapidity, that their cast is made and the line recovered in less time than it took the old hound to think what he should do next. Yet, although the old staghound has long since disappeared, he was undoubtedly, in the case of the famous pack of the Duke of Beaufort and many others, the ancestor of the modern foxhound. We find traces of this, especially among the larger hounds of a foxhound kennel, in the instances of reversion to staghound type and methods.

It is not without interest to reflect that when the drafts from foxhound kennels are hunting the stag, they are in fact occupied with the chase for which their forefathers were bred. Indeed, the qualities and the virtues of the staghound seem to revive as though the odour of the stag, always sweet in the nostrils of the hound, revived the latent memories of the race. Indeed, if beneath the civilisation of man there lies the

primitive nature ready to be called out in war or the chase, so, too, and much nearer to the surface, the domestic dog has the wild dog, the most savage and untameable of animals, at the root of his nature.

This primitive nature, then, is awakened by the scent of the stag. The hound in the chase recalls to us those wild dogs of India, the elusive pack which we hear of but seldom see, so that the accounts of their habits and ways differ a good deal. Several times I have come across their tracks. The game had been swept clear from a district, and we had to strike our tents and go elsewhere. Only once have I seen them. Past my hiding-place on the banks of a river a hunted sambar came down to water, just as one of our Exmoor stags do. He splashed down the stream as the red deer does, crossing and recrossing. I could hear the rattle of his feet on the rocks after he was out of sight. Then the reason of his flight and of his distressed look was unfolded. There came bounding through the jungle fifteen or twenty wild dogs. Their action, as I know now, was singularly like that of hounds on the foil of a stag. But the incident which is most often recalled to me, is that when the wild dogs came to the water the little pack divided. One division hunted on one side and the other on the far side of the stream, just as we must often have seen the staghounds do when a stag or hind has beaten the water in one of our Somerset combes.

The old staghound has passed away. No one has attempted to recover the type, though this could almost certainly be done. The old white Talbot type was crossed long ago with Norman blood. It is from this latter cross that the yellow splashes of colour come which linger still in some old Harrier kennels in the West; and I have seen a hound from the Cotley which, but that it was light of bone and lacked substance, was not unlike the picture now before me of one of the old stag-hounds. By judicious selection from these, and by the help of such survivors of Old Norman and Vendéan hounds as could still be found in France, no doubt a hound practically identical with the old English staghound could be recovered. Would it be worth while? This may be doubted. We might gain in fineness of nose, in depth and richness of music, but we should lose in constitution, in endurance, and in intelligence. The speed of a modern foxhunt is, as I have pointed out, due to the quickness of the intelligence of the fox-hound quite as much as to the galloping powers which he possesses. These last are not much, if anything, greater than hounds manifested a hundred or even a hundred and fifty years ago. Nor do I speak vaguely, for I think that the paintings of Reinagle and the pictures at Belvoir Castle show that the older type of hound must have been fast as their descendants, if make and shape count for anything.

If we recovered the old staghound, we might regret the

big foxhounds with which since 1825 the stag has been hunted on Exmoor. Indeed, as to size the tendency is the other way, and a smaller, sharper hound than was used a few years ago now finds favour. Sir John Amory owns a mixed pack with which Mr Ian Amory has shown great sport. Mr Stanley has some dogs and bitches, not remarkable for size, with which he has had notable runs with stags and hinds of late years. It is reported that one of the cleverest of Exmoor huntsmen wishes for a pack of little bitches. They would, I think, be more killing than their big brothers. They might, and would, press their deer harder at first than the big dog-hounds do, but sport would not improve, and they would be very difficult to ride to. A fat stag on a hot day does not want to be pressed too hard, or he will beat up and down the water and give no run at all. Many, perhaps most, August stags could be killed by the tufters without calling in the aid of the pack at all. In Mr Bisset's time, and probably before that, it was the custom to give the stag some law; now the pack is laid on as quickly as may be. The slower movements of the big hounds give him a chance which he might not have if a pack of bitches, such as Mr MacNeil had in the North Cotswold country, were scouring away on his foil. These would, if there was no change, burst him in half an hour.

In France, still the home of the Art of Venerie, there

is a tendency to displace the old French by English hounds, or at least by those crossed with the English foxhound. If the foxhound, with his moderate nose and his readiness to change his quarry, is on the whole more serviceable than hounds of the older type in the vast forests in which French sportsmen hunt the stags, it is quite certain that he will work better over the more open country of the New Forest or Exmoor.

But with the change in the spirit of the chase which came after the disappearance of the old staghound there have been losses as well as gains. The staghound, though perhaps as fast when a stag ran straight, nevertheless in the turns and at the checks gave the quarry more time, and thus the chases were prolonged. On a wet or cool day a stag, if not too much hurried, can go on for a very long time. Again, if we are to believe all the older writers, the big lemon-and-white hounds had much more music than their representatives of to-day. Their cry was deeper, more resonant, and above all more continuous, than the music of a modern pack. This roar, the like of which may still be heard when a pack of rough otter-hounds speaks to a warm drag by the side of a stream, echoing and re-echoing from hill to hill, and reverberating in the narrow combs, had no doubt its effect in keeping the stag moving. The hunted animal that no longer hears the hounds is apt to take things easily. He pauses and waits, and perhaps

lies down, only to be fresh found and hustled ruthlessly on stiffening limbs to his doom. If he heard that mighty sound he kept on and on, faster or slower as the notes seemed nearer or farther away, and in doing this he really made the most of his powers. Thus, too, in the chase of the red deer more was left to the hounds. Indeed, the old staghounds were not so easy to handle as the modern foxhound. They would not stand rating or interference, and like bloodhounds sometimes turned sulky. They counted for more and the huntsman for less. This was so in all field sports. Our ancestors cared more for the working of their dogs, whether pointers, setters, spaniels, or hounds, than we do. I am almost tempted to think that they were less bloodthirsty. Or it may be that the material of the chase being scarcer, they had to economise it. Now, from the stag to the partridge, we must reduce numbers when we can.

But when all is said, the chase of the stag, like the hunting of the otter or the hare, depends chiefly on the quality and working of the hounds. Our pleasure, apart from the tourist or picnic aspect of the chase, is due to a close observation of the ways of the hounds and upon their capacity for doing this work.

As we have seen, the modern foxhound is the descendant of the old St Huberts. There have been many crosses, and by degrees a new and for all practical purposes a distinct breed has been formed. Never-

theless, the foundation of all hounds that hunt by scent and speak to the line is the same. Unconsciously men have had to hold to the common or root qualities of the race. All hounds, then, have a tendency to revert to the old methods of the St Hubert. If allowed, foxhounds will sometimes dwell and potter on the line, and show the tendency which has been manifested in some blood-hounds to drift away downwind of the scent. My own observation and experience leads me to think that big dog-hounds show a greater tendency to revert to the faults and virtues of their ancestors than bitches and smaller dogs. They are more ready to return and rejoice over the scent, more apt to drift away from the line. But they also have the qualities of their defects, they are easier to enter to the chase of the red deer, and less likely to change. The master of a pack of staghounds, formed, as these packs always are, from foxhound drafts, tells me that he has had more than three hundred hounds through his kennels in four years. He is not so particular as to size as the Devon and Somerset, and I think he finds his hounds not so easy to enter nor so ready to acquire the methods of hunting a good staghound needs. Let us see what these are, both that we may understand better what hounds are doing, and comprehend, too, what difficulties and anxieties the master and huntsman have to undergo to provide us with the sport we take so easily and often spoil so thoughtlessly.

One of the most important qualifications of a staghound is intelligence. After studying the mind of the dog for a long time, watching his actions and endeavouring to understand his mental processes, and making all deductions for what we too often unconsciously read from our own minds into that of the dog, I turn always from fresh studies with a stronger conviction than before of the unsuspected powers of a dog's mind.

It is necessary to think carefully, to write cautiously, on this subject, which has been treated too often with an affectionate but somewhat reckless credulity.

No one who has watched hounds closely, or who has endeavoured to handle a pack of hounds in a bad scenting country, will doubt the value of the intelligence of the hound to the huntsmen. The first thing that strikes one in a pack of hounds is the difference between their characters and the distinctness of each hound's mental gifts from those of the others. And it is no exaggeration to say that these differences are moral as well as intellectual. One sees in the pack clustering round our horse's feet a curious reflection of the crowd that trots behind. In both are idleness, conceit, a desire to take credit for the labours of others, selfishness, generosity, and a whole-hearted desire to do what the huntsman wishes.

In the chase of the red deer on Exmoor, where the hunt generally ends in a kill, we may note the difference be-

tween a pack running for blood and one merely enjoying a chase. I have hunted a good deal in the past with her late Majesty's Buckhounds and with Lord Rothschild's magnificent pack, and I see, or I think I see, much difference in the demeanour of the stag-hounds crossing Exmoor after a failing stag and that of a pack of hounds in pursuit of the carted deer. An instance of this I recollect to have seen when hunting with Lord Rothschild's hounds in the Vale of Aylesbury. We had been running for about half-an-hour, when the hounds ran up to their deer, as they often do. Mark Howcutt stopped the body of hounds in a road. Reaching the road a short distance behind the pack, I was trotting along when a member of the field drew my attention to a ploughed enclosure on the right. There was the deer trotting calmly along, one couple of hounds lollopping on in front of him and another at his side. They were, in fact, going exactly as hounds do when jogging beside the huntsman's horse. They made no attempt to interfere with the stag, nor in truth did he seem in the smallest degree put out by their company. Eventually the hounds trotted off to join the body of the pack, which by this time were not fifty yards away in the road. The stag quietly popped over the hedge, in and out of the road, and disappeared. The hounds were laid on again, and we had a long run. What struck me at the time was that it was a game,

the rules of which both parties understood and observed. At all events, the hounds clearly knew what they had to do and what was forbidden. In further confirmation of this I recollect that, in 1905, Mr Stanley, of the Quantock Stag-hounds, bought several couples of hounds at the break-up of the West Surrey Stag-hunt. These hounds never attempted to touch the wild stags at first. They knew, of course, that their duty was to chase but not to take the deer. But when a further experience of wild deer hunting came to them, they became as eager for blood as, and even more bold than, their fellows.

But, amid all this appeal to the natural instincts, the hound knows how to obey and to restrain himself. Nothing is more remarkable than the way staghounds will allow themselves to be stopped repeatedly in the course of a day's hunting.

It is quite certain that foxhounds frequently stopped would become slack and indifferent, and this by no means happens with all the staghounds. No doubt there are some wilful, stupid, or sulky hounds, but they soon leave the pack for foreign shores. One of the first qualities of the staghound is intelligent obedience. I have seen Sydney Tucker, not the least able of the remarkable succession of men who have hunted the Devon and Somerset, ride along one side of a narrow valley with his hounds picking out the scent on the farther side.

Two couple turned short

back. "Ware heel!" shouted the huntsman. The hounds paused, looked up, left the heel line and cast themselves forward, touched the foil ahead, and went on. Arthur Heal, the memory of whose skill is still fresh in the minds of West countrymen, could sometimes tell by the demeanour of his hounds when they had changed deer.

Then the staghound must have a fine and, if I may use the term, a discriminating nose. On the fineness of the nose depends to a great extent the tongue of the hound. This I think is evident if we watch hounds on the scent. When first they suspect the scent to be that of their quarry, they become busy. Then they feather, lashing their sterns eagerly. This is the time-honoured signal of the dog tribe that "the hunt is up." When the nose of the hound tells him that not only is there some animal ahead, but that it is of the right kind, then comes the deep bell-like note, confirmed by the answering voices of the pack. The chorus settles as they drive forward into the subdued melody of the chase, to change again later into the savage cry for blood. Then every nerve is strained, and, with hackles up, hounds rage along to the finish. This faculty of speaking only to the right odour is one hereditary among foxhounds, and valued and cultivated by their owners. "In my pack," said a M.F.H. of the last century, "every tongue is a fox."

As is well known, hounds

can discriminate the voices of their fellows, and perceive the difference between the trustworthy and the babblers, acting upon this knowledge, and racing away to the sound of a well-known and trusted voice, and ignoring the frivolous babbles of the puppy or the liar.

But if we watch hounds at work, we shall see that of several hounds working on the scent, one will speak before the others; and this is, of course, the hound with the finest nose. When a fine-nosed hound is silent, it is often the result of a moral fault—of that canine selfishness which likes to have the fun and credit to itself. Hounds have a natural tendency to speak more in covert than in the open, partly because the pace in the open forbids much waste of breath, and partly because there is more need of a cry to keep the pack together in a covert, where hounds are out of sight of each other.

Generally speaking, silence or speech in the hound is a matter, first, of fineness of nose; second, of the strength of the scent, which varies with the animal hunted, the state of the atmosphere, and the direction of the wind. Hounds as a rule are much more silent when hunting a stag than when hunting a fox or a hare. Is this because the scent of the stag is so much sweeter, stronger (from the hounds' point of view), and lasting, that the hounds know that once the quarry is roused the other members of the pack are less likely to lose

the line? or because there is enough for all, and the odour does not come like the scent of a fox in whiffs?

Hounds with very fine noses are not, and perhaps never have been, too common. The hound that never loses the line, but threads his way through coverts, along roads, and turns with the stag when the latter runs beside a hedge, is invaluable, and such hounds help greatly to the death of the stag. The Devon and Somerset has several such, and I have often watched them as, encouraged by their huntsman's voice, they have picked out the line of a deer which was already a long way ahead. Perhaps there have not been more than a couple and a half or two couple which could acknowledge the scent at all, but such keep the hunt alive till scent improves. There is another quality which is invaluable and rare—the faculty of discriminating not only the scent of the quarry from that of all others, but of distinguishing the scent of the hunted animal from that of others of the same kind. When we consider how foxhounds in a well-preserved country are allowed and, perhaps, sometimes even encouraged to change foxes, it is remarkable that they should have retained any of this quality of their staghound ancestors. But the fact remains that of the drafts which make up our staghound kennels, some few hounds in each do develop the faculty

of holding to the line, in spite of the many temptations to change, thus reverting to the qualities of their ancestors.

The staghound needs all these qualities, but in addition he should be of a stout constitution, able to work hard, to stand much heat, to hunt in the water. He must have perseverance. I once knew a hound that drew keenly, hunted eagerly for about half an hour, and then seemed to be tired of the whole thing and to be bored. A change of foxes would revive his interest. On the other hand, I have known a staghound to settle to the line of a hind and never leave the chase for four hours. There are hounds that are most relentless in the chase, and never leave their deer. These hounds are not very common. If we had a pack of them, a stag would never escape.

In writing of the modern staghound, I have been prompted by the desire to induce my readers to share my interest in the working of hounds, and thus to add permanence and a new joy to their pleasure in the chase. All hunting days to the hound lover are good, and there is nothing in the study and observation I have suggested to hinder us from the full enjoyment of those glorious moments when the scent is breast-high in the heather, when the hounds are silent and swift, and we tax the powers of a good horse to keep the flying pack in sight.

T. F. DALE.

A TREK IN THE KALAHARI.

THE real desert begins about six miles west of Kooi. Three little kopjes side by side with a long, low, sloping, bush-covered shoulder mark the end of the hilly country. West of them unending open grassy plains, with here and there a line of trees, stretch as far as the eye can reach. Far away west to the German border, north to Lake Ngami and Angola, and south to Cape Colony, the Kalahari stretches.

“Boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far
away.”

But the Kalahari, like other South African deserts, is not a conventional desert. There are no Sahara-like sands or cool green oases. Thick bush and grassy plain succeed each other, and the oasis is no better than a muddy pool or a limestone well. It is only want of water that has made this land a desert. In other respects it is by no means a hopeless country, and oxen, horses, and goats will all thrive on the luxuriant grass. But its waterlessness has made it as remote and inaccessible as the Sahara; and it is just in this remoteness, in this inaccessibility, which, so to speak, preserves and stereotypes conditions of life that elsewhere are gone for ever, that the chief charm of the Kalahari lies. It is only in this strange country now that we can still catch a glimpse of South Africa as it used to be,

—of the country of Barrow, Gordon Cumming, and Captain Harris, the paradise of hunters, the home of the Bushman and the Hottentot. True, it is but a faint shadow of its former glory; yet, since it is in its essentials the same, we obtain from it a more vivid conception of an era long since gone by. And now the original is gone, and this faint reflex of the true South Africa, faint as the Kalahari must always have been, alone remains. In the desert the pure Bushman, the “Masarwa,” does still exist, finding a precarious living on roots and on the game he can kill with his poisoned arrows. In the far west commandoes of nomad Hottentots still roam from water to water; the eland, the koodoo, the gemsbuck, even the giraffe, still find here a last asylum. But, alas! even in this remote country the game has been incredibly thinned down. The experience of those fortunate early African hunters is one for which sportsmen of this later date must sigh in vain. And what an experience it was. “Vast herds of zebras,” says Captain Harris, “and again more sassabys, gnus, and hartebeests, poured down from every quarter until the landscape literally presented the appearance of a moving mass of game. Their incredible number so impeded their progress that I had no difficulty in closing with them, firing both barrels of my rifle into

the retreating phalanx, and leaving the ground strewn with the slain." In another place he says, "Pursuing a herd of many hundred elands, which literally resembled a vast drove of stall-fed oxen, we were joined in the chase by the prettily-striped foal of a quagga, which neighed and frisked by the side of our horses for a considerable time before it discovered its mistake." Another early traveller, by no means given to exaggeration, states that on one occasion in fifty miles he must have seen at least 100,000 springbuck. In the times of drought these animals used to come down from the interior plain to the Cape Colony in countless herds and eat up the entire country. The lifeless plains of the Transvaal testify to the completeness with which that golden age of sport vanished.

Our starting-point was Gaberones, the headquarters of the Southern Division of the Bechuanaland Protectorate,—merely a collection of a few white houses, with a fort, a court-house, and a prison, reminding one strongly of pictures of a little West African settlement in the bush. Both fort and prison were evidently more for ornament than use; for we noticed that the former, built merely of bags of sand, had the holes for the rifles and the solitary maxim so situated that the enemy's fire must sweep the whole line of the fort; while two "prisoners," who had been arrested for bringing horses across the Transvaal border without leave,

were to be seen in the evening quietly chatting outside the prison with the gaoler's wife. There was something melancholy in the appearance of the place. Perhaps it was the little cemetery, a perpetual reminder to the inhabitants, if indeed they needed one, that death finds Gaberones a more welcome resting-place than most spots in which the white man's lot is cast.

One waggon with a full span of sixteen oxen, a scotch cart with six oxen, and several riding-horses made up our caravan. Our expedition was one partly of pleasure and partly of business. Two of us were merely in search of sport; more serious business lay in front of the third, nothing less than a six months' journey into the desert to collect hut tax in far away Lehututu. The first point we were making for was Kanye, the chief stad—as the native villages are curiously enough called in this country, almost the least Dutch of any in South Africa—of the Bangwaketsi, through whose reserve we were travelling. Striking south-west, we crossed the railway at Ramoutsa, and after three days' travelling reached Kanye. Our way lay through the usual monotonous thorn bush, now becoming somewhat denuded near the railway owing to the demands of the Kimberley mines. But near Kanye the country changed, and we struck a beautiful park-like land, a well-timbered grassy country abounding in bird-life of every description.

I well remember two scenes on the road to Kanye. One was in the early morning. I had gone out before sunrise with our "voorlooper," Andries, in search of rhebuck. We climbed a high stony kopje, and just as we reached the top of the steep climb the red sun rose over the plain. As far as eye could discern lay one vast sea of bush, here and there little kopjes sticking out like islands in the ocean: an air of silence and mournfulness hung over the scene, and in the sharp light of morning the bareness and desolateness of the land stood out clear. The other memory is of an evening, when we had left our waggon to go on ahead and were bird-shooting in the bush. The soft air of the evening and the glorious evening light had clothed the bush, which in the daytime wore a brown and barren aspect, with a raiment of many colours. In the north a mountain wall of the deepest blue rose from the level country. Between us and the mountains stretched a vast undulating park, the long dry grass transformed by the level rays of the sun to the likeness of golden corn. The air was heavy with the perfume of a flowering thorn bush, which just at sunset scattered abroad a powerful scent. Yet this seeming paradise was, in reality, almost a desert. In a circumference of a few miles round the rare water-holes there were cattle-posts with a very considerable number of oxen and goats. For the rest, it was practically virgin bush.

Kanye itself was a striking place. Imagine a large open plain with a circle of bush-covered kopjes in the distance, this plain sloping up gradually at first and then more and more steeply to a large triangular hill; on the slope a large number of Kaffir huts and two or three white stores. Our first impression was that these huts on the slope made up the whole village, for we could see nothing else. In reality, however, almost all Kanye lies on the very top of the hill, completely invisible as one approaches from the east, and only very partially visible from the other sides, the top of the hill being almost cup-shaped. It is a position of immense strength—as a native stronghold, indeed, I should think almost impregnable, though it would be an easy matter for modern artillery to make it untenable by dropping shells from the neighbouring kopjes. The stad must have a population of at least 5000, probably more.

The scene in the plain below was one of continuous animation. All day long unceasing files of women carrying water-calabashes on their head were ascending and descending the hill by countless footpaths to and from the well below in the plain. This gave the place a curious likeness to some vast ant-heap. I do not remember seeing the well deserted for one minute. "From dewy dawn to dewy eve" the continuous traffic went on. On our return journey, when we left Kanye by moonlight at four in the

morning, hours before the sunrise, ghostly figures glided past us even then on their way to the well.

The habit of living in large villages is, I believe, peculiar to the Bechuanas among all the South African tribes. In my short stay in the country I tried to learn the true reason of it. It is generally put down to the panic fright which overwhelmed the Bechuana tribes when the famous Moselekatse, some seventy years ago, had spread the terror of his name through all this country. After "eating up" all the tribes on his awful raid from Zululand, he had settled down at Mosega, near what is now Zeerust, the dread of the surrounding tribes; and to any one who wishes a vivid description of this black monarch and his ways, I commend Captain Harris's narrative of his visit to him at that place, just at the time when he was struggling against the voortrekkers.

But though the state of panic into which the Bechuanas were thrown by the advent of the Matabele is usually stated to be the origin of their present gregariousness, it cannot be the true reason, since these large villages existed long before that date. I am inclined to believe that the real cause lies in the natural features of the country. Only a very few favoured spots in this waterless country can carry any population at all: the Bechuana's choice of a home is limited to the very small area in reach of water;

and if water happens in one place to be in abundance, he naturally congregates there. This appears to me likely to be the true explanation. We were told the "gardens" of Kanye's inhabitants stretched half-way to Mafeking; and surely if scarcity of water had not been the cause, convenience alone would by this time have led to a diffusion of the population.

We arrived at Kanye early in the morning, and about mid-day, preceded by a Basuto policeman, we marched up the steep hill to the stad on a visit of ceremony to Chief Bathoen. We were ushered into a tiny dilapidated room, called by the chief scribe, an educated but fat and unprepossessing native from Lovedale, "the office." The wall-paper was peeling off; on the walls hung a few cheap lithographs, one or two photos of Bathoen, and an illuminated address from some pious Presbyterian society at home exhorting Khama, Bathoen, and Sebele, the three big chiefs of the Bechuanas, to keep their peoples in the straight and narrow path. A few dirty papers lying about, an old table, and a typewriter completed the furniture. Bathoen himself, fat but not undignified looking, wore the regulation greasy frock-coat, but, the day being hot, had divested himself of his collar. On my asking to photograph him, he insisted on brushing himself up and putting on a white collar and a helmet with a feather jauntily stuck in the side. We found

the conversation soon flagged, and after we had obtained his sanction to shoot any game we saw, and persuaded him to lend us a boy who knew the country, we left. There was a certain pathos to me in the sight of this old man, whose memory ran to the days of independence, aping in his old age European habits and customs, and seeing his power gradually slipping from him,—taken either directly from him by the white man, or, far more insidiously, sapped by the “civilising” process of the Kimberley compounds. It is the policy of the powers that be to bolster up the prestige of the chiefs, but in the long-run it must be in vain. The stars in their courses are against them, and their day is over. We heard rumours that Khama, the greatest of them all, is sinking to the grave, saddened by the growing disobedience of his people.

The same evening we left Kanye, much exercised in our minds, as we rambled and jolted over the appallingly stony roads, as to whether our trek would not come to an abrupt end by our springs giving way. For we had now loaded up with six months’ rations for half a dozen men—no light load on a small waggon. Our desert trek had now really started. We were “going in,” as the people on the edge of the desert express it, and it behoved us to adopt the country’s method of travel. Henceforward we were absolutely dependent on our oxen, and their welfare was our almost single aim.

Africa possesses only two original methods of travel—the camel in the north, the ox waggon in the south; and certainly no one knows the true South Africa till he has travelled in an ox waggon. There is something quite unique about it: the strange slowness, the combination of ease and discomfort, the absolute subordination of everything to the needs of the oxen, the long and—to the inexperienced eye—unnecessary “outspans.” Travelling with oxen has its disadvantages. A continuous night’s rest is out of the question, for night is the time to trek. It is too hot in the day, and an ox trekking at night will last without water many hours longer than if he were forced on in the heat of the sun. Our usual day was this: We started at 3.30 in the afternoon and trekked on till 6. At 8.30 we inspanned again, and went on till 11 or 12; at 4.30 A.M. we were off again till about 9 or 10. Then till the afternoon we outspanned. It was utterly impossible to sleep in the waggon when moving at night; in the daytime we were either out shooting or it was too hot for sleep. Five or six hours’ sleep in the twenty-four was as much as we could expect. Yet in the fascination of night trekking we forgot every discomfort. Above, a splendid moon lit up the waste bush, the whole scene powerfully impressing the mind with the vastness of this unknown land. From the bush the only sign of life was the howl of a jackal or the melan-

choly and oft-repeated cry of a bird. We were alone in this huge desolation, and the deep breathing of the slow-moving oxen, the soft crunch of the wheels as the waggon crawled through the heavy sand, the hoarse cries of the drivers, seemed only to make the surrounding silence more intense.

It always appears to me that a native treats an animal, so to speak, more as a human being than a white man does. The ox language, for instance, is almost a language of its own. All our oxen had names, by which they were incessantly addressed — "Bloem," "Bles," "Clocolan," &c.—with added objurgations ending invariably with "You skellum." I could never make out whether the stolid ox appreciated the fact that he was being appealed to individually without the added stimulus of the huge stock whip. One thing that struck me at first was the cool way in which, as soon as we outspanned, all the animals were allowed to wander off at their own sweet will. It is difficult to get over the feeling that a horse must be put in a stable, or at least tied up. By morning they might be four miles off. Yet even in this thick bush the natives seemed somehow to divine where they were, and invariably brought them back. It was amusing, and typical of a native's slackness, that often after being brought back the oxen were allowed at once to wander off again, though we might be going to inspan in a few minutes.

The virtues of the ox, negative though they seem, are invaluable on trek. He requires no feeding or grooming; he can live for more than forty-eight hours without water; he is hard to kill; his very slowness is a merit in an unknown country, for the hunter can go off and shoot his food and rely on finding his moving home not many miles ahead. Yet the snail-like pace of an ox in the desert is undoubtedly a drawback. Four hundred miles in two months must be almost a record for slowness, and when the charm of novelty has worn off it becomes depressing. In the real bad waterless country there must be few more trying experiences than getting a span of oxen through the long "thirsts," as the waterless stretches of road are expressively called. Sometimes there is a stretch of 90 miles between the wells. Oxen cannot go more than 20 miles a-day if they are to be kept in condition; in fact, 100 miles a-week, in season and out, is their regular work. It is therefore obvious that, except with great care, the long "thirsts" could never be managed at all. The method of getting through them is this. For the first twenty-four or thirty-six hours the oxen are driven on ahead as far as possible. The waggon is then outspanned, and the oxen are driven back by the natives, who should be made to ride stripped-saddle to prevent them loitering on the way, to the last water. After being given a drink they

are driven forward to the waggon, inspanned again, and hurried on as near as possible to the next water. The waggon is again outspanned, and the oxen driven forward to water. After a rest they are taken back to the waggon, and bring it on to the well. After this exhausting process the oxen require at least a week's rest. No imagination is needed to realise the trying nature of this form of travelling both for mind and body. A slight mishap, the carelessness of a native, and the whole span may be lost.

Perhaps the greatest charm of an ox waggon is that it is not merely a means of conveyance from place to place, but a travelling home. So long as water is somewhere in reach, one can stop where one pleases and go as far as one pleases. There is no trouble of getting to shelter at night, for the waggon is the South African ship of the desert. In the Kalahari a man can fill up his waggon with rations for a party of six for six months, and, provided he has plenty of powder and shot, he is entirely self-sufficient and independent of the outside world. His waggon is his office, his bedroom, and his store in one. Every traveller in the desert must be a trader in embryo. Our stock-in-trade consisted of eighty sixpenny knives and a sack of cheap tobacco, and very useful they were,—much more useful than money in the age of barter to which we had returned. At one place we wanted some milk. A Bakala-

hari offered us a tinfal for 2s. This absurd offer we indignantly refused. We then displayed a sixpenny knife, and told him he could have it if in return he brought us milk every day for a week. The bargain was closed at once. Indeed he almost fainted with delight at the glorious prospect before him. It was an excellent object-lesson in the theory of value.

Among other difficulties of travel we found that our boys had not the slightest idea of distance, either in miles or hours. At times it was extremely irritating, but there was no help for it. A native can only calculate by the sun. He will point to the sky and say, "When the sun is there we shall get to water." And, if one is travelling continuously, he is generally right. But an outspan at once upsets the calculation. How often did we ask "Metsi e kae?" ("Where is the water?"), and receive the invariable answer, "Not so very far," or "Very far," the only two modes of expressing distance known to him.

In this way we journeyed on slowly through the sultry and dusty country, spending the mornings and evenings shooting in the bush. It was a land of few attractions, and yet in the cool light of the morning, or when its barren brownness was hidden by the warm glow of the setting sun, it was almost beautiful. Bird life was plentiful, and we always enjoyed the luxury of fresh pheasant and partridge,—a luxury to which Johannesburg, under the

tyranny of "cold storage," is a stranger. Partridges, nama-quas, and "shrimpies" (a little partridge—a great delicacy), red-headed pheasants, korhaan, guinea-fowl, were to be found everywhere, and sometimes we saw a paauw. Steinbuck and duiker (*phuduhudu* in Bechuana) were plentiful too, but we saw no larger game. For days we travelled on through the wach-een-beetje thorn bush. Curiously enough this bush, which spreads unbroken over so vast a portion of South Africa, seems to the traveller to be always subtly changing in character. Now it is so thick that one can see only a few yards; now it breaks into park-like country; then again the bushes are for a mile or two only a few feet high, and a little farther on the timber is of quite a decent size. And yet to travel on through it for days is monotonously dreary, and its ugliness and unattractiveness make it after a time appear almost as a personal enemy. And after all this feeling is not so far wrong, for surely this is the land "where life has death for neighbour," a neighbour ready to greet any one who may wander alone into his domain. If a man is inexperienced, and unless he possesses a singularly good bump of locality, it is about ten to one that in half an hour he is hopelessly lost. It is impossible to imagine how easy it is to lose one's bearings, and I never ceased to marvel at the instinct which led the natives to go back straight

to the camp. But not every native has this instinct. To be of any use he must have been born and bred in the bush. The natives of the mountains in the Zoutpansberg district are worse than useless in the bush of the low country, and the Basuto police sometimes lose themselves in the Kalahari. Not long ago a Basuto was lost pursuing a wounded wildebeest, and was found a few days afterwards with his head gnawed off by the jackals.

I can imagine no more awful fate than to be lost in the bush. In the open country, on the great plains, and under God's clear sky, hope and resolution would be loth to desert one. But here "leadene-eyed despair" would quickly come. A man would have to be of stubborn stuff indeed who would not be bowed down by the awful sense of impenetrableness and hopelessness with which this country fills the mind. To one born and bred in an open land, it is the feeling of the never-endingness of the bush that appals, the feeling, too, that man's wits are here of no avail, that water may be within a few yards—perhaps the only water for many miles—and yet there be no mark to guide one to it. The waterlessness, the lonely silence of the country, the stunted gnarled branches of the eternal thorn bush, always oppressed my imagination with the same thought, that surely this was a land on which God's curse had suddenly descended, turning it perhaps

from a land growing and full of promise into this hopeless and useless waste.

At a pan called Moakana we left the bush behind us, and entered on vast wide-rolling plains, with here and there a clump of trees. Moakana itself was, I think, the most depressing spot I have ever seen. Imagine a pan, about half a mile long and a quarter broad, the centre a mass of dry cracked mud, the sides littered with loose white limestones, the banks gradually sloping up, covered with thick stunted thorn bush; in one corner a small dug-out hole with a tiny rill of water trickling into it; in the pan itself a few emaciated *Bakalaharis* looking after small herds of goats and oxen, the latter, poor beasts, eternally thirsty and for ever making rushes towards the water. The work of watering these animals was a wearisome one. The hole had first to fill up with water. Then three or four oxen were allowed to drink. Each time the oxen trampled the hole full of mud and sand, and their guardians had then to scoop it out with their hands, since they had not even the meanest instrument. The whole scene impressed one not only with a sense of intolerable thirst, but with a kind of disgust of the unending, degraded labour to which these poor wretches were condemned. We were heartily glad when we got away. The spot, too, associated itself in our minds with an unpleasant incident. By letting down

canvas flies we were able to convert one side of our waggon into a covered tent. One day we had just sat down in this improvised tent to our evening meal when our pointer appeared to go absolutely demented, rushing wildly in and howling. We looked behind, and there, curled up within a yard of us, was a large snake. We jumped up as quick as we had ever done before in our lives, and the snake was soon despatched with a charge of No. 7. We had had a narrow escape, if what our boys told us was true. "The black snake," they said (*i.e.*, the black mamba), "is more poisonous than all other snakes, and this is more poisonous than the black snake."

We had now got well into the open country, vast stretches of plain, with every now and then a belt of trees. This was the country of springbuck, and our next halting-place, a large pan called Kooi, was the very pick of the country. Kooi was the most attractive camping-ground we struck. It was one of the usual limestone pans, which are so curious a feature of this country. It was oval in shape, and in fact would have made a grand cricket-ground,—for it was quite a mile long, with sloping bush-clad sides, and covered with short thick turf. Our arrival there was dramatic. As we got to the pan, not 300 yards away on the other side trooped down a herd of sixty springbuck. It was a lovely sight to see these graceful ani-

imals stepping daintily down, as if no human creature ever came to disturb them. Yet next morning the scene had strangely altered. In the corner of the pan, where the wells are, was a crowd of Bakalahari, male and female, the former drawing up the water, the latter waiting to carry it to the stad, a small village about six miles off. All round stood herds of cattle and goats, two thousand at least. The place was a pandemonium, and I wondered that the buck ever came there. And yet by the afternoon the place was once more deserted, and every evening the buck came down. The sudden change gave the spot somehow the unreality of a transformation scene. The well at Kooi was the centre of social life,—in fact, only within a radius of a few miles did human life exist at all,—and the motley crowd which collected every morning presented an almost perfect picture of human evolution. Lowest in the scale came the Bushmen, or Masarwa as they are called, though so far east as this there are no absolutely pure Bushmen. These Kalahari Bushmen are not the pigmy Bushmen of old Cape Colony, though they have the same cast of countenance, but are generally tall and well-built. Above them came the Bakalahari. Then their masters the Bangwaketsi. Above them again the Basutos, and then the white man. The Bakalahari are a singular people—all mad, our Basutos

told us. They are certainly the lowest type of native and the laziest lot of scoundrels I have seen in South Africa. Often they will let their animals go without water for two days, merely because it is too much trouble to haul up the water. Once at Kooi we saw a calf fall down a forty-foot well. This was apparently a fairly common occurrence and caused intense amusement. Eventually a loop was fixed round the poor animal's neck, and he was hauled up amidst a pandemonium of yells and screams. They are a voluble race, the chief peculiarity in their language being the ejaculation of a guttural "eh" literally between every few words by both speaker and audience.

As one goes west and leaves the more civilised parts behind, the costume of the inhabitants becomes more and more scanty and often ludicrous, and the back view of a tall, well-developed Bakalahari, whose sole garment consists of a short coat reaching down about as far as an ordinary Eton jacket, is calculated to make one laugh.

An Australian we met corroborated the view of our Basutos that the Bakalaharis were mad, but he had an excuse for them. "Any one," he said, "would go mad if he stayed long enough in this country." Yet something about it must have fascinated him. Born at Bourke, N.S.W., he had lived there all his life till the war broke out. It is a

common saying in Australia that "Bourke and hell are the two hottest places on earth." And yet after the war he must needs come to this forgotten country, where he and his partners have now been well-sinking for the Government for two years. Not altogether a profitable business, I imagine, for once, as he told us, they had dug 150 feet without getting to the end of the sand, and another time at the same depth they had struck brack water.

The fact is, I suppose, that the love of the waste places of the earth becomes ingrained. A man may hate the hardships and discomfort, and feed his mind with the thought of the delights and pleasures of the world he has left behind him. But let him return to them and he will soon look with longing eyes to the wilderness, feeling almost suffocated at the restraints of crowded civilisation.

In the desert the Bakalahari are the servants of the Bangwaketsi, and are compelled to look after the cattle of the latter, living miserably at cattle-posts near the wells, with no clothing but a few skins, and with only a sort of "scherm" of bushes to shelter them from the weather. The Bakalahari show their madness in one way, by invariably building their villages several miles from water, all of which their womenkind have to carry from the wells. I heard no satisfactory explanation of this custom. It is attributed some-

times to the fact that it is so much colder near water, sometimes to the desire to escape from mosquitoes and fever. Of the coldness of the nights near water we had ample proof at Kooi; for though it was hot in the day, hotter than it ever is on the high veld in the Transvaal in summer, at nights our water-bottles were frozen clean through into lumps of ice.

We had good sport at Kooi, walking and riding over the vast grassy plains, flat as a pancake, after the springbuck, of which we saw many herds of 200 and 300, or waiting for them in the dark of the early morning at the bottom of the pan. We tried to get other game, but though we had some long shots at hartebeest we failed to get any of them.

One of our difficulties was the disinclination of the natives to show us where the game was. The headman of the village, a great hunter but a very slippery customer, by name Ralakaka, was most loth to do anything, and even when he was ordered by Bathoen's emissary, who was travelling with us, to show us some sport, evidently did as little as he decently could. Ralakaka was more like an animal than a man. His eyes, which were marvellously keen, were exactly like a hawk's eyes, and his gestures were those of an ape. He beat us altogether, and we could get nothing out of him, though we knew he had shown Bathoen's son many wildebeest a few days before.

The game in the desert have one extraordinary peculiarity, surely a miracle of adaptation to environment,—they never drink. I should look upon this as a traveller's tale, except that the very features of the country are the best testimony to its truth, for the ground over which each kind of buck ran seemed to be extraordinarily small in area, and I feel quite certain that the springbuck, for instance at Kooi, never go more than a few miles from their ground. Yet the nearest surface-water must be many miles away. We were told, indeed, by our Australian friend that once in the rainy season he had watched three weeks by a pan full of water and had never seen a single spoor. Curiously enough, the buck seem to invert the usual order of things, and prefer to raise rather than quench a thirst. It is the brine and brack of the pans that attract them, and every few days they will come and lick the grass at the bottom of them. The usual explanation of this extraordinary peculiarity is that the buck find the necessary moisture from the dew, and perhaps from roots and melons. But this seems inadequate. It may be true, but I confess it remains a marvel to me how a large full-blooded animal like a hartebeest or koodoo can manage on so meagre a supply.

The proper way to hunt on these plains is to gallop after the buck and wear them down. There really is no other way of getting at the bigger kinds.

Unfortunately we could not afford to knock up our horses in view of the hard time before them. But we found it fairly easy to stalk the springbuck on foot and get within reasonable range. It is useless to go straight up to them, but by circling round them at a run bent double, it is generally possible to get within 150 yards. They are extremely inquisitive, and their curiosity will often get the better of their fear.

I think I enjoyed most of all going down early in the morning to the pan. I used to creep round in the dark to the bottom end. In the baffling moonlight it was impossible to distinguish clearly anything in the pan, but as the dawn approached shadowy figures could be described. Suddenly the day came. Unless one was very quick the buck would see one and be off. Then it was all over. Night changed to day so quickly that it was difficult to find the buck and get close enough to them before the sun was up.

We were unfortunate in being unable to get any farther than Kooi, though we knew there were gemsbuck and hartebeest not much farther on. But a "thirst" of 90 miles lay between us and the next water, and reluctantly we had to turn back with the scotch cart, leaving the waggon with our policeman to go forward alone. I cannot truthfully say we envied him his six months in the desert, surely the strangest tax-collector even in our strange Empire. Cer-

tainly the tax hardly complies with Adam Smith's canon that "every tax ought to be levied at the time and in the manner most likely to be convenient to the contributor." For I can hardly imagine anything more inconvenient to the Bakalahari and Bushman contributor; indeed it seems a question whether the wretches can pay at all. Last year, the only time when the tax has been collected before, some £1000 was obtained by selling the natives' cattle to the storekeepers in Lehututu, and taking the proceeds up to the amount of the tax. But this year no storekeepers will buy stock, for the Transvaal, the only market, is entirely closed by the red-water regulations. And the natives have practically no coin. Six months in the desert without seeing a white face, in the dryest season of the year, with one span of oxen, is not a pleasant job. A well, counted on to give one good drink to the oxen, may turn out to be dry, and then the whole span will be lost, and the horses may very easily succumb to horse-sickness. And apart from the actual hardships and difficulties of travelling, it is by no means pleasant to carry about in a waggon £1000 or so, representing to the inhabitants of this wild country untold wealth.

There may perhaps be little danger from this source, for the natives of the country are a craven-hearted lot, but it would be no easy matter to rid oneself of a haunting fear

that cupidity might perhaps for once get the better of cowardice.

We were sorry to turn our backs on Kooi and its plains, and many a time shall I dream of our "good hunting" there. Merely to live through the whole day, to wake at the first glimmer of dawn in the east, when the faint breeze which ushers in the day steals, faintly rustling, through the grass, and to lie at evening and look up at the brilliant stars, "hung aloft the night," is a pleasure the depth of which is known only to the initiated. How cool and fresh were the early mornings, and how pleasant it was to walk in that wild expanse of land and sky, in the far distance perhaps a line of trees, sometimes real and sometimes only the illusion of a mirage. Under the hot sun of the day the sky lost its clearness and became a leaden grey; but in the evening again the setting sun, not red and fiery, but white, as if reflected in burnished silver, shed a brilliant light over the shimmering plains.

Soon we were in the bush country again, and since, as we were obliged to travel fast, we had little time to shoot, our journey was monotonous. With our light load we were able to travel back a good deal quicker than we came, and as our sport was practically over we were not sorry when Kanye, which now seemed the centre of civilisation rather than the outpost of savagery, was once more in sight. It was depress-

ing to ride day after day at a pace of not more than two miles an hour after our scotch cart. We dared not let it go far out of sight, as we were travelling by a different road and had no idea where the water was. For about a week and for more than 150 miles we kept up this slow funereal pace.

Once between Kanye and Lobatsi we missed the road and wandered for six hours lost in the bush. I had carefully asked the boys whether they knew the road. They replied that they knew it quite well. But as a matter of fact they had never been over it before.

Our three boys could talk no English, and we knew only a word or two of Sechuana. Thus we were practically en-

tirely in their hands. They alone knew where the water was, and we were obliged to go on till they chose to outspan. It is not pleasant to be so much at the mercy of the Kaffir. It is one of the drawbacks to travelling in the Protectorate that the country belongs to the native, and that the white man is only allowed in at all on sufferance. He is always aware of it by the insolent and swaggering demeanour of most of the natives, and it strikes him at first with something of a shock to see natives with waggons of their own and large herds of oxen and goats and sheep, to realise that the country is theirs alone, and that a white man may not even own land.

R. H. BRAND.

THE NEW SPIRIT IN INDIA.

It may be claimed, and I think it will be admitted by all whose judgment is not warped by fanaticism or prejudice, that the condition of India has improved and is improving under British administration. The Government may be called autocratic in so far as the supreme control is vested in the Viceroy, and bureaucratic inasmuch as he is advised by colleagues and served by subordinates who belong to a trained and organised body of public servants. In every respect, however, the Government of India is subject to the control of the Cabinet and the criticism of the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and every man serving his Majesty in India is liable to be called to account by those authorities. At any rate, whether the Government is autocratic or bureaucratic, or a combination of both, no one can deny that it is a Government by law, animated by a single motive—the good of the people. There is no country in the world in which there is more personal freedom, or better protection for the lives and property of all races, creeds, and classes.

It would be difficult to name any period of British Indian history when we could point to our Indian Empire with less misgiving than the present time.

On the twenty-first of July, in the first session of the first Liberal Government that has

held office for ten years, the Secretary of State for India laid the accounts before the new democratic House of Commons. He had nothing but a tale of good administration and prosperity to tell. Those who are interested in India, not only because their fortunes are invested in that country, or because the pensions on which they live and the support of their families after their death rest upon the maintenance of the Government of India, but even more because their working lives have been spent in its service, regard the advent of a new Government to power with some anxiety. They must have been reassured by nearly all that Mr Morley has done in the India Office since he took control of it. His exposition of Indian finances is one of the best pronouncements on Indian affairs that has been made for a long time by a Secretary of State, and it has been addressed to a public more than usually conversant with the subject.

Of late years several causes have conduced to arouse interest in India. The extraordinary activity of Lord Curzon's rule, and the personal character he impressed on his Viceroyalty, commanded attention. The great experiment in currency reform which it fell to him to inaugurate has been an object-lesson to economists. The terrible famines which seemed

to threaten the existence of vast peoples evoked universal sympathy, and the ability and devotion of the services in dealing with them won admiration. The outbreaks of plague attracted medical and sanitary experts. Geographers, as well as politicians, looked on while the expedition to Thibet lifted the veil which had hidden Lhassa for so many years. Then there was the hot discussion concerning the form of the military administration, to which popular attention was attracted by the unfortunate contention between the two foremost men in India. Lastly, in pursuance of that wise policy which the Throne has followed for two generations, came the successful visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales, which we were all enabled to enjoy step by step in the graphic letters of the correspondents of the chief journals. Moreover, books have lately been published more than ordinarily instructive on the people and politics of India. Among others a foremost place may be given to 'Lord Curzon's Speeches,' edited by Sir Thomas Raleigh, and Mr Sidney Low's 'Vision of India,'—the former valuable to those who know India and wish to understand what has been done during the septennate of Lord Curzon's rule; the other full of information, in a picturesque shape, on the forms and problems of Indian life,—altogether a remarkable book to have been written by a man who has spent but a few months in the country.

Mr Morley's speech, therefore, comes before a public more than usually prepared to listen to it, if not to appreciate it.

Considering the tone of some of the sections supporting Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's Ministry, it is a matter for thankfulness that the fortunes of India are confided to Mr Morley. Carlyle asks, "Will you give up your Indian Empire or your Shakespeare, you English?" At present we are not prepared to give up either possession. England produced Shakespeare. She produced also the men who won and have maintained the Indian Empire. The England that will give up India will have long ceased to understand or to value Shakespeare. Anyway Mr Morley, at any rate, is not ready to say "Perish India!" He says:—

"I do believe—I have believed long before I had anything to do with the government of India—that of all the subjects that engage our attention,—for example, in this session, education, taxation, foreign relations, the Army, the Fleet, North Africa, South Africa,—not one of them exceeds in moment or importance to this country the wisdom or unwisdom of the policy to be pursued in India."

We can trust a man who comes to the India Office in this spirit.

We need not follow the Secretary of State into the figures which he gives to show the prosperity of India—the extraordinary financial prosperity. If there is any truth in Mr Bright's dictum—and it may require some qualification—that the character of a Government is known by the

state of its finances, then the Government of India is not altogether to be condemned. And as Mr Morley truly says, "It is not an inert and lifeless bureaucracy of official machinery, but a great vital scheme of government." The country is administered by men who know their work and are animated by a spirit of self-sacrifice and devotion to it. In every part of the machine there is efficiency and vigour, especially since Lord Curzon poured the fire of his own enthusiasm into the souls of his subordinates. Of course, as Mr Morley says, "the distribution of material prosperity over this vast continent is unequal." By picking out the poorest portions it is easy to make a picture of gloomy misery. The same trick could be played with any country. It must be remembered, moreover, that the standard of comfort is low, the wants of the people few, and owing to the climate incomparably fewer than those of the inhabitants of northern countries. Little fuel is needed, for example, and that of a very primitive and, in most villages, not costly kind. The country is essentially agricultural, and as the population increases and presses on the land it cannot be otherwise than comparatively poor. That, owing to the demand for labour on public works, and the growth, slow but continual, of industrial enterprise, the poverty is lessening and the standard of comfort and wages rising is

certain, and can be demonstrated. Taxation is low—Sir Henry Fowler says that it bears less oppressively on the people than the taxation of any other country of which any record or statistics can be obtained. The cranks and croakers, in order to support their views, would like to include the land-revenue in the taxation. But until it is admitted that all rent is taxation, which no one out of Ireland would argue, the contention cannot be maintained. In comparing the fiscal burdens of India, moreover, with those of other countries, it should be remembered that the peasantry of India pay no house-rent for their huts; and most of them are as well housed for an Indian climate in their mud huts as the English agriculturist in his four-roomed cottage. Within the last seven years three reductions of taxation¹ have been made, and the salt tax, against which it is the fashion to inveigh, has been materially reduced. Mr Morley won the applause of part of the House by declaring his wish to sweep this salt tax away altogether. To reduce it, so far as may be possible, in times of peace and prosperity is right. But it is doubtful whether any prudent Indian Finance Minister, knowing the uncertainty of the future and that he may be obliged at any time to raise money for war or famine, will agree with Mr Morley and Sir Henry Fowler in this matter. If the salt tax is abolished it can hardly be im-

¹ See Lord Curzon's Seventh Budget Speech, p. 151.

posed again. There is no other impost which could be devised, except a poll tax, which would make every person contribute to the revenue. To declaim against taxes on the necessities of life has a humanitarian ring about it. A tax on the necessities of life is no doubt bad. But all taxation is an evil, and, from a revenue point of view, the great recommendation of a tax is that it cannot be evaded. After all, much of the taxation in England is as open to criticism, taking differences in conditions into account, as the Indian salt tax.

It is not proposed now to discuss the vexed questions of Free Trade or Preference. The Government of India are no doubt satisfied with things as they are. The chief markets in Europe for the produce of India are the Continental nations. They buy raw materials from India and export their manufactures to England, who has the lion's share of the exports from Europe to India. The question whether these conditions need prevent India from giving a preference to English goods and from joining a scheme of imperial trade-union need not be considered here. It is doubtful whether it can be answered in a summary fashion. Of this we may be certain, that the more weight is given to the opinion of Indians in the Government of India, the less will be the leaning of that Government towards out-and-out Free Trade.

Leaving on one side this matter and the question of

military expenditure, we come to the really important part of Mr Morley's speech. He thinks that the time has come for taking another step towards giving the peoples of the Indian continent a further share in the government of the country. His words are these :—

"The stage is reached in the gradual and inevitable working out of Indian policy which makes it wise and in the natural order of things that we should advance with a firm and courageous and intrepid step some paces further on the path of continuous rational improvement in the Indian system of government."

Here the question arises, What is the path of continuous rational improvement? When Mr Morley is speaking to the present House of Commons, it can only be the path leading to some kind of popular and representative government. And to every one who knows India the next question is, How far are we going on this path?

Mr Morley is not devoid of prudence. He says :—

"I shall not be taken to indicate that for a moment I can dream you can transplant British institutions wholesale into India. That is a fantastic and ludicrous dream. Even if it could be done, it would not be for the good of India."

Let us rejoice that we have a Secretary of State who is not under any hallucination on this point. He adds :—

"You cannot give universal suffrage to India, and I do not insist that India should be on the same footing as our self-governing colonies, like Canada."

I wish he had said that he could not contemplate it. But

with recent events in our memories, we may return thanks that Mr Morley does not insist on an experiment which would be an act of superhuman folly, if that is possible. What measures of progress, then, does Mr Morley place before himself? "The Government of India is in thorough sympathy with the necessities of the day and of the hour." What are those necessities? We were assured in another part of the speech that there is no crisis in India—and without that assurance we know that there is no such crisis. Why, then, this emphasis on the necessities of the day and the hour? In the epithets "firm, courageous, and intrepid" applied to the step we are to be asked to take, and in the restraint which Mr Morley hints that he has put on his aspirations in not insisting on turning India into an independent self-governing colony, we are led, and, what is more, ambitious Indians will be led, to anticipate a change of somewhat momentous import.

To all who are alive to the vital necessity of India, not only to the greatness but to the prosperity of the United Kingdom, and who have even a superficial view of the complex conditions to be met, the need of acting with the greatest caution and the fullest knowledge will be obvious. Prudence in this case is pre-eminently the better part of valour. Before announcing in indefinite terms the intention to make changes, and thereby exciting the hopes, and in many cases the fears, of the expectant classes in India, it might have

been wiser to have considered and determined what those changes should be, and how far it was practicable to go.

In considering the possibility of a great constitutional change in the government of India, the first step should be to take stock of our position and to lay down some fixed principles for our guidance.

First of all, let us inquire what are "the necessities of the day and the hour" which it is thought incumbent on us to satisfy. They are, so far as can be gathered, the ambitions and desires of the educated classes in India,—perfectly legitimate and natural ambitions. But it does not follow that it is either expedient or necessary to gratify them at once. We are told that there is a new spirit abroad in India. It may be questioned if the spirit is new, but it is undoubtedly more active and wider in its influence. The number of men educated in the schools and colleges, the number of those who visit Europe to complete their education, is increasing. It is not in the nature of things that all classes of Indians should be content to be excluded from a powerful share in the government of their country. This is no new feeling. In the earlier years of British occupation it was the tendency to fill every post which carried any sort of responsibility with men from England or of English descent. Long before Western education had any effect, the exclusion of Indians from high public employment was felt as

a grievance. The men who then rankled under it belonged to a different class. They were men, or descendants of men, of the *amlah* class, who had been employed, or would have been employed, by the native Governments. Now they are those who have received a Western education. Some persons seem to think that this discontent is due to the faulty character of the teaching given in the Indian schools, and that a more practical and scientific rather than a literary training would have had a different tendency. They imagine that a training of this kind would have diverted the ambitions of the scholars from the Government service to success in the professions and in commerce.

I am not concerned to defend the educational system of India, or to deny that it has directed the attention of its scholars too exclusively to literary studies. But education of any effective kind would have had the same result in creating discontent. In the present state of society in India there is no career in any of the practical sciences, such as engineering or medicine, that would satisfy the ambitious. The successful scholar in science will seek his reward in Government employment as eagerly as those who have qualified in letters. If you teach a man English you cannot prevent him from reading, and if he reads a few pages of English history, or a few of Scott's or Thackeray's works, it is enough to set him think-

ing and comparing his lot with that of others. If you do not like this kind of spirit, said a native schoolmaster some thirteen years ago, do not let them read about King John and the Magna Charta.

The spirit, then, is not new, nor has it come upon the English who administer India as a surprise. There may be men who live their lives in India without reflecting or understanding the feelings of the people around them. But I doubt if there are many in the Indian Civil Service or the Indian Army who have not been aware for a long time past that some Indians, chiefly the educated classes, are discontented with their position. They resent, especially those who have resided in Europe, their exclusion from English society, although, as Mr Morley justly says, the great separation which exists between English and native Indians is not of our making. They resent the exclusive nature of the Civil Service. It is true that the Service is as open to them as to all other British subjects. But even those who have failed at the competitive examination are not reconciled to the rule which reserves certain classes of posts to the regular service. The successful barrister would like to know that he might be the Governor of a Province or the Commissioner of a Division. And the unsuccessful barrister would be glad to feel that he had such appointments or a seat on the bench to fall back upon.

India is a country of dis-

coveries. Men go out for a tour of travel or are sent to occupy administrative or judicial posts: one man discovers that the natives do not wear shoes; another, that they sit down on occasions when Europeans would stand; a third, that the educated classes desire a share in the government of their country. The fact that the existing discontent is not a new spirit is insisted on, because it is mischievous to allow it to be supposed that we are face to face with quite a new set of conditions.

That England was bound to educate the people of India, let the consequences be what they might, is admitted by most men. Here and there one may be found to uphold the Dutch system in Java. Such reactionaries do not count. Given education, all who have thought at all have recognised that a time would come when a very radical and revolutionary change might have to be made in the system of government. Meanwhile they have applied themselves to the tasks in hand, which are numerous and urgent enough.

The real demand of the educated classes is not so much for a change in the form of the Government as in the *personnel*. If they had the power, I doubt if they would attempt to establish what we call a popular Government. Indeed, all except a few impostors and cranks would recognise the utter impossibility of such a Government in the Indian continent. What they want, and it is hard to blame them for it,

is to secure for Indians as large a share as may be in the higher offices of the State, which carry power and handsome emoluments. They have no wish to destroy autocracy or bureaucracy. They do desire to be the autocrats and the bureaucrats.

Nor do they complain, so far as I am aware, that they have insufficient personal freedom. They know well enough that they are as free in India as in England or America, and that they have greater freedom in all respects than any of the Continental peoples of Europe. There are some expressions in Mr Morley's speech which may mislead those not well versed in the facts, and may be used for mischievous purposes by well-informed but ill-intentioned men. For instance, on this matter of freedom, he says:—

“I do not know if there is any case in history of an autocratic personal or absolute Government co-existing with free speech and free right of meeting. . . . But that is no reason why we should not try this great experiment of showing that you can have a strong and effective administration along with free speech and free institutions.”

But surely this great experiment has not been deferred until 1906? India has enjoyed the right of meeting and free speech for the better part of the last century. Her press is as free as the press in England or any part of Europe. For it can hardly be argued that the provisions of the Penal Code which deal with sedition, even as they were amended in 1898, are a restriction on legitimate

freedom. Again, speaking of the admission of natives of India to the higher appointments, the Secretary of State said:—

“I think a move, a definite and deliberate move, ought to be made with the view of giving competent and able natives the same access to the higher posts in the Administration that are given to our countrymen.”

This might be, it may be said will be, interpreted to mean that it has been left to Mr Morley and the present Government to make such a move. Nothing would be farther from the truth, and the Secretary of State cannot have intended to convey this impression. Certain administrative posts are reserved to the Indian Civil Service. If you have a regular service recruited from the bottom, no other course is possible. The entrance to that service is as open to the Indians as to all British subjects. Not a year passes without some of them winning appointments. Once in that service, unless they prove themselves unworthy, they can and do rise to some of the highest posts. No doubt the natives of India are at a disadvantage in this respect, that the examination is held in London. If the examination were held in India, it is likely that more of them would succeed. Hitherto all the responsible authorities have been against that change. It will not be possible to ensure an efficient Administration on British lines if the admixture of Asiatics becomes too large. As to the appointments, many times more numerous, not re-

served to the Indian Civil Service, it is hardly too much to say that in practice they are the monopoly of Indians. The ban of exclusion, if there is one, is against Englishmen born and educated in India, and persons of mixed descent, who find it more and more difficult to gain admission to public employment. Ever since 1833 there has been a strong and growing tendency to appoint Indians only to all administrative and executive posts not reserved for the Indian Civil Service. After the sitting of the Public Service Commission in 1886-7 under Lord Dufferin's Viceroyalty, many of the higher offices hitherto reserved for servants recruited by competition in England were assigned to members of what are now called the Provincial services, and are now enjoyed by them. Indian judges, moreover, sit on the bench of every High Court in India. Mr Morley cites the promise made by the Queen in her Proclamation of 1858, namely, “that, so far as may be, our subjects, of whatever race or creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, the duties of which they may be qualified by education, talent, and ability duly to discharge,” and he hints that in his opinion the words “so far as may be,” have been construed in a narrow and pettifogging sense,” to the disadvantage of Indians. The words were clearly inserted of a set design. There may be cases, we all know there are continually cases, of men fitted by education, talent, and ability

to discharge the duties of a post but who are disqualified in other ways. At the time the proclamation was issued the blood shed in the mutiny was hardly dry. For many years after 1857 it would have been impossible to place a native of India, however otherwise competent, in the position of chief magistrate of a district. Surely, even in the present condition of things, in a country where racial and religious distinctions are so marked, there may be posts to which it may not be expedient to appoint persons of Asiatic descent. Would any one think of appointing a Bengali gentleman, even if he were twice a senior wrangler, to be Commissioner of Peshawar or to be ruler of a district in the North-West Frontier Provinces? It is not quite fair to suggest that former Governments here or in India have construed the words of Queen Victoria's proclamation "in a narrow and pettifogging sense."

Attention may be drawn with advantage to passages in Lord Curzon's Speeches which explain fully the policy and the practice of the Government of India for many years past in opening up the services to natives of India. "There has been," he says (and I challenge any one to disprove the accuracy of the statement), "a progressive increase in native employment, and a progressive

decline in European employment, showing how honestly and faithfully the British Government has fulfilled its pledges, and how hollow is the charge which we so often hear of a ban of exclusion against the children of the soil" (Sixth Budget Speech, p. 145). In his Seventh Budget Speech, on the 29th March 1905, the late Viceroy had to meet an attack made by an eminent Indian Member of Council, the Hon. Mr Gokhale, against the policy of his Government in this matter. The charge was founded on the words of the Queen's Proclamation quoted by Mr Morley, and is similar to that now suggested by the Secretary of State. Lord Curzon said, "There is not one sentence in that memorable paragraph from which any Government of India or any Governor-General has ever either desired or attempted to recede." A passage then quoted by Lord Curzon from the despatch of the Court of Directors, written in 1833, and covering the memorable Act of that year,¹ is so apposite to the present purpose that it ought not to be omitted:—

"Facilities of official advancement can little affect the bulk of the people under any Government, and perhaps least under a good Government. It is not by holding out incentives to official ambition, but by repressing crime, by securing and guarding property, by creating confidence, by ensuring to industry the

¹ Which, in renewing the Company's Charter, enacted "that no native of India, nor any natural born subject of his Majesty, should be disabled from holding any place, office, or employment by reason of his religion, place of birth, descent, or colour."

fruit of its labour, by protecting men in the undisturbed enjoyment of their rights and in the unfettered exercise of their faculties, that Governments best minister to the public wealth and happiness. In fact, the free access to office is chiefly valuable where it is part of the general freedom."

It appears, then, that the so-called new spirit which the Secretary of State thinks himself bound to meet is mainly the wish of the educated Indians to hold more numerous and higher posts in the public service, and to obtain them on more easy terms than the present regulations prescribe. How far these gentlemen represent the people at large is another matter, and one which ought to be considered. Some persons will, perhaps, admit that they do not represent them, and that the great body of the people, especially the classes who own and till the land and who furnish the recruits for the Indian Army, have no desire to be ruled by them.

However this may be, after Mr Morley's pronouncement it is difficult to avoid taking a step forward. What is that step to be? We are told that there are three points which bear upon the question, and that these points are now under consideration by a small Committee appointed by the Viceroy. The three points are—(1) The time given to the discussions on the Imperial budget in Calcutta; (2) The question of allowing non-official members of the Legislative Council to move amendments to the proposals of the Government of India; (3) The

extension of the representative element in the Legislative Council.

If the time has come, and if the Governor-General-in-Council and the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of Provinces are in substantial agreement that the time has come, for a further advance, then it may be conceded that these three lines are those of least resistance and of least risk.

Let us, however, be honest with ourselves and with those whose aspirations we are proposing to recognise. Are we prepared to give the non-official members, some of whom are elected and some nominated, a majority in the Legislative Council? Are we going to allow them not only to propose amendments to the financial measures and the Budget allotments made by the Government, but also to carry their proposals against the Government? If any one imagines this to be possible, let him say what is to be done when the Government is defeated. Let us honestly affirm, once for all, that these things cannot be, and that so far as can be foreseen they will not be practicable within any time that men now alive need look forward to. But if these things cannot be, then what will remain after the intrepid advance is made on the three lines indicated? There will be more discussion and more opportunity for criticism. If the Government is reduced to a very small majority which an accident may efface, then the position will be dangerous. If

the majority is reduced, so as to leave the least margin consistent with safety, the discontent will be increased. It is worse to be defeated by just the turn of the scale than by an overwhelmingly greater force.

There are certain considerations which must be taken into account.

We govern India in the interests of the vast and mixed multitude who inhabit the continent,—not for the pleasure of, comparatively speaking, a handful of educated men, or to meet their natural aspirations for place and power. Whatever the merits of this small class, or however great their abilities, and in many cases they are very great, they are still far from having attained to political maturity.

We have to deal with a population divided into camps, two main camps—each with a multitude of subdivisions and diverse and conflicting interests. The two main camps are—the Hindus, on one side, numerically the greater; the Musulmans, on the other, by race, character, history, and religion, the more virile and masterful. The nearer approach is made to what we call popular government, the greater will be the advantage to the Hindus. Do the Mahomedans as a body look forward with pleasure to the day when a Government based on popular representation shall be established?

That the education we have given in the colleges, or even that vastly wider teaching inspired by our codes of laws and

impartial administration of justice, and the years passed under British rule, have unified India to any extent, is very doubtful. Will any one assert that these influences, or the victories of the Japanese over the Russians, or the most powerful, perhaps, of all ties, the existence of common grievances, which it is believed in this case is of little force, have effaced for a moment, even superficially, the distinctions of race, religion, caste, and history?

On what foundation does our rule in India rest? It is not true that we hold India with the sword only, but it is true that we could not hold it without the sword. Our rule rests on the British forces in India. Trusting to our power, and to our determination to uphold a just and righteous Government, capitalists of all nations have invested money in Indian railways and trade. We cannot use the British Army to maintain a Government which is not in all respects such as the people of this country can approve. This condition can only be secured at present by employing a sufficient number of Englishmen to control and give character to the administration. So far, therefore, as human foresight can reach, it does not seem possible to advance much farther towards popular government or towards dispensing with the services of Englishmen, and it is better to make that clear to all concerned. Whether, or when, the time may come to take the final step and to hand over the

reins, as we are doing in the Transvaal, is an interesting subject of speculation, but is not, it may be fervently hoped, a practical question.

There are other interesting

points raised by the Secretary of State, especially the position of the independent princes in India. But space compels us to close this paper.

C. H. T. CROSTHWAITE.

Postscriptum. — The present paper was in type before the news came of Sir Joseph B. Fuller's resignation of the government of Eastern Bengal. Until full information is published comment on this grave event must be withheld. It is grave because it appears to have arisen from measures taken to stop the riotous, and in some respects childish, agitation which has been long permitted to go on in Bengal, directed against the administrative division of the province. This agitation is organised and engineered by men of some position and influence, who keep in the background, and are, it is feared, encouraged by sympathisers in this country whose influence and power may be exaggerated in India. Childish as it is, it cannot be played with, and may easily spread and become unmanageable. In such circumstances, it is hard to say whether the act of the Governor-General-in-Council in overruling a man of Sir J. B. Fuller's ability and experience, or the Lieutenant-Governor's act in resigning, is the more to be deplored. It may be assumed that there has been no interference from Whitehall.

C. H. T. C.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE RADICAL GOVERNMENT—OUR PRIME MINISTER'S POLICY AND MANNERS
—THE TYRANNY OF THE "MANDATE"—NONCONFORMITY AND LABOUR
—THE BASE SURRENDER IN SOUTH AFRICA—VAIN HATERS OF THEIR
OWN COUNTRY—THE WORSHIP OF THE PARISH PUMP—THE SINGLE
TRIUMPH OF THE RADICALS.

THE Radical Government has been on trial for eight months, and, with two exceptions, its members must plead guilty to the most dangerous incompetence. Sir Edward Grey has worthily sustained the traditions of his high office. He has discharged his duty with the dignity and moderation which we demand of the Foreign Secretary. And Mr John Morley, to our complete surprise, has proved that, if in opposition he is eager to support his country's enemies, he can face the task of governing India with energy and fortitude. So far, so good. We believe that we can trust Sir Edward Grey and Mr Morley, while they remain in office, and we believe that they will have the honesty—rare in politicians of their colour—to resign if impious hands are laid upon their departments.

But what can be said of the rest, save that they make up the weakest Government that ever imposed a vacillating hand upon a wayward country? We can only regard our Prime Minister with shame and wonder,—with shame that he should parade his august title in the face of the world; with wonder at the accident of seniority which placed him, all

unworthy, in so worthy a seat. His feebleness and disloyalty were already known to us. We are as little likely to forget his fatuous attempt to command the Opposition as we are to condone his phrase, "methods of barbarism," which was an invention in treachery, even at a treacherous moment. But he has revealed qualities in office which we confess we did not suspect. At the outset he was so delighted and astonished to sit on the Treasury Bench that he took the House into his confidence with a kind of bluff good-humour. He boasted genially of his ignorance, as though he were far too great a man to trouble his head with facts. It was his to command, not to know. But as the session wore on, his lightly assumed good-humour wore off. He displayed a reluctance to endure contradiction, which is the infallible sign of a weak man, thrust by hazard into a position which he cannot fill. He became impatient of criticism, rough in manner, and autoeratic in speech. The courtesy which leadership should impose soon vanished from his address. He made it clear that, in his view, discussion was impertinent, that the House of

Commons was assembled to register his decrees, not to discover what was best for the country, and that opposition was a sort of high treason. It was with the immortal phrase, "Enough of this foolery," that he struck the note of his domination. It was with an amazing ebullition of bad temper that he brought the session to a close. "In the one minute left to me," he exclaimed in the debate on the Transvaal Constitution, "I will only say one thing, that never in the course of my parliamentary career have I listened to a more unworthy——" A tumult made the rest inaudible, but, lest a single pearl of his speech should be lost, the Prime Minister hastened to assure the reporters that the other epithets which he used were "provocative and unpatriotic." That the author of "methods of barbarism" should deem "unpatriotic" a term of reproach is amazing enough. It would seem still more amazing, did we not know the difference between the principle and practice of Radicalism, that a Liberal Prime Minister should thus denounce the freedom of speech for which his ancestors are supposed to have bled. However, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is in office, and though he does not think it incompatible with the dignity of Government to intrust Under-Secretaries with the making of important statements, it is clear that he would like to exact respect, or at least silence, from his friends and foes alike.

But it is not only in the House of Commons that Sir Henry has shown his indiscretion. His speech on the Duma remains his most ill-judged, if not his most mischievous, utterance. It is deplorable that the first Minister of the Crown should so rashly forget his responsibilities as to intervene in the affairs of a friendly Power. For reasons which were doubtless imperative the Tsar of Russia abolished the Duma; and Sir Henry deemed it opportune to shout, "La Duma est morte, vive la Duma!" Nothing, save megalomania, can explain the bad taste of this utterance. It seems as if Sir Henry, at his tardy accession to office, believes himself the governor not only of England but of Europe.

Such a leader could not hope to have efficient followers, and, with the exceptions we have named, the members of the Government are worthy the Prime Minister. They are at once uncertain and arrogant. They bungle, with an open pride in their mistakes. Their confidence in disaster is unshakable. Lord Elgin, unable to keep order in his own house, pursues his way without heeding the consequence of indiscipline. The Minister at War, upon whom both parties pinned their faith, is hopelessly discredited. Aristides the Just is no longer worth ostracism. Not merely were his proposals a danger to the safety of the Empire; they were brought forward in a speech whose flaccidity proved that he had a firm grasp neither of fact nor principle.

And the Admiralty is no better equipped than the War Office. Lord Tweedmouth is as obedient a slave to the false doctrine of economy as Mr Haldane, and permits his representative in the Commons to prate of the Hague Conference, as though that debating society could really impose its views upon the nations of Europe. Meanwhile Mr Asquith can neither show a surplus nor reduce taxation; and Mr Lloyd-George, who is too busy stumping the country to master the policy of his own Government, has given us another proof, if proof were necessary, that the art of the demagogue and the art of the administrator, if equal, are opposite.

So far as numbers go, the Radical Government should be impregnable in its strength. Yet during the eight months of its existence it has displayed a pitiful and invariable weakness. The compact majority has always been ready to bow the knee to any impudent and irresponsible group that cares to raise its voice. Its motto is the motto of cowardice: Offend nobody who has a vote. Driven by panic to eat their own words, the several members of the Government think it sufficient to murmur "mandate." It is as though they divested themselves of intelligence, of initiative, of conviction, directly they entered the House. In accordance with a principle new to our Constitution, they declare themselves the bond slaves of those who returned them to office. Com-

pared with them, the pig-tailed helots of their imagination are free men. The will of the voters is above sense, above law, above (very much above) patriotism. It is no longer the business of a leader to lead. He must follow, in humble servitude, the meanest of his constituents. In brief, there is a mandate, and a mandate will explain everything, excuse everything. And it is easy to understand what a precious treasure is a mandate to politicians without a policy, to leaders without the tact or instinct of leadership. To those who cannot walk alone, a push or a kick may be a grateful aid, and the stout-soled boots of the Labour Party are the kindest explanation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's erratic progress.

But it was not by mandate that Chatham and Pitt, Canning and Palmerston, Disraeli and Lord Salisbury, governed England. These statesmen used their own intelligence, they framed their own opinions, and they were rewarded by the confidence of the people. Indeed, it is obvious that, if the House of Commons exists for no other reason than to translate into fact the ignorant aspirations of electors, drunk with rhetoric, it will cease to be the resort of wise and independent statesmen. And the mandate is not the only protection claimed by the existing Government. So modest are Sir Henry and his colleagues, so distrustful of public opinion, that they hide for safety be-

hind the backs of permanent officials. Their vast majority avails them nothing. As if conscious of their own incompetence, they declare in haste that their schemes are not their own, or that they have received the approval of wiser men. When Mr Robertson announced the reduction of the naval programme, "he laid stress on the fact that this revision of the programme was recommended by his naval colleagues at the Admiralty." When Lord Elgin introduced the Transvaal Constitution, he threw a doubt on the voters' roll, and quoted Lord Selborne as his authority. Even had the High Commissioner confirmed Lord Elgin's statement, which he had not done, the principle would be indefensible. Reckless as the Government is, it cannot thus escape responsibility. It is the master, not the slave, of its officers, and it cannot put the weight of its own actions on to the backs of others without pleading guilty to the charge of cowardice.

And what has it achieved—this Government, with the largest majority recorded since 1832? It has passed an Education Act which inspires confidence in no one, which even its framers would be glad to drop, and which has not a remote chance of ever being administered. Its characteristics are complexity, extravagance, and revenge. The Nonconformist conscience is given its thirty pieces of silver, and the churches which do not own the supremacy of Dr Clifford are punished for their temerarious

behaviour. The principles of religious liberty, for which, according to an obsolete legend, the Nonconformists are always eager to meet a fiery death, have been trodden under foot, and it has been made abundantly clear that a violent persecution awaits all those who will not conform to nonconformity. But the victory will be short-lived, and we await the revision of the Bill with an equal mind.

If Dr Clifford has proved a hard taskmaster, the Trade-Unionists have shown themselves adamant in tyranny. Where the Doctor lashed Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman with whips, Mr Keir Hardie and his friends have lashed the hapless Minister with scorpions. The Trades Disputes Bill, whose object is to place the working-man above and beyond the law, is another pitiful reward for past services. If this monstrous measure passes, every species of illegality will be legalised by our craven-hearted Government. Henceforth the trade-unions will not be responsible even for the doings of their properly appointed agents. And as though these illegalities were not sufficient, it will be enacted that "any person whatever may interfere with the trade, business, or employment of any other person, or with his right to dispose of his capital or labour as he wishes, so long as his action is in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute." To give the Bill a shadowy semblance of justice, the masters also are exempt "for recovery of dam-

ages for any tortious act committed by them." In other words, the law, by the voice of our Attorney-General, plainly and boldly confesses its impotence. Not only is it acknowledged that the working-man can do no wrong; it is also acknowledged that in trade disputes force is the only remedy. So that nothing is left for men and masters but to organise private militias and to fight the battle out to the death, as the battle was fought out in 1892 at Homestead, Pa., between Pinkerton's armed detectives and the workmen of Mr Carnegie, the famous philanthropist.

And this new principle of lawlessness is introduced into England by Ministers who have loudly expressed their disapproval. The Attorney-General, in agreement with Messrs Haldane and Asquith, has denounced the measure, which he now, in obedience to the tyranny of labour, desires to pass. Five short months ago Sir J. Lawson Walton was full of courage. "Do not let us create a privilege," said he, "for the proletariat, and give a sort of benefit of clergy to trade-unions." And again he asked, as one respecting the dignity of law: "Are hon. members sure that it is wise to remove from these unions, and particularly from the agents employed, a sense of responsibility? They are often swayed by passion, by excitement, and by feeling. Is it right that the agents should move about with the feeling that, what-

ever they do, the property of the union will not have to bear any loss?" Mr Asquith, also, was as bold as brass. "He had told his trade-union friends," said he, "that the common-sense of the community could not be easily convinced that an association of persons—whether technically incorporated or not, made not the slightest difference—wielding great powers, controlling considerable funds, should not be legally answerable for the conduct of agents acting under their authority." Mr Haldane was equally valiant. He saw—this was on January 22, 1906—"that Mr Keir Hardie had written to the newspapers threatening Mr Asquith and himself (Mr Haldane) with all sorts of retribution if they would not toe the mark by voting up to the particular propositions which Mr Keir Hardie wished carried out about the Trades Disputes Bill. Well, he was sure neither he nor Mr Asquith would budge one inch because of Mr Keir Hardie's demands." There's bravery for you! There's courage! But it is the courage of Bob Acres, and it oozes out at the approach of the first braggart that comes along. And it is not possible to find a single word of excuse for these pusillanimous lawyers.

They have sinned one and all against the light. Nothing has happened, nothing could happen, legitimately to change their opinion. Their education and profession have been in vain if they do not understand the unalterable principles of law

and justice. Now, the propriety or impropriety of the Trades Disputes Bill is not a matter of opinion. It cannot be right to-day if it were wrong yesterday. The protection of life and property is the duty of the law, now and always. This duty does not chop and shift with circumstance and intrigue. And the Attorney-General, and Messrs Haldane and Asquith, are guilty of more than a mere inconsistency. They are patently disloyal to their craft. Moreover, if their party went beyond their knowledge of law, they had an easy remedy: they might, had they chosen, have placed their resignations in the hands of the Prime Minister. It is thus that statesmen have always protected themselves against the insolence of their colleagues. But the three lawyers did not resign; and in supporting a measure which they have denounced, they have tarnished their honour and impaired the dignity of English politics.

Indeed, we may well ask whether the House of Commons has left a shred of dignity wherewith to cover its nakedness. A vain recklessness at home has been matched by a vainer recklessness in the Colonies. The masters of Downing Street, not content with insulting a great public servant, thought it expedient to declare that they were indifferent whether or not their vacillating policy involved the Transvaal in commercial disaster. Perhaps they believe that colonies exist merely to illustrate a Radical

theory of government. And, unfortunately, the Government has done more than enunciate academic creeds. It has given the Transvaal a Constitution, for the gift of which the present Government will be ever notorious. We know not which is the more remarkable in this brand-new constitution—the levity with which it was introduced, or the spirit of party which informs it. Mr Winston Churchill was kind enough to suggest that his political opponents should “*pause* before they commit themselves to violent or rash denunciations.” “Violent or rash” are excellent words in the mouth of the Member for Manchester, N.W. But before he sat down Mr Churchill’s eloquence took a still loftier flight. “With all our majority,” said he, with the true accent of Mr Pecksniff, “we can only make it the gift of a party; they can make it the gift of England.” There Mr Churchill is wrong. Nobody can make a constitution which is scrawled all over with party bias and party rancour “the gift of England.” England has never unanimously abased herself, and in this matter she is not dishonoured. She has still citizens left to deplore the levity and treason of Ministers. The dishonour falls upon the party, and upon the party alone. The truth is, Mr Churchill’s constitution is an act of revenge taken by the Pro-Boers, just as Mr Birrell’s Education Bill is intended to satisfy the rage of the Nonconformists. And if those who six years ago did

their best to comfort the enemies of their King have waited for their triumph, they have not waited in vain.

The new Constitution is framed in accord with the wishes of the Boers. The Boers asked for manhood suffrage. They will get it. Of this reckless experiment it is difficult to speak with moderation. England, which has lived under the forms of representative government for more than six centuries, has not yet been thought fit for manhood suffrage. But the privilege is given to South Africa without hesitation, because those who a few years ago were in arms against us have demanded it. Again, "the Boers desired to have the old magisterial districts preserved." They are preserved, field-cornets and all, and they will serve to remind our new colonists of the brave days when Krugerism was supreme, and Englishmen, living in a state of semi-slavery, were not permitted to vote at all. And then, that the triumph of democracy may be complete, the members of the new House are to receive payment. But it is in the allocation of seats that the greatest injustice has been done. Here the principles of democracy and fairness are alike sacrificed. The number of voters on the Boer side is some 38,000; the number of voters on the English side is some 52,000. So that, if the Government is really representative, the English should have a clear majority in the new Chamber. But an English

majority would not satisfy Mr Churchill, whose modest ambition is "a coalition Government, with some moderate leader acceptable to both parties." And, while it is certain that the English majority in the House, if it exist, will in no sense be commensurate with the English majority in the country, it is even probable that the Boers will obtain that complete control of the Government which ever since the war has been the end and aim of their policy.

While the Government believes that it can trust the Transvaal with manhood suffrage, there is one concession which it cannot make. It does not forget that it came into power upon a Chinese hoax, and in deference to the electors, who were its dupes, it has inserted a clause in the Constitution "which will provide for the abrogation of the existing Chinese Labour Ordinance after a reasonable interval." Such is the statesmanship of the amateur, who can neither withhold boldly nor grant freely. But even in this provision you may detect the influence of the Pro-Boer. To the Boer Chinese labour is of small interest. Its withdrawal will injure only an industry pursued by Englishmen, and diminish the number of workmen whom they employ. Thus one more injustice is put upon our patient countrymen; one other cause of satisfaction is given to those who delight to give away what does not belong to them.

However, the folly of the

Radicals has committed the country to a surrender, of which since Majuba there has been no equal. And the present surrender is worse even than Majuba, because it has been made after the added experience of twenty-five years. The character of the Boers and of their leaders is well known to us. The insults to which Englishmen were subjected by the late Mr Kruger are still fresh in our memory. The fighting of many battles and the signing of a peace does not ensure the friendship and good faith of the conquered, and it is not magnanimity, but pusillanimity, which gives away without a murmur the lawful fruits of victory. We have proved ourselves impotent, not only to South Africa, but to all our Colonies. Once more we have sacrificed the interests of our loyal subjects to flatter a hostile population, which does not desire our friendship. And while, through the mouths of our Ministers, we boast of our generosity, the whole world knows that we are weak.

And why has the Government thus renounced the advantages which England won at the point of the sword? No doubt it would plead in excuse an abstract love of truth and justice. It would repeat the common tags of virtue and its reward. It would vaunt the power of mercy and the profit that lurks in a forgiving spirit. And it would do all these things in vain. It is out of the Government's power to hide behind the shield of

truth. Until it has made due atonement for the falsehoods, spoken and pictured, which brought it into power, none, save its accomplices in deception, will believe that its policy was influenced by a lofty morality. In brief, Sir Henry and his colleagues must put on the pigtail of remorse, and sit in the ashes of repentance, before they can persuade us to ascribe their actions to any other motive than unscrupulous self-interest, or to vain superstition.

And it is superstition rather than self-interest which has guided their policy in South Africa. Our present Government, like many Governments of its kind, cherishes a sentimental hatred of England. It consists of cannibals eager to make a meal of their nearest relations. To readers of English history this cannibalism is only too familiar. We shall search the annals of other countries in vain for even a distant parallel. But for a hundred and fifty years there have been English Ministers eager to witness and applaud the triumph of England's enemies. Charles James Fox, to name the classic instance, hailed the defeat of the British arms in America with rapture; and when England and France were at war he hardly dared to believe in the victories of France, lest later news should disappoint him. And the sordid antipathy of Fox to the country which he aspired to rule has been a constant characteristic of Radical policy. It proceeds, no doubt, from an overweening vanity, a feeling

of superiority to the impulses which govern other men. "We could not stoop to the selfish vice of patriotism," say our cannibals. "Thank God! we are intelligent enough to see the good that lurks in every one of whatever creed or colour." But there they boast: they are not intelligent enough to see any good in their own countrymen, however much they may admire the zeal and energy of their country's foes.

While the Government, to flatter the Boers, has given away the fruits of victory, the rank and file of the party are in open league with our foes in every part of the world. Mr Keir Hardie, who is plainly destined by Providence to find a home in a friendly kraal, is indifferent to the death of Englishmen, but cannot bear to see a Kaffir suffer. Mr J. M. Robertson, on the other hand, keeps the tears of his sympathy for those Egyptians who are kind enough to murder British officers. But most zealous Radicals assume that an Englishman entrusted with his country's honour abroad must always be a blackguard. In the common phrase, the man on the spot is always wrong. Knowledge is only another form of villainy, and he who would aspire to govern our great Empire can best show his loyalty by discrediting and betraying the men who give their lives to England. Luckily there is still Sir Edward Grey to be reckoned with, and the speech in which he defended the Egyptian Government against the ignorant

aspersions of his own party was the incident in the session to which we look back with the greatest satisfaction.

The harm done by these enemies of their land is infinitely increased by its wide publicity. The world knows only too well that the governors of England look with the eye of detestation upon their country. The world knows, and cannot understand, an attitude of mind which appears to unprejudiced spectators at once dastardly and unnatural. But, while it cannot understand, it may still take advantage of a rival's folly, and the press of Europe has proved its satisfaction by the tone of contemptuous amiability which it adopts towards the Cabinet of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. And Europe has every reason for its satisfaction. When Mr Robertson announced that, as a first step to disarmament, the ships deemed indispensable by Sir John Fisher a few months ago would not be built, Germany replied by a larger programme, and Sir John Fisher did not resign. Again, for the better accommodation of our rivals, Mr Haldane is as ready as Mr Robertson to economise. And the Radical journals, not to be behind, sing the praises of Germany; and German editors, persuaded by Mr Stead and one of Mr Kruger's secretaries, believe that London is already in their pocket. Is it not a humiliating spectacle? And our pride is not increased by the sad reflection that the majority of the Cabinet has

adopted for its motto, "England for anybody but the English."

Meanwhile, the Government is committed at home to class legislation in its extremest form. Next to the working-man it best loves the degenerate. For his comfort it is prepared to sacrifice the Army, the Navy, the safety of the Empire. That the children of the degenerate may be fed, housed, and educated, that the degenerate himself may receive a pension, or even sit (for £300 a-year) in the House of Commons, it is eager to tax the upper class until its estates are cut into small holdings, and its galleries and libraries shipped to America, and to drive the middle-class out of existence. The one virtue that it will always cherish is incompetence. The unskilled labourer is the noblest work of God, because there is more of him, and every vote counts. And so we are driven back

to a sad parochialism. The Empire, in which we once took a pride, does not interest the degenerate. Nothing will serve us but the worship of the parish pump. To keep that sacred edifice in good repair, we must sacrifice our dreams of nobler architecture. But we shall not long be permitted to rejoice even in the parish pump. For presently it will be annexed, parish and all, by the foreigners, to gain whose good opinion we have forfeited our skill and our strength. It is not a pleasant prospect, but it is a prospect which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his reckless colleagues face with a smiling pride. And yet, as we take leave of them for a while, we are forced to confess that they have achieved a triumph which we had fondly hoped was impossible,—they have made us regret the sanguine rhetoric and willing surrenders of Mr Gladstone.

THE SEVENTH DUKE OF RUTLAND.

1818-1906.

THE death of the Duke of Rutland has brought to a close a rarely dignified and noble career. For more than sixty years, as Lord John Manners or as the Duke of Rutland, he had served his country with a zeal and wisdom which entitle him to a foremost place in the history of his time. A statesman, a man of letters, a philanthropist in the good sense of that much-abused word, he expressed his views eloquently alike with voice and pen; and if at the outset he was condemned as a dreamer of dreams, he lived to see many of his youthful visions changed to practical realities.

Born in 1818, he grew up in a romantic age. Byronism had touched the heart of youth to generous impulses. And when Lord John Manners went to Eton, the high hope of a renescent medievalism was already cherished by the best of his contemporaries. Fortunate in his period, Lord John was fortunate also in his friendships. The closest companion of his schooldays was George Smythe, a man of genius, whom an unkind destiny condemned to be greater in inspiration than in achievement, and who remained Lord John's most intimate friend until his death. From Eton the two enthusiasts went to Cambridge, where they paid a more willing attention to politics than to scholarship, and where both established a reputation for eloquence. At the Union they joined in condemning the foreign policy of the Melbourne Ministry. Together they declared that the political character of Fox did not deserve our approbation, and from the same side of the House they argued that the conduct of James II. and his abdication of the throne did not justify the Revolution of 1688. Thus early they formed the opinions which they never renounced, and which, matured by the years, were supported by the great newspapers, were professed by an eminent leader, and were held by an important party in the State.

Meanwhile, Lord John Manners had succumbed to another and a potent influence. In the summer of 1838 he met at Ambleside F. W. Faber,¹ then a young Oxford graduate, and

¹ In 1869 Lord John Manners contributed to the pages of '*Maga*' an enthusiastic tribute to the memory of Faber.

already an eloquent preacher. The friendship, speedily established between the two men, strengthened Lord John's sympathy with the High Church party, and had no small effect in shaping the aims and ambitions of Young England. And thus it was that, when Lord John Manners took his seat for Newark, as the colleague of Mr Gladstone, he already held strong opinions concerning the affairs of Church and State. His conversations with George Smythe and Faber had borne fruit, and through a long and uniform career he remained ever loyal to the ideals of his youth.

No sooner had Lord John entered the House than the party of Young England came into being,—or rather, it emerged from the seclusion of Cambridge into the larger world of London. Its leaders, being all young, abundantly justified Disraeli's famous saying that "the history of Heroes is the history of Youth." And as they were young, so they were full of a generous enthusiasm. While they were not unconscious of their own rank and distinction, they supported the cause of the workers with courage and energy. They believed that the recognition of the privilege of their class was not incompatible with a love of the people. And if they supported the people, it was because they believed that they could trust it, not because they wished to realise an ideal which they had inadvertently expressed. For them the doctrine of wealth at any price, preached in Manchester, had no attraction. They aimed at a prosperity which was not inconsistent with the general happiness, and which was not limited to buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. Their ambition was to see a union of all classes. In the Utopia dreamed of by them there was to be food and leisure for all. The land should once again deserve the name of Merry England, then applied to it, as Lord John said, only "in cruel and bitter irony." So for the sake of national unity and national happiness Lord John Manners and his friends took up the cause of the working-class, pleaded for better pay and shorter hours, fought with all their strength against the system of truck, and advocated popular sports and popular amusements.

The views held by the champions of Young England were not those of either party in the State. They stood above faction. In Lord John Manners' words, "The name of Englishman should be one of prouder import, and bear a

more quickening spell than that of Whig and Tory." And so long as they were unanimous, Lord John and his friends were free to oppose either side. "A small but influential body of men, who were the first to shake Sir R. Peel from his high pedestal"—thus they were described by one who had a perfect understanding of their aim and achievement. That they were covered with ridicule was a tribute to their success. They were laughed at as fantastical and reviled as papists. Their love of the people was flouted as a pretence, and their sense of chivalry as an affectation. But the contempt of Thackeray and other Radicals was easily forgotten in the sympathy of the wise. On August 9, 1843, Disraeli announced his allegiance and his leadership, declaring that Sir R. Peel had changed his policy so recklessly that his followers must now shift for themselves. Two influential journals, in their leaders of the next day, boldly avowed their partisanship. In truth, it was a triumph of youth and enthusiasm, and the small party which met at Deepdene might, without arrogance, have hoped to dominate the councils of the nation.

But the House of Commons was not the only place where their eloquence was appreciated. They were heard in Manchester and Birmingham and Bingley—everywhere, in fact, where an Athenæum or Athenic Institute was established. On many a platform Lord John Manners appeared, with George Smythe and Benjamin Disraeli, to expound the views of Young England; and the speeches delivered in 1844, under these auspices, may be regarded as the text-book of the party. They are persuasive, rhetorical, even a little florid—these orations pronounced on behalf of the people's happiness; but the men who made them discovered their singleness of purpose, their sincerity of aim, in every sentence which they uttered. "No one could cast his eye over the great uneven surface of English society," said Lord John at Birmingham, "and not be convinced that unless something amounting to a cordial union took place between the various classes of society, the state and condition to which they would all be very soon reduced must be unsafe and dangerous. He saw no evils that could arise from such a union; but he saw many which would arise if such a feeling as he had described were not created." Such was Lord John's point of view, and it was with the same design that he advo-

cated popular amusements. "In many parts of England," he declared, "great efforts were being made to restore amongst the people the ancient games and field-sports; and that these efforts might be successful, and, above all, the struggle now going on to secure to the people sufficient time for their recreations which they so much needed, was the most hearty wish of his soul."

Before his death the Duke of Rutland saw accomplished, and more than accomplished, all the things for which he had pleaded. Shorter hours, higher wages, a better chance for field-sports and games—these are to-day all the privileges of the working-man. But, as moderation is impossible in this world, the teaching of Young England has been carried farther than Lord John Manners and his colleagues had ever contemplated. Short hours have become shorter, even unto idleness; and the sports and games, in which all classes can meet, have become the tyrants of the people. Cricket and football, once reasonable amusements, are passing through the same stages of decay as were the ruin of the Olympic Games. From sport to professionalism, from professionalism to spectacle, are but easy steps, and for every man who strengthens his muscles at the sport ten thousand look on in open-eyed lassitude. But this decay is not the fault of Young England, whose legitimate boast it was that it restored to its country those tests of skill and endurance which once upon a time, in Lord John's phrase, "Kings of England did not think it beneath them to regulate and arrange." Above all, Disraeli had taken the lessons of Young England to heart. The Tory democracy, which has saved England, and will save her again, was born of the teaching of Lord John Manners; and if the union at which he aimed, if the Imperialism which he advocated, are in disgrace to-day, it is because, like all prophets, he was ahead of his time.

There could not be a better proof of Lord John's consistent sincerity than the fact that the opinions formed of him sixty years ago need no revision. His early contemporaries noted in him "a gravity of spirit" and "a freedom from affectation" which, true then, were true unto the end of his life. "He has stamped the character of his mind," said a writer in 1847, "upon his career. There is a singular individuality about him—a unity of purpose, opinion, and character, of which he presents almost a single instance in an age of disorganised opinion." These words, penned sixty years ago, may be accepted to-day

without the change of a syllable. And of how many statesmen may so much be said? But it must not be thought that this unity of purpose was the result of an inflexible, uninformed mind. It was his principles which never changed; in matters of fact no one was ever more ready to revise a hastily made statement. Nor would he accept without inquiry the assertions of others. "As an Englishman and a Christian," said he in 1841, "I was not disposed to believe in the existence of such distress in the heart of this wealthy country, but I have been down to Bolton to judge for myself, and I am deeply sorry to say that I can bear testimony to the truth of the deplorable statements which have been made." In the same spirit of inquiry he went to Manchester with George Smythe in 1841, "to judge for himself." The journey not merely had a political importance, it was also a literary inspiration. The two young statesmen returned full of enthusiasm for the care which the Grants, the Ashworths, and the Birleys took for the health and comfort of their workpeople. Nor did they hesitate to express their enthusiasm. Lord John made a speech in the House of Commons, in which he declared that the conduct of the manufacturers had been grossly misrepresented. George Smythe, "now aristocracy-of-wealth mad," composed a stirring ballad on "The Merchants of Old England," while the news which they brought back inspired by no means the least interesting chapters of 'Coningsby.' They were, indeed, finding out a new world, but it was a world that lay about them. To the eye of their minds the chimneys of Manchester seemed more wonderful than the columns of Athens. And though the triumph of machinery did not accord either with their love of medievalism or their suspicion of the middle-class, they acclaimed it with an honest sincerity.

But Lord John Manners and his friends had other than political ambitions. They lived among men of letters, frequented the *salon* of Lady Blessington, and dedicated books to one another in a proper spirit of mutual homage. George Smythe's 'Historic Fancies' is inscribed to Lord John Manners, "the Philip Sidney of our generation"; while in return Lord John's 'England's Trust' is addressed to the Hon. George Percy Sydney Smythe, *parvum non parvæ pignus amicitiae*. Of Lord John's verse it is difficult to speak with justice. It belonged so intimately to what was called the New Generation that to our age it appears somewhat antiquated. In other words,

it was of its own time, not of all time, and we have lost the standard by which it should be judged. Nevertheless, the historical interest of 'England's Trust' (1844) and 'English Ballads' (1850) is by no means slight. Both these books are marked by the prevailing enthusiasm. They struck a note of chivalry in a grey world; they pleaded for ceremony and romance, when the making of money seemed of far greater importance than a gracious life. Above all, they exhibit most clearly their author's historical and political preferences. King Charles the Martyr, Strafford, Laud, James II., Don Carlos—whose cause he eloquently advocated in the Commons,—these were among his heroes; and the death of George Bentinck, "the self-denying spirit, scorning rest," inspired a set of verses, an extract from which will give the best measure of Lord John's talent:—

"In days of solemn cant and pert pretence,
When chattering dulness claim'd the name of sense,
When dazzled statesmen bent the suppliant knee
Before a spurious philosophy,—
Then, 'mid the widespread desolation, rose
One gallant spirit, prompt to interpose,
Launching the banner for which Burke had sigh'd,
And seeing not, in patriot sorrow died.
How, 'bove the common herd of common men
Tower'd the fine form of manly Bentinck then!
How in the lightning glances of that eye
Flashed ancient truth and dauntless chivalry,
That scorn'd alike conceal'd or open foes,
And with the rising tempest prouder rose!"

Though in later years the pursuit of politics hindered Lord John's practice of literature, his interest in all that pertained to letters never diminished. Of history he had always a very clear conception. It was not, in his eyes, "a mere record of the kings who reigned and the battles they fought, but the record of the country's inner life, the habits, thoughts, and tastes of its people, the real aims and objects of its government." These words were written in 1844, and though their point of view is familiar to-day, it was wholly original sixty years ago. And while he remained unto the end a keen student of history, he contributed not a little to the Reviews, and especially to 'Maga,' as we are grateful to remember. He sent his first article to *The Magazine* in 1849, his last in 1899, for 'Maga's' thousandth number. But it was between 1881 and 1884 that he lent the most valuable

aid, and, indeed, during those years he may be said to have shared the political guidance of *The Magazine*. By his death, full of years and honours, we feel we sustain a personal loss that can hardly be repaired.

The debate on the Maynooth Grant shattered the party of Young England; and even if the party had outlived that disagreement, it could hardly have survived the defection of F. W. Faber to the Church of Rome. And then the Repeal of the Corn Laws separated the friends yet more widely. While George Smythe went over to the Free Traders, Disraeli, as all the world knows, led the attack upon Peel, and Lord John Manners was left to follow his own line. At the outset he was not altogether unfavourable to concession. He held that a question involving the food of the people could not be decided upon the principles of political economy. At the same time, he deprecated the passage of a great measure "as the expedient of a terrified Cabinet, hurried through a mystified Parliament into a premature law." And in the very first speech that he made on the question he proposed a wise plan, which does not differ essentially from that which is before the country to-day. He gave it as his opinion "that a scheme which admitted the produce of the Colonies and Indian corn duty free, and other foreign corn at a moderate fixed duty, would place the corn trade on a basis satisfactory to the mercantile interests of the country, would bind the members of our vast Colonial empire to us by the closest ties, and would afford security to the English farmer." That is the suggestion of a prudent Imperialism, which sixty years of shallow dogma have abundantly justified.

But if at first Lord John Manners opposed Peel on constitutional rather than political grounds, he was speedily convinced of the error of Repeal, and since 1846 he has pleaded again and again for Fiscal Reform. Though he knew that his was a voice crying in the wilderness he did not remain silent, being sure that time would win him an audience. "It will be to the Tory party," he wrote in 1881, "that the industrial classes will have to look not only for the preservation of those great and sacred institutions, which are as dear to them as to any other section of the community, but for that reform of our fiscal system which shall enable them to earn 'a fair day's wage for a fair day's work.'" And two years later he summed up the question in words

which were truly prophetic. "We are persuaded," said he, "that the only way in which a duty on corn can be successfully proposed is as part of a great and comprehensive scheme of tariff reform." This doctrine, boldly preached five-and-twenty years ago, is daily gaining more and more adherents, and the Duke of Rutland died in the full consciousness that, if his opinions had suffered a momentary eclipse, statesmen still survived who would bring them once more into the full light of day.

After Peel's fall Lord John Manners remained for three years outside the House of Commons. But in 1850 he was returned for Colchester, and in 1852 was appointed First Commissioner of Works, with a seat in the Cabinet. Three times he held this office with great distinction. He did his utmost to protect London from outrage and vandalism, and the parks, as we know them to-day, owe much to his taste and forethought. At the Post Office, also, he initiated many useful reforms, and his counsel was highly valued by the Cabinets in which he held a seat. But he never took the place in practical politics to which his talents entitled him, and the reason is not far to seek. In the first place, he was a political philosopher rather than a politician. His view of life and statecraft was too loftily romantic and imaginative for a prosaic age. His theories of the relation of one class to another, his sincere zeal for the good of the people, his respect for the throne and the Church, above all his loyal love of the Empire, were the stuff of which poetry, not government, is made. And he could not shift and change with opportunity. He could not trim his sail to catch the passing breeze of a majority. Steadfast in his faith, stern in his consistency, he could neither bend this opponent nor conciliate that. Moreover, being a political philosopher, he looked upon affairs with a prophet's eye. The future was clearer to him than the present. As in 1844 he anticipated the legislation which should ameliorate the lot of the working-class, so in 1881 he saw clearly the ideas which should direct the wisdom of 1906. And there is small room for prophets in the struggle of intrigue and compromise which we call politics. That struggle must be fought, as life is lived, from hand to mouth, and with whatever weapons come most easily to your grasp. But to Lord John Manners the contests of politics were things of ceremony and circumstance. He would not stoop to take an unfair advantage, or to use a weapon that was not shaped for the fray. And so it was not

his fortune to take the lead in the battle of politics. He was content to foretell where the battlefield would be, and what tactics either side would pursue.

But there was another reason why it was difficult for him to lead a party in the State. On the question of fiscal policy he was, as has been said, opposed to either side. He was a Protectionist living in a land which had accepted Free Trade, or Free Imports, and which, confident in its ignorance, declined to reopen the question. Mr Disraeli's refusal, when the Tories came back into office in 1852, to discuss Protection was prudent and intelligible. It would be impossible to carry on the Government of a country if each succeeding Minister undid the work of his predecessor. But long before 1880 the political conditions were changed, and it is not surprising that Lord John Manners should have recognised that he was somewhat out of sympathy with his party. As his articles in 'Maga' prove, he was convinced of the ultimate necessity of Fiscal Reform; and since his colleagues were unwilling or afraid to attempt it, he could not but feel himself an unacceptable leader. Again, as we have said, he was ahead of his time, and it was not long before his death that the courageous advocacy of Mr Chamberlain brought the measures, long supported by Lord John, within a visible distance of fulfilment.

The Duke of Rutland, however, was something besides the champion of righteous, if unpopular, creeds. His gentle blood was, in the words of a friend, "only an illustration of his gentler conduct." The Nestor of his age, he treasured in his memory the history of sixty years, and he looked back upon the political strife, in which he had taken an active part, with the detached impartiality of a spectator. The spirit of justice which breathed within him permitted him to see all things in their right relation—even the talent of an opponent. And of him it may be said more truly than of any of his contemporaries, that by his humane and single-minded career he conferred distinction upon his time and country. He was above all a *grand seigneur*. He realised in himself the theories of Young England. He practised the chivalry which he had preached with so fine an eloquence. In a grasping, democratic age, which construes benefits for rights, he still stood firm to the doctrines of feudalism. The lord of broad acres, he held his lands and his castles in trust. His gardens and his galleries were open to the people, and he never regretted his generosity. "He was in the

habit of living in a large house," he said in the House of Commons as early as 1845, "in which there was a collection of works of art. He had seen as many as a hundred people at a time pass through these galleries. He had never seen any mischief or injury attempted, and nothing could have been more satisfactory than the conduct of the people on all occasions." Such was the practice of his predecessors, and he continued it with a satisfied conviction. But in this land of class-legislation and class-hatreds, it is a hopeless enterprise to serve the people in the spirit of ancient times. What is given freely is too often accepted grudgingly, or as a right. If we may trust our present governors, none but the working-man may claim the privilege of law or property. To him, we are told, all belongs. For him all must be done. If this be so, then chivalry is indeed dead, and we may mourn in the Duke of Rutland the last of a long and noble line.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MXCII.

OCTOBER 1906.

VOL. CLXXX.

THE SPEED OF THE CAPITAL SHIP.

THE question of mobility is one of the most difficult and complex among those which beset the naval strategist, tactician, and ship designer. The word "mobility" means capacity of being moved, and the term "enduring mobility" is used to denote the sea-keeping capacity of a ship, which includes capacity both as to time and space—the distance which can be traversed as well as the length of time in motion. Mobility must not be confounded with speed, which has a more narrow signification, and means rapidity of motion. Previous to May of last year, when 'Maga' began to throw doubts on the value of superior speed, the complex nature of the mobility problem was unheeded, and among the unthinking no phrase was more common than "speed is everything." The necessity for high speed was then looked upon as an axiom requiring no demon-

stration, and was generally believed to involve no sacrifice. Time and reflection have since brought doubts to many minds, who may now welcome a more comprehensive discussion of the question than has been hitherto expedient.

The first ocean-going battleship dependent on steam alone as the propelling power was launched in 1871. This was the *Devastation*. She was endowed with an enduring mobility equal to rather more than half that of the sailing-ship of the line. Since that date the extreme speed given to the battleship has gradually increased from 13·8 knots in the *Devastation* to 17·5 knots in the *Prince George* launched in 1895, to 18·5 knots in the *Edward VII.* launched in 1903, and even to 21 knots in the *Dreadnought*. How has this increase been brought about?

The answer is to be found by comparing the *Prince George*

with the *Devastation*, launched and 1871. The data for the respectively in the years 1895 two ships as designed are—

	Length.	Breadth.	Length. Breadth.	Mean draught.	Dis- place- ment.	Indi- cated horse- power.	I. H.-P. per ton of dis- place- ment.	Speed.
	feet	feet		feet	tons			knots
<i>Devastation</i>	285	62½	4·6 1	26½	9,060	5,600	·62	12·5
<i>Prince George</i>	390	75	5·2 1	27½	14,900	12,000	·8	17·5

The *Devastation* was not completed in accordance with her original design, and the facts given above for the *Prince George* represent her condition when carrying only 900 tons of coal, or 1100 tons short of

her complete stowage. For our purpose the data relating to the completed *Devastation* and the fully loaded *Prince George* are required.

They are—

	Length.	Breadth.	Length. Breadth.	Mean draught.	Dis- place- ment.	Indi- cated horse- power.	I. H.-P. per ton of dis- place- ment.	Speed.
	feet	feet		feet	tons			knots
<i>Devastation</i> as completed	285	62½	4·6 1	26½ ₂	9,300	6,600	·71	13·8
<i>Prince George</i> fully loaded	390	75	5·2 1	29½ ₂	16,000	12,000	·75	17·2 estimated

The speed shows an increase from 13·8 to 17·2 knots, or 24 per cent. Only a small proportion of this large increment can be accounted for by the small addition to the horse-power per ton of displacement, which is only 5 per cent. The greater part must be due to other differences between the two ships. These are increased size or displacement, greater proportion of length to breadth and to mean draught and improved form. To the increase in size from 9300 to 16,000 tons must be credited

a portion of the additional speed. A ship having the same displacement and horse-power as the *Prince George*, but similar in form and proportions to the *Devastation*, might be expected to attain a speed of about 15 knots, which would mean a gain due to size alone of more than 1 knot. The remainder of the increase in speed must be due to improved form. A ship having the same displacement and horse-power as the completed *Devastation*, but similar in form and proportions to the *Prince*

George, might be expected to approach a speed of 16 knots, which would be a substantial gain over the 13·8 knots actually attained by the first-named ship.

It is to be noted that the *Prince George's* gain in speed involved no sacrifice in other directions. The improvements in her form and proportions were the result of wider and more accurate knowledge of the laws governing steamship propulsion and the resistance offered to the motion of ships. Her growth in size was brought about largely by nautical and military necessities. The nautical need was to improve the sea-keeping qualities, which meant higher free-board and involved increased weight of hull. The military demands were strategical—for greater enduring mobility, which entailed a larger coal-supply; and tactical—for greater fighting

power, which meant increased weight of armament and equipment. The additions required to the weights of hull, coals, armament, and equipment reacted not only on each other, but also on those allotted to machinery and protection. Each addition meant increased displacement, and involved a further rise all round to provide for the larger ship. Thus the weight added to make the hull higher carried with it further additions to make it larger, and to provide the increased engine-power, coals, and protection required. The additions necessary were largely discounted by taking advantage of the improvements in ship-building material, in steam machinery, and in armour. These points are best understood by comparing the weights allotted to the different elements in the two ships as shown in the following table:—

	Devastation as completed.		Prince George fully loaded.		Percentage difference in Prince George.	
	tons	percentage	tons	percentage	Increase	decrease
Equipment .	316	3·4	700	4·4	1·0	...
Armament .	515	5·5	1580	9·9	4·4	...
Machinery .	1064	11·5	1330	8·3	...	3·2
Coal . . .	1350	14·5	2000	12·5	...	2·0
Protection .	3415	36·7	4540	28·4	...	8·3
Hull . . .	2640	28·3	5850	36·5	8·2	...
	9300	99·9	16,000	100·0	13·6	13·5

Here is seen not only a large absolute addition to the weights of hull, armament, and equip-

ment, but a larger percentage of displacement allotted to them. On the other hand, al-

though the absolute weights given to machinery, coal, and protection are higher, they absorb a smaller proportion of the displacement. The additional percentage required for the hull is almost exactly balanced by a saving in that applied to protection. The armament is increased at the expense of mobility, and the proportion allotted to it is made equal to that in the sailing 74-gun ship during the later Georgian era.

The increase in speed during the last thirty-five years has been a natural growth in those capital ships where, as in the *Prince George*, it has been attained without the sacrifice of fighting power. Such ships are true battleships. The growth has been unnatural where fighting power has been sacrificed, as in the so-called armoured cruiser. As has been already explained, the natural growth in speed has been due, firstly, to improved form and proportions; secondly, to a small additional ratio of engine power to displacement; and thirdly, to increased size. The laws governing steamship propulsion have been so closely examined during the past generation, and they are now so well understood and applied, that but little further growth is to be expected from the first cause. Future improvements in materials and machinery may make it possible to increase the engine power and the speed without adding to the weight. The enduring mobility of the latest capital ship has reached the limit found suffi-

cient in the sailing-ship of the line. The "space capacity" of the *Lord Nelson* has been estimated as about 8500 sea miles, while that of the *Dreadnought* has been given officially as 5800 sea miles, without taking into account the oil-fuel stowed, which will probably raise it above 8000 miles. Hence it is not probable that further large inroads on the displacement will be made by enduring mobility. Any future increase in size will be due to demands either for greater fighting power or for increased speed, or for both. Will these demands be justified? As was explained in the May number of 'Maga,' where the growth of the capital ship was discussed, the proportion of fighting power to be concentrated in any one ship is a military question, and is mainly dependent upon the work to be done. To meet the demands of war, the sailing era saw fighting power divided between a large number of capital ships moderate in size and a small percentage exceptional in power. It was argued that future wars will make the same calls on steam navies.

The validity of the demands for increased speed remains to be examined. This also is a military question, and turns upon the tactical and strategical advantages of superior speed. As the military work to be done tends to restrict the size of the capital ship to moderate dimensions, it is evident that the military value attaching to superior speed is a prime factor in determining

both size and cost. If all other things were equal, superior speed would be undoubtedly of some value both tactically and strategically. But all other things are not equal, since superior speed cannot be obtained without the sacrifice of some other element in a ship of war. Before determining on the sacrifice, it is well to know as precisely as possible the value of superior speed. The tactical advantages most often claimed for it are that it is the equivalent of the "weather gage" in the sailing era, that after the battle is won it is useful in the pursuit, and that he who has it can fight at the range he prefers. Not one of these claims is entirely correct. It is true that superior speed often confers power to give and refuse battle, as did the "weather gage" to somewhat the same limited extent. But the faster fleet has not now the choice of the method of attack, and the slower one is not limited to a defensive attitude, which shows how little real analogy exists. It is also true that superior speed is useful in the pursuit, but it is not necessary to sacrifice fighting power to obtain a margin for this purpose, and it is not expedient to do so, because the enemy must be beaten before he is pursued. If all capital ships were built equal in speed, it is well known that under service conditions some would be faster than others. This natural selection meets now, as it did in the past, all the requirements of the case.

Whether superior speed controls the range depends upon the relation between the courses and speeds of two ships manœuvring at a constant distance apart.

FIG. 1.

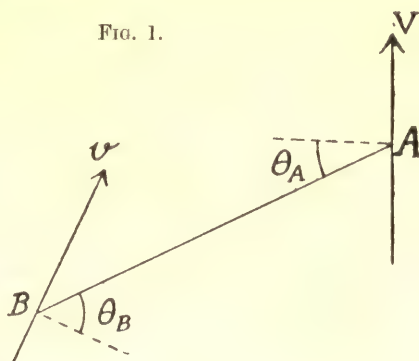


Fig. 1 is intended to illustrate this relation, which is given by the equation—

$$\frac{\sin \theta_A}{\sin \theta_B} = \frac{v}{V}$$

where V , v are the speeds of two ships A and B steering any two courses, as shown in fig. 1, θ_A the bearing of B abaft (or before) the beam of A , and θ_B the bearing of A before (or abaft) the beam of B . It is clear that if A wishes to alter the range, he will bring B abaft or before his beam according as he wants to open or close. We have to show that if B desires to keep the range constant, he can frustrate A 's attempt within certain limits, by steering suitable courses, given by the above equation. This formula is the key to a right understanding of the value of superior speed. The proof of it is given in an appendix.

The values of θ_A and θ_B corresponding to the ratio $\frac{V}{v} = \frac{7}{6}$ have been calculated, and are as follows:—

$$\theta_A = 0^\circ, 25^\circ, 30^\circ, 37^\circ, 48^\circ, 59^\circ$$

$$\theta_B = 0^\circ, 30^\circ, 36^\circ, 45^\circ, 60^\circ, 90^\circ$$

These results mean that when $\theta_A = \theta_B = 0$, the two ships are moving round a-beam of each other on concentric circles, and the range or distance between them remains constant. If A, wishing to open out from B, sheers away (fig. 1) and brings her to bear any number of degrees up to 59 abaft the beam, B can frustrate the attempt by steering towards A and bringing her to bear the corresponding number of degrees before the beam up to 90, when B will be heading straight for A. If A sheers away more than 59 degrees, then B can no longer prevent her opening out. Precisely the same results will obtain if A wishes to close, except that she will turn towards B, who will edge away and will be able to prevent any change of range until A turns more than 59 degrees, when B will be steering straight from A and will be unable to prevent that ship closing. Hence within a certain value of θ_A dependent upon the speed ratio, superior speed gives no power to alter the range. Outside this "limiting bearing" the faster ship controls the range, which means that she does so when one or the other tries to open out, withdraw, or run away. The value of the "limiting bearing" in degrees

at various speeds is as follows:—

Speed of faster ship. Knots.	Excess of speed.			
	1.	2.	3.	4.
21 . .	72	65	59	54
18 . .	71	63	56	51
15 . .	69	60	53	47

It will be remembered that the corresponding value for θ_B is always 90 degrees. We have to note that the higher the speed the larger is the "limiting bearing," and also the greater the excess of speed required for a given "limiting bearing." Hence such advantage as is given by superior speed decreases as the speed rises.

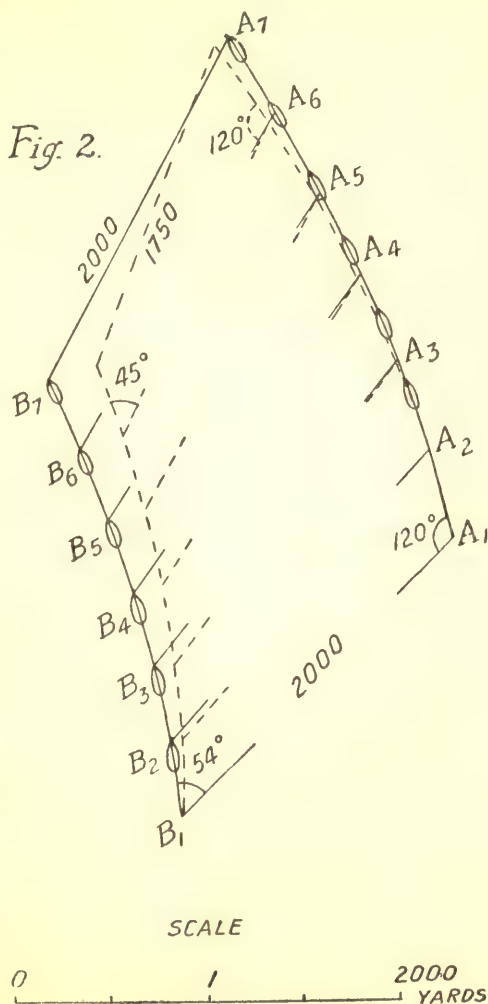
But the maximum bearing or angle on which all the guns on one side can be concentrated varies from about 45 degrees before or abaft the beam bearing in battleships of the latest types to 30 degrees, or even 25 degrees, in other such ships, and from about 60 degrees in armoured cruisers of the latest designs to 30 degrees in others of the class. Consequently, as the ships turn in the manner already described, the broad-side guns, and possibly others, go out of action in one or both ships before the "limiting bearing" is reached. The ships cease to be on an equality at an earlier stage. In fact, the "limiting bearing," which marks the point where one ship begins to control the range, is dependent not only on the relative speeds but on the arcs through which the guns train. The necessity of using as many guns as possible gives the control of the range not necessarily to the faster ship, but to the

one which can keep them longest in action. The faster ship will be able to do so unless the guns of the slower train through arcs wider than those due to the speed ratio.

Thus, if the guns of the faster ship train 30 degrees while those of the slower train 45 degrees, so long as all the guns are in action the latter will control the range when the ratio is $\frac{7}{6}$, but neither will do so when the ratio is $\frac{7}{5}$, since θ_B will then equal 44 degrees when θ_A equals 30 degrees. Between these limits lie the data applicable to the Japanese and Russian battleships which took part in the battle of Tsu Sima. The wider arcs of training more than compensated the Russians for their deficiency in speed, and would have prevented the Japanese controlling the range but for their overpowering gun fire and superior tactics, which enabled them to do so.

This point can be better understood by reference to fig. 2, in which are plotted to scale the successive positions $A_1, A_2, A_3, B_1, B_2, B_3$, at one minute intervals of two ships whose speeds are 14 knots and 12 knots, and whose guns can be trained 30 degrees and 45

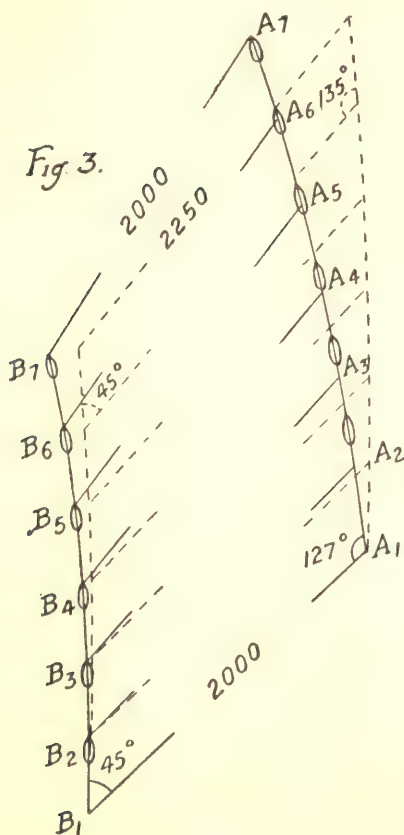
degrees from the beam bearing respectively. On the same diagram are shown the relative positions of two squadrons, of which A_7 and B_7 are the



leaders. We now deal only with single ships. A wishes to open out from B, and keeps him 30 degrees abaft the beam; B intends to maintain the range constant, and holds

A 36 degrees before the beam. A, the faster, cannot open out without throwing his broadside guns out of action, and in fact running away. On the other hand, B can close while all the guns of both ships are in action, by keeping A 45 degrees

lines represent their paths when the range is constant, and the dotted lines those when A opens out against the will of B, with all the guns of both ships just bearing. The maximum rates at which he can do this under various conditions are as follows:—



Difference of speed.	Angles of training of guns in degrees.		
	60	45	30
	Yards per minute.		
1.	29	23	17
2.	58	46	34
3.	86	70	50
4.	116	92	68

The rate is so slow that it is evident if two ships approach each other to engage, the time selected to turn for the purpose of bringing the broadside guns into action rather than the power to open or close determines the range at which the battle is fought. So far as single-ship actions are concerned, superior speed does not govern the range on opening fire, and, unless one side runs away, only controls it during the fighting when associated with sufficiently wide arcs of training the guns, and then only to a limited extent. Whichever ship has this power to control must, in order to use it, bring her enemy to bear on her quarter or bow, according as she wishes to open or close. If she is the leader of a squadron, the effect is to expose the van of one side and the rear of the other to a concentrated attack. This is evident from

before the beam, as is shown by the dotted lines. The range decreases at the rate of about 42 yards a minute—of one mile in 50 minutes.

Fig. 3 illustrates the case when the guns of both ships train 45 degrees. The solid

the diagrams. When the two fleets are in this position, unless the guns of the slower have considerably wider arcs of training, the faster will have some advantage if he wishes to keep outside any given range. This advantage decreases as the range increases, because the lines become less curved. But, as in the case of single ships, it is getting into position which really determines the range, and we are to remember that with speeds differing only two or three knots, if a good position is not taken when the battle begins much time will be needed to move into it, during which the guns will be at work largely discounting its value. Both the sham-fight off the Azores in the year 1903 and the battle of Tsu Sima showed that difference of speed is less important than tactical skill when taking position. Although the foregoing arguments are not put forward as exhaustive, they are perhaps sufficient to convince the reader that proof of the tactical advantages due to superior speed should be forthcoming before fighting power is sacrificed to obtain it. We continue to insist that tactical experiments should be made to determine its value.

The strategical value of superior speed cannot be understood without a wide and comprehensive knowledge of the art of conducting war, which few possess. This art cannot be fully discussed in a short article; but its leading prin-

ciples may perhaps be made clear enough to show that the wide difference of opinion as to the value of superior speed is due to imperfect knowledge.

War is a struggle between organised national forces, and is decided ultimately by their use in battle. The distribution and movements of these forces determine when and where these fights shall take place, and the strength of the combatants in each action. It is the province of strategy to deal with the principles involved in making these arrangements — to determine when and where fighting power shall be transferred. Every war is waged with a view to attain some special object, and involves, or should involve, a general plan which controls to a greater or less degree the movements of the hostile forces. To attain the object, it is usually found necessary to control one or more particular water areas, which must be provided for in the plan. Thus the control of American waters was vital to success both in the War of Independence during the eighteenth century and in the Civil War about eighty years later. The result of the Napoleonic wars turned on the control of European waters, and the recent Japanese successes were dependent upon keeping the mastery of the Japan Sea.

When viewed as mobility problems, these examples present themselves under two broad aspects. We have to

consider, first, the principles which govern the transfer of force from area to area; and second, those which control its use within any given area. In the first case, the aim is to possess superior fighting power in a particular area. This can be realised either directly by sending a force there, or indirectly by threatening some other point with a view to prevent the enemy despatching reinforcements, or to tempt him to break up the force he already has there. The direct method was used in the year 1778, when D'Estaing's appearance off Sandy Hook gave the French superiority in American waters until the arrival of Byron from England. The indirect plan was applied during the great French war in the form of prevention by Great Britain in her system of blockades, in the shape of temptation by Napoleon during the Trafalgar campaign, when he sent Villeneuve to the West Indies. Whether the plan is that of D'Estaing or that of Napoleon, the opposite side must take steps to counteract it, and they immediately ask, Where shall we go? When shall we start? When can we arrive—*i.e.*, at what speed can the passage be made? Of these the destination and the decision to start are by far the most important, and are the governing factors. They are dependent upon the general plan, upon accurate intelligence relative to the enemy's movements, and upon a cor-

rect judgment of his aims and intentions. They give scope not only for great mistakes, but also for the incalculable inspirations of genius.

This view is supported by history, the best known case being Nelson's pursuit of Villeneuve to the West Indies. Nelson arrived in the West Indies sixty-six days after the French left Toulon, and twenty-one days after they reached Martinique. He was detained awaiting news nineteen days off Sardinia and Sicily and two days at Lagos, or twenty-one days in all. If the stay at Lagos is allowed for, he took the same time—forty-five days—to reach the West Indies from the position where he first decided to start west as Villeneuve took from Toulon. The distances were nearly equal. The longer passage down the Mediterranean was balanced by the shorter one across the Atlantic. Whatever superiority in speed their greater skill may have given the British squadron, it could not be expected to balance twenty-one days' detention: it was made void by false intelligence in the West Indies, and by uncertainty as to the destination of the enemy on their return to Europe. The time of arrival in the new area is dependent less on the actual speed of the ships than on intelligence relative to the enemy and on the judgment of the admiral. The uncertainty on these points is believed to have exceeded those due to the wind in the days of

sail, and to be still the dominant factor. Unfortunately, peace manœuvres are often so designed that the position of the ships, the time when they will start, and their destination, are so little in doubt that the whole operation is made to turn on speed, and undue prominence is given to this factor. Opinion is misled.

Again, in these days of steam the maximum speed is no measure of that at which a passage can be made. A much lower one is imposed by the necessity to economise fuel for the purpose not only of providing for the voyage, but also of ensuring a sufficient reserve when about to come in contact with an enemy. Enduring mobility is of more importance than high speed. It is a noteworthy fact that the Russian squadron under Rojdesvenski, afterwards destroyed at the battle of Tsu Sima, made the passage from Tangier to the Cape, a distance of 5100 miles, in forty-four days,—that is, at an average speed of 116 miles a day, which is little above the rate at which sailing-ships of the line made their passages. In these transfers of force it is of as much, if not more, importance to arrive with the fighting power intact as it is to make a quick passage, which means that no ship must be left behind, and the speed must be that of the slowest ship. How little heed is paid to this during peace manœuvres when no real fighting is in prospect!

In the second case, we have to remember that the aim in

placing a fighting force in a given area is to destroy, contain, or drive away the enemy's fighting force in that area, and thus to command it,—that is, to leave it free to the ships of the one side and to deny it to those of the other. This command is required with a view to some ulterior object, such as the prosecution or prevention of some military operation which forms part of the general plan, or the control of the overseas trade upon which the wealth of a nation so largely depends. Thus the command of American waters was a very important factor in the operations of the army during the War of Independence, and the object of Napoleon in the Trafalgar campaign was the invasion of England. In both cases the movements of the fleets were largely governed by the requirements of the actual or proposed operations on land. On the other hand, in the seventeenth century the Dutch wars were largely due to commercial rivalry, and were purely maritime, so far as concerned Great Britain. The struggle was for naval supremacy, with a view to the control of the carrying trade. Ultimately the two navies were concentrated in the North Sea, and were moved without reference to any object other than the command of the sea.

The control of a water area cannot be acquired without fighting or being prepared to fight. If both sides are determined, each will be compelled to concentrate his capital ships,

and will be drawn towards the central strategic point. The two will come into collision. The Dutch wars offer a striking example of a struggle for the command of a limited area. They gradually but finally impressed on both sides the necessity for concentration and the supreme importance of fighting power in the capital ship. Again, in the year 1781, during the American War of Independence, the military situation in Chesapeake Bay attracted first Arbuthnot and Destouches, and later De Grasse, from the West Indies, De Barras from Newport, and Graves from New York. In each case an action took place, and, finally, the great superiority of the French in fighting power led to the withdrawal of the British and the surrender of Cornwallis. Here the important point was not speed, but fighting power. Seeing that Cornwallis did not surrender until six weeks later, it mattered little within wide limits when Graves arrived, if only he brought a sufficient force. This he did not do. In our own day, we have seen Togo and Rojdesvenski draw together with massed forces in the Japan Sea and fight for that command which was essential to the land operations and the determining factor in the war. The position of the Russian Admiral was much like that of Graves. The time of his arrival was less important than the fighting power of his fleet and his own tactical skill.

If one side is determined to fight and the other is not willing, the latter must withdraw either into port or to some other area. Both cannot remain in those waters without fighting. The larger the forces and the smaller the area, the greater will be the difficulty to avoid battle. So often has this been found to be the case that it amounts to a truism, but to emphasise the point we may ask whether two large opposing fleets could remain long in the North Sea without coming into collision if one was bent on fighting? In the days of sail they came quickly into contact in such a narrow field, and under modern conditions will have as good a chance of doing so in larger areas, since steam and wireless telegraphy have enlarged the sphere of action on both sides. No designed superiority of speed in the ships of the weaker can do more than delay the meeting, because experience shows that sooner or later either failure of speed or some unforeseen circumstance brings it about. The larger the squadron the greater is the chance that speed may fail; its precarious nature when ships are pressed and the wide margin on service between ships nominally the same is well known. If the weaker cannot remain in the area when his ships are concentrated, still less can he do so if they are spread. Such a policy only facilitates the enemy's work, as he can more easily pick up detached ships. In fact, to concentrate power

in capital ships and then to disperse them is a contradictory policy impossible to justify.

A good position is more important than superior speed, and can be used to counter-balance the strategical advantages belonging to the latter. Thus, when Suffren captured Trincomalee in the year 1782, he placed himself at Batacoloa, less than one day's sail from his objective, while Hughes was at Madras fourteen days' distant. No conceivable superiority of speed could have saved the place. Again, as Captain Mahan has clearly shown in the important paper recently contributed to the 'Proceedings of the U.S. Naval Institute,' Togo's position at Masampho would have enabled him to intercept Rojdesvenski, irrespective of the route taken to Vladivostock, even if the Russian fleet had been faster than the Japanese.

When examined by the light of the preceding remarks, the naval manœuvres of the current year will be found to be instructive. It will be remembered that the forces were very unequal, the Red (English) being more than twice as strong as the Blue (the enemy). The former had 41 capital ships and 20 cruisers, or 61 in all, of which rather less than one-third were based on Gibraltar and the remainder on Falmouth or other English ports; the latter had 18 capital ships and 9 cruisers, or 27 in all, at Berehaven or other Irish ports. The nominal area of the opera-

tions was included between the parallels of 30° N. and 60° N., and between the meridians of 20° W. and 10° E.; it measured about 1800 miles in length, and varied from 1000 to 500 miles in breadth. The real area was much smaller, as it was the trade-route from the Chops of the Channel to Gibraltar, and measured not more than 900 miles in length by, perhaps, 350 miles in width. Blue's aim was to tempt Red to use his force improperly, under the pressure of public opinion. With this end in view he was to attack the trade in a strictly limited area, completely commanded by a greatly superior force. Red knew this, and, as all ships were to put to sea at noon on June 24, he was not troubled with Nelson's doubts during the Trafalgar campaign. Blue spread his ships in the limited area. As was to be expected, he was beaten in detail and compelled to fly for safety to his base in the North Sea with a mere remnant of his force. In time of peace it is difficult to conceive the triumphant and exultant feeling which the news of such a victory would raise in this country. What might have been expected to happen to Ganteaume's fleet in 1805 if Napoleon had ordered him to put to sea from Brest and to attack the trade in the same waters, if the French admiral had done so and had spread his ships, if Nelson at Gibraltar and Cornwallis in Torbay had known his mission and the time of his sailing? Napoleon

would never have had any doubt. He was too great a master of the Art of War to spread an inferior force within striking distance of a greatly superior fleet. The manœuvres this year certainly show that in the future as in the past, fleets will be composed of ships varying in speed, but they do not prove that superior speed has any particular strategical value, unless it is an advantage to have some ships able to run away. They appear rather to point to the disastrous influence of wrong strategical conceptions, and to the imperative necessity of a closer study of war conditions.

We are now in a position to judge whether superior speed is of such value in a capital ship that other qualities should be sacrificed in part to obtain it. We have shown that superior speed is only one of several factors which contribute to success in war. In tactics it is less important than tactical skill, and it gives a very limited control over the range. In strategy it is discounted by the demands of enduring mobility, by the conditions of war, and by the strategical ability of the admiral. In all cases its uncertainty is such that reliance cannot be placed upon it. Our conclusion is that in designing a capital ship an increase in speed is right if it results from a natural growth, as already explained, but that otherwise it is wrong. The

advance from the *Devastation* to the *Prince George* was right. In that case speed was increased, but concurrently great additions were made to the offensive power. The saving in weight due to improved machinery was used chiefly to increase fighting power, while speed was allowed to grow. The designer compromised on the two, but took care to lean strongly towards the former. This is the view so ably put by Captain Mahan in the paper already referred to. The practice of the most successful ship-designer and the theory of the foremost thinker are in accord. Our belief is, that future wars will show the necessity for a large number of capital ships moderate in size supported by a small percentage exceptional in power; that as these ships are to act together their speeds should be the same, and should be that best suited to the more numerous class; that the exceptional ships should excel in fighting power, and not in speed.

We turn to the ships now under construction. Are the superior speeds given to the *Dreadnought* and *Invincible* right or wrong? A complete answer cannot be given because the facts concerning these ships are not fully known, but a partial one is to be found by comparing the *Edward VII.*, *Lord Nelson*, and *Dreadnought*. The data for these ships as designed are:—

	Length.	Breadth.	Length. Breadth.	Mean Draught.	Displace- ment.	Indi- cated horse- power.	I. H.-P. per ton of dis- place- ment.	Speed.
	feet	feet		feet	tons			knots
Edward VII.	425	78	$\frac{5\cdot4}{1}$	$26\frac{9}{12}$	16,350	18,000	1·10	18·5
Lord Nelson	410	$79\frac{6}{12}$	$\frac{5\cdot2}{1}$	27	16,500	16,750	1·01	18·0
Dreadnought	490	82	$\frac{6}{1}$	$26\frac{6}{12}$	17,900	23,000	1·28	21·0

The weights allotted to the different elements in the ships when fully loaded are, as far as known—

	Edward VII.		Lord Nelson.		Dreadnought.	
	tons	percentage	tons	percentage	tons	percentage
Equipment } Armament } Machinery }	5325	30·6	5680	32·3	5900	30·0
Coal . .	2000	11·5	2000	11·4	2700	13·7
Armour . } Hull . . }	10,075	57·9	9920	56·3	11,100	56·3
	17,400	100	17,600	100	19,700	100

Comparing the *Dreadnought* with the *Lord Nelson*, the percentage of displacement given to hull and armour is the same, but in the former 2·3 per cent has been transferred from equipment, armament, or machinery to coal. Defensive power has been maintained constant, while to enduring mobility, either offensive power or speed, or both, have been sacrificed. Which is it? The three knots designed extra speed of the *Dreadnought* is due partly to larger size, and partly to a great increase in the horse-power per ton of displacement.

Turbine machinery may account for a portion of the last item, but not, it is believed, for the whole. A comparison of the weights said to be allotted to the armament in the *Edward VII.* and *Lord Nelson* seems to indicate that in the *Dreadnought* fighting power has been trenched upon. The designer in compromising between fighting power and speed has leaned strongly towards the latter. It would not surprise us to find that, as compared with the *Lord Nelson*, a sensible percentage of displacement has been transferred

from fighting power to speed in the *Dreadnought*, and that the difference between the weights allotted to the offensive power in the two ships is not large. The truth or otherwise of our belief can be determined by publishing the facts—i.e., the weights allotted to the different elements, which has not yet been done. If fighting power has been sacrificed to speed, Foreign Powers will be able to produce a more effective instrument of war on the same displacement by not doing so.

The *Invincible*, like the *Dreadnought*, approaches, when fully loaded, 20,000 tons in displacement and £1,750,000 in cost. The three or four knots extra speed which she has must involve a large sacrifice of fighting power. The details published are insufficient to determine its extent. The want of information is not material, because the omission of such ships from the new programme is an eloquent indication that such ships are dead, and that no more will be built. By argument they have been killed, and it only remains to inter them decently away from the public gaze.

In the Memorandum on new construction recently issued, the Admiralty show quite clearly why fighting power has been sacrificed to speed. They say, when speaking of the *Dreadnought*, "While it is recognised that broadside fire is held to be the most important in a battleship, all-round fire is also considered of great im-

portance, since it lies in the power of an enemy to force an opponent, who is anxious to engage, to fight an end-on action." As far as we can see, the only way of forcing an opponent, *who is anxious to engage*, to fight an end-on action, is to run away from him. Being willing to fight, he will not run away, and if we do not flee he will fight broadside on, therefore we ourselves must turn tail. We have always held that the advantage of superior speed is that it gives the power of running away; but it is surprising to find it laid down by authority that it is important to arm a British ship with that object in view.

The following paragraph is also remarkable:—

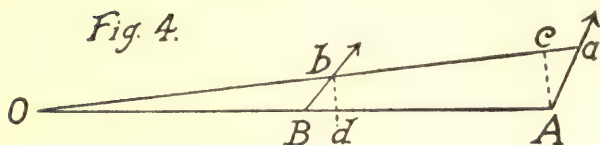
"Mobility of forces is a prime necessity in war. The greater the mobility the greater the chance of obtaining a strategic advantage. This mobility is made up of speed and fuel endurance. Superior speed also gives the power of choosing the range. To gain this advantage, the speed designed for the *Dreadnought* is 21 knots."

It is these half-truths which have cost this nation so dear. The waste of money on speed in the ships referred to in the Memorandum from which these extracts are taken cannot be less than a million sterling. If equality in the speed of capital ships and the natural growth due to the turbine had been accepted, the same amount of fighting power could have been put afloat for less money. The saving would

have been, perhaps, on the speed, armed with three 12-pounders, and costing £140,000, or twice that of existing destroyers? and on the *Swift*, of 1800 tons displacement, 36 knots speed, armed with four 4-inch guns, and costing £280,000?

APPENDIX.

Proof of Equation (1).



Let Aa be the path of A for a short time, Bb that of B for the same interval, and $AB = ab$ the constant distance or range. Draw Ac and bd perpendiculars to ab and AB respectively. Then ultimately OAc and Obd are isosceles triangles, and $Ad = bc$ also $Bd = ac$, hence $Bb \cos bBd = Aa \cos caA$, and therefore $\frac{\cos caA}{\cos bBd} = \frac{Bb}{Aa} = \frac{v}{V}$; and

since caA is the angle between the bearing of B and the stern of $A = \frac{\pi}{2} - \theta_A$, and bBd is the angle between the bearing of A and the head of $B = \frac{\pi}{2} - \theta_B$, we get

$$\frac{\sin \theta_A}{\sin \theta_B} = \frac{v}{V}$$

[For Articles on our Naval Policy by the same Author see 'Maga' for May, June, July, October, December, 1905, and February, May, 1906.]

THE BLUE-STOCKINGS.

" Oh, 'darkly, deeply, beautifully blue,'
 As some one somewhere sings about the sky,
 And I, ye learned ladies, say of you;
 They say your stockings are so—(Heaven knows why)."

IN spite of a vast literature on an unimportant subject, it is still the fashion to share in the wonderment thus expressed by Byron as to why the stockings were blue. It is a curious instance of the natural tendency to reject a simple explanation and to seek after a more recondite. Thus a catchword of the day, which no contemporary thinks needful of serious explanation, becomes elevated into a problem for future antiquarians. The origin of the phrase "By Jingo" is a modern case in point. Let any catchword or phrase achieve the honour of currency, and you will find a score of eminent men of letters contesting its paternity, and a score of diligent antiquarians tracing its pedigree back to the Middle Ages, with the grave seriousness with which the College of Heralds furnishes a modern brewer with a coat of arms and a family tree.

As to the origin of the term "blue - stocking," the Blues themselves and their friends have left sufficient evidence to satisfy any reasonable jury. Boswell had an unerring instinct for sifting from contemporary gossip everything likely to have permanent interest and value. Of the Blue-Stockings he had a first-hand

knowledge, for he repeatedly entered their society, hanging, as a burr, on the coat-tails of Samuel Johnson. His explanation is worthy of all respect. "One of the most eminent members of these societies, when they first commenced, was Mr Stillingfleet, whose dress was remarkably grave, and in particular it was observed that he wore blue stockings. Such was the excellence of his conversation that his absence was felt as so great a loss that it used to be said, 'We can do nothing without the 'blue stockings'; and thus by degrees the title was established." Benjamin Stillingfleet was a distinguished botanist, who made a scientific reputation by his advocacy of the Linnæan system, and whose name is still familiar to botanists as identified with a genus of euphorbiaceous plants. But his eccentricity of dress entitles him to a greater renown than his scientific attainments. His claim to this triumph of nomenclature is supported by Mrs Montagu (whom Johnson called "The Queen of the Blues"), and by Hannah More, the laureate of what is mistakenly called the "Blue-Stocking Club." (There never was such a club. It was a group, not a club. A hundred years hence historians will be

wrangling over the origin of the name of a famous "club" called "The Smart Set"). In her preface to her once famous poem, "The Bas Bleu," Hannah More explains that

"the trifle owes its birth and name to the mistake of a foreigner of distinction who gave the literal appellation of the *Bas-bleu* to a small party of friends who had been often called, by way of pleasantry, the *Blue Stockings*. These little societies have been sometimes misrepresented. They were composed of persons distinguished in general, for their rank, talents, or respectable character, who met frequently at Mrs Vesey's, and at a few other houses, for the sole purpose of conversation, and were different in no respect from other parties, but that the company did not play at cards."

In 1756 Mrs Montagu's friend, Torriano, wrote to her that her physician, Munsey, "swears he will make out some story of you and him [Stillingfleet] before you are much older; you shall not keep blew stockings at Sandleford for nothing." And shortly after we find in a letter of Mrs Montagu's a reference to Stillingfleet having left off his celebrated stockings.

Abraham Hayward cited evidence to show that the term arose from the fact that one of Mrs Montagu's first guests at her *salon* was Madame de Polignac, who came in blue stockings. Others have appealed successfully to Ariosto for an earlier parallel. De Quincey, whose explanation has apparently been overlooked by those who have written on this subject, traces its origin to an old Oxford statute, which charged it as a point of con-

science that loyal students should wear blue socks. We prefer the simpler Stillingfleet derivation, and find more value in De Quincey's reflections on "blues" in general in his autobiographical notes of 1853.

"The order of ladies called blue-stockings, by way of reproach, has become totally extinct among us, except only here or there, with superannuated clingers to obsolete remembrances. The reason of this change is interesting; and I do not scruple to call it honourable to our intellectual progress. In the last (but still more in the penultimate) generation, any tincture of literature, of liberal curiosity about science, or of ennobling interest in books, carried with it an air of something unsexual, mannish, and (as it was treated by the sycophantic satirists that for ever humour the prevailing folly) of something ludicrous. This mode of treatment was possible so long as the literary class of ladies formed a feeble minority. But now . . . the very possibility of the ridicule has been undermined by stern realities; and the verbal expression of the reproach is fast becoming not simply obsolete, but even unintelligible to our juniors."

This is true, but it is not the whole truth. Later eighteenth century literature is full of allusions to the "Blues." The attacks of Matthias and Byron are only echoes of Peter Pindar, and the severest criticism may be found in the writings of those who were within the sacred circle of the "club" itself. It is doubtful if the name was ever used as a term of reproach directed against women of genuine ability. In its origin, at least, it was but a humorous and well-merited jibe at Elizabeth Montagu, who, disdaining the musical

glasses, wrote a superfluous and pretentious defence of William Shakespeare. If it is clearly understood that the term applies not to women who *write* literature but to such as *talk* literature without any equipment of reading, it is at least arguable that the phrase has still a clear and not unuseful connotation. And in view of its derivation from masculine legs, there seems no good reason why it should not be applicable to "literary" bores and sciolists of either sex. As regards the ancient heretical view, we are content to quote, without protest or defence, the opinion which the venerable Bishop Sherlock ventured to address to "the Great Montagu" herself.

"Nothing, I think," writes the Bishop, "is more disagreeable than Learning in a Female when the Mistress studys Newton, which perhaps she neither does nor ever will understand, to the absolute neglect of her Children and Servants."

The spelling of the bishop's letter is remarkable, and his attack on female learning is a little vitiated by a too obvious craving for "home comforts."

The satirical comments of Mrs Montagu's friends and courtiers have been in large measure atoned for by the piety of her descendants. And it cannot be denied that she bequeathed them an inheritance of work. The latest willing victim is her great-great-niece, who in two large

volumes has endeavoured to grapple with forty years of her correspondence.¹ Internal evidence disproves the assumption that the Queen was born with a quill in her hand, for the earliest letter quoted is dated 1731, when she was in her eleventh year. Mrs Climenson tells us that her joy was unbounded to receive the whole of the MSS. "contained in 68 cases, holding from 100 to 150 letters in each." This pious joy is the more wonderful and laudable when we learn that the writer's grandfather, Lord Rokeby, who first gallantly essayed to edit this vast correspondence, nearly blinded himself in the attempt, and required to have the letters copied by his wife—who not unnaturally predeceased him—in a large round hand. The present compilation has taken five years, one whole winter having been devoted to the attempt to arrange Mrs Montagu's undated letters. There are still forty years unaccounted for, and Mrs Climenson pluckily expresses the intention of persevering with her task. From an undertaking so vast, and entered on with such devotion, it is impossible to withhold respect. The "Queen of the Blues" has found among her own descendants her most devoted subjects. Whatever zeal could do, Mrs Climenson has done. An expert collaborator would have advised her against attempting to "edit"

¹ Elizabeth Montagu: The Queen of the Blue-Stockings. Her Correspondence from 1720 to 1761. By her Great-Great-Niece, Emily J. Climenson. 2 vols. (Murray.)

the correspondence. It is impossible not to chafe a little at the repeated occurrence of asterisks in the text. For to tell the truth, so many of the letters are "cruel, dull, and dry," and so hopelessly uninteresting, that the asterisks beget the suspicion (or shall we call it the hope?) that we have been deprived of the most succulent tit-bits. We have so long been accustomed to the resounding sub-title of these volumes, that we necessarily approach them with a certain expectancy and awe. In spite of certain misgivings, born of acquaintance with the efforts of earlier editors, we hoped that Mrs Climenson would rehabilitate the Queen, and give us a royal largesse of wit and wisdom. But, alas! we cannot say more than that the editor and her publisher have given us two very handsome volumes. The illustrations are so excellent that they help us to forget the dullness of the text. There has seldom been devoted so much amber to the embalming of a poor fly.

The future "Queen of the Blues" was one of twelve children of Matthew Robinson, a scion of an old Yorkshire family which for a hundred and sixty years had possessed the estate of Rokeby. When Elizabeth was seven years old, her mother inherited the estate of Mount Morris in Kent, which from that time became the family headquarters. Her father was a gay, pleasure-loving man-about-town, who loathed country life, and when compelled to live in turn at the

various seats his wife brought him, he required a double dose of saffron in his tea to cure him of the "hyp." In his boredom he apparently had recourse to the pretty pursuits of Mr Will Wimble, for we hear of him designing an apron for the Duchess of Portland, which, "if the work could be as elegant as the drawing, would be the most finished apron for the most finished Duchess." One of her brothers is familiar to readers of Gray's letters as "the Rev. Billy"; her eldest brother Matthew was noted for his eccentricity. He carried his views on fiscal policy to such a length that he "lived upon almost raw meat, and never touched bread at all, considering corn as exotic and therefore diminishing British trade, at the same time avoiding sugar for the same reason, substituting honey for it." Elizabeth's intellectual interests were inherited from her mother, a kinswoman of Laurence Sterne, who acted as "Speaker" in her children's nursery parliament.

By the time she was eight years old, Elizabeth had copied out the whole of 'The Spectator,' a fact which serves to restore confidence in the accuracy of the dates on Mrs Climenson's title-page. It may also explain the remarkable precocity shown in her earliest letters, which were addressed to her friend, Lady Margaret Cavendish, the future Duchess of Portland (Prior's "noble, lovely, little Peggy"). Much of her childhood was spent at Cambridge with her grand-

father, Dr Conyers Middleton, the author of the 'Life of Cicero,' from whose profitable conversation she imbibed all the sententiousness.

"Her uncommon sensibility and acuteness of understanding, as well as extraordinary beauty as a child, rendered her an object of great notice in the University; and Dr Middleton was in the habit of requiring from her an account of the learned conversations at which, in his society, she was frequently present; not admitting of the excuse of her tender age as a disqualification, but insisting that although at the present time she could but imperfectly understand their meaning, she would in future derive great benefit from the habit of attention inculcated by this practice."

How she benefited is apparent from some extracts from her letters. Writing, at the age of thirteen, to her beloved Duchess, "Fidget," as she was well named, thus pertly describes Tunbridge:—

"It is so pleasant a place I don't wonder the physicians prescribe it as a cure for the spleen; a great part of the company, especially of the gentlemen, are vapoured. . . . I am very sorry I could not get you any verses at Tunbridge, of which, at the latter part of the season, when the garrets grow cheap that the poets come down, there is commonly great plenty."

Fidget appears to have "come out" at the early age of thirteen, and with her light-hearted idle father seldom missed an assembly at Canterbury and Tunbridge.

"Contemplation," she remarks at seventeen, "is not made for a woman on the right side of thirty; it suits prodigiously well with the gout or the rheumatism: rest and an elbow-

chair are the comfort of age, but the pleasures of youth are of a more living sort. I have in winter gone eight miles to dance to the music of a blind fiddler, and returned at two in the morning, mightily pleased that I had been so well entertained. I am so fond of dancing that I cannot help fancying I was at some time bit by a *tarantula*, and never got well cured of it.

So again—

"After the play the gentlemen invited all the women to a supper at a tavern, where we staid till two o'clock in the morning, and then all set out to their respective homes. Here I suppose you think my diversion ended, but I must tell your Grace it did not; for before I had gone two miles I had the pleasure of being overtaken, at which I squalled for joy."

At Bath, she tells us—

"The Dowager Duchess of Norfolk bathes, and being very tall she had like to have drowned a few women in the Cross Bath, for she ordered it to be filled till it reached to her chin, and so all those who were below her stature, as well as rank, were forced to come out or drown."

These early letters are full of lively and interesting sidelights on the social life of the period. It is mentioned, evidently as a notable exception, that her mother's drawing-room was seldom, if ever, entered by a Western or a Booby in a state of intoxication. We hear of her neighbour, Lady Thanet, being "a little discomposed" one day at dinner, and throwing "a pheasant and a couple of partridges off the table in shoving them up to my Lord to cut up." We hear dreadful rumours of an increase in the circumference

of the "hoop." "We are already almost as unreasonable as Queen Dido, and don't encircle much less with our whalebone than she did with her bull's hide." Or again, when Fidget was the guest of "noble Peggy" at Bulstrode, we have an interesting time-table of the ducal day. "We breakfast at 9, dine at 2, drink tea at 8, and sup at 10. In the morning we work or read. In the afternoon the same, walk from 6 till tea-time, and then write till supper." From the letters bearing on this visit, we also learn that his Grace the Duke of Portland had no greater passion for his cold tub than Johnson had for clean linen. "The bathing tubs are so out of order, we have not yet been able to make them hold water, but I hope next week they will serve the purpose." And we cannot leave this visit to Bulstrode without quoting an excerpt from a letter from his Grace to the girl who had been his guest.

"You being got rid of your fever gave us great joy, for we began to be uneasy about Fidgett; nobody can see her without admiration, and when one hears her open her lips, one is struck dumb; if one was to go on with everything when one receives a letter from you, one's fingers would become numb'd, and unable to answer, was it not for the desire of receiving more letters, makes one's fingers to write to engage you to answer. In reading your letter j can't help acquainting you yt there would be great strifes to be a Chaunticleer to be ye real possessor of such a Dame Partlett as you, whether of ye favourite little Bantam kind, or of the ruffled friesland kind; j shuld think the first more adapted to you for its gentility and rarity and cleanliness,

all qualifications which, tho' j am no chanticleer j can sing off in your behalf. Nay j will do it."

The ducal tactfulness, taste and spelling are open to question, but we cannot sufficiently admire his gallant handling of the pronominal "one." It was alone sufficient to numb even a duke's fingers, apart from the shock occasioned by hearing the opening of Fidget's lips.

It is tempting to dwell on Fidget's girlhood, for the Princess Elizabeth is a much more attractive personality than the Queen of the Blues. Long after she had ascended her pinchbeck throne, Mrs Montagu, writing a "literary" letter to a sister "blue," observes, "I agree with you that his [Cowley's] love verses are intolerable. I think you and I who have never been in love could describe it better were we asked, *what is it like?*" When she wrote this, Fidget had been nearly twenty years a wife and had known the sorrow of surviving her only child. But the admission was not the result of her experience as a wife and mother. Even in her juvenile sallies we encounter the cool air of a calculating prudence. Mrs Montagu's dearest friend was ever Mrs Montagu. Shortly before her marriage she writes, "I wish the same advantages [riches and alliance] for myself, with one of established fortune and character, so established that one piece of generosity should not hurt his fortune, nor one act of indiscretion prejudice his character."

And in similar strain:—

"Gold is the chief ingredient in the compound of worldly happiness. Living in a cottage on love is certainly the worst diet and the worst habitation one can find out. As for modern marriages, they are great infringers of the baptismal vow; for 'tis commonly the pomps and vanities of this wicked world on one side, and the simple lust of the flesh on the other side. For my part, when I marry I do not intend to enlist entirely under the banner of Cupid or Plutus, but take prudent consideration and decent inclination for my advisers. I like a coach and six extremely, but a strong apprehension of repentance would not suffer me to accept it from many who possess it."

Most excellent wisdom, but rather a cold douche to the lovers of a maiden of twenty-two! "Your bank-book and your love," said this prudent highwaywoman. Many suitors naturally turned horse at once and rode for their life. Mr Edward Montagu, M.P. for Huntingdon, grandson of the Earl of Sandwich, well described by Mrs Carter, the most distinguished of the "Blues," as "a man of sense, a scholar, and a mathematician" (incidentally, a man of great means)—he reined in his steed and yielded up his purse and his heart to become the uninteresting Prince Consort of the Queen of the Blues. He was twenty-nine years older than his bride, but he was in a position to assure her that many pieces of generosity would not hurt his fortune. Mr Montagu has no place in history or in this article. He watched over his coal-mines, never grumbled at taking a "back seat," and died without

unreasonable delay, leaving a handsome fortune to enable the Queen

"to rule as *she* thought fit,
The universal monarchy of wit."

After the death of her child in 1743, Mrs Montagu centred all her ambition on becoming a patroness of the arts; and seven years later her breakfast-parties in the Chinese room at her house in Hill Street had become a fashionable institution. Her vanity, one of her friends remarked, was "of the most contented and comfortable kind," and her sense of humour was so embryonic that she was serenely superior to ridicule. The flattery paid her was outrageous, and unfortunately it went to her head like wine—

"Till her relish, grown callous almost
to disease,
Who flattered the highest was surest
to please."

Actors, writers, statesmen, divines crowded her reception-rooms. "All ambassadors or foreigners of note she entertained, and occasionally provided some royal or distinguished personage upon whom the more rustic geniuses might gaze." In 1759 we find letters to her from Johnson, Burke, and Sterne. Johnson sends her his humble thanks for her beneficence to Mrs Williams. Burke solicits her influence to obtain for him the consulship at Madrid—a request which the Queen refused, for reasons which Burke humbly acknowledges to be "very convincing and obliging." The letter from her kinsman, Laurence Sterne, is

accompanied by one from his poor Lydia reproaching Mrs Montagu for her aloofness. When the author of 'Tristram Shandy' became famous, Mrs Montagu remembered him, and sometimes put his wit to strange uses. Thus when Reynolds had to alter the portrait of her friend Lord Bath, Mrs Montagu took Sterne to the studio to keep the old peer amused with *bons mots*. Sterne she describes as "a great rake; but being japped and married, has varnished his character": Lydia, who wrote with more spirit than the royal mind could brook, is tartly alluded to as "a fretful porcupine."

The Blue-Stockings reached the zenith of their fame when Mrs Montagu removed to her palace in Portman Square, celebrated for its room of Cupidons and the "feather room" which Cowper immortalised:—

"The birds put off their every hue
To dress a room for Montagu.
The peacock sends his heavenly dyes,
His rainbows, and his starry eyes. . . .
This plumage neither dashing shower,
Nor blasts that shake the dripping
 bower,
Shall drench again or discompose;
But, screen'd from every storm that
 blows,
It boasts a splendour ever new,
Safe with protecting Montagu."

"My dear, did ye listen to what Mrs Montagu said? Did ye mind what Miss Hannah More observed? or what Mr Harris replied?"—this, according to Lady Louisa Stewart, was an average specimen of the conversation to be overheard at these feasts of reason.

Pennington, Mrs Carter's biographer, has left us a picture of these gatherings, which is doubtless correct so far as it goes, but stands in need of a little supplementing from more critical observers:—

"To these parties it was not difficult for any person of character to be introduced. There was no ceremony, no cards, and no supper. Even dress was so little regarded that a foreign gentleman, who was to go there with an acquaintance, was told in jest that it was so little necessary, that he might appear there, if he pleased, in blue stockings. This he understood in the literal sense; and when he spoke of it in French called it the *Bas Bleu* Meeting. And this was the origin of the ludicrous appellation of the Blue-Stocking Club, since given to their meetings, and so much talked of.

"Nothing could be more agreeable, nor indeed more instructive, than these parties. Mrs Vesey had the almost magic art of putting all her company at their ease, without the least appearance of design. Here was no formal circle to petrify an unfortunate stranger on his entrance; no rules of conversation to observe; no holding forth of one to his own distress and the stupefying of his audience; no reading of his works by the author. The company naturally broke into little groups, perpetually varying and changing. They talked or were silent, sat or walked about, just as they pleased. Nor was it absolutely necessary even to talk sense. There was no bar to harmless mirth and gaiety; and while perhaps Dr Johnson in one corner held forth on the moral duties, in another two or three young people might be talking of the fashions and the opera, and in a third Lord Orford (then Mr Horace Walpole) might be amusing a little group around him with his lively wit and intelligent conversation."

The character of Vanessa in Cumberland's 'Observer' was known to all (except, per-

haps, to Mrs Montagu) to be a portrait of the Queen of the Blues. It does not flatter; indeed, it is a little malicious. But of its general correctness no reader of Fanny Burney and Boswell, or of Mrs Montagu's own letters, can have any doubt.

"Vanessa, in the centre of her own circle, sits like the statue of the Athenian Minerva, incensed with the breath of philosophers, poets, painters, orators, and every votarist of art, science, or fine speaking. It is in her academy young novitiates try their wit and practice panegyric; no one like Vanessa can break in a young lady to the poetics, and teach her Pegasus to carry a side saddle: she can make a mathematician quote Pindar, a Master in Chancery write novels, or a Birmingham hardware man stamp rhymes as fast as buttons."

Cumberland goes on to draw a lively picture of the Queen, whose tables are covered with all the newest books, with markers carefully inserted, to create the illusion that they were being read.

"It is in this way Vanessa has got all her wit and learning, not by reading, but by making authors believe she reads their works, and by thus tickling their vanity she sends so many heralds into the world to cry up her fame to the skies; it is a very pretty finesse, and saves a world of time for better amusements."

Nor is he more kind to Vanessa's conversational powers and sincerity as a hostess. With one she would discuss an epic, with another a new diving-bell; and as like as not she would make the mistake of discussing the epic with the diving-bell man. Byron may well have had these essays in

his mind when he describes the Blues who bore down upon Don Juan.

"The Blues, that tender tribe, who
sigh o'er sonnets,
And with the pages of the last Review
Line the interior of their heads or
bonnets,
Advanced in all their azure's brightest
hue:
They talked bad French or Spanish,
and upon its
Late authors asked him for a hint or two;
And which was softest, Russian or
Castilian?
And whether in his travels he saw
Ilion?"

In 1769 Mrs Montagu rashly essayed authorship for the second time with an 'Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare,' in answer to the strictures of Voltaire. It was a characteristic effusion, pretentious and superficial, and wholly superfluous. "Yes, sir," said Johnson drily, "it does *her* honour, but it would do nobody else honour." And that is certainly the very last word of criticism on Mrs Montagu's Essay. Needless to say, it was received in most quarters with rapturous applause, and Mrs Thrale led off with a tribute to "the first woman for literary knowledge in England." The three contributions she made to Lyttelton's 'Dialogues of the Dead' taxed the last resources of eulogy. Contemporary critics apparently had to shade their eyes lest they should be dazzled by the brightness of her page. Lyttelton himself wrote to his "Best Madonna" to tell her that the French translations of her Essays

"are as well done as the poverty of the French tongue will admit. But

such eloquence as yours must lose by being transposed into any other language. . . . Your form and manners would seduce Apollo himself in his throne of criticism on Parnassus itself."

Sometimes the compliments took an unintentionally ambiguous form:—

"There is envy and malice enough," writes Lyttelton, "against beauty alone; but beauty, wit, wisdom, learning and virtue united (to say nothing about wealth), are sure to excite a legion of devils against the possessor. It is amazing to me that, with all these dangerous things about you, you have not been driven out of Society a great while ago."

One wonders if the Madonna quite relished the parenthesis, and if she saw a possibility of humour in the tribute of her aged admirer, Lord Bath, who in returning her dialogue, "Berenice and Cleopatra," observed that "it will be known to be yours because nobody else can write like it." This suggests a useful and polite form of acknowledging unsolicited minor verse. It is almost equal to the Disraelian formula for the same purpose, "Dear sir, I have received your volume of verse, and have lost no time in reading it."

Mrs Montagu's critical dicta are generally as safe as platitude could make them. When they are original, they are marvels of ineptitude. "I must call Mr Gesner a poet," and she proceeds to bracket the "Swiss Theocritus" with Milton. And she is very much herself when she tells us that she entertained "last week the Bard Macpherson and many others of the tuneful train, and

we had the feast of shells and drank out of a nautilus to the immortal memory of Ossian." It is not likely that Johnson was present on this interesting occasion. Mrs Montagu had no love for Johnson. In his presence even her comfortable vanity must have sometimes been a little dashed with misgivings. But she could not afford to lose his patronage, and it is notorious that after his death her *salon* entirely lost its prestige. Johnson's presence at these assemblies conjures up an amusing picture. It is like nothing so much as a large dog condescendingly gambolling with a number of small ones. We all know what happens. For a time it is all fun and frolic, till some small dog unwittingly offends the giant, and then, without a moment's warning, the idyllic scene is changed into a desperate *mêlée*. This sometimes happened when the Blue-Stockings entertained the Bear. It happened on one memorable occasion in Streatham when Johnson fell upon the unfortunate Pepys, Mrs Montagu's champion in her quarrel with Johnson over his 'Life of Lyttelton.' "Mr Pepys, I understand you are offended by my Life of Lyttelton. What is it you have to say against it? Come forth, man! Here am I, ready to answer any charge you can bring!" And so the battle rose and fell, Johnson roaring and the Blues squealing, till Mrs Thrale, her heart in her boots, summoned up sufficient courage to say she "would be very glad to

hear no more of it." To which Samuel rejoined, "You *shall* hear no more of it; yet I will defend myself in every part and in every atom."

Though the fame of the Blue-Stockings did not long survive Johnson, Mrs Montagu continued a lavish hospitality at Portman Square up to 1800, the year of her death. We hear of breakfasts attended by seven hundred guests. One entertainment Fanny Burney calls a "Ranelagh by day." Her ostentation repelled even her best friends, and little as she suspected it, her assumed learning and grand manner never for a moment deceived her intimate circle. Johnson related that a friend of his could "remember Mrs Montagu *trying* for this air and manner." Her social ascendancy was bought, and we should admire her charities more had they less the appearance of being given as a tithe or duty. The payer of income-tax need expect no gratitude. Her literary pretensions were ridiculous, and on a par with Mrs Miller's of Batheaston fame. Perhaps the best estimate of the Queen is Fanny Burney's: "Whatever may be Mrs Montagu's foibles, she is free, I believe, from all vice, and as a member of society she is magnificently useful." And we must not forget that Mrs Montagu anticipated Lamb's "Jem" White, with her May-day feast for little chimney-sweeps.

With her wealth and splendid arrogance Mrs Montagu

dominated the Blues, just as her sham attainments brought ridicule on all the group. It is a pleasure to pass to a brief inspection of the royal body-guard, which included several women much more intellectually gifted than the Queen. The train of courtiers numbered nearly every woman of literary or social distinction, but the faithful bodyguard consisted of Mrs Carter, Mrs Vesey, Hannah More, and Mrs Chapone. By far the most distinguished of the group was Elizabeth Carter, the story of whose life has recently been retold by Miss Alice Gaussen.¹ Like Mrs Climenson, Miss Gaussen writes of her subject with an amusing awe. The mention of Mrs Carter's 'Epic-tetus' introduces many pages of superfluous history of Greek philosophy. A little more humour and a little less reverence would have saved us being told the awful news that Mrs Carter "thought Epic-tetus inferior to Socrates," and that "Mrs Carter was very partial to Plato." Poor Plato! patronised in the eighteenth century by a "Blue," and travestied in the twentieth by a Belgian rhetorician before the duchesses of England.

"Mrs" Carter (she had only "the brevet rank of a matron.") It was unfortunately the best of the Blues who had only this brevet rank) was the daughter of the Rev. Nicholas Carter, curate of a chapel at Deal, and one of the six preachers at Canterbury. Her mother

¹ A Woman of Wit and Wisdom. By Alice C. C. Gaussen. (Smith, Elder.)

is said to have died of grief on the bursting of the South Sea Bubble. Elizabeth had a genius for languages. Her accomplishments included Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, German, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Arabic, music, needlework, dancing, and "bainting and boetry." It was an age of feminine marvels. Miss Gaussen tells us of Lady Grey's "little girl," just turned five, whose favourite reading was Newton's 'Dissertation on the Prophecies.' To this winsome precocity the gross materialism of the present age can afford no parallel but the fat boy of Peckham. "It speaks well," says Miss Gaussen, "for the bracing climate of Deal that such a character should have been nurtured there." This is a comical and novel testimonial to a sea-side town, and is necessarily a form of recommendation which must be used with the utmost caution. But Deal was rightly enough very proud of Elizabeth Carter. Her attainments were not easily come by. As a girl she took snuff to keep herself awake, festooned her brow with wet towels, and chewed green tea and coffee. At the age of twenty-two she was given up by a London doctor, but she bravely persevered with her studying and her snuffing, and made a good end in her eighty-ninth year. No wonder that she was "exceedingly afraid of doctors."

As a girl she wrote poems for 'The Gentleman's Magazine,' "which Urban printed";

and before she was twenty she had published with Cave a little quarto of twenty-four pages. Of these poems, Dr Nathan Drake, with a gleam of irony illuminating his usual dry-as-dust manner, remarks that, "considered as the production of a very young author, they have merit." But her real introduction into the learned world was effected by her 'Examination of Mr Pope's Essay on Man, translated from the French of M. Crousaz,' and this was followed by a translation from the Italian of Algarotti's 'Sir Isaac Newton's Philosophy Explained, for the use of the Ladies, in six Dialogues, on Light and Colours.' When the latter appeared, Mr Urban's office-poet twanged his lyre with enthusiasm.

"But we perhaps these treasures ne'er
had known,
Had not their worth, confest, to Carter
shone. . . .

Ah, why should modesty conceal thy
name?

Th' attempt were vain to hide such
worth from fame;

The polished page Eliza's hand betrays,
And marks her well-known softness,
warmth, and ease."

Newton's philosophy rendered soft and warm and easy is an especially pleasing thought. The mention of the earlier translation from Crousaz recalls the fact that the redoubtable Warburton also undertook "to rescue Pope from the talons of Crousaz," and was rewarded by an introduction to Ralph Allen, the Mæcenas of Bath, "who gave him his niece and his estate, and by consequence a bishopric."

The only poem of Mrs Cart-

er's which has lived, "An Ode to Wisdom," owes its fortune to the fact of its being embalmed in the text of 'Clarissa Harlowe.' Samuel Richardson was one of her staunchest admirers, and possessed an "exceedingly like portrait" of her drawn by Mrs Chapone. It was Mrs Carter he consulted as to the characteristics of the ideal man before he wrote 'Sir Charles Grandison.' Mrs Carter replied that "one distinguishing part of his character must be an absolute superiority to false glory and false shame, a steady opposition to the false maxims of the world in essential points, and a perfectly good-natured compliance in trifles." Mrs Chapone's verdict on Grandison was that it would cause the kingdom to be overrun with old maids pursuing an impossible ideal.

Mrs Carter's father wished her to qualify for a place at Court, but from the fate of Fanny Burney she was mercifully saved.

Most of her long life was quietly spent in her "vinegar-bottle" house at Deal, varied in later years by regular visits to London. She educated her younger brother, who passed direct from her hands to Cambridge. Her correspondence was enormous. This characteristic all the Blues shared. The verbosity of one of her friends, Catherine Talbot, saved the life of one of her correspondents on an Eastern tour. Searching his papers, the brigands were so affrighted at the sight of a letter from Miss

Talbot that they promptly returned him all his possessions. It was this Miss Talbot who suggested the work which brought Mrs Carter fame and fortune. She professed herself "vastly curious" to see a translation of Epictetus, and Mrs Carter devoted seven years to fulfilling the request. The result, from a present-day point of view, was astonishing. Mrs Carter awoke to find herself a European celebrity. Tributes came to her from France and Russia, and her publisher gave her a thousand pounds. The "Blues" lost no time in enrolling her, and soon she was "domesticated" with the friend of her girlhood, Mrs Montagu. The friendship between the Queen and her most brilliant subject was a sincere one. Mrs Montagu admired her talents, and honoured herself by her generosity to her friend. There is nothing redounds so much to Mrs Montagu's honour as Mrs Carter's steadfast defence of her. That she saw her weaknesses is betrayed in many a letter, but unconsciously, for Mrs Carter was a perfect "gentlewoman of the old school," and those who had the honour of her friendship were assured of her unswerving loyalty.

We are not aware of any contemporary reference to Mrs Carter that possesses any sting. She was a great scholar, but she wore her learning lightly and without offence. Mrs Montagu loved her, Johnson loved her, Fanny Burney loved her. To win three such friends, to disarm three

such critics, called for no ordinary qualities of head and heart. Johnson wrote epigrams to her in English and in Greek. In sober prose he said that "she ought to be celebrated in as many languages as Louis le Grand," and that his old friend, Mrs Carter (a friend of nearly fifty years), "can make a pudding as well as translate Epictetus, and work a handkerchief as well as compose a poem." She wrote two Essays, Nos. 44 and 100, for 'The Rambler.' This may atone for Johnson's ungallantry when Boswell said to him, "What, had ye these [Carter, More, and Burney] all to yourself, sir?" "I had them all, as much as they were to be had; but it might have been better had there been more company there." When she was an old woman, Fanny Burney was constrained to say of her, "She is really a noble-looking woman. I never saw age so graceful in the female sex yet; her whole face seems to beam with goodness, piety, and philanthropy."

Mrs Carter was the first to hail the rising genius of Miss Burney, Mrs Radcliffe, and Joanna Baillie. And she lived to read and applaud 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' That her title was only of brevet rank was entirely of her own choosing. One chapter of Miss Gausson's memoir is headed "Mrs Carter's Views on Marriage." Once she "came very near to accepting a gentleman," but, alas! he published some verses of which she could not approve. In vain her friends told her that "Stre-

phons were not so plenty." At different times rumour assigned her to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and Lord Bath. And besides these, there were "a faithless versifier, an impetuous youth, and an inquisitive Yorkshireman."

When Johnson was asked by the "Blues" to form a Female Administration, he appointed "Carter" Archbishop of Canterbury; "Montagu," First Lord of the Treasury; Hannah More, Poet Laureate, and Mrs Chapone, Preceptress to the Princess. The suitability of the appointments is not open to question. Of the last one, the point consisted in Mrs Chapone having published in 1773 her first signed book, entitled 'Letters on the Improvement of the Mind.' It was dedicated to Mrs Montagu, and its success was so great that the author was beset by invitations from anxious parents to superintend the education of their daughters. The history of the Blues reveals a record of remarkable longevity. The Queen and her four chief ladies-in-waiting attained the average age of eighty-one. We shall not pause to discuss whether this was only a *post hoc* phenomenon. Mrs Chapone, the youngest of the group, died in 1801, at the age of seventy-four. Her precocity almost rivalled that of the monarch's. When nine years old she wrote a romance with the promising title, 'The Loves of Amoret and Melissa,' which is said to have exhibited "proofs of a rich and exuberant fancy." The roll of

her accomplishments included French, Italian, Latin, Greek, music, philosophy, and theology. In 1760, by the good offices of that veteran match-maker, Samuel Richardson, Hester Mulso was married to Edward Chapone, an attorney, but in less than a year was left a widow. Sir William Wraxall, with his usual bluntness, describes her as "a lady whose superior mental attainments were hidden beneath a most repulsive exterior." In the memoirs and diaries of the times Mrs Chapone's name is of constant occurrence, but it is seldom we find more than the mention of her name. Her literary productions are few and negligible. She wrote the tenth number of 'The Rambler,' and contributed to Hawksworth's 'Adventurer' the story of Fidelity, a sermon in the approved sentimental vein on the familiar text, "When lovely woman stoops to folly." There is no one now, unless an occasional student in the reading-room of the British Museum, who

"marks, well pleas'd, Chapone's
instructive page,
Intent to raise the morals of the
age."

When Johnson nominated Hannah More for the Laureateship in his mock Cabinet, he did so with consistency and with good authority. In the last year of his life he called her "the best versificatrix in the English language." In Garrick's house she was known as "The Tenth Muse," and "Miss Nine." George III., who confided to Fanny Burney

that Shakespeare was "sad stuff, what! what!" expressed a desire to have a copy of Hannah's masterpiece, 'The Bas Bleu,' in the author's own hand—a poem of which Johnson said, "It is a very great performance; it wanders about in manuscript, and surely will soon find its way to Bath." (Was he thinking slyly of the Batheaston Vase!) But even more remarkable than the admiration of George the Third was the compliment paid to Miss More by the Chief-Justice of Ceylon, who assured her that her works "were read with pleasure and avidity by the natives."

Hannah More's quality as our "greatest versificatrix" may best be judged by samples. The following lines are concerned with "Johnson" and "Conversation."

"Here rigid Cato, awful sage,
Bold censor of a thoughtless age,
Once dealt his pointed moral round,
And, not unheeded, fell the sound."

"Hail! Conversation, soothing power,
Sweet goddess of the social hour,
Soft polisher of rugged man,
Refiner of the social plan!
Still be thy mighty offerings paid,
Libations large of lemonade."

On occasion she could rise to a higher level than this, and she wrote some lines without which no dictionary of quotations can be called complete.

"He thought the world to him was
known,
Whereas he only knew the town."

"In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set mankind."

"Small habits well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes."

"Love then was honest, genuine passion,
And manly gallantry the fashion :
Hope could subsist on slender bounties,
And suitors galloped o'er two counties,
The ball's fair partner to behold,
Or humbly hope—she caught no cold."

It has been asserted not very kindly, but not without some reason, that Hannah "fagged" her four sisters, who kept a school at Bristol, while the versificatrix enjoyed herself in London. Her flattery of Garrick led to her living at his house for six months annually for twenty years. Johnson was not so tolerant of her praise, and told her with some acerbity, "Consider, madam, what your flattery is worth before you choke me with it." To the four toiling sisters Hannah sent a characteristically gushing account of her first meeting with Johnson.

"The most amiable and obliging of women [Miss Reynolds] ordered her coach to take us to Dr Johnson's own house: yes, Abyssinia's Johnson, Dictionary Johnson, Rambler's, Idler's, and Irene's Johnson! Can you picture to yourself the palpitation of our hearts as we approached his mansion? When our visit was ended, he called for his hat (as it rained) to attend us down a very long entry to our coach, and not Rasselas himself could have acquitted himself more *en cavalier*."

And again—

"It is nothing but 'Child,' 'Little Fool,' 'Love,' and 'Dearest.' 'What! five women live happily together! I will come and see you—I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came—God for ever bless you, you live to shame duchesses.'"

After these pretty pictures, which are of Hannah's own workmanship, it is sad to con-

cess that Samuel was later goaded into saying that "she did not gain upon him; she was an empty-headed woman." Walpole, however, made up for this rudeness by styling her "Saint Hannah," and the Saint replied with the remarkable compliment that Horace was "a wit without malevolence." These sentimental passages would seem incomplete without the appearance on the scene of "The Man of Feeling." He does not fail us. In a letter to Hannah he excuses himself: "Though a man, and a man of business, I too can shed tears, and feel the luxury of shedding them." There is no mistaking the quiet determination underlying these words. Gently, but firmly, Henry Mackenzie insisted on his right to weep.

Nearly seventy years before her death occurred Hannah More's solitary "romance." The title is purely a courtesy one. The father of one of her sister's pupils suggested that Hannah should become step-mother. "The day was fixed more than once for the marriage, and Mr Turner each time postponed it." At last he returned no more, but he settled an annuity on "the accomplished fair," and bequeathed her a thousand pounds. A pious biographer remarks that "the disappointed lady resolved never again to risk a similar entanglement." It is not unlikely that Mr Turner arrived at a similar resolution.

Mr Birrell in one happy sentence has indicated the surpris-

ing range of Hannah More's intellectual life. "She exchanged witticisms with Dr Johnson, soothed the widowed heart of Mrs Garrick, directed the early studies of Macaulay, and in the spring of 1815 presented a small copy of her 'Sacred Dramas' to Mr Gladstone." But even this brilliant summary of her achievements cannot palliate Mr Birrell's offence. For he confesses to having buried the nineteen volumes of her works "in a cliff facing due north, with nothing between them and the Pole but league upon league of a wind-swept ocean." No one who has ever tried to cremate a calf-bound book will censure Mr Birrell's method of elimination. But we hope Mr Birrell will yet exhume these nineteen volumes. We do not doubt that in their necessarily sere and yellow leaves he will find excellent data for *dicta*. His impetuosity was scarcely worthy of a wit or of a Minister; and if the news of his action should reach the schoolroom, we shall expect to hear of little school-board children planting their little unsectarian hymn-books in the back-garden. Mr Birrell admits that he has been pursued by a Nemesis. Until he re-buys or exhumes these nineteen volumes he can know no peace. Nor can he expiate a literary murder by any other means than by writing "A Little More about Hannah."

While it was chiefly the pretentiousness of their leader that brought ridicule upon the Blues, their history would lack its finest touch of comedy without the

name of Mrs Vesey. She was known in the society as "The Sylph," which may be described as a kindly euphemism. "It was Mrs Vesey's misfortune to raise her expectations too high for the condition of mortality, which gave her that perpetual restlessness of body and mind that harassed and wore out both." The "Sylph's" kindness of heart took surprising forms. She offered to have her drawing-room laid with gravel to accommodate a friend who had to walk on crutches. Forgetting that her only spare room was engaged, she would press her dear Mrs Carter to lodge with her. She invented a coffee-pot, and overlooked the necessity of a lid and a spout. Her house was managed by her sister-in-law, Mrs Handcock, "a very practical woman"—so practical that the Sylph and she were known to the "Blues" as "Mind" and "Body." The only person strangely insensible to the charms of the Sylph was the unfortunate Agmondisham Vesey, one of the original members of the Literary Club, to which he was introduced by Edmund Burke as "a man of gentle manners." "Sir," said Johnson, "you need say no more. When you have said a man of gentle manners, you have said enough."

Mrs Vesey's reputation was built on her genius for arranging her guests. She could square a circle, and, generally speaking, play fast and loose with Euclid. This is how the Blue Laureate describes it:—

"See Vesey's plastic genius make
 A circle every figure take;
 Nay, shapes and forms which would
 defy
 All science of geometry;
 Isosceles and parallel,
 Names hard to speak and hard to spell!
 The enchantress wav'd her wand and
 spoke!
 Her potent wand the circle broke."

It must often have relieved the circle when the potent wand was waved, for Mrs Vesey sometimes "insisted on everybody sitting back to back, the chairs being drawn into little parties of three together in a confused manner, all over the room, so that the occupants could not catch sight of their neighbours except by twisting their necks." Nothing could have repaid them for this martyrdom except the appearance of the Sylph, which was certainly remarkable enough.

"With numberless ear-trumpets hanging at her waist, slung about her neck, or tossed upon the chimney-piece, she moved about among her guests, and in her eagerness to participate in all their *bons mots*, she would hasten from one group to another, carrying her stool, cushion, and trumpets with her, and often thought fit to change her place fifteen times in a quarter of an hour. But, alas! encumbered with so many impedimenta, she invariably arrived at the moment the speaker had become the listener, and in her haste, frequently clapping the brazen ear of the trumpet to her forehead, pathetically exclaimed, 'As soon as I come

near, nobody speaks.' In vain her guests tried to explain, but the Sylph, detecting amusement elsewhere, had already darted off, trumpet in hand, in hopes of better fare, and would gently murmur her disappointment on finding herself again too late."

When Agmondisham became a Privy Councillor in Ireland, the "Blues" bewailed the poor Sylph. A residence in Ireland, wrote Mrs Carter, "was much better adapted to the wants and purposes of the Right Honourable Agmondisham Vesey than to those of his more ethereal partner." Worse than this, Mr Vesey at his death left the Sylph dependent on his nephew, and the "Blues" wept with "their dear Niobe." Mrs Vesey died imbecile in her seventy-sixth year. Along with Mrs Montagu she has the glory of founding the Bas Bleu. The record of her life goes to substantiate Hannah More's opinion that she was the veritable founder. There was no fatuity of which Mrs Vesey was not capable. Of literary pretension, she was necessarily innocent. She was "ethereal," not intellectual. Her name has been a little unjustly forgotten, for her *salon* is almost as much entitled to a ridiculous immortality as the Court of Richard Nash.

J. H. LOBBAN.

MY GREEN FROGS.

I HAVE been trying to relieve the hours of enforced idleness by studying the habits and characters of my green frogs, and I may claim to have succeeded beyond all expectation. The companionship of frogs did not at the outset promise much hilarity, and even about a frog's firmest friendship there must always be a suspicion of chill and clamminess. Yet what the spider or the mouse to the captive in the dungeon, what his goat and his parrot to Robinson Crusoe, that—ay, and something more than that—my frogs have been to me during the last few weeks of my exile, and I shall ever owe them a debt of gratitude for having supplied both interest and occupation to many otherwise weary hours.

Carried in the first instance from a fishmonger's shop in a tiny glass case, which gave them little room for exercise, they testified their joy at being transferred to a comparatively large aquarium by hopping vigorously about their new quarters, which, in addition to a ladder, evidently a *sine qua non* element of a captive frog's happiness, contains a large flat stone and three small flower-pots, in which two little ferns and some lobelia are making futile attempts to grow. The lobelia and the stone are evidently much to the live tenants' liking, as they find shade in the one and a convenient basking-place and drying-ground in the other. One

fern also meets their approval, because it happens to be tied up to a stick, in which the frogs find a handy swarming pole; the other will have shortly to be replaced, because they have broken down every frond by trying to sit upon it. There were four of the little beasts to start with,—Moses, Aaron, Esau, and Jacob. Let it by no means be imagined that they were christened at haphazard. In each case the name was allotted after due consideration, and in virtue of some distinguishing quality. Moses first earned his title by the startling rapidity with which he consigned to "the pit" of his stomach the first three flies introduced into the aquarium. They happened to be flies of a sleepy order, having spent some hours in a bottle, whereof the bottom was covered with a layer of sugar, by way at once of fattening them for the table and relieving the monotony of the hours spent in the condemned cell. I take it that they had gorged themselves to repletion, with the result that when shaken out of the bottle they sat down in a cluster on the stone to renew their toilet and consider the new position. But their reflections were cut short by the circumstance that at the first sign they gave of life, Moses, who was contemplating them from his favourite position on the top of the ladder, made one bound and pouched the lot at a single gulp. Moses

once so named, it followed that another frog, who exactly resembles Moses in size and figure, but is more stately of movement, of a more vividly green hue, and withal brilliantly decorated with bright spots, recalling indeed the magnificence of the ephod, must be Aaron. Then, again, Esau owed his name to his sporting disposition, being the only one of my frogs that shot at his flies on the wing, and by far the best and most daring jumper of the quartette, not even appearing to be put off by the tremendous "gutters"—an old school bathing term—he used to come either in the water or on the stone after a leap at a fly quite at the top of the aquarium. But alas, poor Esau! His sporting instincts only too soon led him astray, if not from the paths of virtue, at any rate from my aquarium, and I can only hope, rather than believe, that the light-hearted little sportsman is still alive, and has found a happy hunting-ground farther afield. In his keenness for exploration he managed to squeeze himself out through a faultily secured corner of the aquarium one Sunday night, and though I have offered a mark—double his original price—for his recovery, all the kind little housemaid's researches have been in vain. Absolutely believing that anxiety for Esau's welfare, rather than the proffered reward, stimulated the girl's diligence, and truth to say, a little weary of finding her crawling about my floor at odd hours on her hands and knees, or turning my books

and papers upside down, I gave her the mark on the third day, but, alas! there is abundant evidence to show that hope is not extinguished in her breast. Not merely because, except for a certain extra oiliness of skin, he exactly resembles the late lamented Esau in personal appearance, but in virtue of his own works and deservings, did Jacob receive his name. For never, surely, had frog a keener eye to the main chance, a greater readiness to profit by his neighbour's good-nature or error of judgment, or a more truly comprehensive appetite. If I do not love him so much as I love tame and sedate Moses, or as I did love sporting and adventurous Esau, I do not fail to recognise the superior intelligence which always makes him come out top where the good things of this life are concerned. Concealing a truly Boer-like slimness under a garb of feigned humility, to the casual observer he might pose as an unenterprising and poor-spirited creature, slow of purpose and timid of execution. But as I watch him carefully, I have formed the conclusion that if he takes few risks he seldom omits a real opportunity, and that the fly on which Jacob has once set his heart sooner or later comes to hand. He neither indulges, as Esau too often did, in wild leaps into vacant space, nor slowly and painfully, like Aaron, stalks his prey round and round the slippery walls of the aquarium. But having long since acquired the knowledge that at some time or other the blue-bottle which buzzes round and round, beat-

ing its wings ineffectually against the walls of the aquarium, will either seek a few minutes' rest upon the stone or a flower-pot, or take an involuntary bath in the water, Jacob bides his time; and sitting upon a raised corner of the stone, which commands a view of the whole premises, there affects to go to sleep. But his is the sleep of Argus. One eye, at any rate, the eye nearest to his destined prey, is ever wide awake. Never is Jacob more truly formidable than when he assumes this attitude of quiescent indifference; never had fly better cause to be wary of the manner of his going. A fall into the water is fatal on the instant. For Jacob is on his victim like a flash of lightning, knowing that he is shooting at a certainty. But and if the insect chances to settle on the farther end of the stone, Jacob simply affects to ignore its presence; and unless either Aaron comes lumbering up to the attack, or Moses makes a long shot from the top of his ladder, the fly has abundant leisure to recover his breath for a new spell of buzzing. In any case, Jacob recognises that in a waiting game lies his best chance of finally securing the prize. If young in years—this his size and shape warrant me in assuming—he is old in discretion, and has early learnt the valuable lesson that he who is habitually shooting for the pot should be rather a safe shot than a long shot, and that the long shooter is by way of wounding or badly frightening more birds or flies than come to the bag.

That which is badly frightened is capable of any act of folly. I have seen a badly frightened partridge kill itself against a telegraph wire, and a blue-bottle, wildly shot at and missed by Esau, actually settle on the very tip of Aaron's nose—about as good a sanctuary as the crater of a slumbering volcano.

"Everything comes to him that waits" is Jacob's motto in life, and he lays himself out to wait for a more convenient opportunity. Five minutes later patience meets with its due reward. The fly presently rises, and indulges in a new fit of buzzing round the walls—a form of proceeding which seems to have more interest for Moses and Aaron than for the apparently somnolent watcher on the stone. At any rate, the larger pair of hunters follow every motion of the fly with both eyes, even to craning their necks in the attempt to perform the feat—impossible to a frog—of seeing that which is directly behind the back. Not so Jacob. He still continues to feign sleep, though it is still a sleep with one eye open; and I notice, as before, that the open eye is always that which is nearest to the fly. The temporary effort exhausted, Herr Blue-bottle once more pays a visit to the stone, and incautiously settles just two inches near to Jacob, who recognises the change of position by slowly opening the other eye.

"To jump, or not to jump?" That is the question which is clearly exercising his mind. But he presently recognises that discretion is still the

better part of valour, and that the fly is scratching his head just out of shot. In the act of scratching, the fly momentarily turns his head, and for the first time Jacob makes a stealthy and almost imperceptible advance. Except for the circumstance that I can see that the gap between frog and fly has diminished, I should hardly know that he has moved at all. But I do notice that both eyes are very wide open. It is the fool of a fly that makes the next advance, a sort of indolent, half-hearted crawl which brings him perhaps half an inch nearer Jacob. And then he accentuates his folly by half turning to scratch his head again.

"Now, Jacob!" I exclaim in my excitement, but there is no need of my admonition. For the fly has gone, and Jacob is sitting on the spot which it lately occupied, gulping for all he is worth. For it is, or it was, an exceptionally fine specimen of the blue-bottle species. And the whole of the last act of the drama has taken place exactly where Moses from his ladder and Aaron from his fern have seen nothing of it. They, poor, expectant creatures, are left patiently waiting till the fly which is safely lodged in Jacob's downstairs ladder shall begin to buzz about again.

But, though I have thought fit to give at full length this anecdote of a frog whose line of conduct has ever commanded my admiration rather than my affection, it is in his manner of dealing with the morning bottleful of game that Jacob

gives the strongest proof of a superior if not altogether laudable intelligence. The raising of the lid of the aquarium, and the introduction of the bottle with its contents, is a signal for all the frogs to be on the *qui vive* after the long night's fast. As the poor little fellows seldom get their first meal before eleven o'clock, and it occasionally so happens that owing to stress of weather two of them, at least, have gone on short commons on the previous day, their excitement is only natural. But where both Moses and Aaron centre their attention on the first blue-bottle that comes buzzing out of the bottle, and follow its every movement with eager eyes, unpretentious but more far-sighted Jacob will remain sitting on his corner of the stone until he is sure that the bottle is empty, and then lays the foundation for a hearty meal on the crippled or weakly flies that lack the courage or the energy to rise from the stone. These duly assimilated, he will next proceed to explore the water thoroughly, thereby probably adding to his bag two, or it may be three, more flies. After this, he will return to his old position on the stone to watch as before the course of events, and in this way "the gleanings of the grapes of Ephraim" commonly proves "better than the vintage of Abiezer." Subtle, sly, successful: was not he "rightly named Jacob"?

Let me say, *en passant*, that nothing has brought more clearly home to my mind the illogical nature of womankind than a remark made by an

American tourist lady who affected to take an interest in my frogs. So soon as I had abandoned all hope of recovering my Esau, bearing in mind the old adage that "three is no company," I had announced my intention of purchasing a successor to my lost pet.

"And you'll call him Esau, of course," rapped out the lady.

"If he is a good sportsman," I replied with some severity, "I may call him Nimrod, or perhaps Jehu, or even Ranjie. But there could be only one Esau for me, and I certainly cannot christen an animal till I have studied his character."

There are times, I will confess, when I have harboured dark suspicions that Jacob is in the habit, when my back is turned, of so far transgressing those unwritten laws of morality which govern the race of frogs as to prey upon dead flies. The circumstantial evidence is almost strong enough to convict him. In the first place, he always elects to roost on the second round of the ladder, only just out of the water, with the result that he is practically throwing himself in the way of floating temptation. Seeing that Moses and Aaron commonly retire before midnight, each to his own position in a top corner of the aquarium, and remain there till I call them in the morning, neither of them seems likely to be the offender. But there is no manner of doubt that all the dead flies on the stone, and no small proportion of those in the water, disappear in the course of the night and early morning. Nor, indeed,

can any defensive argument in favour of Jacob's innocence be deduced from the circumstance that his morning appetite is invariably excellent. For he is an omnivorous feeder, and, like some boys of my acquaintance, always greedy if not really hungry. Moses, at any rate, who is in most respects a gentleman to the backbone, may be held free from any suspicion of condescending to prey upon carrion. Even a very much alive fly, so long as it is content to remain quiescent, is practically safe from Moses. I have seen him watch a sitting fly for five minutes by the clock, and refrain from pouncing until it has visibly moved. Moreover, Moses is essentially a frog of a delicate appetite, who always knows when he has had enough, and has been seen to turn his head quite impatiently out of the way of a blue-bottle which, with a fly's woeful want of tact, has walked almost over his nose during the afternoon siesta. A trivial circumstance, too, has convinced me that Moses suffers from a weak digestion. For despite his habitually gentlemanlike demeanour, I have on three separate occasions witnessed him so far violating an elementary law of etiquette—human etiquette, I should say, for I can't believe that it comes in the frog's book—as to return to his plate an insect that has been actually swallowed. The most notorious instance was that of a small red beetle which found its way into my net on a midsummer night while I was catching a few fire-flies by way of relieving

the monotony of the morning meal. I had emptied the night's bag into a glass jar, and did not detect the beetle's presence till the morning, and then, albeit that I had my doubts as to the creature's wholesomeness, I felt that the matter might be safely left to the frogs' discretion, and emptied him on to the feeding-stone with the other provender. It was on the morning after Esau's departure, and as Aaron had his eye on a daddy-long-legs left over from the last night's supper, Moses and Jacob cleaned up the fire-flies alone, and evidently enjoyed the meal. The beetle, who was a bit of a clown, and had an uncanny and hedgehog-like habit of rolling himself suddenly up into a small red pill, had adopted that attitude on his arrival in the aquarium, and had he remained quiescent for just one minute longer, might easily have won his way to safety in the lobelia-pot. For Jacob had already dived down into the water, on the look-out for floating victims, and Moses was in the act of posing for a return jump to his usual perch on the ladder, when the luckless beetle, thinking the coast was clear, gave his first sign of activity.

"Hulloa! What have we got here?" exclaimed Moses, standing to the strange game like a well-trained pointer. "Well, I'm salted!" For just then the beetle, for the second time, had performed his hedgehog trick. "Salted," I must explain, is a frog's strongest expression of indignation or amazement; stronger, indeed,

than the Englishman's d—d, as suggestive of immediate, rather than future, inconvenience.

Again Moses stood pointing at his game, and waiting for the next move. Suddenly and silently the beetle resumed an active shape, and made a bolt for the lobelia. But Moses nailed him in a trice, swallowed him without further ado, and then, almost as rapidly, reproduced him. Never, I imagine, was the return journey to and from the lower regions accomplished with greater rapidity. And then, with a comical face of disgust, like that of a school-boy who has sampled a black draught, Moses resumed his seat on the ladder, and took no further notice of the rejected beetle. Now, indeed, was the beetle's chance. For he had been landed high, though perhaps not quite dry, within two inches of the lobelia. But instead of bolting for shelter, this second Jonah must needs sit up and perform his toilet right out in the open, and, as it most unfortunately turned out, in full view of Jacob, who had just returned empty-handed to the stone. There was no second return to daylight for that beetle! For Jacob swallowed it without even blinking.

On another occasion a fat horse-fly was swallowed, and instantly returned to the upper regions by fastidious Moses. The fate of his third refusal—a hive bee—must, later on, have a little paragraph to itself. At present I think that I have said enough to show that Moses, of all my frogs, was least likely to gorge himself upon carrion.

Nor, again, did my suspicions rest upon dignified and gorgeously arrayed Aaron. True, he is a poor sort of fly-catcher, wanting both in dash and originality, and after the manner of a "poking" shot dwelling upon his aim too long. But, unlike "poking" shots, he seldom misses his strike, and generally manages to make a tolerably good bag in the course of the day, either securing victory by a series of slow and carefully planned approaches, or patiently watching for the egress of a blue-bottle that he has seen burying itself in the maze of the lobelia. Why it is, I know not, but at least two out of three flies that have once entered the lobelia always emerge at one particular corner, and often, to their cost, find Aaron's wide jaws ready to receive them as they emerge. Finally, Aaron is essentially a dry-land frog, who hardly ever visits the water unless I happen to push him into it in dislodging him from the top of the aquarium, when I have occasion to keep the lid off. Even then he will jump out again with all dispatch, and occasionally climb up the fern-pole and sit sulkily on the top until, with the replacing of the lid, he is allowed to resume his old position at the top of the glass wall.

Everything, then, seems to point to Jacob as being the vampire; and, indeed, I am obliged to add that his character, like that of his namesake, is hardly worth defending.

In Moses, strange to say, I recognise at once the phil-

osopher and the humourist of the trio. The original Moses, if I remember rightly, was a bit of a philosopher in his way, but his best friend could hardly have called him a humourist. That the frog Moses is both the one and the other no one could have doubted who watched him as I did one morning, sitting absolutely still, with the air of a stoic, while his breakfast, in the shape of a blue-bottle fly, was slowly and deliberately crawling up his back, stopping even to scratch itself at intervals. The tickling endured throughout a progress which, by reason of halts and meanderings, must have occupied a good three minutes, must have been considerable, added to the fact that to Moses' mind there must all along have been present the reflection that two other hungry frogs, who in the matter of jumping on to or over their neighbours' backs are no respecters of persons, were also interested in the rogue's march. But neither by hitching of shoulders nor quiver of frame did he betray the least sign of what might have been a fatal impatience,—fatal, that is, to his hopes of a substantial breakfast. For it had been a really bad day for flies, and the crawler was the only fly of real merit in the bottle. Under the circumstances, it is difficult to believe that Regulus in Carthage had better cause to feel uneasy. So much, then, for the stoicism. And for the humour? Not merely the smile that literally overspread his whole countenance betrayed that all along

he was recognising the humour of the situation, but so soon as he saw that I was a spectator of the scene, after the manner of Mr Pickwick he "vinked at me with his vicked old eye," as one who would say, if I could understand his language, "Did you ever see such a fool of a fly in your life?" and then closed his eyes entirely, doubtless with the view of impressing upon my mind the necessity of caution.

The end came at last, when the insect, rendered bold by impunity, after one last and most irritating halt almost exactly between Moses' eyes, took three more paces to the front, which brought him to the tip of the nose. Then there was a short, quick snap, and yet another blue-bottle had gone to its last long home. The ordeal over, and the feat safely accomplished, Moses winked at me again, and then hopped briskly off his ladder and on to it again, by way of making the fly sit properly inside.

And now about the bee,—that eagle which, partly in ignorance and partly in despair, I introduced on a July morning into my peaceful doves' nest. Let me say at once that up to that date bees, which abound in our garden, had enjoyed an immunity from taxation, not from any feeling on my own part for the sanctity of a bee, but rather because I doubted whether the little pests were likely to be wholesome. Having in the course of my life been stung quite half a dozen times by bees both wantonly and maliciously,

I am personally by way of accounting them as so many wolves in sheep's clothing, and I have no more hesitation in killing a bee that insists in buzzing round my head than I have about killing a wasp. Nay, with all due deference to Virgil, Dr Watts, and other authorities who have eulogised the industry and intelligence of hive bees, I do not give the malicious little insects credit for too much of either of these qualities. I am not in a position to dogmatise, being by no means a diligent student of manuals of natural history, and at the same time quite aware that he who attempts to draw conclusions based on the premises of his own limited experience may be writing himself down an ass. But I am sure in my own mind that I know more of the *personal* rather than *natural* characteristics of those beasts, birds, reptiles, and insects which at one time or another I have actually kept, than all the literature in the world could have taught me. At any rate, I shall attempt to prove later on that the particular hive bee which went into my aquarium richly deserved his fate on the score of either idleness or incompetence. However, for weeks together I allowed the bees to go their own wilful way without let or hindrance, until an American wiseacre, who probably knew rather less about frogs than I know myself, went out of his way to tell me that a bee was a favourite article of a frog's diet. Unhappily, too, I remembered—what a dangerous

thing, by the way, is partial memory!—that Virgil, who, we will hope, knew more than my American, had suggested that a toad was a very dangerous enemy to a bee-hive. Why? Presumably—here my memory failed me—because he mopped up the bees. If a toad eats bees, why not a frog? So I argued to myself, and *hinc illæ lacrymæ*. And, last of all, necessity is a hard taskmaster. Two cloudy days came in succession, there was a lamentable dearth of flies, and my frogs were practically starving. Even so, with a bottle that contained two wretchedly lean flies and one winged ant, I held my hand until a pertinacious bee literally rushed upon its fate. Somewhere about midday came the first short spell of sunshine, and though no flies seemed to follow in its train, there were countless bees in evidence. I happened to be sitting in the entrance of our little summer-house, where a trailing bit of nasturtium was hanging in close proximity to my left ear, and though there were plenty of other flowers in the garden, every bee in the place seemed to make it his or her business to visit that particular plant. Presently I took to watching the insects, and noticed that every individual bee, whether hive or bumble, made not merely a call, but quite a long stay, in one very ordinary blossom. After I had watched ten of the little pests thus wasting the precious minutes of sunshine, I came to the conclusion that they were simply

fooling around on purpose to annoy me. And so I warned the next comer, a hive bee, off the premises.

“Look here; it’s no good scouting for honey there. Go and try somewhere else!” and I waved my book at it, whereupon the impudent little beast, instead of taking the hint, buzzed angrily round my head, and then dived into the nasturtium.

“Now, my friend,” said I, pulling out my watch, “if you stay in there for more than ten seconds, into my bottle you go!” And when time was up, there was a very angry bee buzzing about in my bottle. Nor was its temper materially improved on its arrival in the aquarium, when it buzzed around and fussed about as if the whole place belonged to it, instantly attracting the attention of all three frogs. It was Moses, with his high courage and superior jumping powers, who made the first assault, getting the bee well into his mouth, and almost instantaneously attempting to spit it out. But the insect, which had too evidently got its sting into action, was not to be parted with quite so readily, and for the first and only time in the course of our acquaintance my little frog was forced to utilise its foot as a tooth-pick for expelling the unwelcome food. When with a vigorous push he did finally evict the tenant from his mouth, there was no manner of doubt that the bee had stung him. For he dived instantly into the water, and

floundered off to the farthest corner of the aquarium. The bee, meantime, sat on the stone, alternately buzzing defiance and cleaning his wings.

Then Aaron took the field, advancing *more suo* warily to the attack. With more caution, indeed, than usual. For having descended from his seat on the fern to the stone, he proceeded to crawl rather than walk up to his destined prey, stopping to take breath at intervals. I could have wished that he had moved a little faster. For then I might have seen what I failed to see, namely, how the catastrophe—for there was a catastrophe—occurred. But being interested in my poor wounded Moses, I took my eye off the pair of combatants at the crucial moment, apparently, when they actually came into contact. And therefore, whether Aaron shot just short of his mark, or whether he tried to smell what the bee was made of, or whether the bee chanced to back against Aaron's nose, is a matter of pure conjecture. All that I know is, that Aaron suddenly made a mighty bound into the air with the bee literally hanging on to the tip of his nose by the point of its sting, which had evidently been driven well home. On his return to *terra firma* Aaron wisely sought shelter in the water, and there "sounded" like a harpooned whale, thus ridding himself of his vicious antagonist, which was left floating on the surface of the water. Then, while Aaron hurried off to join Moses in

his retirement, Jacob took up the running, and finally disposed of the bee,—very nearly, as I take it, disposing of himself at the same time. Constant practice has made the little frog an adept at gulping down creatures that are struggling in the water, and the bee disappeared in an instant like a pill, only to reassert itself inside. For never did frog show clearer symptoms of severe internal suffering,—so much so, indeed, that I had it in my mind to carry him off to a chemist's shop and try the effect of an antidote. Had the incident happened in England, I should have done so without further hesitation; but the impossibility of explaining matters to a German chemist stayed my hand. For a good ten minutes the poor little sufferer crawled about in an agony along the floor of the aquarium, making the most whimsical faces all the time, and it was quite two hours before he finally recovered. I was heartily ashamed of my own share of the transaction, and wished that my American friend had swallowed the bee himself.

But how was it, in the first place, that the frogs did not recognise on their own account that bees are risky insects to tackle? And in the second place, why should a hive bee, which generally leaves the sting in the object attacked, have the power of wounding all three of my frogs? Want of experience is probably the answer to the first question. My frogs must have either been born in captivity, or re-

moved from their natural surroundings before any of them had had the chance of interviewing a bee. And the bee's power of withdrawing the sting in two cases must in some way be connected with the texture of a frog's skin, whether inside or outside the mouth. But again I will not venture to dogmatise. I know little about frogs in general or frogs in their wild state, but nothing in the world shall induce me to offer my captive pets a second bee. Let me add, by way of justifying Jacob's rashness, that he had twice over swallowed drones, and that a bee and a drone, when floating side by side in the water, are not so easily distinguished as on dry land. For Moses and Aaron, as I said before, the sole ground of excuse was want of prior experience.

I have heard it asserted that frogs, like many other creatures, are extremely weather-wise, and have their own way of foretelling a coming storm or a fine day. All I can say is, that I have not found this to be the case with any of my trio.

"Are your frogs at the top of the glass or in the water this morning?" inquired a young American lady at the breakfast-table.

"Two right up, and one on the ladder," was my answer. I did not think it necessary to add that on at least nine mornings out of ten I find them in identically the same position.

"Didn't I tell you so?" she said, turning to her companion. "It's going to be a real fine

day, and so we'll start for the hills after breakfast."

Before eleven o'clock it had clouded over, and then it started to rain without intermission till late in the evening. Having my own reasons, which I will explain presently, for disliking the presence of tourist ladies in our garden in the morning, I had watched the start not without inward satisfaction, but I rather resented the remark made by the too wise virgin on her return—

"I reckon that only one of your reptiles has a grain of sense in his head."

What I have noticed is, that in going to roost the whole trio invariably turn their backs to the light, and as I chance to have visited them at every single hour of the night, I am prepared to swear that Moses and Aaron never stir after they have once turned in until I call them in the morning. But I generally find Jacob very wide awake when I come into my sitting-room to pick up my shaving-water can. I think that Daniel Webster was the name of the jumping frog immortalised by Mark Twain. Personally, I should be sorry to bet upon my frogs' jumping powers; but, bar accidents, I could land a fortune by betting on the positions of the larger pair at any hour between 11 P.M. and 9 A.M.

Now, do my frogs know me, and do they appreciate my care of them? Well, yes; most certainly they so do, if only to a limited extent. The affection of a cold-blooded creature is hardly likely to run to excess. I do not for an instant

classify their love with that whole-hearted devotion which induces my dog to pine for my company at any and every hour of day and night, nor even with that inconvenient amiability which prompts my cat to jump upon my table and purr round my head when I am writing. But at least Moses and his *confrères* recognise in me their protector, their feeder, and their friend. Theirs may indeed be only that species of cupboard love that prompts the impecunious schoolboy to attach himself to the young Fortunatus who may be likely to treat him at the tuck-shop, or to proffer the loan of his knife to the comparative stranger who happens to have received a hamper from home. But at least it is a satisfaction to feel that my companionship is grateful, rather than otherwise, to my frogs, that they recognise that I am not likely wilfully to harm them, that they are in no wise alarmed when I pick them up, that they welcome the presence of my hand in the cage, understanding that it is either bringing or doing something with a view to their greater comfort. It is easy to perceive all this. If a stranger ventures to lift up a corner of the aquarium when Moses or Aaron happens to be near the top of the glass wall, down jumps the frog in alarm without a moment's hesitation; but when I do the same thing, I find that if I wish my frog to change his position I generally have to lift him. A stranger's hand inside the aquarium at once causes a wild scurry for the nearest

hiding-place, but when Aaron and Jacob remain undisturbed by the advent of my hand, Moses will even hop up to look whether by any chance I have got something for him.

On one point alone I am left unsatisfied. I want to know whether frogs ever quarrel, and if so, what is their method of "having it out." Far be it from me to sow the seeds of discord in my aquarium, but just for once in a way I should dearly like to see Moses and Aaron engage in a good stand-up fight.

A few lines in conclusion about my fly-catching,—an art which he who would keep his frogs in good condition has to practise on a rather extensive scale.

"I call it very cruel to catch the poor flies," remarked a certain lady, who has a remarkably good appetite of her own.

"Must I let my frogs starve, then?"

"I don't see why they should eat flies."

"Then I suppose that you are a vegetarian?"

"No; but I don't kill the sheep and things myself."

"And I don't kill the flies either, if I can help it!"

Were I a fly, and called upon to choose the manner of my death, I should infinitely prefer to be bolted whole by Moses rather than to be slowly murdered by a spider.

However, in providing food for my hungry family, I have learnt more about the habits and intelligence, not to say follies, of the fly tribe than any natural history book had ever taught me. In the first

place, I seem to have discovered that the fly, one of nature's true scavengers, is a foul feeder by choice rather than of necessity. "Wheresoever the carcase is, there the eagles," &c. True, too, of the flies, provided always that the carcase, whether of animal or vegetable matter, be both highly scented and highly flavoured — bordering, in fact, on putrefaction. Dissecting a ripe gooseberry on a morning when flies were busy, I exposed the two portions in a sunny corner of the garden. Fly after fly—for flies are very inquisitive—came and inspected my bait, but not a single individual cared to stop and feed, though I caught half a dozen in quick succession which were preying on the shrivelled carcase of a dead worm which was lying a few feet away. On the following morning I repeated the experiment with a cherry, and at the time the insects barely took the trouble to look at it. But on the third morning, when the cherry had been half-trodden into the ground, and had rotted under exposure to the sun, I took seven fat blue-bottles off it in less than half an hour.

In the second place, I soon made up my mind that the fly errant, like the human tramp, has not only got sufficient intelligence to avoid dangerous quarters on his own account, but has also some means of communicating to his fellows that the hunting on such-and-such premises is no longer safe. For instance, on the first of a series of bright mornings I filled my bottle without difficulty off three round tables in

the garden, and on the second day the tables, comparatively speaking, were drawn blank, but I contrived to get what I wanted off the surrounding chairs; on the third day both chairs and tables were carefully avoided, and the flies had to be caught off the leaves of ferns and other plants; on the fourth day I would have defied the devil himself to make a respectable bag of flies in that corner of the garden. But when I moved tables and chairs to quite another place, the flies came and settled on them as before.

And, in the third place, I discovered that bright colours—red was the colour I happened to use—attract flies from afar. I put a red japanned tray on a table which the flies had absolutely deserted, with the result that a constant succession of blue-bottles came buzzing around to examine it.

Furthermore, I learnt to expect my flies, on days when they came at all, in distinct classes. At nine o'clock in the morning, as I finished my breakfast, I knew that if plenty of the small black flies were to the fore, I might—barring a sudden change of weather—expect a bag of sizable insects later on. By ten o'clock the small black flies had given way to a swarm of the common brown house-flies, interspersed with a few small blue-bottles and an occasional copper-colour. And half-an-hour later the large blue-bottles might be expected, and my day's sport really began. As the fisherman knows to his cost, the supply of flies practically

ceases after mid-day, the departure of the larger sorts being heralded by the re-appearance of the small black species.

Let it be imagined that fly-catching, at any rate in this part of the world, is quite so easy of accomplishment as it reads on paper, let me say that there have been days on which a bad shot at a blue-bottle has cost me an extra hour's work. I have yet to learn whether cats or vagrant tourist ladies are the worst enemies to the fly-catcher. All the summer through there have generally been at least half a dozen specimens of either creature in our pension, and *my* garden and *my* tables seem to possess an unholy attraction for them. When, however, the cat is open to argument from afar in the form of a handful of gravel, the disposal of the tourist lady is a more delicate problem. I have no hesitation in saying that I owe a by no means despicable knowledge of the contents of the local guide-book, not so much to my own keenness for research as to an anxiety to convince sundry fair Americans that a bright day may be more profitably devoted to sight-seeing than to the darning of stockings or the perusal of novels. If I have never offered my services as personal conductor on the round I have suggested, I have found it sound policy to see my disciples safely off the premises and into the tram-car before returning to the business of the day.

Now and then I have re-

ceived vicarious assistance in my fly-catching from the English chaplain, who takes a kindly though wholly amateurish interest in the wellbeing of my frogs. He is quite a good fellow, a genial and cheery companion, and I believe a sound Churchman. But he is a very clumsy handler of a fly-net, and I wrote him down as a poor sportsman at heart from the day when he refused to allow a hungry horse-fly, which had settled on the tip of his nose, to continue its meal without interruption until I had got my net ready for action. I did not exactly like to tell him the undoubted fact that noses of a certain type may be materially benefited by a little timely blood-letting. Nor did I even remind him that the "parson's nose" has been accounted a delicacy by other gourmands as well as horse-flies. But I did draw invidious comparisons between his own pusillanimous conduct and the brave endurance of the Spartan boy who allowed the stolen fox to gnaw into his vitals. However, even on that day the parson's company proved profitable in the long-run, by reason of the continuous succession of horse-flies that I was enabled at intervals to take off his back. And when on the following morning he brought me quite a respectable blue-bottle in a match-box, I entirely forgave him.

He, too, profited to some extent by our companionship. For he learnt what was to him quite a new fact of natural history—i.e., that a bumble-

bee, when it means business, can sting quite as effectually as its domesticated cousin. His ordinary method of fly-catching consisted in bagging a covey of tiny buzzers, easy enough to get into the fly-net, but uncommonly difficult to transfer alive to my bottle. About one really useful fly in forty was his average, and most of his efforts were contemptible. But the capture of the bumble-bee, a feat which might be compared to the shooting of a tame turkey-cock, afforded him infinite satisfaction.

"Look here at what I've brought you!"

And I looked to see a very large and very indignant bumble-bee entangled in the net.

"It's very smart of you to catch it," I remarked, "but I don't give bees to my frogs."

"Why?"

"Because they can sting a frog just as well as they can sting you."

"My dear fellow," with a very superior smile, "a bee like this hasn't got a sting."

"Hasn't it?"

"No. Look here! You're sure you don't want it?"

"Quite sure, thanks."

"Well, look at this, then!" and he picked up the bee between his finger and his thumb. "Oh!"

Away flew the bee, and my friend the parson spent the rest of the morning in sucking his thumb.

How curious, and at the same time incurious, must be the mind of a man who is born and bred in the country and yet arrives at years of maturity

in ignorance of a fact like this! I am thankful to say that before I was fairly breeched I had been as well "entered" as any of Dandie Dinmont's far-famed terriers. At least I had been bitten by a dog, scratched by a cat, kicked by a donkey, stung both by wasp and bee, chased by a gander, pecked by a sitting hen, pinched by a sitting duck, gobbled at by a turkey, bitten by an ant, and, finally, pinched by the mandibles of a large spider. Curiously enough, the last-mentioned assault, though it did not hurt me in the least degree, produced so curious a sensation, and left so lasting an impression on my mind, that to this day I lack the courage to pick up a big spider by the leg.

After long expectation and many disappointments, I have at last succeeded in procuring my fourth frog. But Esau, indeed? Perish the thought! On the very day of his arrival he wrote himself down as a veritable Eli. And that not merely on the ground of patent and, I fear, senile imbecility, but rather because he chose to tumble backwards off the ladder. He did not, indeed, break his neck,—for that is an almost impossible feat for a frog to perform,—but he seriously upset my good Aaron's equanimity and took away his morning appetite by landing on the top of his back. Though Aaron opened his mouth very wide, I could not catch his remark, but he was evidently thinking a lot as he sulkily climbed up to his usual sleeping-place, where he remained for the rest of the day.

CONSTANTINOPLE : A REMINISCENCE.

NEARLY all travellers distinguish some one spot among their journeyings as the object of a special enthusiasm, but the feeling which Constantinople with its glory and its squalor excites, seems hardly akin to the love or pleasure inspired by any other place. Damascus or Bagdad, and generally the cities of the East, have all their own peculiar beauty, yet none of them share that attraction or possess the individuality of the city of "colours taken out of paradise." Yet curiously enough this spot, which has such a magnetic influence upon strangers, is not, and has never been, productive of patriotism among its own sons. Coveted by the world, it has always been its destiny to bring misfortune to its owners, and itself to be the capital of a decaying race, whether Latins, Greeks, Franks, or Turks.

Of the two approaches, that from the sea is infinitely the more picturesque, and the details of the scene are so numerous and each so vivid, producing an effect of sound, light, and colour, like a gay bewildering kaleidoscope, that the first impression which the mind receives is one of brilliant confusion. From the gleaming variety it is difficult to fix the attention upon any one object. The white and gold mosques, with their slender minarets, catch and hold the sunlight among their glittering cupolas,

making a foil to the shadowy cemeteries, where grey tombstones shine remotely through the dim green of cypresses. Round the newly arrived ship there is a continual clamour, while the noise of Turks, Greeks, Kurds, and Armenians, who all want or think they want something, goes up in a mixed babel, and long white caiques, whose oarsmen are dressed in white, sometimes gold-embroidered, flash past.

It is often said that the actual landing is the disenchantment of a dream, and that the touchstone of contact dispels the fascination of distance. In the case of the casual tourist this is a natural result, but to those who have lived in the city and are fond of studying it and its people, though the splendour of the sunset may have vanished from the ill-paved narrow streets, and the mosques be dis-crowned of their golden halos, the love and interest remain. It would be too bold to attempt to describe Constantinople with any hope of bringing home to strangers even a faint realisation, so I will content myself with the reminiscence of spring and summer days.

On disembarking the air seems resonant with the sound of two words, which afterwards become wearisomely familiar, "haidee, haidee," and "yawash, yawash." The first is usually heard in the mouth of Greeks and Armenians, and means,

"hurry, quick"; while the second, "slowly" or "gently," is the shibboleth of the Turks. Sometimes among the pushing, vociferating crowd, there appears an island of comparative peace, where a cavass dressed in red, gold, or silver, according to his uniform, has been sent from one of the embassies to meet some fortunate traveller. Among the poorer classes the position of cavass is greatly desired, offering as it does the attainment of so many things dear to the Oriental heart. It is a responsible post, and, though certainly no sinecure, there are many leisure hours when the cavass can drink his coffee and indulge in "muhabbet," or affectionate conversation with his friends. His clothes are gorgeous, he is armed to the teeth, and has the right to shove and shout with none to gainsay him. The men are considered personally answerable for the safety of the foreigner to whom they are attached, and in this respect any want of faith is so rare as to be almost unknown. One frequently sees an incongruous pair—a dapper little foreigner followed or preceded by a tall Albanian, gallant with revolvers in his sash that harmonise well with his curved, ornate daggers, who arrests indifferently the progress of beast or man that crosses his Effendi's path. A nurse could scarcely be more vigilant with her charge, or for that matter a governess. For, once a friendly feeling is established, no matter which concerns his master is too trifling to be

below the Albanian's attention. Advice on all subjects is willingly, and even insistently, given. I have frequently submitted to a pained remonstrance on the part of a mountaineer for an extravagant habit of buying curios, &c., which in his opinion were worthless, or have been gravely warned to put no faith in the prediction of some quaint, wayside fortune-teller.

Perhaps the most startling sight to the stranger who has just arrived is the burdens which hammals or Kurdish porters, bent to half their height, carry up the hill. Though I never saw it, I have heard of a grand piano being borne from Galata Bridge to Pera, a distance of a mile and a half, by one man. The people enjoy noise, and with or without reason live in a perpetual clamour, and on first disembarking the whole crowd, with the exception of venerable old Turks, appears to be shouting. One excuse is as good as another. I remember once hearing a coachman apostrophising the obstacles in his way thus—"Depart, old man! Oh, woman, go! Soldier, open the way! Black horse, hasten, hasten, remove thyself." Rather than be silent he would probably have preferred similarly to address a wheel-barrow, or any inanimate object in his road.

Before one has half-climbed the hill, one becomes partially accustomed to the astonishing changes of type, though the anomaly of an elderly major-general in uniform carrying a bundle of cabbages in his hand

makes the western soldier gasp. Greeks, usually in a violent and often futile hurry, are followed by slouching Armenians, with the sly eyes and cunning look of an oppressed race. Placid, white-bearded Turks saunter down the road fingering their rosaries of ninety-nine beads, or sit dreamily smoking narghilehs in the cafés, happy in the contentment of the moment, indifferent to all time and things, from the crash of empires to the details which harass the European. Sad-faced Persians in their black fezzes wander by, and perhaps a Caucasian with his wonderful headgear. Occasionally Jews in fur robes, whatever the season be, almost countless nationalities of Europe, and streams of Turkish soldiers, pass upon their way. At intervals there are beggars along the street, green-turbaned old faquires on the bridge, with their eyes fixed on vacancy, and higher up the hills blind Greeks, with one monotonous cry, "Eleesate me, kyrie, den echo matakia na vlepo,"—"Pity me, sir, I have no little eyes to see."

If, however, the traveller is of an economic turn of mind, and wishes to avoid the steep hill, he can take a tram and end his journey in comparative dullness,—for until a man has passed some time in the city he does not realise the silence of the tram and what it signifies. At one end there is often a room partitioned off for the harem, while the men sit on the other side. It is only when, probably at bitter cost

to oneself, one has learnt the extent of the inquisitiveness and garrulity of the Greek, Armenian, and Syrian, that the dead silence of the public carriage makes its sinister impression. To the foreigner the commonly accepted percentage of spies among the population is simply incredible, but accounts at any rate for the taciturnity of trams. The objects in a man's mind when he enrolls himself as a member of this detestable profession are two,—first, as an unprotected subject of the Sultan to guarantee himself as far as he can from the "depositions" of others; and secondly, of course, for the pecuniary interest. It is easy to condemn this class, but often they are obliged to "eat the bread of infamy, and take the wages of shame," and have only the alternative of suffering themselves and bringing ruin upon their families.

The spies of Stamboul are more efficient as the channels of transmission than as a medium for the reception of news. It is said that daily an army of men is sent forth from the Palace to propagate whatever rumour seems at the moment most desirable. By these means the Porte is able to produce any impression it wishes upon the uneducated Moslem of Stamboul. The Armenian massacres were foreseen long before they took place, but their methodical preparation only preceded the perpetration of the slaughter by some eight hours.

Recently, when the allied fleets proceeded to Mytilene,

Yildiz industriously spread the report that there was trouble in the island, and that at the Sultan's request the friendly Powers had undertaken to quell the disturbances on his behalf, as their boats were the nearest at hand. Subsequently, of course, in spite of all precautions, the truth or some portion of it filters through. Some time afterwards a Turk asked me what had really happened, and said that at one moment they had been expecting the word to attack the Christians. I questioned him as to whether they would have obeyed such an order. "Certainly," he said, "except, of course, in the case of our friends." The lower classes knew nothing of the Akaba question in Stamboul. The extent to which espionage exists in Stamboul is seen in many ways. It has, for instance, often been my fortune to meet and make friends with Turks while travelling, only, however, to end the acquaintance abruptly at Constantinople, for it is hardly ever that a Mussulman dare invite or accept an invitation from a foreigner, either to the public restaurant or the privacy of his own house. Stamboul is cankered from end to end with suspicion. There is scarcely any society amongst the dominant race, and it is no exaggeration to say that the city lives under the shadow of a reign of terror.

This system by which reports are whispered into the public ear is efficient by reason of the general ignorance, and it is

also supported by many allied methods. No public congregation of people is allowed, except at certain seasons for the Kara Geuz (black eyes), a Turkish form of theatre. Wrestling-matches are strictly prohibited, as, in fact, is every meeting which tends to facilitate the intercommunication of thought. The idea of men being able to write to each other at all hours the "thoughts of their head" appeared unbearable to the Porte, so to-day there is no Turkish post in the metropolis. So averse was the Government to the idea of the assassination of kings becoming familiar to the inhabitants of Turkey, that when King Humbert was shot at Milan the Turkish papers in their obituary merely mentioned that he had "died while driving, saluting his people" !

A day in Turkey, or less, may give a visitor the key to the country—fatalism. I was once walking with a friend of long residence, when we were spectators of the following drama. A tram was coming at a leisurely pace down the street, while a stream of donkeys laden with bricks was wandering across the road. To everybody it was apparent that in half a minute the leading donkey and the tram must collide, so we stood and awaited events. The man in charge of the donkeys and the tram-driver, the two people chiefly concerned, watched with vacant uninterested eyes the workings of Providence. Quite slowly the inevitable occurred : the pole of the carriage shifted the load of bricks on to the tram-

lines, and the necessary halt followed. We were not near enough to hear the "Ya Kismet," "It is fate, of course," from the driver and the donkey-leader—the brief tribute to any calamity in this country.

To those who live in Turkey "Fate" becomes a serious factor of daily life, and even a problem of domestic economy. If a servant is late "Kismet" is not his excuse but his justification, and soon the most logical of foreigners is content to accept a syllogism with fallacies in the major and minor premises, if he may answer it in the same terms—*e.g.*,

Achmet, a servant. "Behold, the Effendi commanded my attendance two hours earlier."

Effendi. "I did."

Achmet. "Behold, it was willed that the steamer should depart punctually from Therapia. I awaited the next. Ishte Kismet. Behold, it is fate!"

Three days later—pay day.

Effendi. "Achmet, thy wages are four liras. Here are but three and a half. It is fate!!"

Achmet. "Behold!!!" So domestic problems arise and are settled by an arbitrator from whom there is no appeal, for better or worse, but at least with little comment.

A friend of mine, who held land in Turkey, once related to me how, riding across his property, he saw a peasant sowing seed upon rocky soil. He pointed out to the agriculturist that he was wasting labour and money, but was silenced by the reply, "If God Almighty can make the grain grow in the soil, cannot He also

make it grow in the rock?"

It is a sombre theology with the long shadows of sunset which victimises Turkey, a torpor very different from the brilliant fatalism of the Japanese, though the two are often likened to each other. The fatalism of the Far East is fatalism, but in the sunshine; and the difference between the Japanese and the Turk is that whilst the former does not care for death the latter does not care for life—a difference which serves to make both die with equal courage, but until death comes affects the world in which they live very differently. Odysseus has pointed out that even the winter, which can be very cold, comes as a surprise and an unexpected tribulation to the Moslems in Turkey. Kismet with the Turks, given leaders, means conquest, and in the absence of commanders, defeat; in either case he is an instrument of God's supreme will, independent of his own volition, a straw that drifts with the ebbing tide, or an ally and particle of the flood that can wash away empires. From Bagdad to Constantinople he has but one formula, though its sense may be duplicate, and he will fight or submit as "fate" dictates. This fatalism has one of two results, either degenerating into apathy, which for all practical purposes atrophies the Turk, body and soul, or stimulates him to an unreasoning frenzy, when he is capable of heroism or massacre.

Though the typical "Osmanlu" is obstinate and illogi-

cal as the dogmas of his own stubborn creed, he is honest and kindly to a degree which contrasts almost painfully with that of the peoples who surround him. Under a happy Government, as for instance the Cypriote rule, he is as charming a man as can be met with, with the qualities of courtesy, hospitality, great regard for the law, and a certain childlike simplicity that makes all who have dealings with him his friends. He is full of quaint sayings and a calm philosophy, taking pleasure in clothing his thought in a splendid and all-embracing terseness. Colloquial Turkish is a simple language, characterised by a love of proverbs and most startling generalisations, which have been so often repeated that to the Moslem they are beyond questioning. He moulds his life and thought on the concise lines of wisdom which his ancestors have given him, which are often pathetically lacking in common-sense. "Kimde messouliyet, onda hissab" goes the proverb—i.e., "He who is responsible pays the bill"; an anachronism in civilisation, and an absurdity, when one considers the relative position and liabilities of the rulers and peasants of Turkey.

The two principal amusements at Constantinople consist in rowing in caïques and riding. The latter, however attractive from the town, is perhaps better suited to Therapia, where the two miles from the Grande Rue to Shishle, with crowded streets, slippery pavement, and trams with

raucous horns, are avoided. The other way from the Grande Rue to the country is certainly more picturesque; but even there is more than a mile's ride through steep streets and the threading of a market where vendors place their tables at all conceivable angles, under a trellis-work which continually threatens the head of the rider.

Few things are more pleasant than to ride high over the wooded hills above Therapia through the brilliance and the dimness of the ending day, when the world is penetrated with quietness and the undergrowth of the forest a fairyland lighted by the evening skies. Then the Bosphorus below the Giant's Mount is like a magic river, which every varying enchantment of colour holds spellbound; at first so marvelously blue that it is hard to turn one's eyes from watching it, changing to a shining way of dominant gold, down which the old-world emperors sailed, to pale with the twilight except for a soft kindling of the afterglow, and dream in unbroken silver when the moon rises. All this can be seen within the space of half-an-hour from the heights where, with the last fragrance of the day and the sound of drowsy insects, the woods prepare for sleep. And at this time the day seems repentant of the great heat, or if the strong wind from the Black Sea (which blows mostly through the summer) has been fierce, it falls; coolness reigns, and the quiet of the woods is almost exhilaration in their green tranquillity,

while the windows flash back in infinite crimson the last light of the sun from the radiantly white palaces among the sleepy cypresses which border the Bosphorus, above long quays of marble.

Caïques are slender, graceful boats, and the Turks who row them an attractive class. On Friday, the Moslem Sunday, the Golden Horn is covered with caïques and water-craft of all descriptions on their way to the Sweet Waters of Europe or to Eyub. This village is one of the most delightful places near the town, with its cool mosques (forbidden ground to the infidel), quaint wooden houses, and impenetrable harem lattices, which, for all their blind look, see so well. Round the mosques are half-hidden cemeteries, which glimmer in grey and green through vaulted arcades covered with gold lettering. The marble tombs inside these cloisters are elaborately inscribed with arabesques, which, however, are often hidden by creepers and obliterated by age. By the scala or landing-stage in spring-time storks have their nests—a good omen, of which the Turks are very fond.

At the Sweet Waters there collects a crowd of wonderful picturesqueness—Turkish ladies, not dressed in their habitual black, but light silks and the thinnest of gauze yashmaks or veils, Greeks from Galata, Albanians swaggering along with the rustle of their stiff, white petticoats, and Pashas in European uniform. Carriages line the road, which

at the Sweet Waters runs parallel with the river. Negroes, the unfortunate guardians of the nobler harems, are often in attendance. In resorts of this kind cafés are invariably found, often half-hidden in a blue and purple mist of trailing wisteria, or gay with the pink and white foam of cherry or almond blossom—a joyous light by contrast to the sullen flush of Judas-trees. The crowd sits and drinks its coffee, or lies about on the grass, while from the valleys comes the tinkle of pipes, where gipsies make music by running water, and storks gravely flap their wings from some nest above the stream. This is the real holiday of the Turk, and the enjoyment that he appreciates to the full, to take his ease by running water and smoke his narghileh dreamily, with the sound of distant music. This idleness he calls “keyf,” contentment, freedom from all care, and repose of mind and body. Before sunset the throng becomes thin. Straggling groups follow the piping gipsies, and the carriages wind up the road which crosses the hill to the town. The crowd of boats pass down the Golden Horn again to catch the last sight of Stamboul lying in a dream of amber light, and the golden aureoles of the mosques, until the sound of their flutes becomes faint, and

“ With moonlight and sleep for repayment,

Refreshed as a bride and made free,
With the stars and sea winds in her raiment,

Night sinks on the sea.”

There is yet another way of getting about, cheap, quick, and not unattractive. Steam-boats or shirkets run constantly from Therapia to Constantinople, and often constitute a trap to the unwary sightseer, because Turkish time is regulated by the sun, but not, as one would suppose, from sunrise, but from sunset, so that at any time of the year one o'clock is one hour after sunset. Time, then, is constantly changing, so that the stranger who takes a boat at half-past three may very well find four days later that it has gone. The crowd on the steamers is as mixed as any congregation can well be: the bird's-eye view of the Bosphorus, its gardens, white palaces, and marble quays, is beautiful, and constantly changing. There is a curious little white bird, flocks of which are always flying very swiftly up and down the water. Tradition says they never rest, and the Turks, who call them "yelqowan," or the followers of the wind, believe them to be the souls of the drowned women who have paid the penalty of unfaithfulness.

Stamboul by night and Stamboul by day are two very different places. The regulation which insists upon all who walk the streets carrying a light is not enforced very strictly here, as in other towns, where it is considered a wise precaution, as who intent upon robbery or mischief would advertise himself with a lantern? It is difficult to realise, as one walks through the tawdry, ill-lit streets of Pera, that it is

savage country two miles away. The slums of Galata are, however, worse, since in them is found, not the barbarism of Stamboul, but the lowest and vilest dregs of civilisation. In the big street parallel to the quay there is the usual flamboyant vice intended to attract sailors. Polyglot megaphones shriek, Greek and Jewish women sing and dance, and the impression is one of a common, though unusually nauseating, depravity. But to plunge into any of the side alleys, into the quiet and darkness, brings one into a different and a secret atmosphere. Men walk furtively, and through lattices furtively opened wolfish faces peer out, grotesquely framed by the dim light of the room, and hands beckon stealthily. If the air is quiet there is sometimes the perfume of hashish, for it is chiefly in these streets that the drug is consumed. Hashish-smoking is a thing by itself: it claims its votaries entirely, and they give themselves up to a leaden-eyed contentment, placidly abjuring all other pleasures. Out of curiosity I visited hashish-dens with friends more than once. We were chiefly struck by the intense eagerness of the smokers at first to obtain the pipe. When there is a question of prior right this occasionally leads to trouble. Their energy soon evaporates, and their desire once satisfied, it is succeeded by a lassitude which becomes a coma. I once asked the proprietor of one of these places

about a man apparently half-unconscious on a dirty divan, and was told he retained a misty knowledge of what was passing round him. "If you strike him on the face," said the owner of the den, "he will make no quarrel with you—his dreams are better to him." In this locality there are only two classes—those who exist for, and by, vice. It is an unsavoury place, but as much as any other part a feature of the city.

There are many repellent sights in the capital, and it is hard to conceive a picture which more realistically represents a scene from the *Inferno* than an ordinary business transaction that occurs nightly. Dogs are the scavengers of Constantinople, and every night the refuse of hotels and houses is thrown into the street. A class of man exists which lives by rag-picking, and diligently investigates the contents of these heaps, while the dogs snarl and bay round him savagely, resenting his intrusion into their perquisites. I know no more revolting spectacle than the figure of a man, half-hidden by the gloom, crouching over a mass of filth, and seeming to dispute the horrible food in a circle of growling beasts, with bristling hair and gleaming eyes.

The dogs are a great feature of Constantinople, and, indeed, of all Turkish towns. They lie about in amiable heaps in the sunshine, and are most considerately treated by the Turks, though occasionally they suffer at the hands of Greeks

or Armenians. One constantly sees a slumbering group, over which the passers-by carefully step, monopolising the very centre of a busy, crowded street. Each road has its own pack, which protests vehemently against any foreign trespass. Yet a dog may pass where he pleases by making, in the Turkish phrase, "*tesslim*"—*i.e.*, "resignation." In a street not his own he is obliged every few yards to lie on his back and wave his paws propitiatingly, while an inhospitable chorus barks round him. The progress is slow and undignified, but in the end sure. Some of the dogs are handsome, and nearly all have most courtly manners, but the great majority are either crippled by carriages or mange-stricken. When puppies appear upon the scene the nearest Turk provides a basket and milk, and sees generally to their welfare, and woe betide the foreigner who tries to kill a hound. Once I was passing down a street at dusk, but stopped to make the acquaintance of a puppy like a ball of worsted. I had established a very satisfactory basis for future friendship and was going on my way, when I heard the rattle of wheels and yelping. Going back, I found the poor little beast had been run over and had two legs broken. As a big Turkish porter was passing, I offered him a franc to put the puppy out of its pain, a work I did not relish. He was ready to take it roughly from my hands, but not to kill it. "That's different," he said; "to take

life is wicked." And yet it is probable that this man had been as active as any in the Armenian massacres. At Broussa the silkworm trade has passed out of the hands of the Moslems, who gave it up when they discovered that the process of manufacture involved the death of the insects. They are, as they would say, a "compassionate" race, but often there is much inhumanity mixed with their compassion. They bear pain themselves unflinchingly, and expect the same attitude towards it from the rest of the world. An animal hurt past help is left to its agony without question or comment. A doctor, who had come straight from the case, gave me the following description of his patient, an Albanian, who had saved three children in a fire, and then calmly jumped from the third storey. His arm was broken and his collar-bone shattered. The doctor told him that he would administer an anæsthetic. "No," said the Albanian, "Bende Hissab. This is my bill. Give me a towel to bite. I have seen worse things than this at Prisrend." What in another man would be deliberate cruelty is with the Turk merely a callousness which comes from his creed. Pain is an affliction of God, and to be borne as such.

After a certain intimacy with them it is not easy to say whether one most admires or detests the Ottomans collectively. They shine by contrast to the Christian, but then it is they who are responsible for

the condition and character of the latter. The "Rayahs" or Christian subjects of the Porte are treacherous and sordid as a race, but it needs a very self-righteous generation to condemn them, when their history is taken into consideration.

Constantinople is essentially a place to visit at certain seasons, and more especially with a view to seeing one of its feasts or ceremonies. The Selamlık has been too often and too well described for a repetition here. But two other ceremonies, at least, produce an indelible impression—namely, the "Night of Power," where prayers are heard and answered, and the Persian "Festival," a euphemistic misnomer for what really occurs. On the "Night of Power" one is conducted up the narrow steep passage that leads to the gallery of Agia Sofia, from which one looks down upon the worshippers through a sea of light. The sound of the people's prostrations comes up like rhythmic, muffled thunder, while the long chanting of the Imams is a harmonious accompaniment, but ineffective beside the sincerity of the supplicants, whose whole heart is in their prayer. The spectator is forced to accord a half-reluctant admiration to the absolute genuineness which characterises these devotions. The beautiful mosque, with its blazing lights below, its long galleries above half lost in darkness, and the roll of sound which rises, regular and incessant as the beat of a Mediterranean surf, is unique, and one of the most

striking sights of Constantinople. On this night of fanaticism foreigners are not allowed to go into the crowd, seething with the "inurbanity of the religion of the dire impostor."

On the same evening there is also a great exhibition of fireworks at Yildiz, and the white mosques turn to burning red under the cascades of light, while the troops roar in unison their cheers for the Sultan.

The exhibition of Persian fervour is more exaggerated and hysterical, but scarcely more intense than the Sunni worship in Santa Sophia.

A comparison between the two might perhaps suggest the contrast between the orderly prayers of a congregation and the frantic supplication of the deity by the inmates of a madhouse. If an apology is needed for repeating that which has been so often described, one can but say that, however elliptic an account may be of the ceremonies of Stamboul, it would be hopelessly incomplete without a brief allusion to the "Bash Vourmak," or "Striking of the head."

This passion-play is held annually in celebration of the hero-martyr Hussan, who died in the plain of Kerbela, and his brother Huseyn. The play takes place in the courtyard of the Persian or Valide Khan, of which roofs, balconies, and pavements are crowded by pious or curious onlookers. When I was present the Europeans were stationed on the balconies, to which access is obtained through long pitch-black galleries, above the

Turkish soldiers who kept back the throng. The discipline is excellent, and the behaviour of the men more subdued than when, under similar circumstances, they enforce a moderate order at Jerusalem. Before the litany of blood begins, with its appearance of insane devil-worship, the procession comes in under the flare of torches, to the accompaniment of beating of drums and a chanting which continually increases in volume. Upon this occasion it was led by two horses, draped in white, with doves on one and a child upon the other. Behind these follow oscillating red and green banners, and the devotees swaying their bodies in agonised entreaty. Their approach is heralded by a cry, which later becomes a gasping sob, "Ya Hussan, Ya Huseyn." As the line serpentine round the courtyard the intensity and insistence of the groan, which is prayer and lament in one, becomes intolerable; the cry of vengeance and of mourning surges again and again, until the deadly iteration works its effect. Longing and sorrow reach their climax in a wave of sound, and in the instant's silence which follows the Orientals seem to shudder and halt in foreboding of some unknown impending thing. I have heard the call of a man drowning by night, but even that did not attain to the paroxysms of urgency to which the Persians reach. Surely no schiamachy, whether that of the priests of Baal or the flagellants of the Middle Ages, has been as senseless or bloody

as this play. The men seem driven by the sound of their own unprisoned syllables, terrified and reckless as the horses in a cavalry charge galloping to outstrip the thunder of their hoofs. The pitch of emotion at which they aim is too high for gratification except in terms of suffering. Souls in pain appear to wait for a great judgment; in every face blind eyes seem straining to see a vision. It does not need much imagination to become aware of a desire for the purification of a sordid soul in the fierce renunciation of self, the sacrifice or rather dedication of that which all men hold precious to an ideal, not less commanding because it is only half-realised. The tide of feeling rises furious yet impotent, a wild monotony in one intention, until it ends in a breathless stillness, a sudden silence, menacing and supplicating, tortured by expectancy. The agony of stillness is as tense as the frenzy it succeeds. Every face might be the death-mask of one who had died with salvation near, but unobtainable.

After the pause, which is only for a moment of time, the work of mutilation begins. The impetus grows ever more strenuous, and the primitive note of monotony maddens the already maddened worshippers.

The fanatics beat their naked backs with chains, whose links bruise and deaden the flesh before they cut it. Others armed with swords strike their shaven heads till the place becomes a carnival of blood. The horses draped in white

became red, and the fluttering doves upon them were splashed with the same colour; the child that seemed merely a detail of the procession became crimson, as the torches' flame triumphantly lit the blood in its conquest of white. The whole courtyard is a study of brilliant colour where the light strikes, or of rather gruesome dimness in the shadow. The reek comes up to the galleries with the vehement cry, not of bodily but of mental anguish, a tormented penitence of souls in pain which only pain can express.

It has so often been said that the East and the West are different, that the essential difference has come to be regarded as a matter of little importance; yet, to many of those who have lived in the East, it resolves itself into this—that the West has freedom while the East has not, and so circumspection and secrecy have become congenital among Orientals. The Orient wears a mask where the Occident has resigned it; but, though Kismet is an excellent referendum, yet in the face of a physical crisis, though the nervousness of the Eastern is not as acute as that of a European, he still feels acutely. At the inception of this "Festival" the faces of the devotees are stern, but haunted by the prophetic fear of pain which underlies the courage of the martyr, though the flood of their emotion and the jubilant certainty carries them forward on a wave of magnificent feeling that acts as an anæsthetic to the tortures of the body.

After the "Festival" had continued perhaps some twenty minutes I remember noticing one man. He showed no sign of laceration. His eyes were fixed in a distant, absorbed stare. I watched him through my glasses and saw how he brought up his scimitar at first reluctantly and then with a rush to his forehead. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak; he had thought out and acquiesced in the conclusion of his fellows, but the trial was hard. His face was set and hypnotised by a great determination which prevailed. By some accident he struck one of the bigger veins, and instantly the rigid features and eyes focussed on one purpose were blotted out, and his white tunic hidden under a red gush which shone under the torches.

To a European these ecstasies or hysterics are simply a form of religious libertinism, seeming more irrational than the practice of the flagellants, and more objectless than the ordeal by fire. Yet the excitement is certainly contagious, and I have sometimes questioned the people as to what they felt themselves. They rarely attempt to make their practice accord with logic, even to the extent of bringing it into symmetry with their creed. It is certainly a grim parody of the chivalry it is intended to recall. St Francis, who espoused poverty, found a cathedral sepulchre richer than that of many an emperor; and so by the irony of fate the memory of Huseyn, once the

mirror of knighthood, is celebrated with dim or flaring lights in this orgy of tears, sweat, and blood.

To pass to an equally picturesque and less gory subject.

No sight-seeing in Constantinople is complete without a visit to the Bazaars. These are situated at the top of the hill of Stamboul, which faces the height of Pera or Bey Oglou across Galata Bridge. On their outskirts are the booths of Greeks, all drivers of hard bargains, who sell seed-pearls chiefly, clamorously attracting the notice of any passer-by. Inside the air is cool, somnolent, and often redolent with different Eastern scents and the perfume of attar of roses. Solemn old Turks sit cross-legged, playing with their rosaries of ninety-nine beads, each of which represents one of the Beautiful Names of God. Occasionally they rise and go through the proper motions of prayer, and when so engaged no prospective purchaser can distract them from their devotions. In any case, all non-Moslems are driven forth at a certain hour, the hour of prayer, when the voice of the circumambulant auctioneer is hushed and the vendors retire to worship. A bargain with these patriarchs, softened by excellent Turkish coffee and many cigarettes, loses that sordid side usually associated with it.

Almost opposite to the Bazaars there stands the Nouri-Osmanie Mosque, with an open space round it, at whose entrance chains depend from

a doorway, to force all to bend their heads in submission to the sanctity of the spot. Directly in front of this entrance is the street of the "Faljis," or fortune-tellers. Of these there are many kinds, among them women who shuffle beads for farthings in this street, with no kind of principle that I was ever able to discover. At Eyoub there are white-robed women who affect the mystery of the Oracle, and hidden by their veils as they recite full-mouthed incantations above a well, encircled by swaying cypresses, they have all the traditional appearance of sibyls. I was once severely rebuked for inquisitively intruding into these mysteries, as I had unthinkingly come between a grave and the well, so cutting off the influence of the holy occupant of the tomb with my profane body. A Greek in search of a jewelled comb lost by his sister recounted to me how once he had peered down this same well and seen a crowd of shadowy faces, amongst which he distinguished the beautiful features of a lady, a dear friend of the family, with the comb shining in her hair. I never heard of the unpleasant time that must have followed for all parties. The setting in which the predictions take place are a fair excuse for superstition, for it is hard to conceive anything more beautiful than Eyoub on a blue still day, with its cemeteries carpeted with wild-flowers and its veiled soothsayers among the cypresses.

The Diviners of the Nour-i-Osmanie, chiefly Moors, who speak a broad guttural Turkish, proceed on totally different lines. The inquirer into fate is first told to write down his Christian name and then his mother's, and subsequently given a pencil to hold, which is supposed to absorb and communicate to the fortune-teller the inspiration of his thoughts. A prolonged silence follows, while the oracle mutters brokenly; perhaps a servant comes in with coffee, his left hand held horizontally across his stomach, in sign of humility—surely one of the oddest forms of courtesy that the mind of man has invented. Then a series of half-prophetic and usually most embarrassing questions ensue. The seeker after knowledge is soon dismissed with the assurance that after a period of a certain number, 3, 5, or 7, or, for that matter, any other,—though the soothsayer prudently refuses to enter into details as to whether it is a period of days, weeks, months, or years,—his or her "star" will be high. Often, too, an injunction is added to feed the street dogs by way of "charity," very early the next morning, with quantities of bread.

The language and sonorous phrases of the fortune-tellers are attractive, while, as is natural from men of their calling, they are extremely shrewd, and though the whole performance may be written down a mummery, the unexpected truths they, or the more intelligent ones, often happen

on are sometimes startling. When one has become sufficiently acquainted with a "Falji," it is a by no means uninteresting way of passing a morning to listen while type after type, and class after class, ask him almost the same questions, and buy philtres or prophylacteries, chiefly excerpts from the Koran, which as charms decorate the room.

Amongst other superstitions in Turkey, belief in the "evil eye" is very common, and though it does not assume quite the shape of the "jettatura" in Italy, is not less prevalent. Many cab-horses are decorated with blue beads as a precaution against being "overlooked." The Orientals of the Near East are more loth even than Western nations to seem to throw down the gauntlet to fate. Any boast or exclamation of admiration is eagerly followed by some propitiatory observation, usually in the case of the Ottoman "Mashallah,"—i.e., "What God has wished!" conveying the idea "Let no harm come to anything so beautiful." This ejaculation has almost passed into a phrase of courtesy, used by a guest on entering the house or partaking of the hospitality of his host. The Greek equivalent of "Unberufen," when they wish to guard against calamity, is a curious expression, "Skorthoeis to mati,"—i.e., "Garlic in the eye," the derivation of which is not very clear.

The Hellenes of Constantinople are a distinctly superstitious race. Once I remember playing a hand at cards with a

Greek in a restaurant. At a moment which seemed to him critical I took off my hat. He threw down his hand, protesting that it was not fair to pray and uncover to a saint in a game of chance.

Perhaps one of the attractions of living by the Bosphorus is that what the hour will bring forth is always uncertain. It would be far from easy to cram so many new experiences as are to be met with between Stamboul and Pera, into a walk of the same distance elsewhere. In Stamboul itself one may well be one of a heterogeneous line of a dozen different nationalities, perplexed by the problem of dodging pack-horses laden with bricks whose corners are painful, avoiding trams, or even threading a stream of stiff, pacing camels. On Galata Bridge cripples hop beside the carriages, and ancients in green turbans, who have expended their last vitality vainly on the Haj, pray for charity. Occasionally lepers, or men suffering from some kindred disease, with faces beyond the guess of a nightmare, equally loathsome in the daytime and at dusk, call dismally upon the pity of those who pass. Mendicants with their eyes fixed on eternity, and their heads and flowing white beards dropped in their chests, tranquilly hold out their hands for the daily requirements of which they are sure.

If the season be, say, the feast of Bairam, the casual things to be met with are even more astonishing than at other times. Albanians in snowy

petticoats, or men dressed as such, sword-dance in glory in the middle of the street. Gipsies lead amiable bears through the thoroughfares, followed by a pack of indignant dogs; sheep, combed and washed, with pure white fleeces and gilded horns, decked for the Sacrifice, are guided through the traffic; and in the midst of all this, while children fly kites in the green cemeteries and the place is a gay revelry of sound and colour, one may meet with the body of some girl, dressed in her bridal clothes, on the way to her grave.

But perhaps the most marvellous of sights one may meet—and, unless constitutionally very brave, fly from—is the fire-brigade.

The fire-brigade, or tulunbajis, is, I believe, totally unlike any other body of men to be found in the world. I shall never forget my first introduction to them. I was returning with two friends from a dinner, where we had been regaled with bloody tales of the Armenian massacres, and were quietly discussing the possibility of their recurrence, when we heard a frantic yelling behind us, and turning saw a crowd of men scantily dressed, armed with staves, and charging headlong down the street. We wasted no precious moments in futile comments, but with great presence of mind turned and ran quickly into the shelter of a neighbouring hotel, where the true character of things was explained to us.

These men, as far as I have

had the opportunity of observing them, work well and are efficient, but they bear a bad name, and are supposed to loot the houses adjacent to the fire, if the opportunity occurs. Such is their reputation, that it is only at the very last that the inmates will consent to leave their home. Upon the occasion of a fire I once contrived to enter the neighbouring building, wondering if the people inside had realised their danger, for it seemed that it too must inevitably be burnt. There, however, I found the men collected, and prepared to do battle for their household gods.

In the emergency of a fire the average Turk is very apt to lose his head. A friend of mine, at the burning of a house by the Bosphorus, once saw a native rushing to and fro pouring water on the conflagration from a sardine-tin. On another occasion, a sergeant who had managed to climb to the roof, there danced and shouted until the edifice collapsed with him! The most lamentable and picturesque fire which I witnessed occurred at the house of a friend on the Feast of the Sacrifice of Bairam. It was a day when the air seemed to dance with sunlight, and the Bosphorus (which the house overlooked) was flashing turquoise, the boats on it all gay and decorated with flags. At twelve o'clock a thunder of guns rang out in salute, and made the air vibrate to sound. Trumpets pealed, muezins called to prayer from the white minarets, and round the roar and crackle of the fire under

the sparkling blue skies bugles played unceasingly.

At night the sinister cry "Yanguin Var!" (there is a conflagration) is often heard, in a melancholy, long-drawn wail. From quarter to quarter it is taken up by the bekjis or night-watchmen, who patrol the streets, not with any view to the prevention of law-breaking, but rather to keep up a time-honoured tradition. They make their approach known alike to honest men and thieves by beating the pavement soundly with their staves, to the interruption of a stranger's sleep.

Politics are not the province of this article, which attempts only to convey some portion of the glamour that Constantinople itself exercises. It has been described, more than once I think, in books found at the stations, as a town of "blood, fire, and sleep," a melodramatic description that is comparatively accurate if applied to different moods. The most enthusiastic historian forgets the past to

remember the present, forgets the tragedies of the Porphyrogeniti,—for tragedies are the memories of the city,—and how emperors sailed down the Bosphorus, magnificent before their death, how crusaders forgot the Cross and sought the gold of the place, in the living wonders round them. Whatever sinister influence they may have had in the past, the white mosques with their golden crowns and snowy minarets, and the magnetic blue of the Bosphorus, atone for by their present beauty. If the city has been a siren in the past, it is a siren still, and the cypresses quivering with a dimness that seems always refluent under the breeze and sunshine, half sombre in the light above the sparkle of colour, red or white, from almond, cherry, or Judas trees, endow the place with a perpetual enchantment and a controlling spell. However its reality may belie its name, he who first called Constantinople, Der-sadet, the Gate of Felicity, was a lover of beauty who found the right word for his love.

THE DAFT DAYS.

A NOVEL.

BY NEIL MUNRO,

AUTHOR OF 'JOHN SPLENDID,' 'THE LOST PIBROCH,' ETC.

CHAPTER X.

IT was a saying of Daniel Dyce's that all the world was under one's own waistcoat. We have a way of spaeing fortunes in the North, when young, in which we count the waistcoat buttons from top to bottom, and say—

Tinker,
Tailor,
Soldier,
Sailor,
Rich man,
Poor man,
Prodigal, or
Thief?

Whichever name falls upon the last button tells what is your destiny, and after the county corps has been round our way recruiting, I see our schoolboys with all their waistcoat buttons missing but three at the top. Dan Dyce had a different formula: he said "Luckiness, Leisure, Ill or Well, Good World, Bad World, Heaven or Hell?"

"Not Heaven, Dan!" said Bell. "The other place I'll admit, for whiles I'm in a furious temper over some trifle;" to which he would answer, "Woman! the Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

So, I think sometimes, all

that's worth while in the world is in this little burgh, except a string quartette and a place called Florence I have long been ettling to see if ever I have the money. In this small town is every week as much of tragedy and comedy and farce as would make a complete novel full of laughter and tears, that would sell in a jiffy. I have started, myself, a score of them—all the essential inspiration got from plain folk passing my window, or from hearing a sentence dropped among women gossiping round a well. Many a winter night I come in with a fine catch of tales picked up in the by-going, as we say, and light the candles in a hurry, and make a gallant dash at "Captain Consequence. Chapter I." or "A Wild Inheritance. Part I. The Astounding Mary." Only the lavishness of the material hampers me: when I'm at "Captain Consequence" (which would be a splendid sombre story of an ill life, if I ever got beyond Chapter I. and the old scamp's fondness for his mother), my wife runs in with something warm to drink, and

tells me Jonathan Campbell's goat has broken into the minister's garden, and then I'm off the key for villainy; there's a shilling book in Jonathan's goat herself.

But this time I'm determined to stick by the fortunes of the Dyce family, now that I have got myself inside their door. I hope we are friends of that household, dearer to me than the dwellings of kings (not that I have cognisance of many). I hope that no matter how often or how early we rap at the brass knocker, or how timidly, Kate will come, and in one breath say, "What is't? Come in!" We may hear, when we're in, people passing in the street, and the wild geese call,—wild geese, wild geese! this time I will not follow where you tempt to yon far north where only are silence and dream,—the autumn and the summer days may cry us out to garden and wood, but if I can manage it I will lock the door on the inside, and shut us snugly in with Daniel Dyce and his household, and it will be well with us then. Yes, yes, it will be well with us then.

The wild goose cry, heard in the nights, beyond her comprehension, was all that Bud Dyce found foreign in that home. All else was natural and familiar and friendly, for all else she knew was love. But she feared the "honk, honk" of the lone wild things that burdened her with wonder and awe. Lying in her attic bower at night, they seemed to her like sore mistaken wan-

derers, wind-driven, lost; and so they are, I know. Hans Andersen and Grimm for her had given to their kind a forlorn and fearsome meaning. But Kate MacNeill had helped, to some degree, these childish apprehensions.

The Highland maid brought from Colonsay a flesh that crept in darkness, a brain with a fantastic maggot in it; she declared to goodness, and to Bud sometimes, that she had no life of it with ghosts in her small back room. But Bud was not to let on to her aunties. Forbye it was only for Kate they came, the ghosts; did Bud not hear them last night? Geese! No, not geese, Kate knew different, and if the thing lasted much longer she would stay no more in this town; she would stay nowhere, she would just go back to Colonsay. Not that Colonsay was better; there were often ghosts in Colonsay—in the winter-time, and then it behoved you to run like the mischief, or have a fine strong lad with you for your convoy. If there were no ghosts in America it was because it cost too much to go there on the steamers. Harken to yon—"Honk, honk!"—did ever you hear the like of it? Who with their wits about them in weather like that would like to be a ghost? And loud above the wind that rocked the burgh in the cradle of the hills, loud above the beating rain, the creak of doors and rap of shutters in that old house, Bud and Kate together in the kitchen heard again the

"honk, honk!" of the geese. Then it was for the child that she missed the mighty certainty of Chicago, that Scotland somehow to her mind seemed an old unhappy place, in the night of which went passing Duncan, murdered in his sleep, and David Rizzio with the daggers in his breast, and Helen of Kirkconnel Lee. The nights but rarely brought any fear for her in spite of poor Kate's ghosts, since the warmth and light and love of the household filled every corner of lobby and stair, and went to bed with her. When she had said her prayer the geese might cry, the timbers of the old house crack, Bud was lapped in the love of God and man, and tranquil. But the mornings daunted her often when she wakened to the sound of the six o'clock bell. She would feel, when it ceased, as if all virtue were out of last night's love and prayer. Then all Scotland and its curious scraps of history as she had picked it up weighed on her spirit for a time; the house was dead and empty; not ghost nor goose made her eerie, but mankind's old inexplicable alarms. How deep and from what distant shores come childhood's fears! There was nothing to harm her, she knew, but the strangeness of the dawn and a craving for life made her at these times the awakener of the other dwellers in the house of Dyce.

She would get out of bed and go next door to the room of Ailie, and creep in bed beside her to kiss her for a little from her dreams. To the aunt

these morning visitations were precious: she would take the bairn to her bosom and fall asleep with sighs of content, the immaculate mother. Bud herself could not sleep then for watching the revelation of her lovely auntie in the dawn—the cloud on the pillow that turned to masses of hazel hair, the cheeks and lips that seemed to redden like flowers as the day dawned, the nook of her bosom, the pulse of her brow.

Other mornings Wanton Wully's bell would send her in to Bell, who would give her the warm hollow of her own place in the blankets, while she herself got up to dress briskly for the day's affairs. "Just you lie down there, pet, and sleepy-baw," she would say, tying her coats with trim tight knots. "You will not grow up a fine, tall, strong girl like your Auntie Ailie if you do not take your sleep when you can get it. The morning is only for done old wives like me that have things to do and don't grudge doing them."

She would chatter away to Bud as she dressed, a garrulous auntie this, two things always for her text—the pride of Scotland, and the virtue of duty done. A body, she would say, was sometimes liable to weary of the same things to be done each day, the same tasks even—on, fires and food and cleansing, though the mind might dwell on great deeds desirable to be accomplished, but pleasure never came till the thing was done that was the first to hand, even if it was only darning a stocking. What was Bud going to

be when she grew up? Bud guessed she wasn't going to be anything but just a lady. Ah, yes, but even ladies had to do something wise-like; there was Ailie—to go no farther—who could have managed a business though her darning was but lumpy. Even for a lady there was nothing nobler than the making of her own bed; besides the doctors said it was remarkably efficacious for the figure.

Bud, snug in her auntie's blankets, only her nose and her bright bead eyes showing in the light of the twirly wooden candlestick, guessed Mrs Molyneux was the quickest woman to get through work ever she saw: why! she just waved it to one side and went out to shop or lunch with Jim.

A look of pity for Mrs Molyneux, the misguided, would come to Bell's face, but for those folk in America she never had a word of criticism in the presence of the child. All she could say was America was different. America was not Scotland. And Scotland was not England, though in many places they called Scotch things English.

Jim used to say, speaking of father, that a Scotsman was a kind of superior Englishman.

Bell wished to goodness she could see the man,—he must have been a clever one!

Other mornings again would the child softly open her uncle's door and he would get a terrible fright, crying "Robbers! but you'll get nothing. I have my watch in my boots, and my money in my mouth."

She would creep beside him, and in these early hours began her education. She was learning Ailie's calm; she was learning Bell's ideas of duty and the ancient glory of her adopted land; from her uncle she was learning many things, of which the least that seemed useful at the time was the Lord's Prayer in Latin. "Pater Noster qui es in cœlis"—that and a few hundreds of Trayner's Latin maxims was nearly all of the classic tongue that survived with the lawyer from student days. It was just as good and effective a prayer in English, he admitted, but somehow, whiles, the language was so old it brought you into closer grips with the original. Some mornings she would hum to him coon songs heard in her former home; and if he was in trim he himself would sing some psalm to the tune of Coleshill, French, Bangor, or Torwood. His favourite was Torwood; it mourned so—mourned so! Or at other times a song like "Mary Morison."

"What are you bumming away at up there the pair of you?" Bell would cry, coming to the stair-foot. "If you sing before breakfast, you'll greet before night!"

"Don't she like singing in the morning?" Bud asked, nestling beside him, and he laughed.

"It's an old freit—an old superstition," said he, "that it's unlucky to begin the day too blithely. It must have been a doctor that started it, but you would wonder at the number of good and douce

Scots folk, plain bodies like ourselves, that have the notion in their mind from infancy, and never venture a cheep or chirrup before the day's well aired."

"My stars! ain't she Scotch, Auntie Bell?" said Bud. "So was father. He would sing any time; he would sing if it broke a tooth; but he was pretty Scotch other ways. Once he wore a pair of kilts to a Cale—to a Caledonian Club."

"I don't keep a kilt myself," said her uncle. "The thing's not strictly necessary unless you're English and have a Hielan' shooting."

"Auntie Bell is the genuine Scotch stuff, I guess!"

"There's no concealing the fact that she is," her uncle admitted. "She's so Scotch that I am afraid she's apt to think of God as a countryman of her own."

And there were the hours that Ailie gave with delight to Bud's more orthodox tuition. The back-room that was called Dan's study, because he sometimes took a nap there after dinner, became a schoolroom. There was a Mercator's map of the world on the wall and another of Europe, that of themselves gave the place the right academy aspect. With imagination, a map, and the Golden Treasury, you might have as good as a college education, according to Ailie. They went long voyages together on Mercator; saw marvellous places; shivered at the poles or languished in torrid

plains, sometimes before Kate could ring the bell for breakfast. There seemed no spot in the world that this clever auntie had not some knowledge of. How eagerly they crossed continents, how ingeniously they planned routes! For the lengths of rivers, the heights of mountains, the values of exports, and all the trivial passing facts that mar the great game of geography for many childish minds, they had small consideration; what they gathered in their travels were sounds, colours, scenes, weather, and the look of races. What adventures they had! as when, pursued by elephants and tigers, they sped in a flash from Bengal to the Isle of Venice, and saw the green slime of the sea on her steeping palaces. Yes, the world is all for the folk of imagination. "Love maps and you will never be too old or too poor to travel," was Ailie's motto. She found a hero or a heroine for every spot upon Mercator, and nourished so the child in noble admirations.

You might think it would always be the same pupil and the same teacher, but no, they sometimes changed places. If Ailie taught Bud her own love for the lyrics that are the best of men in their hours of exaltation, Bud sent Ailie back to her Shakespeare, and sweet were the days they spent in Arden or Prospero's Isle.

It was well with them then; it was well with the woman and the child, and they were happy.

CHAPTER XI.

But the Dyces never really knew how great and serious was the charge bequeathed to them in their brother William's daughter till they saw it all one night in March in the light of a dozen penny candles.

Lennox had come from a world that's lit by electricity, and for weeks she was sustained in wonder and amusement by the paraffin lamps of Daniel Dyce's dwelling. They were, she was sure, the oldest kind of light in all the world, Aladdin-lights that gleamed of old on caverns of gems, till Kate on this particular evening came into the kitchen with the week-end groceries. It was a stormy season—the year of the big winds; moanings were at the windows, sobbings in the chimney-heads, and the street was swept by spindrift rain. Bell and Ailie and their brother sat in the parlour, silent, playing cards with a dummy hand, and Bud, with Footles in her lap, behind the winter-dykes on which clothes dried before the kitchen-fire, crouched on the fender with a Shakespeare where almost breathlessly she read the great, the glorious *Macbeth*.

"My stars! what a night!" said Kate. "The way them slates and chimney-cans are flying! I thought every minute would be my next. Oh towns! towns! Stop you till I get back to Colonsay, and I'll not leave it in a hurry, I'll assure you."

She threw a parcel on the

kitchen-dresser, and turned to the light a round and rosy face that streamed with clean cooling rain, her hair in tangles on her temples and her eyes sparkling with the light of youth and adventure,—for to tell the truth she had been flirting at the door a while, in spite of all the rain, with some admirer.

Bud was the sort of child whose fingers itch in the presence of unopened parcels: in a moment the string was untied from the week-end groceries.

"Candles!" she cried. "Well, that beats the band! I've seen 'em in windows. What in the world are you going to do with candles? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve—oh Laura, ain't we grand!"

"What would we do with them but burn them?" said the maid; "we'll use them in the washing-house," and then she sank into a chair. "Mercy on me, I declare I'm dying!" she exclaimed in a different key, and Bud looked round and saw Kate's face had grown of a sudden very pale.

"Oh dear! what is the matter?" she asked, her eyes large, innocent, and anxious.

"Pains," moaned the maid. "Pains inside me and all over me, and shiverings down the spine of the back. Oh, it's a sore thing pain, especially when it's bad! But don't—don't say a word to the mustress; I'm not that old, and maybe I'll get better."

"Try pain-killer," recommended Bud. "And if I was you I'd start just here and say a prayer. Butt right in and I'll not listen."

"Pain-killer!—what in all the world's pain-killer? I never heard of it. And the only prayer I know is 'My Father which art' in Gaelic, and there's nothing in it about pains in the spine of the back. No, no; I'll just have to take a tablespoonful of something or other three times a-day, the way I did when the doctor put me right in Colonsay. Perhaps it's just a chill, but oh! I'm sorrowful, sorrowful!" and Kate, the colour coming slowly back to her, wept softly to herself, rocking in the kitchen chair. It was sometimes by those odd hysterics that she paid for her elations with the lads.

"I know what's wrong with you," said Bud briskly, in the manner of Mrs Molyneux. "It's just the croodles. Bless you, you poor perishing soul! I take the croodles myself when it's a night like this, and I'm alone. The croodles ain't the least wee bit deadly; you can put them away by hustling at your work, or banging an old piano, or reading a story, or playing that you're somebody else—Well, I declare I think I could cure you right now with these twelve candles, far better than you'd do by shooting drugs into yourself."

"I never took a single candle in all my life," said Kate, "far less twelve, and I'll die first."

"Silly!" exclaimed Bud. "You'd think to hear you

speak you were a starving Eskimo. I don't want you to eat the candles. Wait a minute." She ran lightly upstairs, and was gone for ten minutes.

Kate's colour all revived; she forgot her croodles in the spirit of anticipation that the child had roused. "Oh, but she's the clever one that!" she said to herself, drying the rain and tears from her face and starting to nibble a biscuit. "She knows as much as two ministers, and still she's not a bit proud. Some day she'll do something desperate."

When Bud came back she startled the maid by her appearance, for she had clad herself, for the first time in Scotland, with a long, thin, copious dancing-gown, in which a lady of the vaudeville, a friend of Mrs Molyneux's, had taught her dancing.

"Ain't this dandy?" she said, closing the kitchen-door, and there was a glow upon her countenance and a movement of her body that, to the maid's eyes, made her look a little woman. "Ain't this bully? Don't you stand there looking like a dying Welsh rabbit, but help me light them candles for the footlights. Why! I knew there was some use for these old candles first time I set eyes on them; they made me think of something I couldn't 'zactly think of—made me kind of gay, you know, just as if I was going to the theatre. They're only candles, but there's twelve lights to them all at once, and now you'll see some fun."

"What in the world are you

going to do, lassie?" asked the maid.

"I'm going to be a Gorgeous Entertainment; I'm going to be the Greatest Agg-Aggregation of Historic Talent now touring the Middle West. I'm Mademoiselle Winifred Wallace of Madison Square Theatre, New York, positively appearing here for one night only. I'm the whole company, and the stage manager, and the band, and the boys that throw the bouquets. Biff! I'm checked high: all you've got to do is to sit there with your poor croodles and feel them melt away. Let's light the foot-lights."

There was a row of old brass bedroom candlesticks on the kitchen-shelf that were seldom used now in the house of Dyce, though their polish was the glory of Miss Bell's heart. The child kilted up her gown, jumped on a chair, and took them down with the help of Kate. She stuck in each a candle, and ranged them in a semicircle on the floor, then lit the candles and took her place behind them.

"Put out the lamp!" she said to Kate, in the common voice of actors' tragedy.

"Indeed and I'll do nothing of the kind," said the maid. "If your Auntie Bell comes in she'll—she'll skin me alive for letting you play such cantrips with her candles. Forbye, you're going to do something desperate, something that's not canny, and I must have the lamp behind me or I'll lose my wits."

"Woman, put out the light!"

repeated Bud, with an imperious pointing finger, and, trembling, Kate turned down the lamp upon the wall and blew down the chimney in the very way Miss Dyce was always warning her against. She gasped at the sudden change the loss of the light made—at the sense of something idolatrous and bewitched in the arc of flames on her kitchen-floor, each blown inward from the draught of a rattling window.

"If it is *buidseachas*—if it is witchcraft of any kind you are on for, I'll not have it," said Kate firmly. "I never saw the like of this since the old woman in Pennyland put the curse on the Colonsay factor, and she had only seven candles. Dear, dear Lennox, do not do anything desperate; do not be carrying on, for you are frightening me out of my judgment. I'm—I'm maybe better now, I ate a biscuit; indeed I'm quite better, it was nothing but the cold—and a lad out there that tried to kiss me."

Bud paid no heed, but plucked up the edges of her skirt in outstretched hands and glided into the last dance she had learned from the vaudeville lady, humming softly to herself an appropriate tune. The candles warmly lit her neck, her ears, her tilted nostrils, her brow was high in shadow. First she rose on tiptoe and made her feet to twitter on the flags, then swayed and swung a little body that seemed to hang in air. The white silk swept around and over her—wings with no noise of flapping

feather, or swirled in sea-shell coils, that rose in a ripple from her ankles and swelled in wide circling waves above her head, revealing her in glimpses like some creature born of foam on fairy beaches, and holding the command of tempest winds.

Ah, dear me; many and many a time I saw her dance just so in her daft days before the chill of wisdom and reflection came her way; she was a passion disembodied, an aspiration realised, a happy morning thought, a vapour, a perfume of flowers, for her attire had lain in lavender. She was the spirit of Spring, as I have felt it long ago in little woods, or seen it in pictures, or heard it in songs; she was an ecstasy, she was a dream.

The dog gave a growl of astonishment, then lay his length on the hearth-rug, his nose between his paws, his eyes fixed on her. "I'll not have it," said the maid piteously. "At least I'll not stand much of it, for it's not canny to be carrying-on like that in a Christian dwelling. I never did the like of that in all my life."

"*Every* move a picture," said the child, and still danced on, with the moan of the wind outside for a bass to her low-hummed melody. Her stretching folds flew high, till she seemed miraculous tall, and to the servant's fancy might have touched the low ceiling; then she sank—and sank—and sank till her forehead touched the floor, and she was a flower fallen, the wind no more to stir its petals, the rain

no more to glisten on its leaves. 'Twas as if she shrivelled and died there, and Kate gave one little cry that reached the players of cards in the parlour.

"Hush! what noise was that?" said Ailie, lifting her head.

"It would be Kate clumping across the kitchen-floor in the Gaelic language," said Mr Dyce.

"Nothing but the wind," said Bell. "What's triumph?"—for that was the kind of player she was.

"It was not the wind, it was a cry; I'm sure I heard a cry. I hope there's nothing wrong with the little one," said Ailie, with a throbbing heart, and she threw her cards on the table and went out. She came back in a moment, her face betraying her excitement, her voice demanding silence.

"Of all the wonders!" said she. "Just step this way, people, to the pantry."

They rose and followed her. The pantry was all darkness. Through its partly open door that led into the kitchen they saw their child in the crescent of the candles, though she could not see them, as no more could Kate, whose chair was turned the other way. They stood in silence watching the strange performance, each with different feelings, but all with eeriness, silent people of the placid, old, half-rustic world, that lives for ever with realities, and seldom sees the passions counterfeited.

Bud had risen, her dark hair looking unnaturally black above her brow, and, her

dancing done, she was facing the dog and the servant, the only audience of whose presence she was aware.

"Toots!" said the maid, relieved that all seemed over, "that's nothing in the way of dancing; you should see them dancing Gillie-Callum over-bye in Colonsay! There's a dancer so strong there that he breaks the very boards."

Bud looked at her, and yet not wholly at her—through her, with burning eyes.

"Hush!" she said, trembling. "Do you not hear something?" and at that moment, high over the town went the "honk, honk" of the wild geese.

"Devil the thing but geeses!" said the maid, whose blood had curdled for a second. The rain swept like a broom along the street, the gutters bubbled, the shutters rapped, far above the dwelling went the sound of the flying geese.

"Oh, hush, woman, hush!" implored the child, her hands over her ears, her figure cowering.

"It's only the geeses. What a start you gave me," said the maid again.

"No, no," said Bud, "Me-thought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more! Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep, Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care, sore labour's bath, Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course, Chief nourisher in life's feast——"

"What do you mean?" cried Kate.

"Still it cried, 'Sleep no more!' to all the house: Glamis hath murder'd sleep, and there-

fore Cawdor shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more."

The child filled each phrase with a travesty of passion; she had seen the part enacted. It was not, be sure, a great performance. Some words were strangely mutilated; but it was a child, and she had more than a child's command of passion—she had feeling, she had heart.

"I cannot look at you!" exclaimed Kate. "You are not canny, but oh! you are—you are majestic! There was never the like of it in all the isles."

Bell, in the darkness of the pantry, wept silently at some sense of sin in this play-acting on a Saturday night; her brother held her arm tightly; Ailie felt a vague unrest and discontent with herself, a touch of envy and of shame.

"Please collect the bouquets," said the child, sitting on the floor with her knees tucked high in her gown. "Are the croodles all gone?"

"It did me a lot of good yon dancing," said Kate. "Did you put yon words about Macbeth sleep no more together yourself?"

"Yes," said Bud, and then repented. "No," she added hurriedly, "that's a fib; please, God, give me a true tongue. It was made by Shakespeare—dear old William!"

"I'm sure I never heard of the man in all my life before; but he must have been a bad one."

"Why, Kate, you are as fresh as the mountain breeze," said Bud. "He was Great!

He was born at Stratford-on-Avon, a poor boy, and went to London and held horses outside the theatre door, and then wrote plays so grand that only the best can act them. He was—he was not for an age, but all the time.”

She had borrowed the lesson as well as the manner of Auntie Ailie, who smiled in the dark of the pantry at this glib rendering of herself.

“Oh, I should love to play Rosalind,” continued the child. “I should love to play *everything*. When I am big, and really Winifred Wallace, I will go all over the world and put away people’s croodles same as I did yours, Kate, and they will love me; and I will make them feel real good, and sometimes cry—for that is beautiful too. I will never rest, but go on, and on, and on; and everywhere everybody will know about me—even in the tiny places where they have no or’nary luck but just circuses, for it’s in these places croodles must be most catching. I’ll go there and play for nothing, just to show them what a dear soul Rosalind was. I want to grow fast, fast! I want to be tall like my Auntie Ailie, and lovely like my dear Auntie Ailie, and clever like my sweet sweet Auntie Ailie.”

“She’s big enough and bonny enough, and clever enough in some things,” said the maid; “but can she sew like her sister?—tell me that!”

“Sew!” exclaimed the child, with a frown. “I *hate* sewing. I guess Auntie Ailie’s like me, and feels sick when she starts a hem and sees how long it is, and all to be gone over with small stitches.”

“Indeed, indeed I do,” whispered Ailie in the pantry, and she was trembling. She told me later how she felt—of her conviction then that the years of opportunity were gone, the golden years that had slipped past in the little burgh town without a chance for her to grasp their offerings. She told me of her resolution there and then that this child, at least, should have its freedom to expand.

Bud crept to the end of the crescent of her footlights and blew out the candles slowly one by one. The last she left a-light a little longer, and, crouched upon the floor, she gazed with large dreaming eyes into its flame as if she read there.

“It is over now,” said Mr Dyce in a whisper to his sisters, and, with his hands on their shoulders, led them back into the parlour.

CHAPTER XII.

She was wayward, she was passionate, she was sometimes wild. She was not what, in the Pigeons’ Seminary, would be called a good child, for all

her sins were frankly manifest, and she knew no fear nor naughty stratagem; her mind, to all but Kate, was open as the day, and there it was the

fault of honest Kate's stupidity. But often Miss Bell must be moaning at transgressions almost harmless in themselves, yet so terribly unlike a Christian bairn, as when Bud spent an afternoon in a tent with some gipsy children, changed clothes with them the better to act a part, and stormed because she could not have them in to tea with her. Or when she asked Lady Anne, bazaar-collecting in the house of Dyce, if she ever had had a proposal. It was a mercy that Lady Anne that very week had had one, and was only too pleased to tell of it and say she had accepted.

"Then *you're* safe out of the woods," said Bud gravely. "There's our Kate, she hasn't had a proposal yet, and I guess she's on the slopey side of thirty. It must be dreff'le to be as old—as old as a house and have no beau to love you. It must be 'scrutiating."

Lady Anne—who *was* a little stupid, as you may remember Ailie said once—let her eyes turn for a moment on the sisters Dyce, and the child observed and reddened.

"Oh! Auntie Bell!" she said quickly. "Auntie Bell had heaps and heaps of beaux all dying to marry her, but she gave them the cold eye and said she had to cling to Uncle Dan. It was very noble of her, wasn't it?"

"Indeed it was!" admitted Lady Anne, very much ashamed of herself.

"And Auntie Ailie is not on the slopey side of thirty," continued Bud, determined to

make all amends. "She's young enough to love dolls."

It was Bell who censured her for this dreadful behaviour. "You are a perfect torment, Lennox," she said, at the first opportunity. "A bairn like you must not be talking about beaux, and love, and proposals, and nonsense of that kind,—it's fair ridiculous."

"Why, I thought love was the Great Thing!" exclaimed Bud, much astonished. "It's in all the books, there's hardly anything else, 'cept when somebody is murdered and you know that the man who did it is the only one you don't suspect. Indeed, Auntie, I thought it was the Great Thing!"

"And so it is, my dear," said Aunt Ailie. "There's very little else in all the world, except—except the children," and she folded her niece in her arms. Ah, if the banker man could only then have seen her! "It *is* the Great Thing; it has made Lady Anne prettier than ever she was in her life before, it has made her brighter, humbler, gentler, kinder. God bless her, I hope she will be happy."

"But it was very wrong; it was a kind of fib for you to talk about me having lots of lads in my time," said Auntie Bell. "You do not know whether I had or not."

Bud looked at her and saw a flush on her face. "I think," said she, "the beaux must have been very stupid, then. But I guess there must have been one, Auntie Bell, and you have forgotten all about him." And at that Miss Bell went hurriedly

from the room, and Ailie in a low voice told her niece all about Bell's beau, deep drowned in the Indian Ocean.

For days after that the child was tender with her elder aunt, and made a splendid poem in blank verse upon the late Captain James Murray, which Bell was never to see, but Ailie treasured. For days was she angelic good. Her rages never came to fever heat. Her rebellions burned themselves out in her bosom. Nobly she struggled with Long Division and the grammar that she abominated; very meekly she took censure for copy-books blotted and words shamefully misspelled in Uncle Daniel's study. Some way this love that she had thought a mere amusement, like shopping in Chicago, took a new complexion in her mind—became a dear and solemn thing, like Uncle Dan's Bible readings, when, on Sunday nights at worship in the parlour, he took his audience through the desert to the Promised Land, and the abandoned street was vocal with domestic psalm. She could not guess—how could she, the child?—that love has its variety. She thought there was but the one love in all the world,—the same she felt herself for most things,—a gladness and agreement with things as they were. And yet at times in her reading she got glimpses of love's terror and empire, as in the stories of Othello and of Amy Robsart, and herself began to wish she had a lover. She thought of Uncle Dan;

but he could not be serious, and she had never heard him sigh—in him was wanting some remove, some mystery. What she wanted was a lover on a milk-white steed, a prince who was "the flower o' them a'," as in Aunt Ailie's song "Glenlogie"; and she could not imagine Uncle Dan with his spectacles on riding any kind of steed, though she felt it would be nice to have him with her when the real prince was there.

Do you think it unlikely that this child should have such dreams? Ah, then, you are not of her number, or you have forgotten. She never forgot. Many a time she told me in after-years of how in the attic bower, with Footles snug at her feet, she conjured up the lad on the milk-white steed, not so much for himself alone, but that she might act the lady-love. And in those dreams she was tall and slender, sometimes proud, disdainful, wounding the poor wretch with sharp words and cold glances; or she was meek and languishing, sighing out her heart even in presence of his true-love gifts of candy and P. & A. Macglashan's penny tarts. She walked with him in gardens enchanted; they sailed at nights over calm moonlit seas, and she would be playing the lute. She did not know what the lute was like; but it was the instrument of love, and had a dulcet sound, like the alto flutes in the burgh band.

But, of course, no fairy prince came wooing Daniel

Dyce's little niece, though men there were in the place—elderly and bald, with married daughters—who tried to buy her kisses for sixpences and sweets, and at last she felt vicariously the joys of love by conducting the affairs of Kate.

Kate had many wooers,—that is the solace of her class. They liked her that she was genial and plump, with a flattering smile and a soft touch of the Gaelic accent that in the proper key and hour is the thing to break hearts. She twirled them all round her little finger, and Bud was soon to see this and to learn that the maid was still very far from the slopey side of thirty. But Kate, too, had her dreams—of some misty lad of the mind with short, curled hair, and clothes brass-buttoned, something or other on a yacht. The name she had endowed him with was Charles. She made him up from passing visions of seamen on the quays, and of notions gleaned from her reading of penny novelettes.

One week-night Bud came on her in the kitchen dressed in her Sunday clothes and struggling with a pen.

"Are you at your lessons too?" said the child. "You naughty Kate! there's a horrid blot. No lady makes blots."

"It wasn't me, it was this devilish pen," said Kate, licking the latest blot with her tongue and grimacing. "What way do you spell weather?"

"W-e-t-h-e-r," said Bud. "At least, I think that's the way;

but I'd best run and ask Aunt Ailie,—she's a speller from Spellerville."

"Indeed and you'll do nothing of the kind," cried the maid, alarmed and reddening. "You'll do nothing of the kind, Lennox, because—because I'm writing to Charles."

"A love-letter! Oh, I've got you with the goods on you!" exclaimed Bud, enchanted. "And what are you doing with your hurrah clothes on?"

"I like to put on my Sunday clothes when I'm writing Charles," said the maid, a little put about. "Do you think it's kind of daft?"

"It's not daft at all, it's real 'cute of you; it's what I do myself when I'm writing love-letters, for it makes me feel kind of grander. It's just the same with poetry; I simply can't make really poetry unless I have on a nice frock and my hands washed."

"*You* write love-letters!" said the maid, astounded.

"Yes, you poor perishing soul!" retorted Bud. "And you needn't yelp. I've written scores of love-letters without taking a breath. Stop! stop!" she interrupted herself, and breathed an inward little prayer. "I mean that I write them—well kind of write them—in my mind." But this was a qualification beyond Kate's comprehension.

"Then I wish you would give me a hand with this one," said she despairingly. "All the nice words are so hard to spell, and this is such a bad pen."

"They're *all* bad pens; they're all devilish," said Bud,

from long experience. "But I'd love to help you write that letter. Let me see — pooh! it's dreff'le bad, Kate. I can't read a bit of it, almost."

"I'm sure and neither can I," said Kate, distressed.

"Then how in the world do you expect Charles to read it?" asked Bud.

"Oh, he's — he's a better scholar than me," said Kate complacently. "But you might write this one for me."

Bud washed her hands, took a chair to the kitchen table, threw back her hair from her eyes, and eagerly entered into the office of love-letter-writer. "What will I say to him?" she asked.

"My dear, dear Charles," said the maid, who at least knew so much.

"My adorable Charles," said Bud, as an improvement, and down it went with the consent of the dictator.

"I'm keeping fine, and I'm very busy," suggested Kate, upon deliberation. "The weather is capital here at present, and it is a good thing, for the farmers are busy with their hay."

Bud sat back and stared at her in amazement. "Are you sure this is for a Charles?" she asked. "You might as well call him Sissy and talk frocks. Why! you must tell him how you love him."

"Oh, I don't like," said Kate, confused. "It sounds so — so bold and impudent when you put it in English and write it down. But please yourself; put down what you like and I'll be dipping the pen for you."

Bud was not slow to take the opportunity. For half an hour she sat at the kitchen table and searched her soul for fitting words that would convey Kate's adoration. Once or twice the maid asked what she was writing, but all she said was "Don't worry, Kate. I'm right in the throes." There were blots and there were erasures, but something like this did the epistle look when it was done:—

"MY ADORABLE CHARLES,—
I am writeing this letter to let you know how much I truly love you. Oh Charles, dear, you are the Joy of my heart. I am thinking of you so often, often, till my Heart just aches. It is lovely wether here at present. Now I will tell you all about the Games. They took place in a park near here Friday and there was seventeen beautiful dancers. They danced to give you spassums. One of them was a Noble youth. He was a Prince in his own write, under Spells for sevn years. When he danced, lo and behold he was the admiration of all Beholders. Alas! poor youth. When I say alas I mean that it was so sad being like that full of Spells in the flower of his youth. He looked at me so sad when he was dancing, and I was so glad. It was just like money from home. Dear Charles, I will tell you all about myself. I am full of goodness most the time for God loves good people. But sometimes I am not and I have a temper like two crost sticks when I must pray to be

changed. The dancing gentleman truly loves me to destruction. He kissed my hand and hastily mounted his noble steed, galloped furiously away. Ah, the course of true love never did run smooth. Perhaps he will fall upon the foreign plain. Dearest Charles—adorable—I must now tell you that I am being educated for my proper station in life. There is Geography, and penmanship with the right commas, and Long Division and conjunctives which I abominate. But my teacher, a sweet lady named Miss Alison Dyce, says they are all truly refining. Oh I am weary, weary, he cometh not. That is for you, darling Charles, my own.—Your true heart love,
KATE."

"Is that all right?" asked Bud anxiously.

"Yes; at least, it'll do fine," said the maid, with that Highland politeness that is often so bad for business. "There's not much about himself in it, but oh! it'll do fine. It's as nice a letter as ever I saw: the lines are all that straight."

"But there's blots," said Bud regretfully. "There oughtn't to be blots in a real love-letter."

"Toots! just put a cross beside each of them, and write 'this is a kiss,'" said Kate, who must have had some previous experience. "You forgot to ask him how his health, as it leaves us at present."

So Bud completed the letter as instructed. "Now for the envelope," said she.

"I'll put the address on it myself," said Kate, confused.

"He would be sure somebody else had been reading it if the address was not in my hand of write,"—an odd excuse, whose absurdity escaped the child. So the maid put the letter in the bosom of her Sunday gown against her heart, where dwelt the only Charles. It is, I sometimes think, where we should all deposit and retain our love-letters; for the lad and lass, as we must think of them, have no existence any more than poor Kate's Charles.

Two days passed. Often in those two days would Bud come, asking anxiously if there was any answer yet from Charles. As often the maid of Colonsay reddened, and said with resignation there was not so much as the scrape of a pen. "He'll be on the sea," she explained at last, "and not near a post-office. Stop you till he gets near a post-office, and you'll see the fine letter I'll get."

"I didn't know he was a sailor," said Bud. "Why, I calculated he was a knight, or something like that. If I had known he was a sailor I'd have made that letter different. I'd have loaded it up to the nozzle with sloppy weather, and said, Oh, how sad I was—that's you, Kate—to lie awake nights thinking about him out on the heaving billow. Is he a captain?"

"Yes," said Kate promptly. "A full captain in the summer time. In the winter he just stays at home and helps on his mother's farm. Not a cheep to your aunties about Charles, darling Lennox," she added

anxiously. "They're—they're that particular!"

"I don't think you're a true love at all," said Bud, reflecting on many interviews at the kitchen-window and the back door. "Just think of the way you make google-eyes at the letter-carrier, and the butcher's man, and the ashpit gentleman. What would Charles say?"

"Toots! I'm only putting by the time with them," explained the maid. "It's only a diversion. When I marry I will marry for my own conveniency, and the man for me is Charles."

"What's the name of his ship?" asked the child.

"The *Good Intent*," said Kate, who had known a skiff of the name in Colonsay. "A beautiful ship, with two yellow lums, and flags to the mast-head."

"That's fine and fancy!" said Bud. "There was a gentleman who loved me to destruction, coming over on the ship from New York, and loaded me with candy. He was not the captain, but he had gold braid everywhere, and his name was George Sibley Purser. He promised he would marry me when I made a name for myself, but I 'spect he'll go away and forget."

"That's just the way with them all," said Kate.

"I don't care, then," said Bud. "I'm not kicking."

Next day the breakfast in the house of Dyce was badly served, for Kate was wild to read a letter that the post had

brought, and when she opened it, you may be sure Bud was at her shoulder.

"DEAREST KATE [it said],—I love you truly and I am thinking of you most the time. Thank God we was all safed. Now I will tell you all about the Wreck. The sea was mountains high, and we had a cargo of spise and perils from Java on the left-hand side the map as you go to Australia. When the Pirite ship chased us we went down with all hands. But we constrictked a raft and sailed on and on till we had to draw lots who would drink the blood. Just right there a sailor cried 'A sail, A sail,' and sure enough it was a sail. And now I will tell you all about Naples. There is a monstierous mountain there, or cone which belches horrid flames and lavar. Once upon a time it belched all over a town by the name of Pompy and it is there till this very day. The bay of naples is the grandest in the world it is called the golden horn. Dearest Katherine, I am often on the mast at night. It is cold and shakey in that place and oh how the wind doth blow, but I ring a bell and say alls well which makes the saloon people truly glad. We had five stow-ways. One of them was a sweet fair-haired child from Liverpool, he was drove from home. But a good and beautious lady, one of the first new england families is going to adopt him and make him her only air. How beautiful and bright he stood as born

to rule the storm. I weary for your letters darling Katherine. —Write soon to your true love till death,
CHARLES."

Kate struggled through this extraordinary epistle with astonishment. "Who in the world is it from?" she asked Bud.

"Charles, stupid," said Bud, astonished that there should be any doubt about that point. "Didn't I—didn't we write him the other night? It was up to him to write back, wasn't it?"

"Of course," said Kate, "but—but he doesn't say Charles anything, just Charles. It's a daft-like thing not to give his name; it might be anybody. There's my Charles, and there's Charles Maclean from Oronsay,—what way am I to know which of them it is?"

"It'll be either or eyether," said Bud. "Do you know Charles Maclean?"

"Of course I do," said the maid. "He's following the sea, and we were well acquainted."

"Did he propose to you?" asked Bud.

"Well, he did not exactly propose," admitted Kate, "but we sometimes went a walk together to the churchyard on a Sunday, and you know yourself what that means out in Colonsay. I'll just keep the letter and think of it. It's the nicest letter I ever got, and full of information. It's Charles Maclean, I'll warrant you, but he did not use to call me Katherine—he just said Kate. Fancy him going down with all hands! My heart is sore for him," and the maid there and then transferred her devotion from the misty lad of her own imagination to Charles Maclean of Oronsay.

"You'll help me to write him a letter back to-night," she said.

"Yes, indeed, I'll love to," said the child wearily. But by the time the night came on, and Wanton Wully rang his curfew bell, and the rooks came clanging home to the tall trees of the forest, she was beyond all interest in life or love.

(To be continued.)

CONCERNING A GENERAL STAFF.

DURING the last few years the term "General Staff" has become somewhat familiar to those who have endeavoured to follow the military controversies of the day. The expression "the brain of an army" has been linked with it, so that the two ideas are to some extent associated: at any rate, a General Staff is connected with the efficient management of an army.

This, however, is not as adequate a general impression as could be desired. A General Staff is, among those nations that have taken a systematic survey of their responsibilities and liabilities, the machinery that performs three main duties:—

Firstly, it is able to put before its Government at any moment the relative military situation of its country compared with the rest of the world, and the exact dangers that can beset it through war. It can also show at once the most logical and practical way of warding off danger, and what aggressive or defensive steps its own country is in a position to undertake.

Secondly, it is intrusted with making all preparations for war within the limits that its Government has decided as advisable or permissible.

Thirdly, this machinery is responsible for the training of the army in all that appertains to war and its conduct.

In brief, the General Staff is

the body to which the nation confides its safety, in the trust that it will never be taken unawares, and that its Ministry shall receive due warning of dangers that may threaten. It is the embodiment of the non-political administration of the army for the safety of the nation, and not for the glorification or confusion of rival parties. It may be remembered in this connection how our Government complained that the Commander-in-Chief had not warned it of the military power of the South African Republics. This was odd, because no Government in enlightened England had organised and paid for a machinery whose business it would be to see that disagreeable truths were communicated to it. It was perfectly natural that the Premier should look to his military chief for such information,—it was but the instinct of reasonable Government procedure. But,—and the but is a big one,—the military chief must be allowed a machinery that will enable him to carry out one of his natural duties, instead of being denied one.

Let those to whom the major duties of a General Staff are not clear imagine some political crisis—a Turkish-Egyptian frontier dispute, Kafir unrest, or some filibustering in the Persian Gulf. The Government may be desirous of taking, or be compelled by public

opinion to take, some naval or military action, or to make some demonstration. Or a Minister may have discovered that we have some frontier, and may want to know all about it before he goes down to the House. In any of such cases a General Staff would have well-considered printed memoranda on every possible contingency, showing what military action has the best chance of success, what forces can soonest be available, what shipping will be required, where it is to come from, the resources of the proposed sphere of action, the dangers that may ensue from neglecting to take action, the supplies and transport required and available, notes on the climate and special precautions to counteract its effect,—in fact, all and every point that must not be overlooked.

As any incident or phase comes to notice, the existing memoranda are at once overhauled and brought up to date, and the War Minister informed that all information is forthcoming, and suggestions made that perhaps more is in the situation than meets the eye.

In former days a commander-in-chief and a few private secretaries would have at the shortest notice to prepare some memorandum on any military action the Government might unexpectedly contemplate, possessing none of the carefully collected data and considered corollaries without which no military or naval action should be taken.

The Operations Section of the Great General Staff, which

has gradually grown from the starved and miniature Intelligence Branch that existed prior to the Boer war, now has books ready containing information necessary for any possible operations in any portion of the globe. Carefully weighed memoranda are available on any situation that may arise. Such events as the landing in Bulgaria in 1854 and the hasty transfer to the Crimea, or the ill-considered raids on the French coast at the beginning of last century, would now be impossible. A century ago, even from the point of view at the actual moment, it was clear that only more troops were needed in Spain to enable the British to clear the Peninsula years before they actually did so. Yet thousands were frittered in abortive expeditions that had not one strategical argument in their favour.

The collection of such information as has been referred to, the compiling of strategical memoranda, and the keeping of such up-to-date, is now one of the principal duties of the Great General Staff, which has lately come into being, as will be described further.

That every nation which maintains naval and military forces requires some body resembling a General Staff is a truism that our great soldiers in the past have in vain pressed on our kaleidoscopic Governments. Had such an organisation existed, with the necessary co-ordination between naval and military strategy, we should never have seen millions poured into works that more

deliberate thought has shown useless, or rather unnecessary. We should not have spent vast sums defending London if on more thorough investigation the defence of London was to be better done in the Channel. A General Staff means that there is only one final expert opinion—or two, counting the halfpenny press. That is to say, the experts may discuss and argue, but within walls, and that the final results only, after thorough revision, see the light as the finally expressed opinion of those who by their position and experience are fitted to advise the nation and its Ministers.

The nation and its electors need not be afraid of its General Staff, the horse need not drink at the trough, and the nation need only take its expert advice when it wishes—but then it will have to be its own scapegoat.

Our army problems have always been so hard to satisfy in their world-wide demands, and our country has always been so satisfied with amateurism, that it needed the biggest disaster since Yorktown before the nation could be induced to see that success in war can only be due to careful preparation, and that even if success should eventually wait on unpreparedness, it could only do so at immense and needless expenditure.

Prior to the war in South Africa, the major portion of our military system was devoted to the administration of our forces as distinct from the preparation for war. The

maintenance of military garrisons in establishment, in health, and in contentment has presented problems which no other race has been called on to face. Its difficulties and anomalies have absorbed all the ability and energy of the military service. Up till this last war of ours, the Great General Staff, not merely the brain of an army but the brain of a nation, so far as existence in time of trouble went, was represented at the War Office by a handful of extremely over-worked men, yclept the "Intelligence Branch" and the "Mobilisation Section." One man had to endeavour to do work that required a dozen.

For a short time fear fell on the great English people. "Our kingdom for an army!" was the cry, and no army but only a nucleus was available, and that, too, with no working system of expansion. The great nation of amateurs then raised on extemporised systems, at immense expense, a horde of amateur soldiers, with but few assets that are not inherent to the terrier in our streets.

With such material, gallant and willing though it were, it took our few professionals two - and - a - half years to dragoon a race of farmers. Whereon the great nation, immensely pleased with itself, drowned off once more.

Fortunately the Government, jogged by its professional soldiers, commenced the creation of its thinking department. The establishment of the Intelligence Branch was considerably increased, and thus

the branch which, despite statements to the contrary, had given wonderfully accurate information of the Boer artillery and resources, was permitted to carry on a more careful scrutiny of the world's military forces and possible fields of operations.

Still nothing was organised that could in any way be called a General Staff. The preparation for war was mixed up, often in the most illogical way, with the equally important maintenance and administration problems. It was feared that the expression "General Staff," which savoured of those countries that made a serious study of War and National Defence, would hurt our British susceptibilities. Training and preparation were therefore still largely grafted on the more immediately pressing duties of administration.

It is not difficult to understand that so long as maintenance and administration were in any way in the hands of the same officers as training and preparation for war, the more immediately apparent needs of the one received the bulk of attention, the war work only getting those hours that might chance to be spare. It was not till the recommendations of the Esher Committee were given effect to that the first attempt at a Great General Staff was made. It may here be explained that the expression a "*Great General Staff*" means the machinery at headquarters that prepares for war and settles the training system of the army, while

the "General Staff" are those officers who carry on duties of a cognate kind in the commands and divisions of the army throughout the Empire. A "General Staff Corps," often called a "General Staff," is the great body of trained and selected men who furnish the incumbents of the two former categories.

With the appointment of a Chief of the General Staff as the premier member of the Army Council, war and its preparation, to which all other departments of the army are auxiliary, even if co-important, took for the first time its rightful place in the British army system. The new branch of the Staff, over which the Chief of the General Staff was to preside, was provided with Directors of Operations, of Training, and of Staff duties, with logically arranged sub-divisions engaged in the study of intelligence and the development of strategical knowledge, as well as the study of the conduct of war in the field.

This departure has given us for the time being a Great General Staff,—that is to say, a body of men at headquarters engaged in the systematic duties which are recognised as the duties of a staff of an army intended for war. The necessary body, however, from which this Great General Staff should be drawn and recruited, and the ramifications by which its principles are circulated

and maintained throughout the army, does not yet exist. The fact that it should exist, however, is very clearly recognised by the members of the new Great General Staff, but exactly how it is to be organised and grafted with safety on our prejudiced insular system is a matter that has raised much discussion, and is by no means easy to determine.

It is obvious that the "brain of an army" must contain the best men in it, and that something must be done to attract them. Outside the army, men endowed with special gifts, with power of hard work, and with clever brains, or whose experience in life has given them qualifications that only experience can produce, are practically certain of forging their way to the front in whatever profession they may have chosen. In our army there is no such security, although, on certain lines, matters in the last twenty years have much improved. So much in the past has the army been considered the profession for the man of mediocre abilities, or, at any rate, whose abilities are not evident at an early age, that teachers to this day urge the abler and more hardworking to adopt a profession that offers them a more certain return.

Fortunately for the army, heredity and predilection does bring some of the capable men into the service, while others develop character and capabilities after entering

it. Lord Wolseley and his small body of sympathisers endeavoured to establish a system of training the army for war and of giving advancement to the better man, and encountered bitter abuse and resentment for their pains, but succeeded in establishing a following who believed that study and zeal and hard work was the soldier's inheritance and his claim to reward.

The army has one special feature inherent which is not shared by other professions, and hardly even the navy—viz., that its leaders must be young: the head old in counsel rarely has the physical strength to stand the strain of events and the vicissitudes of climate in the field. There are few men to whom it is given, or can so discipline their bodies, to take the field as Lord Roberts took the field in South Africa.

It is of national importance that those trained men who are to lead an army to victory must attain high rank while in their physical as well as mental prime. Without a process of selection through the means of a General Staff, men attain to seniority advanced in years, with the result that they take the field either to die, to inherit unmerited contumely, or even to occasion disaster. Every campaign we have been through brings the same lesson. In the Peninsula, in a very short period, it was necessary to have young generals. At the time of Wellington's final successful campaign in Spain and the Pyrenees, only one

of his generals was over forty. In South Africa we saw the same, and younger men took the place of older; while the terrible disasters of the first war in Afghanistan were directly traceable to the extreme age of the bedridden General Elphinstone. This alone cries for some system whereby men of undoubted energy and ability shall be treated to some "Queen-Bee" process which will give them command and high training while of suitable age.

The problem to be solved, then, is how to form that Staff Corps from which the General Staff shall be selected, and the best men brought on for high command while in their prime.

The Great General Staff has been formed at headquarters in England. Lord Kitchener has succeeded in framing an almost identical General Staff at headquarters in India, in his anxiety to make the two armies part of a homogeneous whole.

Both he and the army authorities at home are engaged in deciding how the Staff Corps (or General Staff body) is to be formed, and we may expect very shortly to see the question brought into some prominence, with much wealth of press and service criticism. From this Staff Corps, as has been explained, will come all those who fill the appointments in the Great General Staffs at home and in India, and those who command troops and who form the General Staff, to assist in the training and preparation for war throughout the Empire.

At present our system of

staff employment is most unsatisfactory. Officers on passing the Staff College are probably employed for three or four years on the staff, as brigade-majors, as deputy-assistant-adjutant-generals, or as staff captains. They then revert to their regiments, and may be posted to any portion of the globe, without any guarantee that they will be re-employed, or notification that they are not suited for further staff employment, or that their hard work will bring any further fruit. The result is extremely discouraging. Men from the Staff College, graduates of which form the only semblance we possess of a Staff Corps, when back with their regiments should be a tower of strength to their commanding officers, assisting them in all the higher training of officers. They should be kept in touch with all the ideas of the Great General Staff, which they should assist to disseminate in their corps, certain that their zeal and efficiency in their corps will entail further employment on the staff, as at present this is by no means the case. All men who had served on the General Staff with satisfaction should be certain of re-employment, and be looked on as emissaries of that body disseminating among the army the views of those responsible for its efficiency. A well disciplined army is anxious to understand and carry out the views of its commanders.

The British Army is notorious at present for its grumbling tendency, its constant

criticism of its superiors, and the readiness with which individuals with inadequate information criticise in the public press. The cavilling at, and criticism of, the action of seniors, is a canker at present eating into the heart of the army. It is the most paralysing of all evils that haunt a commander in the field. Only the strongest man can venture to bide his time and mature his plans, when half his force will stigmatise masterly inactivity as pusillanimity. Many a minor column leader in South Africa could bear witness to this paralysing evil, which is not diminishing.

The grumbling and criticism that pervades the British Army is not entirely directed, as some would have it, against the civil and party Government control that is an inalienable part of our system, though doubtless having to do a whole day's work for half a day's pay is a prevailing influence. Endeavours to promote efficiency in war training come direct from the military chiefs, and not from the civil, yet abuse and misrepresentation are uncurbed to an extent undreamt of even in the army which "swore so in Flanders."

It may be due to the fact that the army does not believe in the capacity of its leaders. It is, at anyrate, desirable that the best men be attracted to the important work of training, administering, and preparing for war, and that such men should circulate among the army, and in the units, endeavouring to lead officers to see

through the eyes of the authorities, and endeavouring to combat that parochialism which is the worst product of our over-developed *esprit de corps*.

In any profession the capable man, who is also hard-working, must come to the front, and pass the lesser-brained plodder and the clever idler. If we would secure efficiency in an army, the capable and energetic man must be allowed to come to the front. On the other hand, nowhere, except in the army, does the average man of average energy have such assured, if moderate, prospects. He has in the past risen to the command of units, with rarely more than the condition exacted that his life should be at his country's disposal at any moment. This condition he has very freely fulfilled. In the past commands and staff employ have largely gone to the man with interest, be he capable, as has often been the case, or be he mediocre, as has still more often happened. When a great war has come, the man who can save the situation comes to the fore by sheer necessity, as in the Peninsula and in South Africa, but till the great Wolseley campaign against inefficiency began, in peace time luck and interest had largely ruled army appointments.

Curiously enough, the army generally, which is equally crowded out, prefers to see interest and luck rule instead of ability and hard work, possibly because men of the former attributes are lighter task-masters than those of the

latter, and because the luck may come to any man,—there is always joy in reaping where you do not sow. But in war-time, when men must die, and know it, there is every disposition to die at duty's call, but a very great disinclination to die needlessly, to be thrown away by the folly of incompetent generals and Staff; and then it is that the regimental officer sighs for a system that would give him young, highly-trained leaders and a selected competent staff,—yet forget, perhaps, that in peace time he was the first to oppose promotion by selection.

In the good British Army he who has led a bull-dog, rough-and-tumble fight and has the luck to survive, has generally been assured of a high career, be his brain nimble and his energy immense, or be it the reverse. Honour and decorations are the rewards for the gallant soldier, whatever his rank; but other qualities than courage are needed to make a general. "A mule that had served with Prince Eugene would still remain a mule."

So, from many causes, promotion by merit, except where it has been proved to the hilt in war, has been opposed by the army generally, and urged by every man who has found himself concerned with army administration. That it should have been opposed is illogical and absurd, but intensely human. In any profession the lesser man cannot like to see himself surpassed by the bigger; but, since he cannot help it, and knows that he exercises

the principle of selection in all his private dealings, he is compelled to acquiesce.

Since the days when the fool of the family went into the army, the army has been glad to keep merit on a par with mediocrity. Perhaps, however, this may have been due to the suspicion that mediocrity was pushed by interest under the disguise of merit. Certain it is, however, that when "God and the soldier!" is all the cry, men want to be led by the best men and the best staff.

The endeavour of the authorities, strengthened by the strong recommendation of the Esher Committee, is to create a General Staff Corps for the purposes already defined. To attract men to that staff who will be content with the strain of work it demands, some special career will be necessary. It is now realised that men who graduate through the graded ranks of regiments reach high rank at a time when the character of fifty per cent, and the health of even more, does not fit them for high command in the field, or for even the strain of training the larger bodies of troops, although the more tempered work of administration may suit them. It is also realised that all men cannot be of the first rank. Again, the contentment of a service demands that up to a certain rank promotions in regiments must go by tempered seniority. The best man in a certain rank cannot be promoted to fill a vacancy so long as a man who

has attained the fixed minimum standard of efficiency is the senior. Justice, equity, and human nature demand this much. For the most part, therefore, any scheme of special promotion must go outside regiments. In our service we have the system of promotion by brevet, whereby men are promoted as regards their position and command-right in the army, without thereby supplanting the meritorious regimental officer of average efficiency in appointments and position in a regiment.

All men are not ambitious. To many of the best types of English gentlemen the career among brother officers and old traditions, with its opportunities for sport and not illiberal leave, is the more desirable. Such men are doubtless willing to accept further employment outside their corps, but are not desirous of going through the mill of learning and efficiency which is now required for those who would aspire to train and lead troops in the higher commands. With an army and a people in whom such inherited ideas are deep set, the principles on which a General Staff is to be created present a difficult problem. Anomalies and prejudices inherent in our army cannot be overridden at once. What may be suitable for the good German nation may not be desirable for us. The German General Staff is a model of efficiency, but its system is not entirely suitable to us. You may hear it handsomely abused in German regimental circles after the good

old English manner, or you may hear it praised. Some regiments constantly send officers to it as an inherited tradition, and encourage their young officers to aspire to it; to other corps it is *anathema*.

One of the stock arguments against a General Staff in this country is that it takes the best men away from regiments. But it must be remembered that regimental efficiency is not the alpha and omega of an army. History teems with instances of good generals and staff working wonders with indifferent troops, while our own history is as equally full of occasions when the best troops, as far as regimental courage and discipline go, have been useless in the hands of incapable leaders and their staff. The average to which every English officer should be forced to attain is ample for the maintenance of efficient regiments. Moreover, the more ability has an opening before it in the army, the more frequently will the better class of lads enter it.

The object before the military authorities is how to form this Staff Corps that shall produce a formed and directed military opinion, with a gospel of its own, which shall attract the best men to it, which shall ensure promotion to them, and shall not break the heart of an army with special prejudices and ignorances of its own: of an army, too, that in some ways is endued with the finest spirit in the world, both inherent and inherited.

Throughout the army there

are various staff appointments, some connected with the administration of the army, some with its training and preparation for war. In many cases the duty of staff officers has comprised parts of both duties. In this case, as has already been alluded to, administrative work being often the more pressing, and the latter duties not showing neglect at once, these latter suffer in favour of the former. The first object of an efficient staff organisation was to separate the duties of the two categories. This was carried out a year or so ago, and it seemed sufficient to label the appointments concerned with war as "General Staff." This was actually done.

In the always-to-be-admired German army, the process of staff selection has been some generations in progress. Their staff is divided into "General Staff" and "Adjutant" branches. The best of the graduates of their Staff College, after a brief period with their regiments, are attached to the Great General Staff at headquarters for a year. If they are satisfactory, they remain on probation for a further year, and if then fit for appointment to the General Staff are at once promoted captains (officers graduate at the Staff College when lieutenants). They are then employed on the General Staff anywhere in the army, returning from time to time to their own arm of the service, to command the unit their rank suits them for, —a company or squadron, a battalion or regiment, as the

case may be. Those graduates who are not attached to the Great General Staff, or who do not survive the first probationary year, rejoin their regiments, it being held that the Staff College course is an immense advantage to any officer, staff or regimental.

The "Adjutant" branch officers, or Administrative Staff, are furnished as a rule from the Staff College graduates not posted to the General Staff. Its members receive some measure of special promotion, and men from it are from time to time selected for appointment to the General Staff. This latter is also occasionally recruited by the selection of officers from regiments who have been able to bring themselves to the front without having been to the Staff College. Thus the vital principle is maintained, which allows prospect of special advancement to any man if he will be of advantage to the State, irrespective of recognised qualifications.

Now to return to our own case and the labelling of certain officers as "General Staff," and others as "Adjutant Staff." All officers on the Staff in England are, with few exceptions, Staff College graduates. The actual appointment that they happen to hold is largely a matter of chance. So long as the terms General Staff and Administrative Staff were only names distinguishing different natures of duties, no harm was done; but directly the question of creating a Staff Corps, with prospects of special promotion

for the General Staff, came up, a prospect of considerable injustice was opened. Merely by chance certain men were labelled as sheep and others as goats. The proposals in the air appeared likely to advance some, when all had originally received staff appointments on the strength of their Staff College certificates without any strict principle of selection, and men in administrative appointments at the time of introduction of the new division may have been the men by ability and experience the more suited for the General Staff.

As may have been expected, considerable opposition in many quarters arose against a General Staff, which was so imperatively needed. This particular opposition was largely due to the "sheep and goats" method of arbitrary separation, not based on selection.

Wiser counsels, however, seem to have prevailed, and the more reasonable way of obtaining what is required seems to have been indicated in Mr Arnold Forster's Minute to the Chief of the General Staff on the subject published in the press. These proposals, in brief, were that there should be a General Staff Corps, to contain men of energy, ability, and experience, irrespective of the actual appointments they are holding. Men shall be selected for this corps by the Chief of the Staff or some such suitable authority. After a probationary period those finally selected for this corps should receive brevet promotion, under certain rule, up to

the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and substantive rank beyond that. For the benefit of those to whom brevet promotion is an enigma, it may be explained that it is an anomalous system, to which the army is perfectly accustomed, whereby a man may be rewarded in his own and the public interests by promotion in the army that will not affect the actual position of himself and his brother officers in the corps to which he belongs. When the rank of lieutenant-colonel is passed, substantive promotion may be given, as officers of full colonel's rank cannot succeed to the command of a corps, and therefore early attainment to it does not act unjustly to regimental officers who, if they are efficient, look on promotion in their corps by seniority as a long recognised right.

The effects of this proposal, if judiciously carried out, would seem to fulfil all the conditions we look for, with due regard to the moderation required when we put new wine into old bottles. Men who happen to hold General Staff appointments need not of necessity be placed in the General Staff Corps, while those who happen to be holding Administrative posts will be eligible for selection to it. The qualification will thus be personal, and not, as at first seemed possible, governed by the appointment or position of the officer in question at the time of the formation of this corps.

Thus an officer selected for the General Staff may be in command or second in com-

mand of his regiment, a sapper on a frontier road, a battery commander, or an officer of the Intelligence or Operations Section of the Great General Staff at headquarters. It will only be necessary for him to have the requisite qualities, acquired and indigenuous.

These qualifications will be, first of all, the Staff College certificate, which, however, will not be indispensable. A man who has had valuable war experience, and is known to be keen on the training of troops, will be eligible. This is especially important in our service, where some of the wilder colonial and frontier service gives experience and forms character in a manner not open to other armies. The man is to be selected for his value to the State, not for his personal advantage, though fortunately one is the handmaid of the other. The door to the General Staff, from which alone generals will proceed, is never to be shut in any rank, though the special qualities and training accruing through the Staff College course are not easily acquired elsewhere, and that institution must be the more usual channel to a probationary appointment to the General Staff.

The General Staff class of appointments would naturally be filled up by degrees from members of the Staff Corps. This corps need have no fixed establishment, and may vary from year to year. A man belonging to it need not of necessity be employed on the General Staff at all.

He may be with his unit or with the Administrative Staff, but he will know that if, after his probationary period (four years was the period Mr Arnold Forster proposed), he is still considered of the first rank, his enhanced promotion will be secured, whatever appointment fate or the needs of the State may call on him to hold. By this means the gradual filling of the General Staff appointments with carefully selected men will be attained, as well as the formation of the *corps d'élite*, without any undue upsetting of rights or prejudices. The door of admission, too, will never be closed, any officer will be admitted, but without the advantages of the Staff College course his capacities would naturally have to be considerable. There should be no limit to the rank or age in which a man should be admitted, under exceptional circumstances. Take the case of the regimental commander, who in some campaign is for the first time able to exhibit or develop qualities which make his promotion to general's rank desirable in the interests of the State. It would be a rule that a man who is not on the General Staff Corps should not be a general. In this case he should at once be mustered with that body, and informed that if he desires advancement he must acquaint himself with the spirit and views of the General Staff and the theories of a general's craft. Under such a scheme for a General Staff Corps, steps would be

taken for the regular circulation of General Staff memoranda, to keep all members *au fait* with the accepted principles of army administration and preparation.

As has been shown when treating of brevet promotion, the use of that rank will enable men to advance towards the seventh square and the rank of substantive colonel without interfering with the position and emoluments of officers in the regiments to which they must from time to time return.

In India, where the gospel that a trained staff is needed has but lately penetrated, the number of Staff College trained men is far fewer than at home. The inauguration of the General Staff Corps there must at first be made largely by selection, and in future maintained for the most part by graduates from the home and new Indian Staff College. It is above all things imperative that the General Staffs of the two armies should be one, the Indian Staff being but a branch of the other, and the certificates of the two Colleges being of equal value.

In India the organisation of the new Division of the Chief of the Staff is similar to that at home, while the staffs of divisions and brigades are divided as at home into "General Staff" and "Administrative" duties, but with the awkward titles of "Art of War" and "Routine."

All therefore is in train for the introduction of the General Staff Corps on some such

lines as has been discussed. One point is worthy of attention. A rose by any other name does not smell as sweet, despite the philosopher. The majority of army officers have always known that the command of a regiment must be the probable culmination of their career, but there was always the hope of fluking something higher by favour or luck, or at the cannon's mouth. The inauguration of a General Staff means that ability and energy will secure advancement to those who are ambitious, and may mean that the schools will cease to warn their brainy men against an army career. It will, however, also mean that the conscientious working officer will be limited for a certainty, as he was before usually, to end a career in his corps. Those who do not sow will not reap, and the baton will be still in the knapsack for the capable, but not for the mediocre.

Fortunately the command of a regiment is all that many aspire to, but to attain to it in these days of complicated training a man must have many good parts and much energy, and his life will not be on the easy lines of the mid-Victorian Age. He has much to go through before he can attain his command. It is, therefore, imperative that that position, usually attained between forty-five and fifty years of age, should be a reasonably lucrative and desirable one. In India it is distinctly so; outside India it is beggarly, and a disgrace to an opulent nation. An officer commanding a battalion of infantry,

intrusted with the content and prospects of a large number of men, with their preparation for war and their due safety in war in his hands, and his own life at his country's instant disposal, *draws a guinea a-day, and has an inadequate house to live in.* His pension of £420 is more than his income while carrying out the final duties of his career in the most important appointment he can hold. The regimental commands of the other arms differ but slightly. The pay and allowances of the officers in a corps, next below the commanding officer, are so low that any respectable mechanic would scorn them.

It is reasonable to demand that at least the three senior officers in a regiment or battalion should draw a wage in which a man can afford to be married. At home no officer in a regiment, from the highest to the lowest, has pay that

permits of matrimony, and the three seniors will be between thirty-five and fifty years of age. In India the regimental commandant is handsomely paid for his five or seven years of command, but the next two officers below him are not so, and the greatly increased expense of that country has made their lot little better than men of similar rank at home.

The object to be aimed at in a good army is a highly trained staff and generals and an efficient and contented regimental service. In any country but business England the officer is paid a living wage. It has been said that we scatter our dead round the world like old cigar-ends. We certainly do not pay much for the privilege of so treating our soldiery.

G. F. MACMUNN,

Major R.F.A.

NATIA GALLI,
August 5, 1906.

G U N G A W A T E R .

I.

TILAK SINGH was a Sikh, and therefore had no business to be an idolater. Yet if any one, after reading my story, is inclined to withhold sympathy from him on that account, he should suspend judgment or visit Sambalpur.

Tilak Singh's father may have been a worthy disciple of Guru Nanak, but I doubt it. I do not think he was a religious man in any of the Hindu senses of the word. He had entered the service of the Rajah of Sambalpur when the pious old man was at Hardwar on a pilgrimage, many years before the Mutiny of '57. It may have been chivalry, it was more likely the Sikh's natural instinct for splitting skulls, that drew Pata Singh into the midnight *mêlée*, which discovered him, to the surprise of both, the providential ally of Sambalpur. The thieves, who were for intercepting gold destined for the priests of Gangadwara, were driven off, and the Sikh entered the Rajah's service and returned with him to his estate. The place was too dead-alive for a man of his spirit, so during most of his service he was, on one pretext or another, an absentee. The Rajah did not care to vex him with restraint, but he began in time to forget the debt, and when Pata Singh died in a far country his son Tilak Singh was made durwan of

the palace. The post was a sinecure.

The old Rajah, whom Pata Singh had helped in the Hardwar fray, had long passed away. His son now was an old man, and so fat through some dreadful visitation that he had to be carried from one room to another. He was never seen outside the palace. A portrait of the father, a man in whom authority seems to have resided somewhat irksomely, hangs in the great oblong durbar hall over the porch. He stands on a brilliant square of green and orange carpet, like an object stuck perversely on a d'oyley, and is reflected in a dozen mirrors, happily cracked and stained but still of a distressing brilliance. Beside him on the wall there used to hang, and probably hang now, three clocks, side by side, all of the same stalwart kitchen pattern, and all stopped at different hours of the morning between nine and twelve, as if they had surrendered, one after another, to the spirit that seems to overcome everything in Sambalpur. The servant who used to wind them up was no doubt dead, and the instinct that caused them to be hung there together on three square yards of wall, showing a natural indifference to the measure of the hours, was perpetuated in the household, and accepted

their surrender as part of its own. All through the house a stranger might feel that something undividable had happened. But no tragic event had disturbed the serenity of Sambalpur for more than a generation. The hidden evil that had visited the house was nothing in reality, save that the Rajah and his household, as his father and his father's household before him, were born to surrender. The place demanded it, and everything inanimate or semi-animate about the palace and the courtyard bore witness that it was so,—the old *pandal*, that recalled the energy of twenty years ago when guests were invited to the ceremony of the holy thread, when the adopted son—one of the things the Rajah found himself unable to continue was his stock—entered the state of Brahmachari; the broken-down old carriage, half way between a brougham and an ark, left perpetually where it last drew up under the porch; the duck underneath it, looking dragged and miserably out of place; the rheumatic old white horse in the yard; and the three musty old lacquered palanquins, marking progressive stages of decay, that were never used, as there was nowhere one need necessarily go, now that the family had quarrelled with the brother-in-law at Kordingee. Most eloquent, indeed, were those objects that had once been used for locomotion, for time itself seemed to have

stopped still in the courtyard at Sambalpur.

Only at six in the morning, before the sun had thrown his marrow-dissolving rays into the court, would there be a little stir. The Brahmin cooks would then be pounding turmeric, and peeling, clipping, and scaling vegetables and fish into large brass pails and trays. The duck would be abroad, certain of the best bits, since a friendly understanding had been established between the bird and the cook. The crows would be prancing to and fro at a slightly greater radius, leaving the duck the possession of a clearly defined semicircle between themselves and the cloister steps. But neither duck nor crows paid any attention to Tilak Singh, who just at this time would come out of his recess in the gate, and prostrate himself three times before the apse-like curve in the south wall, where the elephant-headed, pot-bellied Ganesh leered at whoever entered the yard.

The god, the three lingam¹ stones in the flower-pot directly underneath, and the little sprig of *pipal* whose sacred root twined round the mystic stone, were Tilak Singh's special care. On a ledge in the wall he kept a vessel of holy water—the holiest he could find, since Gunga was far off,—and every morning he poured the water on a disc of rough stone, rubbed the stone with sandal-wood till there appeared a filmy, white, and apparently miraculous

¹ The emblem of Siva.

paste, and then poured paste and water and a profusion of flowers on the head of the lingam, struck the ground three times with his brow, and reverently surveyed his work.

He never would let the bright vermilion of Ganesh fade, or the ochre of his crown. The tulsi, sacred to Vishnu, he watered daily. But all his awe was for the lingam. That mystic and inscrutable stone contained all power; he had known it when he was a half-naked urchin. In it dwelt a lurking cause, which was responsible for the relentless, unintelligible cycle of days, which alone could explain the riddle of mortality. "The essence of the god resides in the stone." He had heard the family *purchita* say it to the adopted son. Little did Tilak Singh divine what *ruh* or essence meant, but the lingam was pregnant with divinity for him from that day: he anointed it every morning with more pious care, and when the canna was introduced into Sambalpur by a travelled babu and apothecary of the estate, he collected hundreds of these plants, and lavished their gold and vermilion bloom on the "essence of the god," so that the petals concealed the stone that embodied it, until the morning sun entered the courtyard and they shrivelled and fell away.

At this hour of general surrender, too definite to need a timepiece, the duck would

huddle herself under the axle of the ark, ruffled but resigned, a picture of distressed fatalism, and the crows would range themselves on the verandahs, parapets, window-sills, and walls, where they would sit all day with head on one side as if appraising something, mouth wide agape showing a red gullet, and eyes continually blinking, so that the whites of the iris catching the sun as they opened and closed would glint like falling rain-drops, and give them the appearance of weeping. Then Tilak Singh would retire to his mat spread in an alcove of the gate.

Before sleep enfolded him, as likely as not some gossip would find his way to the gate, for Sambalpur is not entirely out of the world, and though there was no other of Tilak Singh's race in the district, the solemn old Sikh was a good listener, and his simple courtesy attracted many to the gate. Gangannah was frequently passing at the time of my story, and from him Tilak Singh learnt the rumour of the ryot of Guma near by, who was supposed to have yoked a bull to the plough. For long Tilak Singh, who was credulous enough about any miracle, would not believe the story, arguing that the man still lived, that the *raghi* crop at Guma was better than most years, and that no sign of Siva's wrath had fallen on the village. For a less crime the Namadhari¹ had performed the

¹ Followers of Vishnu.

sacrifice of the Pavadam,¹ and even this expiation had not saved the crops. Then one day Gangannah brought him news that one Gorachando had brought an action for defamation against the headman of the village for spreading a report that he, Gorachando, had taken food with the impious ryot who was supposed to have yoked the bull to the plough. Gorachando was in danger of expulsion from his caste. The people believed in his guilt. Moreover four men and six boys had died of cholera in Guma. For hours Tilak Singh dwelt upon the iniquity of the kaliyuga, the sinful age which he adorned, and his dreams were disturbed by the heavy sinister manifestations in which Siva would appear to avenge the crime.

Day was the time to sleep, or rather to dream and blink in half stages. At night wakefulness was more tolerable, and Tilak Singh would croon to himself half understood pages of the Ramayana. But how describe the reiterated monotony of the day!—a monotony accepted, unquestioned, and never realised, when hour after hour the only palpable and substantial forms that made their presence felt, dimly revealed through half-closed eyelids, were leering Ganesh and the polished mystic stone, facts in a world of dancing unrealities.

The intense heat left everything inert, took away the

sense of power, the wish even to act, the consciousness that the power of initiation had ever existed. And this obsession of the sun, that parched and blistered the earth, alternating only with violent winds that spent themselves in cyclones, and rain that chilled to the bone and tore channels in the earth, made one feel like an insect on a giant's palm. Life was a momentary sufferance, existing through a capricious mood of the destroyer, whose messengers were the storms. No single manifestation of nature left Tilak Singh with the sense that God was pleased. Why, then, did Shiv stay his violence? What holocaust could expiate the crime at Guma? Did he mean to make no sign until the soul came naked and alone to the judgment-seat of Yama? And there, indeed, what mantras or butter-lamps could avail? Weeks and months seemed to be involved in one interminable noon that might be eclipsed in darkness any hour. For Tilak Singh had kept the gate for forty years. And every day he had anointed the lingam. Now the awful silence of the divinity, and its remoteness, so unresponsive to his care, oppressed him, and he began to feel that his days were getting too few to give the stone such honour as it desired.

It was during the time the neighbourhood was perturbed by the sacrilege at Guma that

¹ A ceremony in which a human victim is sacrificed, and afterwards miraculously restored to life.

these formless aspirations were resolved into a definite purpose, and Tilak Singh set out on his spiritual adventure. I think the impiety helped to bring him to the point. The crime was so near that he felt himself somehow involved in its contagion. At any rate, if he was implicated in any vicarious way, his spiritual detachment would shine forth in the act he contemplated.

There was never any doubt as to what form this act should take, or where he should make his pilgrimage. He did not weigh miles or days, or take into account the nature of the road or the season of the year. One day he felt the impulse imperative, the next day he started. It may have been thirty years since a restless soul had passed north on his way from Ramésvaram and rested a night in the choultry opposite the palace. Until that night Tilak Singh had heard and thought little about the shrine, but the pilgrim had a persuasive tongue, he was on the eve of arriving home, and the story of his journey glowed with a sense of deliverance and completion. It was vivid enough to leave in the mind of the Sikh a sort of blurred picture. He remembered that one trended southward for the best part of a year, and then at the end one had to go in a boat, and after that one had to walk a long way farther to the shrine. Thus the endless palm-fringed vista that rose sometimes with a filmy indistinctness in his mind was interrupted at two stages—where

one took the boat, and where one left it. He did not know that the journey to the island from Mandapam was a mere ferry crossing, and that one could walk to the temple from the shore in an hour, any more than he knew that he would have to tread three-fourths of the length of India before his pious feet carried him to the boat. He remembered that the temple, which was very beautiful, and so large that one could walk a mile in its cloisters without recrossing one's steps, stood on a hill between a lake and the sea, and the island on which it was built was covered with trees that were not like real trees, but like pictures of trees. He had been told that the temple was built in parts of some strange dark stone, so in the course of years he had come to think of it as jet black, darker than night, but polished and shining. It gleamed at the end of the vista like an ebon pall spread on the white sand.

But he could not imagine the sea. He had read of it in the Ramayana, but it was as vague to him as the snows of Kedarnath, whence pilgrims came with tales of mountains, high as Mera, enveloped in cloud, and covered with that strange white yielding substance, cold to the feet and thick as fallen cotton-seed. Here Siva dwelt, if not seen, at least hovering on the fringe of revelation. And thither Tilak Singh would go when rested from that other pilgrimage.

Perhaps not even the influence of that rhapsodical devotee from the South would have counted against the allurements of Kedarnath, if it had not been for the Ramayana. Every day Tilak Singh pored over the sacred book in an Uriya version, crooning it aloud in slow syllables, until the protagonists became more real to him than all the spiritless effaced folk of the palace. Their epic doings, though he did not know it, drew him to Ramésvaram with a stronger spell than even the hope or desire of obtaining merit; yet Ramésvaram was the fountain-head of merit to the pious. The lingam there, the priests of the island said, was fashioned by Rama's own hand in the days when Hanuman had leapt from the island to search for a true stone in Lunka, and tarried so long that Rama and Sita, weary of delay, made their own gods of the sand of the sea-shore. Since that hour, the Brahmins say, fifty thousand years ago, the lingam has been tended by the same family of priests, guarded and endowed by the same race of Ramnad, so that poor pilgrims coming from afar with their holy Gunga water may pour the holy water on the stone, and thereby cleanse themselves of all dross and impurity and win a path to Indra's heaven. What act could be more grateful to the gods? What escape from the burden of their displeasure surer and more blissful?

Tilak Singh started from Sambalpur in the month of

May, an hour before sunrise. It was dark when he unbolted the heavy groaning gate and threw it back on its hinges. No one in the house had risen, and he paid no farewells except to his son, a wild-eyed boy, to whom he had committed the care of Ganesh. He had been groping in the bed of canna an hour before, feeling in the dark for the thick flower-heads, which he tore from the stalk, and severing the petals from the calyx flung on the lingam. Then he flung himself prostrate before the god, his forehead pressed to the ground until it was stained and indented with the clay. The stone made no sign. None of the mysterious noises of the night communicated a whisper in reply. The gentle breeze that rustled in the palm carried no message from the god that he was aware of this devout initiation. As ever, the essence lurked in the stone — voiceless, callous, and inscrutable. The day was like all other days; the obeisance and the offering such as the faithful guardian of the stone had been wont to make, the lingam to receive. Every object in the gloom stood in its familiar place. The same spectral white figures lay stretched asleep on the cloister floor. A vague blur on a ledge of the wall was the pot of tulsi; a huddled ball of shadow in an open space, the duck. Shiv, then, would make no sign. Perhaps when he returned beatified—. But there lay the road. Tilak Singh lifted his staff and bundle to his shoulders and glided through the door

without looking back. That square grizzled beard, that brow wrinkled in perplexity, those dreamy, kind, honest eyes, were set to the north and the Ganges.

II.

Tilak Singh had traversed cart-tracks and country roads for nearly thirty days when he learnt from a ryot that he was but a few hours' journey from the Ganges. He tried to push on to the river that night, but darkness overtook him, and he found shelter in the house of a potter. Early the next morning, before the potter was awake, he set out again through the parched burnt fields that a month or two before bore rich crops. He chose no road, but steered instinctively to the north. As he went, trees became more numerous. The mangoes and tamarinds scattered at the corners of the fields and round the homesteads seemed to become more continuous, and narrow the horizon. As they grew thicker the ring closed in on him, until it appeared that he was surrounded on all sides, at a distance of a few furlongs, by a great belt of woodland. Then there came a moment when Tilak Singh could see through the screen in front. He quickened his pace: there was light beyond. He ran. Through the last mango clump he saw the white sand stretching a mile beyond, interrupted by the water of half-dried channels, and on the north side of this valley of sand a stream rippling and islanded and opalescent in

the morning sun. It was the river of comfort.

Staff and bundle were thrown on the sand, and Tilak Singh stood waist-deep in the stream. He drank palmfuls of the holy water, poured it over his head, and splashed it with his hands towards the sun. He immersed the crown of his head, and uttered the prayer to the Rishis. The current flowing from Siva's brow relaxed his stiff, parched limbs, enfolding him in the harmony of a physical and spiritual embrace. The soft mud oozed round his bruised feet like a caress. He stood there, he did not know how long, until the almost vertical rays of the sun beat on his head. Then, when the forms on the distant bank appeared to him again in their material meaning, he turned towards the shore, seeking to dismiss what was physical in his ecstasy, and repeating to himself the words of Arjuna, "The delights that are contact-born are wombs of pain."

It was then that Siva spoke. Beside the bundle on the sand Tilak Singh found his message, shadowed by an âkol bush, and half-covered by the prickly silver-veined datura. It must have fallen when he stood abstracted in the water. He scanned the wide expanse of sand: no human beings were

in sight; no living thing save the solemn birds by the water's edge and a solitary cow searching for grass in the broken clods of the ledge above the north channel. He looked to the ground—there were no footprints save his own. The gods were compassionate. He stooped with awe and touched the strange green vessel made of glass and fashioned like an image, transparent at the base but half opaque towards the neck, where the shoulders took a broad sweep onwards, and the cheeks bulged under the eyes that were deeper sunk than any Brahmin's and set obliquely, as a goblin's might be, narrowing towards the crown. In the head a round green stone rolled loosely, imprisoned there as it had been, no doubt, from the beginning, unable to escape upwards or downwards, the essence of the god, secure and indestructible.

He never doubted that this god was sent to serve him, to carry the Gunga water to the lingam in the South. Lovingly he held it in the stream and watched the holy water rush in and anoint the essence ere the vessel was filled, even as he had anointed the lingam at Sambalpur. Then when he inverted it he watched the essence roll back to the crown lest the precious water should be spilled in a flood. In this way it fell sparingly, as *amrita*—water divinely sprung, contained, and destined—should.

He emptied it and filled it again, and set it upright on the sand, and prostrated himself before it three times, and again many times. Then he filled the homely jar from Sambalpur,—it would serve at least for the purpose of the road.

He lay all day on the sand, wrapped in the thought of his consecration. How had he hoped for rewards before deeds? Siva was just: he had withheld justly, even as he had given justly. Till the pilgrim's loins were girt he had made no sign; at the first stage of attainment he had spoken. Marked thus by the god's choice, in his own mind an atom suspended between the divine æther and earth's clay, he lay in all humility through the day on the silted river-bed. With evening a storm broke. Siva spoke again through his messenger Indra. The heavens were split with lightning. In the peals of thunder he heard a summoning voice, and felt himself involved in the disruption. The rain lashed against him and furrowed the sand by his side and tore away the hummock by his head; but he would not shrink or stir—he, the servant of the gods. Only when the thin crescent-moon rose clear he lifted himself up and his sacred burden and turned into the fields again, steering southwards by the stars through the night.

III.

After he turned south from the river, Tilak Singh made most of his marches by night. In the scorching days he would rest in some village, generally in the outer cloister of some temple, on the narrow ledge high raised from the ground. Here he would often talk of pilgrimages and wonders with the priests and village loiterers, but he never spoke of Siva's message or let any human eye rest on the god in his pack. Ramésvaram was a constant theme, and the Brahmins told him of many devotees who had passed on the road there. Tilak Singh was no sectarian, he honoured all the gods, but his thoughts dwelt so often on the ebon-black shrine on the sand between the lake and the sea, that he found himself muttering as he walked—"Sita Ram ji ki Jai"—"Glory to Rama and Sita." The words were acceptable to most folk, but they earned him some sour looks.

At dawn on the tenth day after leaving the river he found himself in a dry rocky country where cultivated land was scarce,—a land of thin goats, always stretched on their hind legs towards the niggard foliage of the hillside, and thinner children tending them, blacker than the urchins of Sambalpur and with wilder eyes and hair. The ground everywhere was hard as rock; temples were scarce, and Tilak Singh often lodged in a byre. He passed through this graceless country

nigh on twenty days, till he began to think that the South contained no rice-fields or pasture-lands or any kind of green. Then his trail lay through the forest east of Sirgoojah, west of Lohardugga; and one night he slept but thirty miles from Sambalpur. It was in his heart to steal there and anoint the lingam, but something bade him not appear among familiar folk again until he had fulfilled his vow.

Then he found himself among the hills. Their purple peaks had already begun to catch the first currents of the monsoon. Bright green patches of rice gleamed in terraces above the valley. The water-courses began to fill. Sometimes the thunder-clouds held up by the mountains spent themselves on the plain,—others would roll slowly overhead or sweep with impetuous menace to the north or west, leaving dead hopes and withered crops where they passed. For the rains were late and nowhere sufficient. Tilak Singh began to make his stages by day. They became shorter than they had been, and were interrupted sometimes by halts of a day and night together when he lay stretched on his back with fever. He was now in those tracts of the Eastern Ghats which are locally known as the Maliahs, a district of insidious fever and miasmatic mists after rain. The plainsmen, Uriahs and Telugus alike, fear these

hills and shun them, but the aboriginal Sowarah makes his home and thrives there, on the roots of the wild yam, if need be, in hard times. These square, shining, bronzed, little men, who step like bowmen in a frieze, and speak no known tongue, were kind to Tilak Singh in their rough way. They gave him pulse to eat and the milk of their buffaloes, and tended him in their rude bamboo huts, and would have none of his money when he went away. Tilak Singh hoped the recording deity would be considerate and not erase a jot of his merit on account of this hospitality in the great book of pilgrimages.

At Garyabanda he broke through the great belt of hills, almost under the shadow of Mahendra Giri: hills lay all round him, but detached from the chain. They rose bare and conical, or stretched rib-like and topped with trees enfolding bright lakes overgrown with lotus. The deeply wooded pyramid of Deva Giri rose to the south; to the north frowned the square hump of Mahendra, a deep purple veined with white filmy clouds. The road lay between, a mere cart-track, broken and flinty. It was here Tilak Singh met the bears.

The night was cool after a sunset shower when Tilak Singh passed through Garyabanda. The valley was fitfully illumined by a crescent moon soaring through bars of cloud. The tall gannah crop threw jagged shadows across the road. The old Sikh passed dreamily on, his eyes strained

to the obscure horizon, his lips muttering the formula that had become to him a habit. His spirit ranged from the Ganges sand to far Ramés-varam. The crop and shadow of the gannah ended abruptly, leaving a little patch of moonlight, beyond which a clump of mango trees served to embower and obscure the road. Into this recess Tilak Singh carried his monotonous chant. His audience were the bears. They turned to him in wonder, as he to them. Two stood still; the third, a black amorphous heap, bulged towards him, rearing high enough to expose a white chest. Tilak Singh clutched at his bundle, but as he swerved fell over a low culvert into a sandy water-course. His pack clattered on a stone, and as he grasped it he felt a warm trickle that made his heart stand still. The bears turned and shuffled quickly up the slope, grunting and barking like creatures that had received an affront. But Tilak Singh had forgotten them. His hands desperately explored the pack. He knelt for a moment over the gulf of bitterness. Then his heart that had ceased to beat raced frantically as he grasped Siva's message, and holding it up to the moon saw that it was whole. The homelier vessel lay shattered on the sand.

He waited by the culvert till light, thanking God for his release. Soon after dawn he found himself in Melliaputtee; at noon in the broad street of Parlakimedi, a sloping avenue of palms bosomed in the hills.

A group of Sádhus coming up the street in Indian file he felt instinctively were returning from his goal. He questioned the first, who, without turning aside or lifting his eyes from the road, uttered the single word "Ramésvaram." He gazed after them fascinated. They strode on steadfastly, neither turning to left nor right, neither quickening nor slackening their pace, to the end of the street, where the road gave a bend to the north beside a nullah. Here, where Tilak Singh had followed the dusty *détour* of the road, they chose unhesitatingly a stony path behind the temple of the tortoise incarnation of Vishnu. As the last ochre robe, staff, and holy komandal jar disappeared through the bushes, Tilak Singh felt a sadness for which he could have given no account. He felt, with a poignancy that was new to him, the loneliness of his adventure; how like a child he was following a crooked track; a leaf blown hither and thither; how infinitely distant was the reward that had been attained so often by these holy men whose feet had learnt the path.

The Sádhus, he learnt at the choultry, had slept the night there and received *sádavarti*.¹ They were bound for Melliaputtee, where they would receive *sádavarti* again, and thence go by Mandasa to the Trunk Road. He discovered that all this part of Ganjam was a fat land, parcelled in rich estates, whose zemindars

sin with a light heart since they buy immunity by feeding the ascetics; and these pious folk, who spend their lives going between Benares, Ramésvaram, and Puri, flock there in hordes, making wide *détours* from the Trunk Road to carry dispensation to the rich. The first band that Tilak Singh met in the streets of Parlakimedi affected him strangely; he felt himself, at first, so much nearer the shrine by contact with them, and after they had passed so much farther away. He would have liked to speak with the Sádhus and learn from them about the road, to see in their eyes some gleam of a spiritual tie, if not of physical comradeship, in the conquered miles. But these men had no roving sympathies; their senses were withdrawn from objects of sense: they took the road without ties or attachment, selfless, unwavering, freed from the anxieties of pleasure and pain.

From Parlakimedi Tilak Singh took the eastern road to Chicacole by Hiramandalam. Here he first saw the sea, a grey estuary under grey clouds. The monsoon had broken in earnest, and he entered the town with the quiet susurrus that preludes a storm. Over the river grey sea-gulls dipped and flashed against the black thunder-clouds; the legions of white paddy birds passed overhead to the tamarind trees by the bund, and burdened their boughs with a weight as of snow; the homing crows came

¹ Charity given to professional pilgrims and mendicants.

in with set flight all from the same quarter to the casuarinas, where they fought for a lodging and vied with one another in their clamorous foreboding of the obvious. From the gardens rose the raucous anthem of the cicadas and frogs. As Tilak Singh gained the choultry, and laid his pack in his dark cell, black and reeking with the oil of the last fifty lodgers, the first drops began to batter against the flagstones of the yard. Then the storm broke, and the crows were flung from the lashing branches of the casuarinas.

It was nearly three weeks before Tilak Singh left the choultry. The maliah fever, which leaps in the blood as one approaches the sea, woke in him with such violence that he was almost unconscious the second day. The chowkidar found him so, and saw that he was fed with milk. He lay thus in his cell many days, attacked intermittently and never strong enough to make a start. When he recovered consciousness he would grope for the holy green vessel, finger it till he was reassured, and relapse into the borderland. The fever left him tired in body and spirit, but unbroken in his resolve. On the twentieth day he took the road again.

For a thousand miles nearly, between Sambalpur and the Ganges and then between the Ganges and Chicacole, Tilak Singh had followed devious roads and tracts in the sleepest and most unfrequented districts of Eastern India. But

the road south from Chicacole is straight and uncompromising as the coast will permit. When he shouldered his pack it left him no initiative, for there was only one path to tread. It was this predestined character of the road, after the freedom and surprises of the wilderness, that made Chicacole a kind of dividing point in his mind, so that he came to think of any adventure that had befallen him as happening after or before his illness there. But on the Trunk Road his adventures, bodily and spiritual, were few. The discipline of it kept his spirit from ranging, as the fever left his body inert. In those days he became almost as passionless as the Sádhus; he was indeed more ascetic than they, since he was not privileged to beg or to accept charity. He met hordes of these, Bahâjis, Bairâgis, and Baishnavas, going to or coming from Puri, for he was now on the main artery between Orissa and the south. He saw the same faces day after day, but spoke with none. He had exchanged the solitude of the Central Provinces for a busy and crowded thoroughfare. But he was never more alone. The plaintive chant of the palanquin-bearers, the groaning of the unoiled cart-wheel, the cries of the drivers urging spent cattle, the creaking of the roadside sugar-cane mill turned by the patient ox, the speech of men, the chatter of crows, were merged and gathered into a vibration of sound, vain and inarticulate. He walked as in a dream.

He passed abstractedly through many cities. The road tunnelled through the densely matted shade of banyan trees into Vizianagram, bored through the red laterite rock into Vizagapatam, and hung over the palm-fringed bay invaded by smoking steamers. The sea was never far distant. Tilak Singh saw the surf at Cocanada and Masulipatam, and felt the breath of it at Ongole and Nellore. At Ongole he struck the great Trunk Road from Hyderabad, and drifted with a crowd of pilgrims to Madras. Six weeks after leaving Chicacole he passed through the streets of the teeming city at night, as indifferently as if it had been a village.

It was the first great city he had seen, and he was inspired with a sense of its profane and unnatural illumination. The winking lighthouse tower on the High Court flashed a wedge of light across the sea; myriad balls of opal flame hung on the promenade; a chemist's shop, with its huge red and green bulbs of liquid and imprisoned fire, and tiers of glittering bottles and jars, shone like a temple to Agni. Statues, obelisks, palaces, might have been the shades of trees and hills; the horseless red-eyed tram pulsed through the city unheeded; only these causeless lights penetrated his abstraction. Yet he passed one shrine of lesser brilliance, which, if he had seen it, would have brought him to earth with a cry. Beneath a banyan tree, in a cavernous recess in

the wall, dimly lit by a flickering oil-lamp, and tended by an infidel Mahomedan priest, were ranged obscurely on shelves a hundred pale green gods like his own. And over the shop hung a board scribbled over with Tamil characters, and bearing the inscription in an equally strange tongue—

IOE AND AREATED WALTER.

The road now lay through a moist rice country, inhabited by swarthy thin-lipped black men who tie their raven hair in a knot at the back of the head. It is a rich land, and at every stage are chattrams richly endowed, where Sádhus of every religious order are fed. Twenty days after leaving Madras he found himself in the plain of Trichinopoly, in the valley of the Cauvery. He spent a day in the Titanic temple of Sri Rangam, and then pushed on to Madura, where a week later he lay prostrate before the image of Minakshi.

He was nearing Ramés-varam; but the end came sooner, a march beyond Madura, eighty miles from the ferry, and a week from the shrine. In the heat of noon Tilak Singh found shelter in the twisted roots of a banyan tree beside the amorphous image of Bhim. As his back touched the bark he droned the sacred formula, "Sita Ram ji ki Jai."

He was answered by a hol-lower voice behind Bhim, "Let the name of Sita Ram go. Call rather on Radha-Krishen."

"Rama Chandra is the stronger," said Tilak Singh loyally. The challenge raised a shaven head the other side of Bhim, and Tilak Singh looked into the austere eyes of one of Krishna's fanatics. It was the head of a man of unmixed blood, and of great spiritual and temporal assurance; the skin clove so tightly to the brow that one expected to see the sutures of the skull; the eyes were beads deep in their orbits; from the shaven pate hung a single wisp of hair.

"And who art thou?" said the voice; "a sheep in a muddy track?"

"No, peace to thee, but one acceptable to Rama, and miraculously honoured."

"An idle prater, rather."

"I carry the mark of my acceptance, the vessel consecrated to carry the water of Mother Gunga."

He took the green god from his pack, and, oblivious of priests and sects, held it up to a shaft of sunshine that stole through the matted roof of leaves and irradiated the essence.

The Brahmin seized it from his hand and hurled it on the plinth of Bhim, where it exploded and shattered. "Fool!" he said; "would you pollute the lingam with the Feringhi's air-water?"

He turned to the village and left Tilak Singh alone with Bhim and the broken bottle. The long hours of the afternoon passed, and night over-

took the old man crouching there in the same doleful company. Darkness closed in on him like a pall.

Months afterwards he entered the courtyard at Sambalpur in the grey before dawn. Everything was as he left it. His rusty sword stood in the recess by the gate; his unspiritual red coat hung on a frayed cord like the dream of a past avatar; the ark was in its place in the porch; the mildewed palanquins littered the hall; the duck huddled before Ganesh. Only the *pipal* sprig had grown into a young tree and burst the pot that held the lingam. The old Sikh found them propped carelessly against the wall, and he was gathering up the mould in an earthen chatti to reinstall them when the shrouded figures in the cloister woke one by one and said, "Tilak Singh has come home."

Before the sun rose Ganganah, passing the gate, looked in and saw Tilak Singh tending the lingam. He entered and touched the old man's arm and looked into his eyes kindly.

"You have seen Ramésvar-am," he said, "and attained great merit. Shabash, Tilak Singh!"

But Tilak Singh, looking down, said—

"There is no merit; there was a mishap; I start again on the first of the new moon."

EDMUND CANDLER.

FROM THE SHORE.

LOVE, so strangely lost and found,
Love, beyond the seas of death,
Love, immortally re-crowned,
Love, who swayest this mortal breath,
Sweetlier to thy lover's ear
Steals the tale that ne'er was told;
Bright-eyes, ah, thine arms are near,
Nearer now than e'er of old.

When on earth thy hands were mine,
Mine to hold for evermore,
Oft we watched the sunset shine
Lonely from this wave-beat shore;
Pent in prison-cells of clay,
Time had power on thee and me:
Thou and heaven are one to-day,
One with earth and sky and sea;

Indivisible and one!
Beauty hath unlocked the Gate,
Oped the portals of the sun,
Burst the bars of Time and Fate!
Violets in the dawn of Spring
Hold the secret of thine eyes:
Lilies bare their breasts and fling
Scents of thee from Paradise.

Brooklets have thy talk by rote;
Thy farewells array the West;
Fur that clasped thee round the throat,
Leaps—a squirrel—to its nest!
Backward from a sparkling eye
Half-forgotten jests return
Where the rabbit lollops by
Hurry-scurry through the fern!

Roses where I lonely pass
Brush my brow and breathe thy kiss :
Zephyrs, whispering through the grass,
Lure me on from bliss to bliss :
Here thy robe is rustling close,
There thy fluttering lace is blown,—
All the tide of beauty flows
Tributary to thine own.

Birds that sleek their shining throats
Capture every curve from thee :
All their golden warbled notes,
Fragments of thy melody,
Crowding, clustering, one by one,
Build it upward, spray by spray,
Till the lavrock in the sun
Pours thy rapture down the day.

Silver birch and purple pine,
Crumpled fern and crimson rose,
Flash to feel their beauty thine,
Clasp and fold thee, warm and close :
Every beat and gleam of wings
Holds thee in its bosom furled ;
All that chatters, laughs, and sings,
Darts thy sparkle round the world.

*Love, so strangely lost and found,
Love, beyond the seas of death,
Love, immortally re-crowned,
Love, who swayest this mortal breath,
Sweeter to thy lover's ear
Steals the tale that ne'er was told ;
Bright-eyes, ah, thine arms are near,
Nearer now than e'er of old.*

ALFRED NOYES.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

CHARLES JAMES FOX has been dead a hundred years, and the outburst of enthusiasm which has greeted his centenary proves that the immense superstition which he created is still alive. To read the comments of serious journals is to wonder whether there exists any standard by which the achievements of statesmen may be judged. On every hand we hear Fox described as an inspired prophet, who would have saved his country from the evils which he foresaw had he not been prevented by black-hearted opponents. One newspaper is reckless enough to suggest that if Fox had been Prime Minister at the time of the French Revolution, the worst evils which overwhelmed Europe would have been avoided. In some mysterious way, we are told, Fox would have acted as a mediator between Louis XVI. and his rebellious subjects. Could any surmise be more ridiculous than this? Is it possible that a writer lives who believes that Fox could have achieved, in a country not his own, a success which was beyond the power of Mirabeau himself, an infinitely greater man than the leader of the Whigs? The Revolution, made by words, could be stayed only by Napoleon's sword, and Fox had nothing save words at

his command. Moreover, he was distrusted in France by either party. Louis XVI. could not be expected to sympathise with a sentimental friend of the people, and to the French people Fox was no better than a *faux patriote*, who had grossly insulted its honour and pretensions but a few years before the taking of the Bastille. The truth is that Fox was no more able to help France than to help England. His was not the temperament of the man of action, and the suggestion we have cited is memorable only for its absurdity. Yet it compels us to ask upon what does the general esteem of Fox depend, and why, after a hundred years, there are still those who would shed upon his grave the tear of sensibility.

Concerning no politician has so much cant been spoken and written as concerning Charles James Fox. His name has been whispered with a reverential awe by thousands who would have shrunk back in horror had they recognised the truth of his career. To him posterity has allowed a latitude which it withholds from all others known to history. The highly sensitive conscience which found Parnell's disgrace a patent necessity does not shrink from the indiscretions of Fox. Sir George

Trevelyan celebrates in enthusiastic terms "the grateful veneration with which the whole body of his Nonconformist fellow-citizens adored him living, and mourned him dead." Indeed, there is an element of the grotesque in the passionate respect in which the party of Dr Clifford holds this genial gamester, who loved women and the bottle as deeply as he loved the dice-box. For his extravagances they have an ever-ready excuse. With the bluff exclamation that "boys will be boys," they sun themselves in the light of his dissipations. They take a smiling pleasure in his vices, and describe as generosity in him what in another they would denounce for blackguardism. Fox might steal a horse with their gratified approval, while Grafton, to take an obvious example, might not look over the hedge. One of Fox's many panegyrists finds it necessary to apologise for his conduct in 1768. "Grafton became Prime Minister as a matter of course," he says, "and Charles Fox, whom at that age it was not easy to scandalise, readily attached himself to a leader whose bearing and address were as full of grace as his conduct was devoid of it." Charles Fox, we imagine, was never easy to scandalise, but it is certain that at no age could he have pretended, without the grossest hypocrisy, to be shocked at the conduct of Grafton, an eminently respectable gentleman.

In this Nonconformist admir-

ation of Fox's light-hearted excesses there is a plain confusion. We have no right to say that he was a worse Minister because he drank and gambled. We may judge his political career without censoriously asking where he spent his evenings. At the same time, we have no right to pretend that he was a better Minister because he loved the bottle and the green-cloth, to look with wonder upon his performances in the House of Commons because he was a boon companion and a good fellow across a gaming-table. And yet this is what his foolish admirers ask us to do. They describe him travelling all night from Newmarket to address the House, or speaking with eloquence after sitting twenty-four hours at quinzé, and declare that it is genius. Genius it may be—the genius of endurance—but it is not political genius. And we shall not understand the career of Charles James Fox unless we keep his two rôles rigorously apart, and judge him separately as politician and man of pleasure.

As a man of pleasure he was supereminent. In an age of hard drinking and reckless gambling, Charles Fox had no equal. His education encouraged a natural talent. Lord Holland, grown rich upon the spoils of office, brought up his son upon a generous method of his own. He denied him nothing; he encouraged him in all his whims and all his extravagances. With the best

will in the world, he deprived him of his childhood and its simple joys. When Charles was barely three years old, he dined *tête-à-tête* with him, and delighted in his already mature conversation. Once the child announced his intention of destroying a watch. "Well," said Lord Holland, "if you must, I suppose you must." When Charles was no more than fourteen, Lord Holland took him to the Continent on a tour of dissipation. At Spa he taught him the rudiments of gambling, and sent him "every night to the gaming-table with a pocketful of gold." Not content with this first lesson in life, "the parent took not a little pains to contrive that the boy should leave France a finished rake," and it is not surprising that on his return to Eton, Charles, with his knowledge of Spa and Paris, and his diverting tales of gambling-hells and their frequenters, should have done much to destroy the discipline of the school.

A few years at Oxford did not change the habits of Charles Fox, though it vastly increased his learning, and when he came to London he was ready to take his place with the most daring of the rakes. At sixteen he was a member of Brooks's, and from that day it may be said that he never looked back. For many years the chief occupation of his life was gambling. He played cards, he backed horses, he made bets. There was no accident of life or politics

which he did not think worth a wager. At whist, quinze, and piquet his skill was unrivalled. He had so profound a knowledge of Newmarket that he seldom left the Heath with an empty pocket, and the betting-book at Brooks's is clear evidence of his sound judgment in affairs. His tireless and energetic temperament was the best that could support a gambler. He could sit at the table all night and yet pursue his profession of politics the next day. A bold player and a cheerful loser, he was familiar with all the hells of Europe; and had he never sat in the House of Commons, he would still have been notorious. Casanova, generally a truthful witness, encountered him at Lausanne, won all his money at Geneva, and once lent him £50, which were repaid three years afterwards. But his real battlefield was St James's Street. At Brooks's there was no one who played so fantastic a part as "Charles." A macaroni, with dirty hands and soiled clothes, he moved in the most exclusive set, and exacted respect from all those who won his money. And truly for many years his losses were prodigious. Again and again Lord Holland settled his affairs. Again and again he plunged deeper into the quagmire of debt. At his father's death he is said to have owed £140,000, and it is not strange that his estate in Thanet, and all that he inherited, fell, with his furniture and his books, into the hands of the Jews. Yet he bore no malice. Like Charles

Surface, for whom he might have sat, he softened even the Hebrew hearts of the money-lenders, and forgot all his displeasure when he had called the waiting-room of his house his Jerusalem Chamber. In truth, he was one to whom money could never have been of the slightest service. If ever he won it, he was restless until he had lost it. His pocket was an unplumbed pit of thriftlessness, and an entry in the betting-book of his club proves how just an estimate one of his most familiar friends had formed of him. "Lord Clermont," thus runs the entry, "has given Mr Crawford 10 guineas, upon the condition of receiving £500 from him, whenever Mr Charles Fox shall be worth £100,000 clear of debts."

Now the character of the gamester is not unamiable. We may even cherish an admiration for the man who, regarding money as dross, flings it carelessly away to purchase a few hours' excitement. But we cannot extend the sympathy we feel for the punter to him who holds the bank. To sit at the receipt of custom is neither noble nor glorious. The bank has a cold advantage which cannot appeal to our sense of romance; and assuredly the worst blot upon the private character of Fox is that in 1781, having been long a pigeon, he determined to play the part of a rook. He set up a bank at Brooks's, with Hare and Fitzpatrick as partners, appointed Lord Robert Spencer dealer at the handsome figure

of five guineas an hour, and prepared to win the money of the town. The four associates were able to relieve one another at their pleasant toil, and for a year or two the play was continuous. It would be difficult to match the cynical effrontery wherewith they advertised their proceedings. Their clients gave them cards bearing the legend, "Received from Messrs Fox & Co.," in acknowledgment of money paid. No one could walk down St James's Street without discovering their enterprise. "This Pharo bank," we are told, "is held in a manner which, being so exposed to public view, bids defiance to all decency and police. The whole town as it passes views the dealer and the punters by means of the candles, and the windows being levelled with the ground. The Opposition, which has Charles for its ablest advocate, is quite ashamed of the proceeding, and hates to hear it mentioned."

No wonder the Opposition hated to hear it mentioned, for the episode was discreditable to all who had a hand in it. To encourage speculation, Fox or Fitzpatrick would at their own bank lose £1000 in one deal and win it back in the next. The case against them was put with perfect force by Selwyn. "Hare opened the Pharo bank in the great room," wrote he in November 1780, "but had so few and poor punters that Charles and Richard were obliged to sit down from time to time as

decoy ducks. . . . I do not think that the people who frequent Brooks's will suffer this pillage another campaign." But while the game lasted, Charles and Richard were in high cash. Their winnings were fabulous. "I have not been at Brooks's for I do not know when," wrote Selwyn in 1782; "that *maudite banque* of Charles's *aspirera avec le tems tout l'argent de Londres, au moins de notre quartier.*" Upon Fox the success had an immediate effect. "I saw Charles to-day," says Selwyn, "in a new hat, frock, waistcoat, shirt, and stockings; he was as clean and smug as a gentleman, and upon perceiving my surprise, he told me it was from the Pharo bank. He then talked of the thousands it had lost, which I told him only proved its substance and the advantage of its trade. He smiled, and seemed perfectly satisfied with that which he had taken up; he was in such a sort of humour that I should like to have dined with him. His old clothes have been burned like the paupers' at Salt Hill." Nor was it only his wardrobe that profited by the winnings of his bank. While Fox and Fitzpatrick were emptying the pockets of the town, the bailiffs were ransacking Fox's house to satisfy a debt of Fitzpatrick's making. And Fox did not let the opportunity slip. His old and broken furniture having been seized, he determined to replace it with the magnificence which became the master of

a thriving business. "His house," said Selwyn, "I mean the place of execution, where he is to go soon, is the sprucest to look at from the street I ever saw. I never saw such a transition from distress to opulency, or from dirt to cleanliness." And then, as Cincinnatus was called from the plough, so Fox was summoned from the Pharo bank to take part in the counsels of his country. Nor did he forget his accomplices at the gaming-table. Hare became his private secretary, and Fitzpatrick was sent as Chief Secretary to Ireland. Nothing was omitted to enhance the absurd contrast. The new Minister was interrupted at Brooks's so often that he could neither punt nor deal for a quarter of an hour without giving audience to one or other of his colleagues. Was not the scene, in Selwyn's words, *la plus parfaitement comique que l'on puisse imaginer?* And is it not eminently characteristic of Fox that it appeared to nobody more risible than to himself?

The bank at Brooks's, which would have added no distinction to a simple man about town, throws a curious sidelight upon Fox's failure as a politician. A statesman who took so trivial a view of his own responsibilities could hardly hope to be a leader of men. And the truth is that politics were for Charles Fox but another field for the exercise of his fierce activity. He went into them without principles, and, though with

the passing years he adopted a party, without principles he remained to the end. His eminent qualities of courage and address never found him a large following in his own day. He passed the greater part of his career in the cold shade of Opposition. His amazing eloquence, his genius for debate, stood him in small stead. His power of rhetoric was even a hindrance to him, for within a week he would cover the same man with equal floods of flattery and vituperation, and his hearers, admiring both, knew that neither was sincere. And so he lost the faith of the vast majority. The king most properly distrusted the politician who had approved and abetted the disloyalty and dissipation of his son. And the people, though it made far less of gossip and rumour than to-day seems possible, could not close its eyes to the street-ballads nor its ears to the common talk. In spite of an inclination to admire one who had cut a figure in many worlds, it could not always condone his flippancy or overlook his vain inconsistency.

That he changed the lightly held opinions of his youth is in no way discreditable to him. A boy may turn from gospel to heresy without suspicion or reproach, and there was no blot on Fox's political fame until in 1783 he made a coalition with North, whom he had attacked for years with a perfect fury of indignation. That, indeed, was the wreckage of his fame. Nobody would believe him honest,

when he allied himself with one who, he had prayed, should hear of his misdeeds at the tribunal of justice, and expiate them on the public scaffold. But we shall not understand Fox if we do not remember that he was a partisan. He aimed always at the triumph of himself and his friends, and he cared not if in that triumph England were broken in pieces. "As a party man," he said once, "I think it a good thing for my party to come into office, were it only for a month." And that is not the worst. Fox went far beyond a mere hunger for office. Whenever the opposite party was in power, he ranged himself openly and fiercely with the enemies of his country. He put no bounds upon his hatred of England, and he thought it not shameful to intrigue with foreigners against the safety and credit of the land to which he belonged. Wherever there was a foe to England, there was a friend of Fox. America, Ireland, France, each in turn inspired his enthusiasm. When Howe was victorious at Brooklyn, he publicly deplored "the terrible news." After Valmy he did not hesitate to express his joy. "No public event," he wrote, "not excepting Yorktown and Saratoga, ever happened that gave me so much delight. I could not allow myself to believe it for some days for fear of disappointment." More bitter, if possible, was his venom in 1801. "To tell the truth," he said, "I am gone something further in hate to

the English Government than perhaps you and the rest of my friends are, and certainly further than can with prudence be avowed. The triumph of the French Government over the English does, in fact, afford me a degree of pleasure which it is very difficult to disguise."

The open treacheries of Fox are by this familiar. But his policy cannot be considered without a repetition of them. By his own confession he was a constant contemner of his country, and his career cannot but suggest the question, How far is patriotism necessary to the equipment of a statesman? Now patriotism, out of fashion though it be to-day, should be the first and plainest of the virtues. It is but an extension of the feeling for family, which is the foundation of all society. A man who insults his father and despises his mother is a bad son. He is a bad citizen who despises and insults his country. And a bad citizen, though he has every right to exist, is not likely to prove the wisest ruler. No one need love his country—that the experience of the last few years has fully demonstrated. It is the privilege of all, we suppose, to defame the land of their birth, and of late a vast number have claimed the privilege. But it may be said, perhaps without exaggeration or malice, that he who loathes his country is not best fitted by nature to govern it. And why should he wish to govern it? Had Fox been logical, he would have shaken

the dust of England from his feet, and given what aid his rhetoric might afford to England's foes. But he would not do that. He stayed at home to rejoice, if he might, in the defeat of his compatriots, and to sing the praises of foreign tyrants in the name of freedom.

It is not a pleasant career to contemplate, for, if politics be not an idle game or a momentary excitement, then an honourable patriotism should be esteemed at more than a feather's weight. There is no compulsion put upon any man to be a politician, but if of his own will he becomes one, it is his business to protect his country against insult and attack. It is, then, in no spirit of partisanship that Fox is condemned. He who gives comfort to the king's enemies should have no place in either party. And Fox was not content to comfort with words. On one conspicuous occasion he acted against the interest of England. When Robert Adair went on a mission to St Petersburg, it was Fox who procured him letters of introduction, and who said, as he bade the informal emissary good-bye, "Well, if you are determined to go, send us all the news." Moreover, that no detail might escape him, he urged Adair to use Burgoyne's cipher; and "to puzzle them the more," said he, "you may put some of your figures in red ink." Adair, with great indignation, denied many years after that Fox had anything

to do with his celebrated journey. But as Fox furnished him with letters, demanded news, and suggested a cipher, Adair's denial seems a mere quibble.

And since Adair's day much light has been thrown on the intrigue by the publication of the 'Dropmore Papers.' From them it appears that Adair made his journey with the utmost expedition, seeing no one on the way save the Russian Ambassador at Vienna; that he lived much with M. Woronzow and the Imperial Minister; that he was received with every mark of respect by the Empress, who treated the accredited English representative with contempt; that he held "language dictated by the most virulent opposition to his Majesty's Administration, and calculated to counteract the effect of a negotiation." Lord Grenville was convinced that it was Woronzow who had suggested the idea of employing Mr Adair as envoy from Mr Fox to the Empress, and the one bright spot in an unpleasant business was its complete failure. "It is, I confess, no small satisfaction to me," wrote Whitworth, "to witness the disappointment of Mr Adair: the language he has held has been calculated to produce a far different effect, and his expectations were considerably raised. His journey has, however, been ineffectual, and he will, I flatter myself, have but a bad report to make to his principals." There can be no doubt, indeed, that

Adair's journey to St Petersburg was carefully arranged, and it matters not a jot whether Fox initiated it or merely acquiesced in it. It was taken on behalf of Fox's party, and it was Fox who would have profited had it been carried to a successful conclusion.

So throughout the war with Napoleon, Fox did his best to aid the enemy and to thwart his own countrymen. He supported the treasonable clubs and associations which were formed all over England in pious imitation of Paris. He defended the rebels, wherever they were found, and he opposed with all his energy any attempt to put down sedition. When in 1792 it was proposed to strengthen the hands of the Government by a coalition with the Whigs, Fox alone declined to coalesce. And he declined in "anger and rudeness," because he approved of Jacobinism. Gilbert Elliot, himself a staunch Whig, thought that Fox's conduct "went to overthrow the country, and that it was essential for their honour and the sake of the country to separate from him." And, as his party diminished, Fox's acrimony increased, his determination to embarrass his country grew stronger. At a moment when there was war abroad and rebellion at home, when it needed all the courage and skill of Pitt to save the country, Fox, with his customary levity, decided that it was the duty of the House at that

moment to cherish the spirit of freedom in the people.

Such was the pose that Fox preserved unto the end, a pose of embarrassment and hostility to the imperious interests of England. Yet, while he was passionately admired by a mere handful during his lifetime, his reputation has been constantly enhanced since his death. Upon what, then, in addition to the constant log-rolling of Holland House, does the superstition depend? Largely, we think, upon the legend of his affability. He was one whose misdeeds were always excused by his friends. When, by refusing to pay Lord Carlisle what he owed him, he kept that hapless peer a prisoner at his country seat, Carlisle neither felt nor expressed resentment. When Foley, persuaded by the same grievance as Carlisle's, confronted the magician, he retired hopelessly worsted. With the conference at its acutest Fox burst into tears. "However," said Foley with a pardonable pride, "I carried two points out of four, but I was obliged to leave him, not being able to resist the force of sensibility."

And in being unable to resist Fox, Foley was not singular. Nobody who knew him could resist him, and the town was forced to set up a new standard of morality for his benefit. That which would have covered any other man with eternal ridicule provoked no more than a kindly smile if it happened to Charles. When a monstrous impostor,

who called herself the Hon. Mrs Grieve, involved him for her own purposes in a wild scheme of marriage, a poor copy of verses celebrated the event, and on the morrow it was forgotten. And it must be admitted, too, that the romantic contrasts of his career have availed to keep his memory green. The light hand and the charming manner, which permitted him to turn without absurdity from the Pharo bank to the Treasury bench, deserve some recognition. But these qualities have no touch with politics, and Fox's political reputation is still unexplained. That he was never a statesman is obvious. The opportunity of statesmanship did not come to him, and in opposition he behaved with the dignity and discretion of a vestryman. Why, then, should he appear as a guide to the footsteps of our modern Radicals? His hatred of England, of course, entitles him to some respect in their eyes; but it is not enough of itself to justify the adulation that is still showered upon his name. The real cause of his glory is his un-failing sentimentality. He : the hero of men who love catchwords, and who would compensate for evil deeds with good phrases. The tinkling of empty words such as "freedom" and "the people" was always heard when he rose to address the House. He did not want to give the people freedom, and he could not have given it if he would. But the

words had a solemn sound, and he knew that his friends would respond to them instantly. And, apart from his knowledge of catchwords, he was one of the ablest debaters that ever addressed an assembly. He possessed all the arts of rhetoric and eloquence which are a danger to the community. He could persuade his audience for the moment that the worse was the better cause with an ease which not even Burke could rival. And yet, while we understand how it was that his speeches appeal to a rhetoric-loving age, we cannot read them to-day without perceiving the poverty of their thought, the inadequacy of their argument. In brief, Fox's political record is as barren as Sheridan's. He added nothing to the dignity or the amenity of public life. When Sir George Trevelyan tells us that Fox "of all men did most to reform the corruption of politics," we are unable to understand him. If to put party in front of the State, if to increase acrimony in a moment of national peril, be a means of reform, then Fox was a reformer. But it is difficult to discover in a long career one signal service that he rendered to England, and we can only deplore that a man who might have been a statesman was content to be a professional politician.

By a strange irony, Providence, who withheld from Fox so many precious gifts, endowed him with a charm of speech which seems to have

rendered the meaning of what he said immaterial. His bitterest opponents listened to him with complaisance, if without approval. "I can hear him," said Selwyn, "which is a singular thing, with the same pleasure as if I gave ample credit to what he said. . . . It is as impossible not to love him as it is to love his adversary (Lord North). . . . Charles aims sometimes at humour,—he has not an atom of it; or rather it is wit, which is better; but that is not his talent neither. . . . Charles's poignancy and misapplication of truth, making the most known falsehoods serve his purpose better—in all that, he is admirable. His quotations are natural and pleasing and *à propos*, and if he had any judgment, or conduct, or character, he would and ought to be the first man in the country. But that place, I am assured now, is destined for another."

Happily for England, it was destined for another. But this character of Selwyn's is as just a character of Fox as can be drawn. There was no place he might not have filled had he had judgment and conduct and character. As it was, he had to be content with winning a hostile audience by his affable speech, and with amazing his hearers by his apposite quotations. And this brings us to another of Fox's perplexing and contradictory qualities. He found time, amid the distraction of gambling and politics, to make himself a brilliant scholar and a sound

critic. His taste equalled his erudition. He knew the classics as well as any man of his time, and he read and re-read them with never-failing devotion. History shows us few pleasanter pictures than Fox amid his books and his friends in the retirement of St Anne's. But it is a Fox who has forgotten the ferocity of political contests and the rattle of the dice-box. And it is a Fox far nearer to reality than the foolish bogey invented by the Nonconformist Conscience. As we look back upon a career which might have been the destruction of England, we can afford to smile at the

hypocrisy which has converted Charles James Fox into a saviour of his country. His own contemporaries, who loved him in spite of his politics, knew him far too well to accept his opinions. The Radicals of to-day, with an imperfect knowledge of his character, worship him as one who hated England. How he would have laughed at the absurdity of this, his own image! And how unfortunate is the party of Dr Clifford, which, in spite of its active conscience and high professions, can find no better saints to reverence than John Wilkes and Charles James Fox!

THE RADICALS AND THE LAND.

BY SIR HERBERT MAXWELL, BART.

THE deputation of Radical members who waited upon the Prime Minister on the 10th July to press for special facilities to be given to the Land Tenure Bill, a legacy of the late member for Bodmin, found that they had undertaken an easy task. There was no need to force an open door, seeing that, early in the present year, the Prime Minister had announced to his constituents that it was part of the mission of his party to cause the land to cease to be "the pleasure-ground of the rich." He has shown his readiness to fulfil this pledge by the favour extended to Mr Agar-Robartes's bill, and still more plainly by permitting the Secretary for Scotland to introduce the Small Landholders (Scotland) Bill. As both these measures await consideration by the House of Lords in the autumn session, it is desirable that the public should have some understanding of their nature and scope, for, taken together, they will go far to accomplish the Prime Minister's purpose of destroying the pleasure derived by the rich from the possession of land. In what degree they will contribute to the profit or pleasure of persons not classified as rich is another question.

Be it observed, in passing, that this adjective "rich," so frequently employed to connote

a landowner, is very seldom justly applicable in these days to the owner of agricultural land, unless he happens to draw income from other sources also. While public burdens upon land have been rising steadily for a quarter of a century, and the advance of sanitary science has imposed upon landowners the just obligation of heavy outlay upon farm-buildings and labourers' dwellings, rents have undergone a severe shrinkage, amounting on an average over the whole of Great Britain to 25 or 30 per cent, so that, except in the case of a very large estate, there remains scant margin to maintain the owner and his family in reasonable comfort, let alone making his estate a "pleasure-ground" for himself. Twelve years' experience of the death duties is not enough to reveal the full extent to which they must eventually cripple, if not paralyse, the whole landowning interest. Unluckily, few people, except that comparatively small minority who have practical experience in the management of an agricultural estate, can have any understanding of the necessary outgoings in this form of property. The land is always there, the most visible form of wealth, and the owner thereof is presumed to be affluent; for, naturally enough, nobody who

is not a landowner troubles himself about the estate balance-sheet, any more than the landowner concerns himself about his tailor's profits. Hence the general public possess no data upon which to found an opinion as to the justice of legislation affecting the tenure of land.

Nine years ago the Duke of Bedford published a remarkable volume entitled 'A Great Agricultural Estate,' giving the financial results of eighty years' management of his Woburn and Thorney estates, which amount together to 47,643 acres, with statements of income and expenditure for each year from 1816 to

1895. During that period the total income from farm rents, woods, and other sources amounted to £5,897,981, and the total expenditure, *excluding* that upon establishment, mansion, park, gardens, and experimental farm of Woburn Abbey, to £4,230,539; making the net receipts during eighty years £1,667,442—an average free income of £23,372, 5s. Not an exorbitant return upon such a large expenditure, yet it might serve, were it secure; but an analysis of the annual balance-sheets shows that the percentage of net income on the gross receipts is steadily diminishing:—

Years.	Percentage of net income on gross receipts.	
	Woburn Estates.	Thorney Estate.
1816 to 1835	49 per cent	42 per cent
1836 to 1855	31 "	41 "
1856 to 1875	19 "	23 "
1876 to 1895	12 "	19 "

Nor can the present condition of agricultural property be rightly understood from this table dealing with periods of twenty years. The balance-sheets of the two estates for the three years previous to the publication of the Duke of Bedford's statement, namely 1893, '94, and '95, show an aggregate excess in expenditure over income of £15,978.

This princely property, then, was run during the last three years of which the public is in possession of the balance-sheets at an average annual

loss of £5326, and was maintained by funds derived from sources other than agricultural. Mill spoke slightly of landlords as of people who "grow richer, as it were, in their sleep, without working, risking, or economising,"—a generalisation which accords ill with the statistics briefly referred to above. They are quoted, because they have been published; but they illustrate an example of estate management which, if it be liberal beyond the average, is by no means out of the common.

The industry and skill of tenant farmers throughout Great Britain has been generally recognised by the owners of the soil and met by a liberal, in many cases a lavish, expenditure of capital.

The great majority of those who voted for the two Land Bills now before Parliament did so in complete ignorance of all this. They had a single purpose in view, formulated by the Prime Minister, as causing the land to cease to be the pleasure-ground of the rich.

To take the milder of the two measures first, the Land Tenure Bill,—in so far as it establishes dual ownership it strikes at the very root of the legitimate enjoyment of property in land. If that enjoyment can be proved to be inconsistent with the welfare and happiness of tenant farmers, labourers, or any other class of dwellers on the soil, by all means let there be an end to it. Private interests must always give way to the general welfare. But if it offends only because the landowner happens to be better off than farmers or labourers, and moves in a different social circle, then the motive for change is radically vicious and doomed to miscarry.

It is designed by the fifth clause of this Bill to confer practical fixity of tenure on the occupier by providing compensation for disturbance "without good and sufficient cause" to be decided by arbitration; but there is no schedule to the Bill indicating what causes shall be deemed

"good and sufficient." The discretion hitherto vested in the owner as to whom his land shall be let is withdrawn, although there exist no means whereby a landowner can better show solicitude for the wellbeing of a neighbourhood than careful discrimination in the selection of tenants. Under this Bill the landlord will be powerless to remove any tenant at the termination of a lease, so long as the said tenant is willing to continue to pay the rent. There are considerations which cannot be submitted to arbitration, but which may constitute reasonable ground for a landlord, solicitous for the wellbeing of his estate and neighbourhood, to desire to effect a change in the tenancy of a farm. Dissipated habits, for instance, though undesirable in a tenant or neighbour, scarcely constitute "good and sufficient cause" in a technical sense (and technical objections would be all that an arbitrator could take into consideration), unless they lead to insolvency. The arbitrator would hold that he had no more to do with the private course of a tenant's living than with the landlord's.

In legislation of this spirit the presumption is all against the landowner. In the novels of a certain popular lady writer every man who can afford to wear a decent coat is pretty sure to be depicted as a monster of self-indulgence and depravity; so in the creed of a certain class of Radical the fact of owning landed estate is enough to quench every principle of justice, forbear-

ance, and equity in the human breast. All landowners are greedy oppressors, ready to squeeze the last shilling out of a tenant's pocket and to confiscate his improvements; and all tenant farmers are saints, incapable of dereliction from perfect integrity and unerring in the principles of cultivation which they apply to another man's land. Like most generalisations, especially such as persons of one class are prone to apply to those of another, this is unreal and mischievous, and any legislation based upon it must prove oppressive and unjust. There are ignorant, careless, and tyrannical landlords, just as there are unskilful, dishonest, and undesirable tenants, but these form a very small percentage of each class. One has only to survey the condition of agricultural land in England and Scotland, and to

inquire into the circumstances and means of those who cultivate it, in order to be convinced that the present relations of landlord and tenant are not unfavourable to the latter. The fall in the value of farm produce which has taken place since 1878 has been met by a reduction of rent, often voluntarily agreed to during the currency of a lease, amounting on an average over the whole country to 25 per cent, and, in some instances within my knowledge, to as much as 50 per cent. Turning again to the Duke of Bedford's balance-sheets, it will be found that the diminution in expenditure has not been in proportion to the shrinkage of income. The figures for 1877 have been taken, because that was the last of the fat years in agriculture, before foreign competition was severely felt.

1877.				1895.			
Beds and Bucks Estates.		Thorney Estate.		Beds and Bucks Estates.		Thorney Estate.	
Income.	Expenditure.	Income.	Expenditure.	Income.	Expenditure.	Income.	Expenditure.
£59,906	£49,003	£38,791	£33,592	£32,120	£38,850	£22,195	£22,636
Net income £10,003		Net income £5199		Net deficit £6730		Net deficit £441	
Total net income £15,202				Total net deficit £7171			

The head of the firm who invests so freely from income in good and bad times alike is surely entitled to select his partners in business. Clause 5 of the Land Tenure Bill would put that out of his power, at least in those rare

instances when a landlord desires to part with an undesirable tenant.

It is often alleged that landlords get rid of tenants who disagree with them in politics, and no doubt this was done frequently under a state of

things which has long passed away. I can but testify that, during forty years' close and practical acquaintance with an agricultural community, and six-and-twenty years' connection with the same as member, no single instance has come to my knowledge of a tenant being disturbed in his holding upon that account. Had such a case occurred, it could not have escaped my notice, for it would have been trumpeted across the length and breadth of the land, and rightly so.

Far more serious than the Land Tenure Bill is the Small Holdings (Scotland) Bill, facetiously described in the title as "a Bill to encourage the formation of Small Holdings in Scotland." A more correct description would be, "a Bill to discourage those Land-owners who have made considerable sacrifices to retain Small Holdings." Briefly, its main provisions are as follows: the extension of the Crofters Acts to all the counties of Scotland; the appointment of five Land Commissioners who shall fix judicial rents for all holdings not exceeding £50 of yearly rent; fixity of tenure to tenants of all such holdings, with power to bequeath or assign their holdings; power to the Land Commissioners "to determine that it is in the public interest that new holdings shall be constituted" on any land not already divided into small holdings. The Commissioners are further empowered to provide funds, "either by way of gift or by way of loan, or other-

wise as they see fit," for the erection of buildings, making roads, fences, sinking wells, "or for any similar purpose," for the benefit of the small holder.

The immediate effect of this would be to withdraw a great portion of the land of Scotland from the control of its rightful owners (rightful, that is, in the sense immemorially attached by law to possession through purchase, gift, or inheritance), and to expose owners of other land to inroads upon their property at the discretion of the Commissioners.

The number of holdings in Scotland rented at upwards of £50 a-year is 24,253, yielding an aggregate rental of £4,894,711 — an average of £200. These are to be left, for the present, under the management and control of the owners, except so far as the Commissioners may deem it "in the public interest" to carve new crofts out of these farms, thereby detaching them from the owner's control. The number of holdings in Scotland rented at £50 and under is 46,828, with an aggregate rental of £593,333, giving an average of something over £12 each. In this total are included the holdings already under the jurisdiction of the Crofter Commission in the six counties of Argyll, Inverness, Ross and Cromarty, Sutherland, Caithness, and Orkney and Shetland,—numbering, if I mistake not, about 11,000. The extension of the crofter limit from £30 of annual rent

to £50 will bring 1100 additional holdings in these counties under direct control of the Commissioners.

The effect upon the non-crofting counties will be far more revolutionary. Here are statistics of a few of them :—

	Holdings of £50 and under.	Holdings above £50.
Fife . . .	1509	1131
Forfar . .	1246	1227
Aberdeenshire .	7843	3496
East Lothian .	221	402
Renfrewshire .	364	730
Wigtownshire .	631	701
Total for six high- farming counties }		7687
	11,814	

I have purposely named these six counties, as representing the highest class of agriculture in Scotland, and it will be observed that even in these there is no dearth of small holdings.

Most of the limitations of the powers conferred upon the Crofter Commission by the Act of 1886 are swept away by the present Bill. Section 13 of that Act prohibits land for the extension of crofts being taken from any farm held under lease, or paying less than £100 of rent, or not lying adjacent to the croft to be enlarged and belonging to the same landlord; nor shall land be taken from any farm to such extent as will reduce the rent below £100 a-year. Current leases were respected; only those holdings could be registered as crofts, to have fair rents fixed by the Commissioners, as were held from year to year, and the power of the crofter to assign

his holding was expressly barred.

All these safeguards disappear under the Bill; leases are to be torn up and covenants voided; rents to the extent of about half a million sterling a-year are to be confiscated by the Commissioners, who will allow the landowners in lieu thereof such sums as they may think fit; "and no court shall have power to review or interfere in any way with the orders, determinations, or other proceedings of the Commission." The whole of the agricultural and pastoral land of Scotland, which bears such striking witness to the enterprise and industry of generations, is thrown open to the predatory action of the Commissioners, to be parcelled out at their discretion among a class of tenants whom it would be unreasonable to expect capable of maintaining the present high level of cultivation.

The interests affected by the Bill may be considered in three groups—those of the landowners, those of the tenants paying more than £50 a-year, and those of the small holders, existing or to be created.

1. *The Landowner.*

To justify the drastic interference with the rights of property contained in this Bill, it must be shown that landowners have largely abused or misused those rights to the detriment of the community, have betrayed the trust implied in the possession of land, and been insensible to its responsibilities. It was comparatively easy to

make out a case for interference between crofter tenants and their landlords, because the essence of the crofting system consists in the tenant doing everything for himself, building his own house and offices, erecting fences, executing improvements, &c. Had the landlord undertaken the obligations usual upon larger farms, no rent which the crofts would bear would have recouped him for his outlay. The crofting system of cultivation is a survival of a primitive and rude form of agriculture, in which the only kind of capital invested by the owner is his land, the crofting tenant providing everything else. It is well known that in old times the precarious livelihood obtained by croft cultivation was supplemented in emergencies by predatory incursions upon other lands, in the Highlands upon those of neighbouring clans, in the Border district upon those of the national enemy—England; and for generations after those sources of supply were dried up, the congenital martial habit made crofting districts splendid recruiting-grounds. But the crofters themselves gradually sank to the verge of destitution. While the rest of the agricultural community were steadily improving their position, and landlords were profitably investing immense sums in land-reclamation, every wet season left the crofter a stage lower in the scale of existence, clinging to the wasteful and ineffective system of “run-rig” cultivation. The

development of sheep-farming revealed to Highland lairds the potential wealth of their hill-sides, and they turned their property to the best account, in many cases at the cost of wholesale evictions, which have left a lasting shadow on the history of the Highlands. As time went on, the plight of those crofters who remained became deplorable. They had subdivided their holdings to such an extent that many of the crofts had become incapable of supplying the wants of the humblest household. Parliament came to the rescue, and by providing protection for existing crofts and reasonable means for enlarging the smaller ones, it prevented the disappearance of a class which is possessed of many virtues, is associated with a romantic past, and, especially, has earned grateful recognition for supplying thousands of splendid soldiers for the service of the country. And whereas, in the true crofting districts, the landlords were not expected to sink any capital, and, as a rule, had not done so, in the equipment of the crofts, Parliament further decreed that rents should not be regulated by competition in these severely restricted and densely populated areas, but that the Commission should fix the fair rent for each holding.

But it is one thing to frame and enact extraordinary provisions for a class of people *in esse*, and a totally different thing to extend those provisions to districts where that class does not exist, and where

every agriculturist of experience perceives that it is most undesirable that it should be created. The Bill is described as one "to encourage the creation of small holdings," but its first effect will be to penalise those landowners who have made most sacrifice in preserving small holdings, by shutting them out from all voice and discretion in the management of such portions of their estates as are rented at £50 and under, and practically confiscates whatever capital they may have invested in these farms. For be it noted that, although clause 1 of the Bill declares that the term "crofter" is obsolete, and that "the Crofters Act shall be read and construed as if the expression 'landholder' were substituted for the expression 'crofter' occurring therein, and shall have effect throughout Scotland," no legislation can undo the past or annul the difference between the Highland crofter and the tenant of a small farm in a non-crofting district. The whole usage and practice hitherto has been different, as has been well explained by a writer in 'Maga' for August last. The authors of this Bill seem to be under the impression that the tenure of small farms in the non-crofting counties has been identical in the past with that of Highland crofts, and they decree that it shall be so in the future. But the truth is that, wherever the crofting system has ceased to exist, the tenants of large and small farms are treated on exactly

the same footing. The landlord erects the buildings and fences, and shares the outlay in improvements quite irrespectively of the acreage of the farm. Indeed the landlord's capital outlay upon a small holding is almost invariably far greater in proportion to the annual rent than upon a larger farm; hence the temptation is considerable, on a small holding falling vacant, to throw it into an adjacent farm, thus effecting a notable saving in expense upon buildings.

Now the great majority of people in this country have no practical experience of land management, and it would be hopeless to convince them of the truth of a general statement such as this. These persons see little external difference between a forty-acre farm in Mayo and one of a similar size in Aberdeenshire. There is nothing to show them that the Irish tenant has built his own house and erected his own fences, while this necessary equipment has been furnished at the cost of the Aberdeenshire laird. Therefore, although it is usually neither desirable nor agreeable to publish details of one's own business, I venture to submit the actual figures of income and expenditure relative to a small holding upon my own estate, having neither wish nor power to reveal the balance-sheets of other landowners. Let me premise that it is no exceptional instance: the facts are simply those concerning one of several small holdings

that have been preserved of set purpose for the accommodation of thrifty men of small means. Similar results would be apparent from the balance-sheet of almost any other holding of similar dimensions on the estate. I choose this one because it became vacant and a new arrangement was made in 1877, the year in which I succeeded to the possession of the estate.

The holding in question extends to 54·807 imperial acres, or say 54 acres net after allowing for house-site, roads, &c. At Whitsunday 1877, the

former tenant having died childless, a new dwelling-house was erected by me, and the holding was let to tenant A at £20 annual rent. He died within two years, having paid only £10 of the rent due. His son, tenant B, took on the farm at Whitsunday 1879 at a rent of £30, which was reduced to £25 from 31st March 1883. He left the district in 1891, and a new tenant, C, a ploughman, entered at a rent of £33, which he has paid regularly ever since. The balance-sheet for these twenty-nine years stands as follows:—

RECEIPTS.	
Rent paid by tenant A for 2 years . . .	£10 0 0
Rent paid by tenant B for 4½ years at £30 . . .	£135 0 0
And for 8 years at £25 . . .	200 0 0
	335 0 0
Rent paid by tenant C for 14½ years at £31 . . .	478 10 0
Total gross receipts . . .	£823 10 0
Total expenditure . . .	499 5 8
Total net income for 29 years . . .	£324 4 4

This shows a yield to the landlord of £10, 16s. 4d. per annum from a farm of 54 acres, chiefly arable, or about 4s. per acre; whereas, had the offer of either of two tenants in neighbouring large farms been accepted, the rent would have been 12s. 8d. an acre, or £32 a-year, amounting in all to £928 in the twenty-nine years, with practically no outlay required from the landlord beyond the £62 spent on draining.

EXPENDITURE.	
Erecting dwelling-house and improving steading	£347 11 7
New water-supply . . .	10 11 3
Fencing	36 17 7
Draining	62 5 3
Sundry work	42 0 0
Total expenditure . . .	£499 5 8

I do not complain of this result: it is part of the sacrifice one undertakes deliberately and willingly in refusing to throw small farms into large; and I have the satisfaction of having enabled an industrious and thrifty farm-labourer to attain the object of his modest ambition. But I shall have legitimate cause for complaint if the Bill becomes law and the Land Commissioners interpose between me and my property, placing me in the odious

position of a mere rent-charger, minus the capital which I invested in all good faith and with a full sense of responsibility for the welfare of the community.

II. *Farmers paying upwards of £50.*

It may seem a simple matter to slice up a large holding into small ones, or to carve a cantle of 40 or 50 acres out of a farm of 300 or 400 acres. The landlord, it may be supposed, will suffer a diminution in rent, but then, it may be urged, he will not have to put his hand in his pocket for outlay on the part or parts of the farm detached. It is provided in the Bill that the expense of erecting buildings and fences and executing other works shall in future be defrayed by the Commissioners, "either by way of gift or loan or otherwise as they see fit." But how about the capital already invested by the landlord in equipping the large farm? That equipment will be out of proportion to the holding after it has been operated upon by the Commissioners, and the tenant most reasonably will object to paying rent for anything in excess of his requirements. Although power is given to the Commissioners "to assess and pay adequate compensation to any person for the time being *in occupation* of the land," no provision is made for refunding to the owner of the said land any of the capital he may have invested in it.

That, however, is part of the landlord's grievance, and we

are now considering the effect of a predatory incursion by the Commissioners upon the tenant of a large or medium-sized farm. If, as is probable, he has the security of a lease for fifteen or nineteen years, he has arranged the rotation of crops accordingly, and invested his capital so that he may find it again at the end of his term. His calculations will be upset and his plans dislocated by the loss of 50 or 100 acres. What remains to him—150, 200, 300 acres, whatever may be the extent—must be cultivated on a different scheme to that upon which he set out on the faith of covenants. Every farmer knows that land is more economically cultivated in large extents than it can be in smaller. The profit on the diminished farm will be less in proportion to the rent than it was in proportion to the higher rent for the original farm; but it will be difficult, if not impossible, to lay before the Commissioners an estimate of the difference as a basis for compensation.

The substantial farmer, a man of that class which is the very backbone of a system of agriculture admittedly superior to that of any other nation—the substantial farmer, I say, has nothing to look for under this part of the Bill except interference and loss. Turning to the latter part of the Bill, he finds that, in addition to the Land Commission, two paid Agricultural Commissioners for Scotland are to be appointed, "charged with the general duty of promoting the interests

of agriculture, forestry, and other rural industries in Scotland"; but what can these gentlemen undertake which the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries is not competent to accomplish? Let the Board and its officials be strengthened numerically if necessary; but one searches in vain for any reason for this multiplication of authorities, except the unsatisfactory one of providing salaried posts for hungry Radicals.

III. *The Small Holder.*

We now come to consider the class of persons whom it is intended to benefit by the Bill, to the detriment, as has been shown, of both landlords and substantial tenants. If the object of the measure be a genuine attempt to establish a larger population in rural districts than exists at present, the provisions of clause 2 seem almost prohibitory of such a result. No person is to be registered as a "landholder" (they are not to be called crofters any longer) who does not "cultivate it [his holding] by himself or his family"; and no person is to receive one of the new small holdings to be created "who does not satisfy the Land Commission as to his knowledge or experience of agricultural or pastoral pursuits." Persons with these qualifications cannot be very numerous in our cities; they must be looked for, then, among the agricultural labourers who are already living upon the land. Can they be lured into remaining there

by the prospects held out by this Bill?

The answer to that question must be sought by consulting the statistics of the crofting parishes now under control of the Crofter Commission. There, if anywhere, will be manifest a strong congenital attachment to birthplace and environment; yet on examining the last four census returns it will be found that the rural exodus has not received the slightest check from the Crofters Act, 1886, and the Congested Districts Board Act, 1897:—

Year.	Population of Crofter Parishes.		
1871	.	.	158,452
1881	.	.	155,006
1891	.	.	148,694
1901	.	.	142,297

The circumstances of localities vary, of course. In some counties or parts of counties there are a certain number of eligible persons—steady, careful farm-servants, having savings enough to stock, and technical knowledge enough to cultivate, small holdings—and there may not be in the neighbourhood enough small holdings to go round. But in other districts the supply exceeds the demand. A few months ago I visited an estate in Forfarshire on which it has long been the established policy to maintain a number of small holdings, locally termed "pendicles," to meet the requirements of men of modest means. These are equipped with excellent dwelling-houses and suitable offices; the quality of the land is very good; and there are frequent

markets in several considerable towns near at hand: yet a considerable number of these pendicles are unlet, and the demand for them is lessening year by year. The agency at work is one which, while it increases facilities for farming the land profitably, invariably tends to thin the population in rural districts. The district is well served by railways. Easy access to any neighbourhood implies easy exit also. You may take a horse to the water, but you can't make him drink unless he is thirsty. You may offer country people small holdings, but you cannot make them settle thereon unless their inclination is that way. At present it is all the other way, wherever railways have come; and the only parts of Scotland where, not a land-hunger, but a reasonable appetite for land in small quantities, exists, are parishes in which the locomotive is not perpetually screaming, "Come away!" Young men and women, to whose imagination that sound conveys so much promise of a brighter and broader horizon, respond readily, "Whistle and I'll come to you, my lad!" and off they go. Board-school education and cheap journals have unsettled their thoughts; the simple habits and frugal lives of their peasant ancestry cannot satisfy their eager anticipation of existence; they must see for themselves, and have their share in the busy world they have read about. Small blame to them! Education and abundant literature have

fired them with the ambition to become acquainted with the busy haunts of men; many of their friends have gone forth, some of whom have prospered, and write glowing accounts of the wider world. It is the old story of the country mouse and the town mouse,—

"The mouse that never leaves its own
poor hole
Can never be a mouse of any soul."

So, at least, the country mouse has been taught to believe; what satisfied his sire is not enough for him.

People are never tired of exulting over the progress of the nineteenth century; do they suppose that the Scottish peasantry are the only class unaffected by it? The difference between the old order and the new is sometimes brought home to one by very simple incidents. Let me illustrate this by a case in point. One day, several years ago, desiring to see my grieve (*Anglicè*, farm bailiff), I went to the home-farm to look for him. Failing to find him, I walked over a ridge to his house, distant about half a mile, and asked his wife whether she knew where he was. She said that he was at the steading, whence I had just come. "Are you sure?" I asked. "I looked for him there. Did you see him there?" "Me, sir!" exclaimed the old lady; "I never was there in my life!"

Now this worthy couple had lived for more than forty years in the same house. The wife was a superior woman, of more than ordinary intelligence, the

daughter of a farmer considerably above the £50 limit, yet in all that time she had never had the curiosity to walk half a mile to inspect the scene of her husband's daily work. The simple round of household duties sufficed to occupy her, mind and body, day after day, and she had no ambition beyond it.

Had the real object of this Bill not been so clearly revealed by the Prime Minister as that of causing the land to cease being the pleasure-ground of the rich,—had it been an honest and intelligent effort to keep the peasantry on the land,—every thoughtful mind would have received it with sympathy, and have bent itself to make it effective and successful. Even so, we should have before us the discouraging result of dual ownership elsewhere. In Ireland it has proved a disastrous failure, and has had to be remedied by the Land Purchase Acts. The Crofters Acts, dealing with the problem in districts where it was most urgent, have met with partial success: it has bettered the condition of the crofters, though even there, as has been shown, the effect in stemming the exodus has been *nil*. In other districts of Scotland landlords, generally speaking, are exerting themselves to meet whatever demands for land exist in their neighbourhood. The process, once very general, of throwing small holdings into adjacent large ones has practically ceased, and the tendency is to reduce, rather than to increase, the size of farms.

There is yet another class of persons whose interests, as affected by this Bill, claim some consideration, namely, the taxpayers, who will have to provide money for the salaries and expenses of the Land Commission. These, together with the salaries and expenses of the Agricultural Commissioners, who are to receive “such remuneration as the Treasury may sanction,” to be paid “out of moneys provided by Parliament,” will amount to a considerable sum per annum.

Chairman of the Land Commission	£2,000
Four Commissioners at £1000	4,000
Secretary, say	800
“Assessors, surveyors, law agents, valuers, clerks, messengers, and other persons,” provided for under clause 3, subsection 7, say	4,000
Travelling expenses, hire of rooms, &c., say	3,000
Funds to be administered by the Land Commission under clause 4	100,000
Agricultural Commissioners, say	2,500
“Officers, clerks, and other persons” employed by them under clause 18, subsection 3, say	1,000
Travelling expenses and hire of rooms, say	1,000
	£118,300

No allowance is made here for the remuneration of Sub-Commissioners; but it would be absurd to expect the Commission to undertake the work without their aid.

If half or a quarter of this money were invested annually by the State in the purchase and planting of land, employment of the very best and healthiest kind would be pro-

vided for a large number of families; while at the same time a source of future and permanent wealth would be created for the nation to meet the timber-famine which all experts are agreed is impending, and against which several other States are providing. But foresight such as this has no part in framing such a measure as the Small Holdings Bill. That has been designed to fulfil pledges rashly and ignorantly given by Radical candidates at the elections. Its true purpose will be accomplished if it secures for the party in power the votes of all those who object to private property in land.

Landlords and farmers have met the difficulties of the past thirty years with stout hearts and willing hands. The show-yards testify to the unremitting care which has been devoted to the improvement in all classes of stock; the arable lands continue to be maintained in the utmost fertility. The slump in values has been felt most severely on hill-pastures, but even on these one has only to look at the returns of such marts as St Boswells and Castle-Douglas to be aware that sheep-farming, though severely hit, is being actively carried on with a narrower margin of profit. To assert in the face of these facts that the land of Scotland has been turned into a pleasure-ground for the rich betrays either cynical indifference to

the truth or singular ignorance thereof. The position which Scottish agriculture holds is primarily due to the character of the cultivators; but it has been notably encouraged and assisted by the system of leases under elastic covenants.

Dual ownership will put an end to all that. Landlords will cease to be the active partners of their tenants in the cultivation of the soil; they will be placed in the relation of mere creditors for the statutory rent. They will be powerless to apply their local knowledge for the advantage of families, who, in many instances, have held their farms from generation to generation; and their functions will be assumed by Commissioners and Sub-Commissioners who are supposed to be able to acquire in the course of a brief visit and inspection that insight into circumstances and familiarity with local customs which has been stored in the estate office as the steady accumulation of experience gained, in many cases, through the lapse of centuries. The effect upon agriculture of the Bill we have been discussing must be in the direction of deterioration. To force Irish legislation upon the agricultural community of Scotland is an unrighteous proceeding, without warrant in the circumstances of the people, and foredoomed to be a costly failure, as shown by the precedent of Ireland itself.

THE GOVERNMENT BILL AND THE WEST RIDING JUDGMENT.

ON the 9th of last August the British public were startled by an announcement that a very important change had taken place in the condition of the Education Question. The High Court of Appeal had decided that under the Act of 1902 the Local Authorities were not obliged to pay for religious education in denominational schools; and that the efficiency which they were required to maintain did not include efficient religious teaching. To the effect of this decision on the future progress of the measure we shall recur later on. But let nobody suppose that it diminishes the responsibility which still rests upon the House of Lords. Whether the judgment is reversed or not; whether the Bill is withdrawn or not; whether the contest is renewed in October or deferred till March,—the duty of the House of Lords lies plainly before them. Whatever the immediate event, religious education will still be in jeopardy. With its enemies wielding an omnipotent majority in the House of Commons, and determined either now or in no distant future to give effect to their hostility, the House of Lords stands out as its only guardian and protector. Their obligation to insist on adequate securities being given for the permanent and effective establishment of religious teaching is as binding as ever. The Radicals and Non-

conformists have shown their hand. We know their game. We know exactly what we have to expect—there is nothing to be added to the argument. It was stated a second time, and answered a second time, in the House of Lords, when the main points at issue were brought out into strong relief, and all irrelevant matter brushed on one side to leave room for the impending struggle over the two great principles at stake. The decks are cleared for action, and though the West Riding judgment may possibly cause some delay, the battle must be fought out in the end; and even should that judgment ever come to be accepted as “the basis of a compromise,” it will not be till after a prolonged conflict, when the result perhaps may be reached rather through exhaustion than conviction.

Whatever happens, therefore, between this and Christmas, the House of Lords must still have a great part to play, and difficulties and perhaps dangers to face which were not obscurely hinted at by the Duke of Devonshire. We may therefore profitably employ ourselves before Parliament meets in studying the Lords’ debate on the second reading of the Bill which began on the 1st of August,—not only because many who are interested in the subject may be glad to have their memories refreshed by a brief summary of what passed

on that occasion, but also because the speeches then delivered by the Primate, by the Bishops of London, Birmingham, Oxford, and St Asaph; by the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Halsbury, Lord Halifax, Lord Londonderry, and others,—commit the speakers to certain principles from which they are not likely to recede, and indicate the only lines on which any permanent settlement can finally be attained—even though no such result should be in store for us, and we should be obliged to content ourselves with provisional and periodical reforms as circumstances may arise.

The Bill as sent up to the House of Lords in August, notwithstanding some important alterations, was in all essential attributes the same Bill which was read a first time in the House of Commons last March. It still remained, in the words of Lord Londonderry, the Bishop of St Asaph, and many others, “a stepping-stone towards the disestablishment of the Church of England”; “a screen from behind which an ugly blow was aimed at the Church of England.” Such has been our own contention from the first. Otherwise, it was asked by more than one noble lord, what was the meaning of giving facilities for denominational education to urban districts where Jews, Roman Catholics, and Nonconformists were most numerous, and refusing them to rural districts where the Church of England was the Church of the immense majority? There can be but one answer to this

question. The educational interests at stake had, as Lord Lansdowne said, been entirely swamped by the religious agitation due to the combination of fanatical Nonconformists with hypocritical politicians whose tools they have been made. The Duke of Devonshire undoubtedly spoke the truth when he said that but for “political exigencies” the question might have been settled with comparative ease. The Lords’ debate, in consequence, turned almost exclusively on the religious aspects of the controversy—partly as it affected the Church of England, partly as it concerned religious education in general. It will be well for the present to take the debate on the Bill as it appeared to their lordships at the time, and as if the West Riding judgment had never been delivered. Afterwards we can see to what extent, if any, the action of the Peers is likely to be coloured by it.

Perhaps the two most weighty speeches on the Opposition side were the Archbishop of Canterbury’s and the Duke of Devonshire’s. But several others were fully equal to the occasion, and rose to the height of this great argument in tones of unmistakable eloquence. On the Ministerial side, the Marquis of Ripon’s was the most telling oration, and put the Government case perhaps as well as it is capable of being put. The contention of the Government is that there was no alternative between the present Bill and secularism pure and simple.

The best answer to this argument is to be found in the Duke of Devonshire's speech. The Nonconformist grievance, he said, was the only reason for interfering with the Act of 1902. "That does not seem to me," said the Duke, "to be a problem which ought to be insoluble by means less violent and drastic than those provided in the Bill. I cannot think that this not very heroic task made it necessary to disturb the religious character of every voluntary school, and to remove every security that remains for them." What did make it necessary, as his grace very shortly pointed out, were those "political exigencies" which are at the bottom of the whole concern. We are sorry to add what, however, we are unable to contradict, that in the Duke's opinion no great measure, "however wisely framed, however moderate, or however tolerant it may be, could be made acceptable." Therefore we ought to be content with smaller measures framed to meet particular and recognised defects without striving to revolutionise our whole educational system,—an effort which must either be a dead failure or precipitate results which all parties alike deprecate.

Coming to the relations between the Government Bill and the Church of England in particular, we find the Duke putting the same objection in a different form. Describing, in what for him might almost be called glowing terms, the excellent work which the voluntary schools are doing both in

town and country, he challenged the Government to explain "for what reason the good work which they were doing is to be disturbed." He himself had already answered this question; and we are indebted to his cool judgment, common-sense, and straightforward logic for the most telling exposure, though not, of course, the only one, which has yet been given, of what, under a variety of imposing names and solemn assertions, turns out after all to be only one of those commercial transactions with which the history of Parliamentary government is sufficiently familiar.

The Archbishop took up the cause of the voluntary schools on the same grounds which have so often been urged already—namely, the invitation and encouragement given to Churchmen, both in 1870 and in subsequent years, to build as many schools as they could. Lord Carrington rather in-adroitly charged Church people with having "overbuilt themselves," forgetful, apparently, or wilfully neglecting, the pregnant facts which the Primate laid before the House. If they have overbuilt themselves, who lured them into doing it? It is, of course, impossible for the Ministerialists to grapple with these figures, and therefore they do wisely to ignore them. But this attitude will not avail them much before the tribunal of public opinion. After quoting the immense sums which had been spent by Churchmen on school building, in answer to the challenge of Mr Gladstone's Government in 1870—

statistics now familiar to all who are interested in the subject—he added, “It was almost impossible to say that these schools can be taken over and entirely transformed in their character without an absolute violation of the whole traditions of English public security and of English public honour.” That, after all the millions laid out upon them by voluntary benevolence, at the instigation of a Liberal Government they should now be taken possession of in the name of Liberalism, and used to promote what they were founded to prevent, is to read backwards every precept and every principle which form the accepted code of English gentlemen.

The Archbishop had no difficulty in showing that such would be the effect of the Bill on Church of England schools. And the Bishop of Durham took the opportunity later on of reminding the House that the Church of England is not a sect, nor yet a denomination. The word sectarian ought not to be tolerated as applied to the teaching of the Church; and this is a factor in the case too often overlooked even by the Church’s advocates. On the position of the teachers and the treatment meted out to them in the Bill, the House of Lords had a case which the Government speakers hardly attempted to answer. That trained teachers are not to be allowed to teach Church doctrines in conformity with the Prayer-Book, while allowed to teach anything else they like in the guise of religion,—or, if

they like it better, nothing at all,—is a proposition which is supposed to represent equality of treatment. This monstrous and audacious imposture fared no better in the Lords than it had done in the Commons. It required no great dialectician to expose its gross injustice to the teacher, to the Church, and to the child. Brought face to face with this and other special advantages accorded to Nonconformists, the Government have really not had a word to say for themselves. When shown what must be the necessary consequences of their own policy, they can only reply, in a whining, apologetic tone, that they really did not intend them.

More especially is this failure conspicuous when we come to the question of religious education in general as distinct from denominational teaching. On this head their measure and their reasoning are equally remarkable. They introduce provisions with a tendency, which is not denied, towards certain mischievous results, and then excuse themselves on the ground that nobody will act on them. By why, in that case, introduce them? If our sole reason for believing they will be harmless is that they will be a dead letter, why in the name of common sanity enact them at all? According to the Bill, all these objectionable consequences *can* follow, but Mr Birrell “hopes they will not.” Such is the case for the defence. And is this what English statesmanship has come to?

But this plausible optimism,

which, absurd as it is, has its *ad captandum* side, was scouted by the Peers. There is something popular and specious, no doubt, in the cry which the Ministerialists have played for all it was worth. Trust the local authorities; have confidence in the good sense and fair-mindedness of Englishmen, and so forth. But great interests cannot be left dependent on so frail a guarantee as this. Why should the local authorities be more fair-minded than the Ministers? Why should Little Peddlington show less party spirit than Downing Street? We have as much respect as either Mr Birrell, Lord Burghelere, Lord Ripon, or the Bishop of Hereford for the right feeling and natural good sense of the middle classes. But that these can be blinded by party prejudice or turned awry by interested partisans, of whom legions have long been busy at this same congenial occupation, is what the noblemen and gentlemen who sit on one side of the House know just as well as those who sit upon the other. When we know that one local authority has selected for the training of pupil-teachers a man who calls the Resurrection "a baseless myth," how can we be sure that more will not follow his example? That one who disbelieves this fundamental article of the Christian faith can educate others without his infidelity creeping in and leavening the whole range of his teaching, and that a school-teacher brought up under such influences would

nevertheless be perfectly fit to conduct the religious education of young children, are the twin doctrines which we are now required to believe. On this point the Bishop of Ripon spoke out strongly. The giving or withholding of religious education was too important a matter to be left to the local authorities. It belonged to a higher category of questions,—questions of imperial dignity to be settled by Parliament, and not made the shuttlecock of parties at local elections, mixed up with all the petty squabbles which attend them. Some excellent remarks on this point are to be found in Sir Henry Howorth's letter to 'The Times' of September 19. If religion is to have a place in our national education, said the Bishop of Asaph, it must be "an honoured place." In this Bill, said Lord Lansdowne, it has a seat "below the salt."

On the question of "facilities" Lord Robertson's speech on the second night of the debate put the matter in the clearest light. He quoted the words of clause 2 subsection 5: "Nothing in this section shall prevent the granting or refusing of facilities for special religious instruction." But we must bear in mind, said he, that "nothing in this section shall prevent the refusal of facilities," and that from this decision there is no appeal. But the effect upon the minds of the children of seeing religion treated as a thing of mere second-rate importance, which no teacher need teach unless he liked, and also of

their receiving only that kind of religious instruction which, under the cacophonous name of Cowper-Templeism, was converted into something like practical Unitarianism, formed the best part of the speech:—

“The result of this Bill would be to wipe out Church of England teaching and set up Cowper-Templeism. Moreover, there was no obligation on the local authority to teach Cowper-Templeism; they had the option to teach no religion at all. He objected altogether to the taking of the authority of the Church and announcing what religious instruction the children were to receive. The net result would be to diminish the authority of the Church. If children were brought up until the age of fourteen in this diluted unauthorised religion, would they readily submit themselves to the yoke of dogma and authority? If children found from hints dropped that there was option in the reception of religion, would they be amenable to the authority of the Church when the time for confirmation came? The facilities professed to be afforded under clause 3 were illusory, because they were optional. In all the talk about Commissioners and what not there had been an attempt to throw dust in the eyes of the people. Could the Church-people appeal to the Commissioners? They could not. The initiative was solely with the local authority. Turning to other facilities, he found exactly what he found in the other clauses, limitation after limitation, keeping the Church out of these facilities. The whole scheme was in favour of the Roman Catholic schools.”

He concluded by saying:—

“The great Liberal Party, with all its mandates, had felt itself unable to cope with the disestablishment of the Church of England, but it had thought that that omission from its programme might be made up by establishing Nonconformity schools. That and nothing else was the meaning of the measure.”

We have quoted this speech because it helps to show the nearly unanimous feeling of the House of Lords in regard to the ultimate intention of the Government Bill; but even more because the effect of it on the minds of the rising generation from the Churchman's point of view has never been put so pointedly before. The Church sees that when the children leave school after the course of education prescribed by this Bill, they will probably be irreclaimable and lost for ever to the faith of their fathers and forefathers. The Church of England would be untrue to herself and untrue to the trust which the nation has hitherto reposed in her if she did not resist to the last cartridge this attack on the faith of which for fifteen hundred years she has been the national representative.

Still more powerful was the protest of the Primate on behalf of all religious teaching. After referring to the conditions under which the House of Commons had passed the Bill, conditions to which the Duke of Devonshire afterwards referred in a very practical spirit, his Grace continued thus:—

“Not with any sanction of his, or with the concurrence of those who sat on the Episcopal benches, should this Bill become law as it now stood. He asked for its large amendment in the interest of what was just and reverent and true. He did not ask it in the interests of any political party, for he had no such end to serve. He asked it in the interest—the highest and most sacred interest—of the little children of England. Though he brought no accusation

against the authors of the Bill—for he accepted frankly their assurance that they had no such intent—he did, in his heart, believe that these clauses, as they now stood, imperilled the religious upbringing—in the largest sense of the word, the religious upbringing—of the little children in our schools, which was the most precious asset in their lives. As the Bill now stood there was no guarantee for the daily teaching of the elements of Christianity in their schools. If the teaching was offered, there was no guarantee that it would be taught by qualified men and women. If it was so taught, there was no guarantee that the children who, from the character of their homes and the circumstances of their lives, needed it most would ever attend. Therefore, these clauses must be amended if the Bill was, with their consent, to become law. Fail to amend them, and in the years to come they would hear, he was persuaded, two voices of reproach. One would be the voice of those who, in the confident belief that the House would review the whole measure, had voted almost lightly, and under conditions of high-pressure, for clauses whose full effect they had never adequately weighed. The other voice of reproach would come from those Churchmen and Nonconformists alike who had known in some town or country village the school life of to-day, and could compare and contrast it with the life which, under the new conditions, would supplant it. When they awoke to these facts they would feel—if they had left this Bill alone—that the answerableness for the disastrous change had been theirs. It was with those limitations and on those conditions only that he hoped the House would read the Bill a second time.”

Here we see an outline of the conditions on which alone the House of Lords will consent to the passage of the Bill; and as the Duke of Devonshire declared himself entirely in accord with the Archbishop, we must presume that it was these amendments which he had in his mind when he uttered this

significant and even solemn warning:—

“Until they knew how their actions would be regarded by the Government they should not be called upon to take a final and momentous decision, which at some later period they might have to take, and which might involve consequences far wider, if not less serious, than any involved in connection with the Bill.”

It is pretty clear, then, that all sections of the Opposition in the House of Lords are unanimous on this point, that the Bill shall not leave their House until, in the words of Dr Boyd Carpenter, “simple religious teaching was guaranteed to every child in the country.” The Duke, the very embodiment of political prudence and the hereditary representative of parliamentary principles, foresees the possibility of such a conflict as Mr Haldane lately referred to at Newcastle. Statesmen like the Duke do not go out of their way to indulge in alarmist or sensational announcements. Coming from the veteran Whig leader, such language as we have just quoted carries more weight with it than it would have done from any other man in either House of Parliament. The “final and momentous decision” which the House may be called upon to take at some later period of course means the insistence on amendments which the Government refuses to accept, and the consequent rejection of the Bill. We are to conclude, therefore, that the leaders of Opposition in the Upper House have come to a clear understanding on the subject, and that they are prepared to risk all the consequences

which such a decision might involve rather than consent to a measure which means the corruption of the national character, the ruin of the Established Church, and the degradation of the Christian religion.

That we must have some adequate security that religious teaching shall be real, and given by those who believe what they teach; that it shall be given in school hours, and not relegated to an outside place as if it were infectious; and that those who give it shall be trained men, equal in efficiency to the purely secular teachers,—these are points on which the House of Lords seemed resolved last August not to yield an inch. To what extent the West Riding judgment affects the situation we shall consider presently. But assuming that the Lords have to go into Committee on the Bill as it now stands, the Duke of Devonshire's reasons for thinking a conflict with the Lower House less than it might have been in different circumstances are very much to the purpose, and have indeed a wider application than he probably contemplated. The large majority by which the Bill was carried was not a unanimous majority. It was composed of groups who were agreed only on the necessity of keeping the Government in office, but were divided from each other on the merits of the Bill as widely as the present Opposition is divided from them all. Had the House been able to vote on the Bill alone, without reference to the position of the Government, it

would only have been carried by a very small majority, and perhaps not carried at all. These conditions, said the Duke, deprives the verdict of the House of Commons of much of the weight which it might otherwise have possessed. The Lords, therefore, may enter on the work of amendment with less anxiety than the prospect of a serious difference with the Commons is usually calculated to inspire. We may pause for a moment to point out that the aforesaid consideration suggests further reflections on the relations between the two Houses—since the more the Lower House is split up into groups, the less authority must it necessarily exercise in the Upper. Lord Halsbury referred to the threats which had been levelled at the House of Lords should they venture to act independently on this question. A threat, he said with spirit, was the very last thing which would induce their lordships to be false to their own convictions. As to the "intentions" of the Government, good intentions, he said, must be put into words and appear in the Act itself, if the Judges were to be influenced by them. In construing an Act of Parliament they could take no account of good intentions,—a statement which almost immediately afterwards was confirmed by the High Court of Appeal.

Before quitting this part of our subject we may note what was said in the House of Lords by more than one speaker, notably by Lord Lansdowne

and the Bishop of Oxford, on the Cowper - Temple clause. When it is said that the English people have been, or would be, perfectly satisfied with what it is now the fashion to call Cowper-Temple religion, we should remember that under the operation of the present Bill this would no longer be what it has been. Lord Lansdowne said with truth that this point has not been sufficiently considered. "I do not think," he said, "that we have sufficiently taken into account the effect which is likely to be produced on so-called Cowper-Temple teaching by the alteration in the religious atmosphere of the voluntary schools. It is the contact, the neighbourhood, of the voluntary school that is, we believe, keeping up the standard of religious instruction in the council schools." Lower the one and you lower the other. This is a heavy risk, which we commend to the attention of all who are inclined to pin their faith on Cowper-Temple teaching. What the Bishop of Oxford said was equally to the purpose. He thought it increasingly likely that if the Bill became law in its present form a class of teachers would be brought into the council schools who had not enjoyed the advantages of residential training.

"Residential training went far to give the teacher some of the advantages of the public school. He would there learn not only to work well, but to play well; he would learn something of the real skill of discipline, and how the best discipline was often maintained where the sanction for it could not be invoked or enforced; he would learn, above

all, the meaning of *esprit de corps*. If these advantages were likely to be to a considerable extent withdrawn or foregone, and if they had coming into the teaching profession a large number of men and women not so trained, it could not be said that the conditions under which Cowper-Temple teaching would be given were identical or near to the conditions under which it had been given in the past."

The teachers engaged by the London School Board without a test, said Lord Stanley of Alderley, "had given religious instruction in a proper spirit." Possibly; but this is just because they have enjoyed those advantages of which the present Bill is likely to deprive them. Lord Stanley, however, spoke in a very conciliatory tone; and if he was speaking for the Government when he said that he thought an amendment providing that religious education should be given in school hours would not be resisted in another place, one bone of contention at all events would disappear. He saw nothing unjust, he added, "in allowing the existing teachers in Voluntary schools to give definite religious teaching." If he was referring, as we suppose he was, to the rural schools, and if any such concession as this is contemplated by the Government, another stumbling-block will have been removed. The West Riding judgment may make this concession easier; yet it would probably be stoutly resisted by a numerous and powerful section of the Ministerial party, already much displeased with the favour, as they call it, which the Government have shown to the Church of England.

Lord Ripon wound up the debate in a speech which we have twice carefully perused to see whether he answered any of the objections raised by the Opposition Peers. Whether the tone of Cowper-Temple teaching would be affected by contact with an inferior denominational teaching was a question, he said, which would only be decided by experience. He repeated assertions the hollowness of which had already been exposed; and the principal part of his speech was an attack on the Bill of 1902, which had done, he said, the very thing that was now so strongly condemned, and handed over the management of voluntary schools to the local authorities who he was now told could not be trusted. Begging his lordship's pardon, the late Government did no such thing. It was not left to the local authority by that Act to say whether religious education should be given in the schools or not. Nor did it give the local authorities any power to veto either the appointment or the dismissal of teachers except for purely educational reasons. He covered his retreat by announcing that everything should be explained in Committee.

Coming now to the West Riding judgment, it is doubtful how far the Government will be able to take advantage of it to come to terms with the Opposition. We are now writing on the assumption of its legal validity, though the decision that the local authority is not obliged by the Act of

1902 to make payments out of the rates in support of religious education was the voice of two judges against three. The two indeed are understood to be among the ablest lawyers on the Bench, and assuredly we are not about to enter the lists against these legal luminaries. It is sufficient to say that where a school is kept up for the express purpose of imparting religious education, it seems a strange thing to exclude religious education from our estimate of its efficiency. That the extent to which a school fulfils the main object of its existence is no test of its quality may be excellent law, but rather jars on common-sense. However, that is what the West Riding judgment amounts to. It is not denied on either side that this is not what was intended by the Act; but the words of the statute are all that the judges have to consider, and such is their construction of them.

But we must remember that the judgment leaves untouched that part of the Act which provides that the local education authority shall defray out of the rates all the expenses of secular education in non-provided schools, which before that Act was passed the voluntary schools had to find for themselves. All that the West Riding judgment does is to make an exemption in the case of religious teaching, leaving to the voluntary schools all the other advantages which Mr Balfour's Act conferred upon them. The framers of the present Bill, not aware of the legal interpretation about to

be placed on that statute, introduced a clause to make such contributions to religious teaching illegal: "No part of the expense of giving religious instruction of a special character under this section shall be paid by the local education authority," clause 3, subsection 2. The Act of 1902, according to the late judgment, left such payment optional.¹ The present Bill forbids it. If the Nonconformists and their friends are not satisfied with this, they will hardly be pleased with the West Riding judgment; and should the Government be disposed to treat with the Opposition on the *via media* which it suggests, and, instead of compelling all local authorities to refuse rate aid for denominational purposes, leave them to do as they like, —to give it or withhold it as they please,—the Nonconformists would immediately cry out that the obnoxious principle was still kept up. No State aid to denominational teaching is their demand. Mr Birrell once told them that "not one penny" should be so expended; and would they support him now in allowing the local authorities to violate this solemn pledge? Permission to the local authorities to do so would, in their eyes, be only a shade better than compulsion. It would still be to tolerate the unclean thing which the Nonconformist Conscience abhors. Those whom nothing will satisfy but the extermination of denominational

schools will, of course, not rest from their labours while one stone is left upon another.

It is held, however, by many sound Churchmen that by carrying the West Riding judgment a little further the House of Lords might be doing the best thing possible both for themselves and the Church of England. If they would take up the broad line that, certain equitable conditions being granted, all denominations should pay for their own religious teaching, they would occupy a very strong position. Of course, if the Church agreed to any such arrangement for her own denominational schools, it could only be on condition that the surrender carried with it full liberty in all respects, unfettered control of her own religious teaching on all points, and equality of treatment with all other denominations. Denominational schools would still be much better off than they were before 1902. If the Lords fight for this compromise, they fight on ground which is made more secure by the West Riding judgment; and they would have behind them an immense body of public opinion, which they will not have if they try simply to restore the position which was understood to be established by the Act of 1902. Without positively asserting that the above is the "best bargain" which the House of Lords can make, or even that it is possible to make it at all, we think the suggestion is one well deserving attention. And

¹ Lord Lindley (late Master of the Rolls) at petty sessions at Swainsthorpe, in Norfolk, September 7. Sir Henry Howorth's Letter to 'The Times.'

we do not suppose the Government would be unwilling to accept it, if their ultra-supporters would allow them.

The question is, If they will? They would say, perhaps, that schools in which religious teaching was allowed to be under the exclusive direction of the Church of England would still be supported to some extent out of the local rates. These dens of superstition would still be kept up at the public expense, though no part of the money went directly to the religious teacher. The solution which we have described partakes of the contracting-out principle, which has already been condemned by the Ministerial party. But we have always thought that in some form of it lay the best hope of a settlement which both parties might accept. We are not, however, sanguine of the success of this or any other *modus vivendi* that may be offered while the *odium theologicum* continues at its present inflamed pitch, and is made a tool of for political purposes by those who are interested in feeding it.

It seems to be uncertain at present whether the West Riding judgment will be appealed against or not. If it is to be, the further question arises whether the appeal would be heard before the meeting of Parliament. It is possible, of course; for, as stated by an eminent ex-judge, "the judicial members of the House are complete

masters of their own procedure, and can fix the date of hearing of any case for any time they please." But there are practical difficulties in the way which are likely to prevent any such course from being adopted. This is perhaps unfortunate, as it would certainly be better to know exactly how the law stands before the Lords enter on the Committee stage. If, however, the compact above mentioned should be adopted, there would be no necessity for any appeal at all.

In conclusion, we can only repeat once more that the House of Lords have now a problem before them which will demand for its solution all the courage, wisdom, and common-sense which have never yet failed them when confronted with similar emergencies. When they have finally decided on the course of action which it becomes them to pursue, we are sure that no threats, no fear of any consequences to themselves, will deter them from the path of duty. The Duke of Devonshire has said as much. And should the difference between the two Houses ever reach an acute stage, when the cause of religion, the cause of the constitution, and the integrity of the national character were found to be at stake, the Peers of Great Britain will not shrink from a conflict in which they will have the support of all that is best among their countrymen.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MXCIIL.

NOVEMBER 1906.

VOL. CLXXX.

A WINTER AT THE COURT OF AN ABSOLUTE MONARCH.

WITH THE DANE MISSION TO KABUL.

BY A. H. GRANT, I.C.S., POLITICAL ASSISTANT.

It will be remembered that nearly two years ago a Mission was despatched by the Government of India under Mr (now Sir Louis) Dane, C.S.I., to his Highness the Amir of Afghanistan, for the purpose of re-affirming the treaties between the British Government and that ruler, and of discussing various matters of mutual interest to the two Governments. The political results of this Mission have been duly discussed in the Houses of Parliament and by the Press, and it is not the object of the present paper to touch upon them. There were, however, many incidents upon the journey to and from Kabul, and during the residence of the Mission at that strange and but little-known capital, which may be of general interest, particularly at this moment, in view of the

possibility of the Amir paying a visit of State to his Excellency the Viceroy in India.

After an infinity of preparation, such as is inevitable for the despatch of a Mission consisting of seven British officers—viz., Mr L. Dane, C.S.I., Mr Dobbs, I.C.S., Lieutenant-Colonel Malleson, Mr A. H. Grant, I.C.S., Major Norman, Captain V. Brooke, D.S.O., and Captain Turnbull, I.M.S.; five Indian gentlemen attachés—viz., Khan Bahadur Maula Baksh, Nawab Hafiz Abdullah Khan, C.I.E., Rai Bahadur Resaldar Kanshi Nand, Khan Bahadur Arbab Muhammad Azam Khan, and Imperial Cadet Muhammad Akbar; several European clerks and surveyors, a number of native clerks and private servants, with some 350 mule-drivers, camel-men, and tent-pitchers,

with due pomp and circumstance by rugged roads to a capital some two hundred miles distant, the Mission left Peshawar on the 26th November 1904, and proceeded to Landi Kotal, at the head of the famous Khyber Pass. Two days later we advanced to the Afghan border, accompanied by the Political Agent and other officers of the Khyber, and escorted by fifty horsemen of the Khyber Rifles, winding down the sharp declivity to Landikhana. There in the valley below our Afghan escort awaited us,—a regiment of Afghan cavalry with sabres flashing in the sun, and a motley throng of wild horsemen and *Khassadars* or levies on screaming little stallions, and in front of all the general officer commanding the Eastern Army of Afghanistan, supported by a number of Afghan notables. As we approached the general rode forward, wearing an astrakan hat and undress uniform of soft grey woolly cloth (*barak*) cut like a frock-coat, with a leather Sam Browne belt with sword and revolver,—a handsome grey-bearded soldier. This was Ghulam Hussein Khan, who has, I regret to say, since died. He greeted Sir L. Dane warmly, and made a short speech in Persian welcoming us to Afghan territory. We were then presented in turns and shook hands. Moving slowly to the actual border a little farther on, we again halted and bade farewell to the officers and men of the Khyber Rifles, and then started off

into Afghanistan under the sole escort of his Highness's troops. It was a curious sight, to which, however, we soon got accustomed. The cavalcade moved forward down the rocky gorge at a slow jog-trot in some confusion. The general order of the march was as follows,—first, an advance-guard of the 8th Afghan Cavalry, sturdy little men in dark blue uniforms, with forage caps and Martini carbines, on small thick-set stallions; next came the general's spare horse, led by a *shatir* or *sayce*; then a servant in ordinary native dress carrying the general's staff of office; then Sir Louis Dane and the general, closely followed by the members of the Mission and the leading Afghan officials — alongside rode flank-guards of Afghan cavalry thrown out on either side; next came the attachés, clerks, and orderlies, and behind them the remainder of the Afghan cavalry, with a crowd of wild irregular horsemen mingling with them. Every quarter of an hour or so the trumpeters sounded a fanfare on trumpets, and the roll of kettledrums echoed through the glens, and in this fashion we proceeded to Dakka, which was the order of our daily march both going to Kabul and coming back.

At Dakka, our first halting-place, we found awaiting us a guard of honour of the Herati Regiment, which acted throughout the march as our camp guard. Dakka is a poor little village on the bank of the Kabul river; but it is of some

historic interest, and for the moment had a further melancholy importance, as being the scene, a few days before, of the murder of a German, Herr Fleischer, who had been in charge of the Amir's workshops, and had been on his way to India on leave, when he had an altercation with the officer of his escort. Words passed, and in hot blood the officer shot Herr Fleischer on the spot. The Amir, on hearing of the affair, with summary justice ordered the officer to be taken to the scene of the occurrence and himself shot there. It was a most unfortunate incident to have happened just at this juncture. But the prompt action of his Highness in punishing the offender was sufficient to remove all official unpleasantness on the subject.

From Dakka the road lies for three marches up the Jelalabad valley through smiling corn-lands, with the great Sufed Koh towering and glistening on the left, and the distant snows of Kafiristan glinting above the rugged ranges on the right. Near Basawal we passed the famous "Ford of Kabul River," immortalised by Rudyard Kipling; and near Girdi Kas, the notable shrine of Niala Sahib, where lunatics are said to be miraculously cured. Here a halt was sounded, and the general dismounted to pay his homage to the saint. The general was in full-dress uniform that day, on account of our entry into Jelalabad. He wore a scarlet frock-coat with much gold

lace and magnificent gold epaulettes. As we passed Fort Sale, about two miles from Jelalabad, a salute was fired by artillery drawn up about 400 yards from the road, and the Governor of Jelalabad rode forward and greeted us. Passing the Shisham Bagh, a goodly wood for this sparsely timbered valley, we came on Jelalabad itself,—a small mud-walled native town, no better than the larger villages of the frontier. This was a little disappointing, considering the mass of historic association that the name recalls. The Fort, however, is more imposing, having been rebuilt in the form of a defensible *serai*, such as the Amir is erecting at all the principal road-stages in Afghanistan. His Highness had very kindly placed his palace at our disposal. It is entered through a strong defensible gate, with a circular vaulted chamber in the midst. Thence one passes into a large garden of some ten acres, laid out with cypresses, *loquats*, orange-trees, limes, and *chinars* (plane-trees) in oriental fashion, with numerous tanks, fountains, and masonry pools. The garden was in excellent order, with walks and borders neatly trimmed. The palace itself is a large oblong building, with very thick walls. It consists of four very large and two small rooms. Indeed, the centre domed hall is immense, measuring 66 feet by 50 feet. On arrival we found a table, running the length of this hall, laden with every imaginable kind of fruit, fresh and

preserved, for our refreshment. And here I may mention that, throughout our stay in Afghan territory, his Highness the Amir insisted most hospitably on providing supplies of all kinds, not only for the members of the Mission, but for the clerks, servants, and followers. The plinth of the palace was very high, admitting of the existence of an immense semi-subterranean chamber below, which was apparently used as a storeroom. In every room there were magnificent glass chandeliers and candle-brackets, bought, it was said, from the late King of Oudh, which, if one did not covet them, at any rate commanded one's admiration.

In the vicinity of Jelalabad, towards the village of Hadda, there are numerous Buddhist remains of considerable archaeological interest—notably some “stupas” in more or less perfect preservation. In the cliff overhanging a stream we found also the remains of a Buddhist cave monastery, used in these days as a resting-place by itinerant Ghilzais.

From Jelalabad to Kabul there are two roads—one which follows closely the course of the Kabul river through the difficult Tangi Gharu defile, the other which strikes south-west to Nimla Bagh and proceeds *viâ* Jagdalak and the Latabund Pass into the Kabul vale. The Mission went by the latter, chiefly because the camping-grounds on the river route are small and cramped, and there would be difficulties about supplies for so large a

company. At Baoli we visited one of the Amir's gunpowder factories. There was nothing very striking about it, as only black powder was manufactured there for local use. At Nimla Bagh we camped in a most beautiful garden, a survival of the days of the Moghuls, the work of the famous architect Ali Mardan, who designed many of the noble Moghul buildings in the Punjab. This pleasure-ground lies in a valley full of streamlets at the foot of the Sufed Koh. A series of waterfalls and pools in masonry bisects the demesne, with a large fountain in the midst of clear green plashing waters. On either side are avenues of magnificent *chinars* and cypresses. Fields of narcissus in flower spread out behind the trees, flanked by farther avenues of lofty cypresses. The garden was the abode of countless blue rock-pigeons. The following march was interesting in that we passed, first, the historic Gandamak, where in 1879 Sir Louis Cavagnari signed the fateful treaty that led to his subsequent mission as Resident to Kabul, where he and his following were ruthlessly murdered; and, a little farther on, the conical hill where, in the bitter January of 1842, the remains of the British force, that had struggled thus far from Kabul, made its last stand and was cut to pieces. By a strange coincidence Mr Dane's grandfather, Major Griffiths of the 37th Native Infantry, was the senior officer, and in command of this party,

though badly wounded at the Khurd Kabul Pass a few days previously. He had descended the hill with an interpreter to parley with some Afghans coming from the east, and when the scuffle above began, was seized and carried off. He and some four others, wounded and taken prisoners, were the only survivors of the affair at 44th Hill, as the place is called from the regiment which furnished most of the party. A cairn marks this sorry spot. At Surkhpul, a little farther on, we found another example of the work of Ali Mardan—a fine bridge over the Surkhab river. On a rock below was a finely cut inscription in Persian stating that the bridge was built in the reign of Shah Jehan, and ending with a chronogram giving the date of construction as the year 1054 Hijra—i.e., 1644 of the Christian era. The translation of the chronogram runs thus: "The builder of this bridge was Ali Mardan, by the kindness of the All-praised." Thence to Jagdalak the road rises through rocky broken hills to the Pezwam and Jagdalak Passes. Near here are some famous ruby-mines. Although no obstacle whatever was put in the way of our walking or riding about in the surrounding country,—under escort, of course,—there was an obvious disinclination on the part of the Afghans to let us visit these mines, and a general ignorance of their whereabouts was affected on the subject. The officers of the escort who

accompanied us on our walks and rides were most courteous and friendly, and talked to us freely and intelligently on all non-controversial topics. At first there was a little diffidence and frigidity, but this soon melted away, and our terms were most cordial. It was very hard on the Afghan escorts that our visit should have coincided with the Muhammadan month of fasting (Ramzan); but in spite of the fact that the great majority, though on a trying journey, religiously abstained from food or drink between sunrise and sunset, they were uniformly cheerful and good-tempered. The fast fortunately came to an end on the 9th December, and we had less compunction in asking the escorts to accompany us thereafter on evening rambles in the hills. The march over the famous Latabund Pass was interesting, if arduous. The road was very stony and uneven, and for the most part the gradient was almost impossible for wheeled traffic. We had with us a motor car, drawn by bullocks, which we were taking as a present to his Highness, and also an ambulance tonga, in which lay one poor follower sick with pneumonia. These vehicles strained and struggled painfully up the rough inclines, and were left far behind the main body. And in the evening matters were made worse by a heavy fall of snow. Food and stimulants were at once sent back from the camp at the farther side of the Pass,

which the rest of the party had reached in safety. But night had fallen, and the motor car and ambulance had to stay where they were, at an altitude of some 8000 feet, in a snowstorm. Next morning, however, they appeared safe and sound—the little Portuguese “chauffeur,” who had never seen snow before, in excellent spirits; and the pneumonia patient, so the native hospital assistant assured us, all the better for his night in the open. I am glad to say he recovered. On the Latabund we passed a curious sight—namely, a large iron cage swinging from a pole on an eminence overlooking the road. The story of this cage, as told to me, is the following. Some twenty-four years ago, one Dadu was appointed warden of the Latabund road. Instead, however, of securing the safety of travellers he robbed and looted them, murdering those who said nay to his exactions. In time his misdeeds came to the ears of the late Amir. With that grim irony for which he was famous, Amir Abdur Rahman gave orders to this effect: “Dadu, you have guarded my road so carefully that I give you the appointment permanently. Ay! you shall watch the Latabund for all time.” So the miserable man was seized and put into this iron cage, and suspended over the road that winds below, and there after five days he died of hunger and exposure; and his bones are there in the cage to-day, white

and bleached, a warning to wrong-doers. The traces of the road made by the British force in 1880 turning the Pass are visible, though it is now too dilapidated for use. Pointing to it, our Afghan State entertainer (*Mihmandar-bashi*) observed in quaint oriental phrase: “Yes, there is your road. Indeed, when you were here, you British cut the very liver out of the mountain!”

The next march, through the most appalling mud and slush, brought us right into the Kabul vale to Butkhak. On the slippery melting snow the camels, poor beasts! could make but little headway with their large, flat, spongy feet, and several of them came completely to grief, breaking their legs. When this happens the camel-men, with a ghastly quasi-cannibalism, at once cut the wretched animal's throat and divide its unsavoury flesh amongst them for food. At Butkhak, the halting-place, we found the utmost confusion. Owing to the snow the tents could not be pitched; but a company of Hazara sappers and miners, sturdy men with rose-pink flat Mongolian faces, were busy clearing the ground. In the *serai* to which we repaired pending the erection of the tents, there was a perfect pandemonium—European clerks, gold-laced attachés, Babus, orderlies, *drabis*, camel-men, Afghan villagers, Afghan troopers, Afghan privates, and Hazaras mixed in a jostling, shouting mass, with ponies kicking, stallions neighing, camels grumbling, mules back-

ing, each and all trying to secure the most tolerable quarters for themselves for the night. Here the British Agent in Kabul, Malik Khuda Baksh, met us,—a tall handsome Tiwana of the Punjab, resplendent in gold lace. The next day was to bring us to Kabul, and not only that, but on the way we were to meet the young prince, Shahzada Inayatullah Khan, on his way down to India to pay a visit of ceremony to the Viceroy. We started about 9 A.M., and after riding some five miles we sighted the prince and his escort. When we were about 400 yards distant our escort galloped forward and drew up in a line with the prince's escort at either side of the road. Then we rode forward to greet the prince, who advanced surrounded by his sirdars, and preceded by an elephant with scarlet trappings. The troops presented arms, and the trumpets sounded the royal salute. The Shahzada, who is quite a boy, looked very regal as he returned the salute. He met Sir L. Dane with great cordiality, and shook hands. The rest of the Mission were then presented, and a short conversation in Persian ensued. We then wished the Shahzada "bon voyage," and parted—he and his following towards Butkhak, we in the direction of the capital. Shortly after this we passed Bagrami, the Amir's famous snipe and duck preserve, where two years ago he lost parts of two fingers

through the bursting of a gun; and a little farther on we saw a vast durbar-tent pitched by the roadside, and a goodly company of Afghan gentlemen, who had come out to meet us with horses and carriages and a fitting escort. Here we dismounted, and were greeted by Sirdar Muhammad Asif Khan, an uncle of one of his Highness's queens, a most courteous gentleman of a noteworthy presence, and the other high dignitaries of the Kabul Court. They were all in uniform—dark blue, with gold lace for the most part, and all wore black astrakan hats. Indeed, there are only three gentlemen besides the Amir who are allowed to wear turbans on State occasions at Kabul—namely, the first Minister, Abdul Kadus Khan, the British Agent, and the Hindu Secretary. We were led into the tent, and sat down—Sir L. Dane on the right of the leading sirdar, and the rest of the Mission, in order, on Sir L. Dane's right, while the Afghans sat in order of precedence on the sirdar's left. There was a great array of fruit and sweetmeats, chiefly of Russian manufacture, and most excellent tea was handed round in glasses set in silver Russian holders. This we discussed for about half an hour. Then we went out, and took our seats in order of precedence in a number of carriages drawn up on the road. With each of us went one or two Afghan gentlemen, who, as we approached the capital, pointed out the objects of interest, and talked freely and without the

smallest rancour of the events connected with each of the various Afghan wars. Although a thin drizzle of rain began to fall, it was a memorable sight. Away on the left towered the famous Bala Hissar, standing out like a Mahratta stronghold above the dun-coloured huddled mass of the old town below. Here had the puppet king, Shah Shuja, cowered and temporised, while a frenzied populace murdered Burnes, the British Resident, in the city beneath, and the relentless sword of Akbar Khan cut down the unhappy Macnaghten, the British representative, in the plain beyond. Near here was the house where Cavagnari and his Guides made their last stand against the infuriated rebel regiments of the impotent Yakub Khan. In front of us, and beyond the city, loomed the heights of Sher Darwaza and Asmai, separated by the narrow defile of the Deh Mozung gorge. The city itself, spreading up to their base, presented a congeries of grey mud-roofs and towers, broken by the high dome of Timur Shah's tomb, the clear-cut bastions of the Ark Palace, and the stately minarets of the great Id mosque. As we drove round the outskirts of the city we could see on the right the long line of the Sherpur cantonment, occupied by our troops in 1880, with its heavy mud bastions, and the Bimaru hill rising behind. As we passed the barracks of the Household Brigade (the "Shahi" cavalry and the "Ardal" regiment of infantry)

a salute of twenty-one guns was fired, and the whole garrison, drawn up in lines, presented arms. Beside us galloped the "Shahi" cavalry in scarlet uniforms as escort. Thence we swung round past the Ark Palace and the Afghan quarter, as it is called, along roads planted with tall poplars to the Mihman Khana or State Guest House, which the Amir had kindly placed at our disposal during our residence in Kabul.

The Mihman Khana is a stately white-washed building with a tower at each corner, standing in a garden of some six acres with high walls all round, and a great entrance gate. Houses for clerks, attachés, and servants were built along the front wall and part of the side walls, and a little stream ran through the garden past the house. The house itself was very large, with six complete suites of rooms, and an immense central sitting-room with two large wings, one of which we used as a dining-room. As a summer residence the house would have been admirable. The centre rooms were warmed by large stoves of Russian pattern built into the walls, with hot-air openings higher up, while the lavish supplies of firewood provided by the Afghan authorities went far to dispel the cold in our sitting-rooms and bedrooms. Everything throughout our visit that could be done, to combat the rigours of the climate and make us comfortable, was carefully thought out and arranged. Every bath-

room had its charcoal brazier, the doors were hung with thick wadded curtains, and on the march up the Amir had sent us a munificent gift of Poshtin rugs and Poshtin coats, sufficient not only for the members of the Mission, but for the army of followers besides.

Shortly after our arrival at the Mihman Khana, the famous Shahgassi, Abdul Kaddus Khan, first councillor to his Highness, was announced,—a notable figure of a man, tall and broad-shouldered, with a clear-cut aquiline nose and well-trimmed beard, a keen restless eye, and the stamp of almost ascetic individuality. He was dressed in a well-cut coat of *barak* trimmed with costly furs, with long Russian boots, and he wore a great curved sword suspended from a gold-embroidered leather belt. He brought most gracious words of welcome from the Amir, and talked cordially with Sir L. Dane for a little time. Then pointing carelessly towards thirty bags of silken cloth embroidered with gold, which had been placed on the floor of the central chamber, he indicated that this was a trifling gift from the Amir to the Mission—a *nisar*, or sacrifice, as it is called. Sir L. Dane signified our grateful acceptance. And on the departure of the Shahgassi the bags, which were found to contain 1000 Kabuli rupees each, were duly made over to the Mission treasurer for credit to Government. Such are the rules regulating the acceptance of official gifts. And here it

may be convenient to note briefly who were the leading personages at the Kabul Court, whom we were to meet so constantly throughout the next four months, both in the course of the official negotiations and on private occasions of social intercourse. First, then, is his Highness the Amir Habibullah Khan, Siraj-ul-millat-wud-din (Lamp of the congregation and of the Faith), as he is invariably styled. The eldest son of the late Amir Abdur Rahman Khan, he succeeded his father on his death in 1901 without a sign of that discord which has so often attended successions to the Kabul throne. Next comes his brother, Prince Nasrullah Khan, who as Shahzada visited Europe some twelve years ago, and who now takes a leading part in the administration of the kingdom. There are two other brothers, sons of the late Amir, Sirdar Aminullah Khan, a young man who takes but little part in the affairs of State, and Sirdar Umar Jan, the son of the ex-queen Halima, who, so ill-disposed persons thought at one time, might be a formidable rival to the present Amir. Fortunately for the peace of Afghanistan, the claims of Umar Jan have never seriously been pressed by himself or any section of the community. He holds the official position of Head of the Government Workshops. The Amir has five sons, of whom the eldest, the Shahzada Inayatullah Khan, was then on his way to India, as already stated, to visit the

Viceroy. The second, Sirdar Haiyatullah Khan, Governor-elect of Badakhshan, left Kabul soon after our arrival to take up his appointment in the north. The others are little boys, who did not appear as a rule on State occasions. Among the leading men the Shahgassi, or Lord-Chamberlain, Abdul Kaddus Khan, stands out prominent. An Afghan of the old school, intolerant of everything foreign, he commands a strong following at Court and exercises a powerful influence in the councils of the Amir. Next come Sirdar Muhammad Asif Khan, and his brother Sirdar Muhammad Yusaf Khan, the father of the Amir's second wife, who spent many years at Dehra Dun with the exiled ex-Amir Yakub Khan. Then the aged Sirdar Gul Muhammad Khan, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, with the other Generals, Ghulam Hussein Khan, who escorted us to Kabul, and Taj Muhammad of the Northern Frontier. Besides these there are two notable figures, the first the Kotwal or chief magistrate of Kabul, Muhammad Hussein Khan, Kohistani, a man of marked capacity though not of very attractive manner; and Loinaib Khushdil Khan, a lately returned refugee from India, who is related to the Amir's principal wife, and is a man of weight in the Council. Nor must I forget the worthy interpreter, Sirdar Azimullah Khan, conspicuous for his tact and courtesy, and our kindly entertainer, Brigadier Muham-

mad Hussein Khan, who was so assiduous in his attentions to our comfort throughout. Of the ladies of Kabul, I need hardly say, we saw nothing. Indeed, the bare mention of them comes dangerously near bad taste.

During the day after our arrival the Amir, with true oriental consideration, presumed that we should wish to rest after the fatigues of the journey. But the day following we were invited to a State durbar to meet his Highness. I have several times been asked whether we were not kept waiting a fortnight before the Amir took the trouble to see the Mission at all. I can only say that such discourtesy was utterly alien to anything which we experienced throughout our stay at Kabul, and that from first to last, irrespective of all question of the official points of difference between the two Governments, we were treated by his Highness with unfailing consideration and courtesy.

The Durbar was fixed for 1 P.M., and shortly before this hour Sirdar Muhammad Asif Khan, as the Amir's representative, arrived to conduct Sir L. Dane to the ceremony. In full-dress uniform we took our places in carriages drawn up at the gate, and drove, escorted by the Shahi cavalry, through interested crowds of spectators to the Shahr Ara Palace, where his Highness was then residing. At the gate we were met by the Lord-Chamberlain, Abdul Kaddus, and were conducted by him through

lines of orderlies in blue uniforms and helmets, resembling pickel-haube, to the verandah, where, on the topmost step, Prince Nasrullah Khan awaited us—a short, spare figure, with a diamond blazing in his black astrakan hat. He shook hands, and led Sir L. Dane into the Hall of Audience, at the end of which sat the Amir in a gilded chair, dressed in a scarlet uniform, with the insignia of the G.C.M.G. and four Afghan orders on his breast, and a grey astrakan hat with a diamond star on his head. His Highness is a broad-shouldered, powerful man, somewhat below middle height, and reminded one curiously of pictures of our own King Henry VIII. His face is strong and decided, and lights up charmingly when he speaks and smiles. His manner is very regal—perfectly composed, courteous, and commanding. He rose as we approached, and shook hands cordially with Sir L. Dane, and with the rest of the Mission as they were presented in turn. To the British officers he said “Welcome,” and to the attachés “Khushamadid” or “Ta Jor ye,” according as Persian or Pashtu was appropriate. The Mission then sat in order on the Amir’s right, the Afghan princes of the blood-royal and leading officers on his left; while in an antechamber running the length of the hall, behind a colonnade, sat the Afghan colonels of regiments and other officials of importance. The conversation that ensued was conducted in Persian. Sir L. Dane suggested,

after the first few remarks, that an interpreter should be used, but his Highness gracefully replied, “You yourself speak Persian excellently. Direct conversation without a middleman is the best means of intercourse between friends.” The Amir opened the conversation by asking after the health of his Majesty the King-Emperor and the Viceroy. Sir L. Dane replied, and then delivered an official message of friendship and goodwill from Lord Amthill to the Amir. The talk flowed smoothly on, touching upon such topics as Lord Curzon’s arrival in India, the Shahzada’s visit to India, the Amir’s gun accident, and was freely sprinkled with oriental metaphor. Speaking of the coming of the Mission, his Highness said, “I trust it will act as a burnisher to brighten the friendship which has existed between the two countries for nearly seventy years, and which was renewed and strengthened by my revered father twenty-six years ago.” Whereupon the Shahgassi, who throughout the Durbar stood upright at the far end of the room facing the Amir, remarked, “A sword which is rusted is of little use,”—a metaphor which the Amir proceeded to amplify. After about an hour and a quarter the proceedings terminated, and we left, with similar ceremonies to those on arrival. Throughout our stay at Kabul we were very closely guarded—a company of the “Ardal” Regiment and a squadron of the 8th Cavalry being always

in attendance at the Mihman Khana. There were sentries both at the gate and round the house itself. And whenever one of us went out, at once an officer, with six or seven men, joined him—infantry if he was walking, cavalry if riding. At the same time not the smallest restraint was put on our movements, and I am afraid we gave the guards a very hard time tramping all over the Kabul vale, or riding far out into the country. The only forbidden ground was the Asmai hill, immediately overlooking the royal palaces. The ladies of the palace spend much of their time on the roofs, and it is not considered etiquette to overlook them, even from a neighbouring hill. And I am sure we had no reason to complain of this trifling restraint, which was only necessitated by the custom of the country. The guards used to close in very near us when we were in the city or its immediate environs, but in the country they spread out, and paid much less heed to us. We made great friends with many of the officers, who would talk to us in the friendliest manner on every imaginable topic; and though we gave them a great deal of trouble, I really believe that they got to like us, and readily admitted that all this regular, if distasteful, exercise had done them a great deal of physical good, and that they felt much fitter at the end of the winter than they usually did, after living wrapped in sheep-skins in a windowless house for the cold months.

As to the necessity of these guards for our protection, all that need be said is that Kabul is full of fanaticism, and that against this the order of the Amir himself even is not proof. There is much political intrigue too, and his Highness naturally wished to err on the safe side where the lives of his guests were concerned. He also never goes out himself without an escort, and he said that it would not be fitting that he should show less attention to his guests.

It is scarcely necessary to say that one of our first excursions was through the city of Kabul itself. After traversing the Afghan quarter, with its quaint little shops and narrow cramped winding alleys, and crossing the Kabul river by the Pul-i-Kishti Bridge, we entered the Kazilbash town, with its mean little inhabitants, the sons of Persia, with their sharp, shrewd, fair faces. Thence through a maze of narrow lanes we made our way to the main bazaar, which, completely roofed over with matting, runs almost the entire breadth of the city. It was a strange sight. The teeming crowds—Afghans tall and fierce, Usbegs with great sheep-skin hats like Guardsmen's busbies, Turkomans from the north, Hazaras with flat cheery faces, mendicant Mullahs in patchwork rags, Jews and Hindus, Armenians and the scour of Central Asia—the flotsam and jetsam of the nomad East, each busied with his own little affairs. But over every face there was the

shadow of a cloud—a shifty, uneasy glance of the eye, the gloom of an abiding fear or mistrust. As in Imperial Rome, so in Kabul to-day, no man knows when the charge of treason may not tap at his door and he be hurried off secretly, no man knows whither. In the comparative security of democratic freedom, hard won after centuries of political development, we are apt to raise our hands in holy horror that such things should be, forgetful that liberty cannot be gained or granted in a day, and that the nation, as the individual, must pass through inevitable phases before it can attain political or social emancipation. In our human intolerance of oppression, we are apt to forget the exigencies of history and national characteristic. Here is a people untamed as any on earth, advanced, indeed, for the Middle East, but a thousand years behind the West in the arts of peace. Here is a dynasty, founded with our good-will twenty-six years ago, to govern as best it may, conformably with the maintenance of external peace. The wonder is not that the ruler of Afghanistan rules with whips, but that he can rule without scorpions. The late Amir, whose genius enabled him for the first time in history to consolidate the wild peoples of Afghanistan into one orderly kingdom, breaking the isolated feudal power of the local chiefs, and wielding the country into a homogeneous whole, had recourse to methods of re-

pression and punishment which would find but little favour at Exeter Hall. But that these methods were the only methods possible, no one who has lived among Pathans would for a moment deny. We may be thankful that so strong and unflinching a ruler was forthcoming for the task. Otherwise we should have been confronted with the task ourselves. Should we have succeeded as well? Happily for the present Amir, he finds that the good work of his father lives after him, and that such drastic measures are now not often called for. But in Kabul intrigue is rife. There are plotters ever busy, and the people are notoriously fickle. Hence he who rules Afghanistan must rule it with an iron rod, and when he strikes, must strike hard. Espionage is inevitable, with all its grim uncertainty. Crime is not common, but that is because the punishment is deterrent. Leniency would be fatal in a place where the agency for the detection and prevention of crime is necessarily so weak and defective. Let us, then, try to understand before we judge.

The shops were for the most part poor and uninteresting. In the way of curios there was little to be seen save knives and pistols with gold or silver inlay, and tortoiseshell boxes and spectacle-cases. The prices asked for such things were quite prohibitive, and the dealers seemed quite indifferent as to whether we bought or not. The amount of Russian

merchandise—cloth, tea, sweet-meats, matches, &c.—for sale in the shops was most striking. There is no real political significance in this. It is simply due to the fact that the Russian trade is bounty-fed, and that the Afghan traders naturally prefer to buy in the cheapest market. The bounties given by the Russian Government on goods sent into Afghanistan enable the Russian dealers in certain classes of goods, such as boots, china, some forms of cloth, and chintz, to undersell the Indian market. How long this fiscal policy will hold out it is difficult to say. Up to the present, however, it has signally failed in its object—of extending the political influence of Russia in Afghanistan. All Russians are absolutely excluded from the country; and we saw no sign whatever of Russian influence at Kabul, except in so far as the use of Russian boots and Russian clothes lent a superficial colour to the idea that such influence was present. The sanitation of Kabul, as of most oriental cities, leaves much to be desired, and we had reason to be thankful that our visit was in winter, when the kindly frost congealed what would otherwise have been dangerous to health and offensive to sense. When epidemic cholera appears, as it has many times appeared in the summer, the wonder is that the city is not all but annihilated. The Amir has directed his attention to the matter, and there is hope of speedy improvement.

I have often been asked in

what manner the actual work of the Mission was conducted, and what was the actual procedure of the negotiations. There is, I think, no indiscretion in describing it as follows: First, the Amir invited Sir L. Dane to a private meeting with his Council on the day following the ceremonial Durbar described above. To this Sir L. Dane and the two civilian members of the Mission drove dressed in frock-coats. We were met, as before, first by the Shahgassi, and then by Prince Nasrullah, and were ushered into the council chamber, where the Amir sat, dressed also in a black frock-coat, at the head of an inlaid table, with pens and paper for each. After the usual greetings we took our seats at the table on the Amir's right; on his left sat Prince Nasrullah, Shahgassi Abdul Kaddus, Sirdar Muhammad Asif Khan, Loinab Khushdil Khan, and the Kotwal, Muhammad Hussein Khan. There were two interpreters, who stood on the Amir's right, Khan Bahadur Maula Bakhsh on our behalf, and Sirdar Azimullah Khan on behalf of the Amir. Owing to the necessity of avoiding all misunderstanding on the important matters under discussion, it was agreed that it would be more satisfactory to work through two interpreters, who could check each other, although Sir L. Dane himself was perfectly at home in Persian, the Court language of Kabul. After a little polite conversation and some general talk about the Russo-Japanese war, in which the

Amir was extremely interested, we got to business. A full note was kept by both parties of all that was said, and important points which required further consideration were held over for answer by written memoranda. In this way a great deal of ground was covered. During the interview, which lasted about three hours, tea and cakes were brought in and handed round. The tea was excellent. His Highness laughingly helped himself largely to sugar, remarking that it was the worst possible thing for his gout, from which he suffers severely. At the close of the interview we shook hands with his Highness, and left with the usual ceremony. Within the next day or two we received a written memorandum from his Highness dealing with the unsettled points, which in its turn necessitated a written reply and a second interview. And in this way the negotiations went on during our stay at Kabul. There were, of course, long periods of inactivity and delay, owing to the necessity of references to the Government of India, and thence sometimes to the home Government. It took about five days—and in the coldest season more—to send a telegram by runner down to Landi-Kotal, whence it was despatched to Calcutta, and the same time to get an answer. Thus, allowing a minimum of a week for the Government of India and the Secretary of State to consider the points at issue, we could seldom hope to get an answer in less than from

seventeen to twenty days. The Amir was also prostrated with a very bad attack of gout, and unable to leave his bed for some weeks in February. Hence the protracted character of the negotiations, though in any case, owing to the severity of the winter, it would not have been possible for the Mission to have left Kabul at a much earlier date.

There were during the stay of the Mission five other Europeans in Kabul—namely, Major Cleveland, I.M.S., and Mrs Cleveland, two Misses Brown, and Mr Finlayson. The first-named had arrived about a week before us in the capacity of Court doctor to the Amir. Owing, however, to the illness of Mrs Cleveland he had to give up his appointment early in the spring. Miss Brown was a lady-doctor, accompanied by her sister, and had come up with the Clevelands to attend the ladies of the palace. Mr Finlayson was an engineer-architect in charge of the building of the Amir's new palace, the Dilk-husha (Heart's Delight), in the vicinity of the Ark. The Clevelands lived in the house built by the late Herr Fleischer in the Deh Muzang gorge beside the workshops—a wind-swept, inclement spot. The house itself was built more or less on European lines, but was not very comfortable. The others lived in a native house in the Afghan quarter of the city. Miss Brown at once became a great favourite with the ladies of the Court. It happened one day when

Miss Brown was sitting with the Queen that the Amir came in. He chanced to have got a little bit of coal in his eye, and was suffering in consequence considerably. Miss Brown at once offered to remove the irritant, and did so deftly, her sister holding a lamp to enable her to see. His Highness at once called for his purse, and forthwith presented Miss Brown with 50 gold tillas (about £35), and her sister with 30 tillas—a very regal fee for so simple a service. The climate of Kabul throughout our stay was more severe than anything one ever experiences in Britain. After a few bright days at the end of December we had almost perpetual snow, with often abnormally low temperatures, till we reached the valley of Jelalabad on the way down to India in the beginning of April. The weather was admittedly almost unprecedented, the severe cold usually not lasting beyond the beginning of March. The record temperature registered was 21° below zero on the night of February 1, and from the middle of January to the middle of March the night temperature very rarely rose much above zero, and the cruel part of it was, that a cutting wind blew nearly every day. Without this wind we should have thought nothing of the cold, but as it was, the air was like a knife. It will give some idea of the temperature when I say that our whisky froze and broke the bottles, and had to be stored

in rooms with charcoal braziers to save it; an inkpot, with a fire in the room, was often a solid block that had constantly to be thawed; the moustache was always a drooping icicle when one woke in the morning; and he who in drowsy inertia left his morning tea untasted for a few minutes, would find it a congealing slush. One advantage, however, of the climate was that it enabled us to get some good skating. By flooding a part of the compound, a capital pond was formed which bore for many weeks. One of the members of the Mission had brought a pair of skates, which the Amir very kindly allowed us to have copied in the workshops, and six very excellent pairs were produced within a day or two. The Afghans were much interested in our vagaries on the ice. For in spite of the facilities offered by the climate, they do not appear ever to have taken to skating themselves, though they are clever at sliding on their hobnailed shoes. Indeed, their outdoor winter pastimes are few in number—riding, shooting, and a kind of single-stick with a shield, seeming to be the only open-air amusements.

Of the private life of the sirdars of the Court we saw but little. Tea-drinking on every possible occasion—morning, noon, and night—is *de rigueur*. Chess is played a good deal, to judge by the large part that this game occupies in the everyday metaphor of polite conversation.

In the winter the Afghans are late risers, seldom emerging from their houses before 11 or 12 in the day. Indeed, the poorer classes, who cannot afford firewood,—an expensive luxury at Kabul,—for the most part more or less hibernated, huddled in sheep-skin coats, in their ill-ventilated houses during the bitter months. Both rich and poor are heavy smokers, the sirdars smoking cheroots and cigarettes as a rule, while the common folk suck the bubbling *hugqa* of the East.

His Highness was far too courteous to allow our Christmas Day to pass unnoticed. In the morning we found two tables set in the central hall covered with fruits of every kind and the most wonderful confections in barley-sugar, the work obviously of an artist in the royal kitchens. At the same time he sent us a most courteous little letter of congratulation on our great festival, wishing us a happy Christmas, and saying that though we doubtless regretted the fact that we could not be amongst our friends and co-religionists at this season, yet we must remember that we were in the house of a friend, and that we had come for a great purpose—to cement the friendship of the two Governments before the world. He added that he was afraid that Kabul could not provide all the delicacies of the season to which we were accustomed, but he hoped that we were reasonably comfortable. The State entertainer also paid

us a ceremonial call, and brought a number of pots of stocks and other flowers from the royal conservatories. His Highness also sent two bands to discourse sweet music to us in the morning. The result was at one time a little unlooked for, as the bands started different tunes simultaneously at opposite sides of the house. The royal bands were, on the whole, very good, particularly the pipe band, which is always dear to the hillman in all parts of the world. Three of these pipers, with other musicians, used to play every evening at sundown in the room over the great entrance-gate of the Guest House, as is done for oriental royalty.

Our excursions round Kabul took us to many places of interest, notably the outlying palaces of the Amir—the Hindaki in the Chardeh vale, about four miles from Kabul, where the Durand Mission stayed in 1894; the Bagh-i-bala, about three miles up the Kabul valley, where the late Amir, Abdur Rahman Khan, breathed his last in 1901; the Bagh-i-Babar, that stately Moghul garden with its exquisite marble mosque and the simple tomb of the first Moghul Emperor of India; the Mahtab Bagh, sheltered among the rich orchards of Chardeh, whither at the proper season the Court repairs to watch the reflection of the moon dancing on the waters of its central fount,—a favourite relaxation of the Amir. All these palaces were built by the late Amir, and

though neither of great durability or workmanship, they are fine residences of the Eastern kind, and make a brave show dotted about the country round Kabul. In the city itself his Highness has several residences,—the Ark, that great fortress-like palace which abuts upon the Afghan quarter with encircling moat and heavy bastions. It covers perhaps twenty acres of ground, and includes quarters for the Amir and his immediate relations and councillors, the ladies of the Court, the Court offices and record rooms, and a large military guard. It contains a fine conservatory, full of flowers at all seasons and singing-birds, which is a favourite resort of the Amir. The Shahr Ara, or adornment of the city, that stands out with its lofty cupola on the plain to the north of the city, a graceful building in the distance. The Haram Sarai, which, as its name betokens, is really the palace of the queens and ladies of the royal household. In addition to these the Amir is building a new palace of more modern if less ostentatious structure,—the Dilkhusa,—close to the Ark. This palace is of fine white stone beautifully worked, and of two storeys. It was only half finished when we saw it, but it promised to be a building of infinitely greater taste, comfort, and finish than any now existing in Kabul. Apart from these there is the house of Prince Nasrullah Khan, known as the “Londini Koti” or “London House,”

from its supposed resemblance to Buckingham Palace. It is a well-built modern stone house of two storeys of English pattern, with bright awnings and a pleasant garden, and a large winter-garden heated by an ingenious arrangement of stoves. Another place of extreme interest which we constantly visited was the famous Sherpur cantonment which our troops occupied in the second Afghan War. The bastion where Lord Roberts lived still bears his name. The Sherpur defences are a very considerable work, and do credit to the enterprise of the Amir, Sher Ali, who built them. They consist of a double line of high mud walls, broken every quarter of a mile or so by bastions and gate, running for some $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles along the length of the Bimaru hill facing towards Kabul. As a defence for Kabul itself their use is not patent; but that is probably because the full undertaking, which included similar defences right round the north side of the hill, was never carried out. The Sherpur cantonment now affords quarters for some 6000 men of the Amir's army. A sad and melancholy spot in the vicinity of Sherpur is the British cemetery, where our countrymen who fell in Kabul in 1879-80 were buried. It is now but a bare stony enclosure, with an inequality here and there to indicate a grave beneath. All the tombstones have been pulled down or have fallen down, and are now stored in a little shed in the

corner. His Highness, when approached on the subject, readily agreed to arrange for such repairs as might be necessary to keep the walls of the enclosure intact, and prevent the trespass of men and animals within the precinct.

In our walks round Kabul there were often little incidents of interest or humour. One day two of us met his Highness, contrary to his wont at this season, riding out with his full following. On seeing us his Highness at once pulled up and greeted us. His Highness, who knows a little English though he seldom speaks it, said, with the friendliest manner, "Are you well?" To which we replied in English asking after his health. Feeling more at home in Persian, he turned to that tongue, remarking that "walking was a fine thing for the constitution," to which we agreed. He then said, "When Dr Bird was here attending to the finger which I lost out shooting, he told me to walk a great deal because it was good for my gout, and I used to walk six miles a-day, and found it benefited me greatly." After a little more conversation he bowed and smiled and rode on. Although he was only going for an afternoon ride of six or seven miles, his following was very complete, including, apparently, a certain amount of baggage and a tonga, in case his Highness wearied of the saddle. The escort consisted of probably two hundred cavalry. Another day I noticed that one of the

guard was being extraordinarily careless of the direction in which his Lee-Metford rifle, which was a very new toy to him, having only been issued on our arrival, was pointing. I asked him if it was loaded, and he said "Yes." I then said that if it went off as he was carrying it, I should be shot. To which he replied, perfectly calmly and without the smallest wish to be impertinent, "So you would; but it would be *kismet*." I explained that we liked to try and obviate *kismet* in my country as far as possible; but the argument evidently appeared childish to him, though in concession to my wishes he carried his rifle differently.

One of the officers who used to walk with us was a great talker, and was much interested in our habits and religion. He was particularly inquisitive about the effects and merits of alcohol, and evidently envied our liberty to use or abuse it. I asked him one day whether any one in Kabul ever drank wine, this being against the Muhammadan law. He said that cases had been known, but they were rare, as the punishment for wine-drinking was death. Surely the Afghan Government should be able to count on the non-conformist vote after this. Another day he asked me if it was true that the Secretary to the Mission read divine service on Sundays. On my answering in the affirmative, he said with some surprise, "Is Mr

Dobbs, then, a *Mullah*?" We used to take a great many photographs, to which not the smallest objection was raised. One day I desired the entertainer to ask the great Shah-gassi Abdul Kaddus Khan if he would grant me the favour of a sitting. The reply I received was characteristic of this stout old conservative: "Tell Mr Grant that I beg to be excused. I have never yet been photographed, and, by God's help, I never will be photographed until I die." His Highness is a great photographer, and has a fully equipped studio. He gave Mr Dane excellent photographs of himself, for which he had adjusted the camera and developed and printed the plates himself.

By the Amir's kind permission we were allowed to shoot anywhere we liked, except on his famous duck preserve behind the Bala Hissar, upon which we were promised a day's shooting when the proper season should arrive. We went out two or three times to Bagrami and got a few duck and snipe; but the weather was still too severe, and neither duck nor snipe had yet come up from India. Towards the end of March, however, we had our promised day's shooting at the Bala Hissar Lake, and very excellent, if unusual, sport it was. For the only way to circumvent the wily duck which sit in thousands on this great reed-covered expanse of water is to shoot from the back of elephants, which wade breast-

deep through the reeds, hither and thither, as the *shikari* directs. We found the great beasts waiting for us on the road beside the lake, with howdahs on their backs. The Amir has a great number of elephants; but in the very cold season they are sent down to Jelalabad, because, we were told, their ears dropped off if they were kept in Kabul during the winter—a scientific fact which we had no opportunity of verifying. The elephants had just come back from Jelalabad, and looked in excellent condition. We mounted by ladders into the howdahs,—two of us in each,—and the elephants advanced round the lake to a convenient spot. Each of the howdah-elephants was followed by a pad-elephant with coolies on its back, whose duty it was to pick up the game. When the elephant first plunged into the water it was very difficult to sit, far less stand, in the swaying, lurching howdah. However, we soon got more or less accustomed to the motion, and as the water got deeper the elephants moved a little more steadily. In order to avoid shooting each other, we stood more or less back to back with our feet wide apart, planted against the corners of the howdah, and agreed to fire only well on our own side. It was not long before we began to disturb the duck. With the crash and thunder of a thousand wings striking the water, they rose in great armies and scattered into wheeling, whirling battalions, duck of every

imaginable variety — mallard and pochard, pintail and gadwell, teal of several kinds, shovellers, and many others which we could not identify, and which possibly seldom or never visit India. It was very tricky shooting in the unstable howdahs; but we did not do badly on the whole, and had the satisfaction of many of those isolated shoots so dear to the wild-fowler, when single birds swing suddenly past, high and at speed. The one regret was that we lost a very great many birds that came down among the thick reeds. One almost expected the wonderful elephants to act as retrievers, and to "seek dead" with their trunks; but they seemed to take little or no interest in what we were doing, though they behaved with the utmost consideration throughout.

On the 21st March, the Nauroz or Persian New Year's Day, the Treaty, which brought our official negotiations to a close, was signed by the Amir and Sir L. Dane. There are two rather curious little stories connected with this. The first relates to the date of signing, and is in this wise. On the march up to Kabul early in December we were one day discussing how long our negotiations were likely to take, when Sir L. Dane remarked, "Oh! I expect we shall sign the Treaty on the 21st March. Everything important in my life has always happened on that day. I was born on it, confirmed on it, married on it, gazetted Foreign Secretary on

it, and it is only suitable that I should sign the Treaty on it." And sure enough, with no scheming on our part certainly, this happened. The coincidence was odd, particularly as Sir L. Dane's exact words were recorded in a diary at the time by a member of the Mission. The second story is of the actual signing itself. We had driven to the Ark Palace in the afternoon, at the invitation of the Amir, and had been duly ushered into the audience-chamber there — a handsome room panelled with pale carved wood, with a fine glass hall opening off it. We had, after the usual salutations, taken our seats as at the former diplomatic interviews, and the Treaty, engrossed on parchment in duplicate, had been duly laid before the Amir for signature, when one of the attendant native gentlemen, in his officious anxiety to help the Amir to write his name, upset some ink over one of the parchments. Endeavours were at once made with chalk and blotting-paper and penknives to remove the stain, but it remained.

"After all," said the Amir with a smile, "it's the contents of the Treaty which we care about, and not its looks. This is only a mole on its face."

Whereupon Sir L. Dane, with great felicity, quoted the words of Hafiz, "I would give all Samarkand and Bokhara for the Indian-dark mole on the face of my lady-love."

This being a very well-known verse, was received with great applause, especially by the

Shahgassi, Abdul Kaddus Khan, who elaborated the jest later, and said, "Well, now that you have got your lady-love's mole, what about Samarkand and Bokhara for Afghanistan?"

To which Sir L. Dane replied, "Unfortunately for you, the Amir has kept the mole copy himself."

"At any rate," said the Shahgassi, "this Treaty will always be remembered by its mole, regarding which Mr Dane has quoted so aptly."

I should mention here that I am wrong in alluding to Abdul Kaddus Khan on this occasion as the Shahgassi; for by a royal proclamation he had recently been raised to the dignity of *I'timad-ud-dowlah*, or "Confidence of the State."

The signing of the Treaty was followed a few days after by a striking ceremony — a State Proclamation Durbar in the Salaam-Khana or Great Hall of Audience, beside the Ark Palace. To this we drove in full-dress uniform, through driving sleet and rain, on the 25th March. After the usual official reception we were conducted into a small ante-chamber, where his Highness received us. We then marched in procession into the great hall, the Amir leading the way, resplendent in scarlet, with many medals and orders on his breast, followed by Prince Nasrullah and Sir L. Dane. The Amir sat on a dais covered with scarlet and cloth-of-gold, on a gilt throne-chair, under a magnificent carved canopy. The hall itself was immense,

and finely decorated. On the Amir's right sat the Mission, on his left the princes of the blood. In the body of the hall were seated all the durbaris and officers, civil and military, of Kabul — in all, about two thousand persons. The uniforms made a brave show, though doubtless not so costly or elaborate as those of Europe. The Amir himself opened the proceedings with a few remarks about the Treaty that had been concluded, and the value he attached to the friendship of the British Government. Then on his order the Treaty itself was lifted from a gorgeous carved gold case and proclaimed by a herald, for the information of the nobles and officers of Kabul. Abdul Kaddus Khan, the "Confidence of the State," then advanced and said that the loyal subjects of his Highness wished to present an address of congratulation to the Amir and to Mr Dane on the conclusion of a Treaty so satisfactory to all concerned. His Highness bowed assent, and the address was read—a sonorous blend of rich metaphor and compliment. A poor old general unhappily had a fainting fit in the middle, falling to the floor with a clatter of arms. He was at once quietly and decorously removed. Sir L. Dane then rose, with the Amir's assent, and made a short and appropriate speech in Persian, thanking the Amir for his hospitality and expressing satisfaction at the successful issue of the joint labours of his Highness

and the Mission. The Durbar was then closed, the Amir leading the way out as before. Shortly before we left, his Highness invited us to a State banquet in the house of Prince Nasrullah, the "Londini Koti." We were bidden for 7 P.M., and drove through pelting rain and sleet to the prince's house. The grounds had been finely illuminated, but the rain played havoc with the twinkling *chiraghs* and hissing torches. We were ushered on arrival into an antechamber, and stood in a circle round the room with the Afghan notables who had been invited to meet us. The Amir came in wearing a black frock-coat with a low evening waistcoat, which appeared to be the ordinary informal evening-dress of the Afghan Court, and which they all wore except the Tory Abdul Kaddus, who was clad in his usual neatly-fitting *barak* (camel's-hair cloth). The Amir shook hands and led the way into the dining-hall, where an immense table was laid out with flowers and silver very much à l'*Anglaise*. The dinner itself was a compromise between East and West. It consisted of some fifteen courses, beginning with soup and ending with ice-pudding. There were many *kabobs* and "curries," and no less than three different *pilaws* in succession. The viands were excellent; and though some of the dishes — e.g., a mash of apples and lard — were not in accordance with Western gastronomies, many of them were most palatable. But the quantity was rather

alarming. The Afghans all sat on one side of the Amir and the Mission on the other — a very suitable arrangement, that enabled us all to talk with ease and freedom. In accordance with the Muhammadan tenet, no wine was provided, but we had been asked to bring our own wine if we liked. Of course, however, we did not do so; and though water or soda-water was the tippie, every one was in excellent spirits. After dinner his Highness said, "Let us go upstairs and smoke. Let it be understood that I want all ceremony put aside. We must be as friends with friends." We ascended into a fine well-furnished drawing-room with numberless autograph photographs of the Royalties of Europe, gifts to Prince Nasrullah when he visited the West. Cigarettes were handed round, and the talk flowed very freely. The Amir moved about talking in the friendliest manner, and our Afghan fellow-guests were most agreeable. I had some talk with the Amir's younger brother, Sirdar Umar Jan, who is dreadfully corpulent, although still little more than a boy. In a pause in the conversation he suddenly tapped my front teeth and said something which I could not understand. On inquiry I found he was asking whether they were false or not. I assured him that had they been, I would have got more sightly ones, and elicited a smile by asking if they made false teeth in the State workshops of which he is officially in charge. The

young Shahzada, who was present, having returned from India, was charming, talking most interestingly of his experiences. When asked by one of the officers of the Mission what had impressed him most in India, he replied, "The railway train and the 9th Lancers," mentioning very gracefully the distinguished regiment to which his interlocutor belonged. Fireworks were exhibited in the garden, and in spite of the wet they made a brave show; and gramophones and phonographs were turned on for our delectation. At about 10 P.M. we repaired to another room, where tea and coffee were served. The Amir insisted on making the coffee himself in a new machine that had just arrived, and very excellent it was. His Highness has a great fancy for all mechanical contrivances. After this refreshment the Amir presented us in turns first with a photograph of himself, which he signed then and there, and then with some very charming little presents, which he explained were private tokens of his regard, and quite apart from any official presents which he might give us. To one of the Mission he gave a jewelled gold pencil, remarking as he gave it, "I have watched you writing a great deal at the negotiations with a very unsightly (*badrang*) pencil. I trust you will use this instead." The Amir was hospitably loath to let us go, and the party did not break up till 1.30 A.M. The evening was

an unique experience, and impressed one greatly with the natural grace and courtesy of the manners of our neighbours over the border.

The whole Mission had a private audience with the Amir on the 27th to take their leave; and after two days of preparation for departure, during which we received the most magnificent official presents from his Highness,—carpets, furs, rugs, cloth, and horses, and also each an Afghan Order according to his status,—we despatched our advance luggage and camps for the homeward journey. On the 29th March we left Kabul at 9.30 in the morning in most unseasonable weather. A heavy snowstorm burst upon us; but as all our baggage had gone on, it was out of the question to stay. Moreover, we fully expected that the storm would soon be spent, and that we should have nothing worse to face than a slushy march. The guards who had so faithfully escorted us while at Kabul were drawn up at the gate as we rode out, and Sir L. Dane addressed a few words to them in Persian, thanking them for the care they had taken of us, and regretting the trouble we had given them. They shouted in reply that it had been no trouble, and wished us God-speed upon our way. They were good fellows, and we were sorry to say good-bye to them. A number of the Afghan chiefs accompanied us to the outskirts of the city, and as we passed the Ark

Barracks a salute was fired, and all the troops in garrison turned out and presented arms. Then began the most dismal march in driving sleet and snow. Our legs got soaked through at once, and it was bitter cold. After stumbling and slipping through the steadily increasing snow for five hours, we reached our destination—Samoch—to find the camp only half pitched. Many of the tents had collapsed with the weight of the snow, and the camp furniture was for the most part completely buried under the white blanket that covered everything. The snow fell in flakes like great pieces of wadding, and was already $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep. The sky was a dark dun colour, and the world seemed very damp and miserable. Falling snow has a curiously depressing effect at all times: on the natives it seemed to produce a kind of coma. The followers were helpless; the tent-pitchers apathetic, lethargic, like men in a dream. We had a strenuous time trying to arrange accommodation for them all for the night. But the worst of all was that the followers with the advance camp had only left at mid-day to cross the Latabund Pass—a most perilous proceeding in such weather. Late in the evening there occurred a characteristic incident of the Amir's kindly forethought for his guests. His private chamberlain arrived with 200 ponies lightly laden with necessaries, and a verbal message begging us to return and stay as long

as we pleased at Kabul. His Highness, the chamberlain said, would never have allowed us to leave in such weather had his returned refugees not assured him that it was the most marked characteristic of Englishmen never to turn aside from their plans when once formed. We thanked the Amir warmly; but as the snow was almost as bad in our rear as ahead, we decided to push on as soon as the Pass was practicable. The night was anything but restful. We had to spend most of it poking the tent roofs with long poles to dislodge the snow, which threatened to bring the tents down on our heads with the accumulating burden. This would have been disastrous, as the tents were enormous double-poled ceremonial structures, from which, had they fallen, it would have been almost impossible to extricate the victims alive. The next morning dawned dark and yellow, with heavy snow still falling. A general move was impossible, while matters were complicated by the fact that supplies for only one day's halt had been collected at Samoch; and our party, which, including the Afghan escort, was over 1000 strong, was compelled to go on quarter rations, if we were to stay. In the meantime Mr Dobbs, the secretary of the Mission, volunteered to press on with a few men and food and brandy, in order to rescue any of the poor followers of the advance camp whom he might find in distress on the

way. He had to push through about four feet of snow all the way up the Pass, and near the top he found the body of a muleteer who had died from exposure on the road,—the poor fellow lying on his back in the snow, staring at the cruel sky with sightless eyes. A little farther on he came on a cave which is used as a shelter by the post-runners. Into this a tent-pitcher had crawled in the last state of exhaustion. Liberal administration, however, of stimulants and food soon brought him round. The rest of the advance camp, with the Imperial cadet, Muhammad Akbar Khan, had managed to struggle through to Barikab,—a memorable feat,—but they were in a sorry plight, frost-bitten and fainting. The following day dawned bright and clear, with the great dun-black storm moving far north to the Hindu Khush mountains. We were able to push on, marching in single file between walls of snow over the Latabund. The glare from the snow was appalling, and a great number of the followers got snow-blindness, although the majority saved themselves by tying over their eyes green gauze, which we tore from the tent chicks and distributed among them. It was a dis-

agreeable experience, and the wonder is that instead of only one, we did not lose fifty followers. The severity of the life at Kabul had doubtless injured them to meet conditions which ordinarily would have been fatal to natives of India.

After a few days' marching through snow-covered hills we at last emerged on the Jelalabad valley, to find it smiling with emerald fields of early corn. It was a great relief to get into the warmth again, and to escape the harsh monotonous glare of the glistening snow. At Nimla Bagh we felt very distinctly the shock of earthquake that played such havoc at Dharmasala and in the Punjab generally. On April the 9th we reached once more the border of British territory, and said good-bye to the general, the *Mihmandar-bashi*, and the escort who had taken such good care of us. We were sorry to see the last of many of these genial fellows, who had been the companions of our rides for so many months. The next day brought us back to Peshawar and civilisation, the richer by many novel experiences, to which we shall always look back with the greatest pleasure.

A. H. GRANT.

SIR HENRY IRVING.

THE precarious nature of the actor's reputation has long been a familiar commonplace. If his fame, as Mr Stoker says, is won in minutes and seconds, he leaves no monument *ære perennius* behind him. He is at the mercy of his contemporaries,—of those who have seen him strut and fret; and he makes no direct appeal to posterity. We must needs take David Garrick and Edmund Kean upon trust, and for that very reason a peculiar debt of gratitude seems due to those who, by recording their impressions, enable later generations to grasp, as far as that is possible, the significance of an actor's method and to surprise the secret of his success. Hazlitt and Lamb afford instances where this has been done by men who added genius to the true zest of the playhouse, but short of their achievement much may be accomplished by intelligence, observation, and sympathy.

Mr Bram Stoker's two volumes,¹ appropriately and copiously illustrated, contain not a little that is interesting. The glimpses given behind the scenes, for example, will fascinate many who may have failed to realise the amount of labour and ingenuity required for the production of a play in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. But, upon the whole,

we are afraid that he has missed his chance. For many years he was Sir Henry Irving's acting manager and right-hand man, both on and off the stage. He was the recipient of his confidences, his accomplice in policy, the constant and ever-present witness of his failures and his triumphs. And if his privileges were exceptional, so also was the personality of his hero; for upon a strongly marked personality depended the whole of Irving's art and the whole of his conception of that art. Perhaps Mr Stoker stood too close to his subject to see him in a true perspective—perhaps he may have taken pen in hand a little too soon after the actor's death. But, whatever the explanation, the fact remains that a great opportunity has been lost. Mr Stoker has failed to endow his sketch with life. The outline is conventional where it is not vague, and the filling in shows a decided want of the sense of proportion. "The veil which covers the mystery of individual nature" (the phrase is Mr Stoker's own) has not been lifted. And thus the result must be pronounced disappointing, even granting that expectation soared a little too high.

There are, in truth, many blemishes in the book with which a critic might find fault

¹ Personal Reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving. By Bram Stoker. 2 vols. London: William Heinemann. 1906.

and yet come short of a Rhadamanthine standard of justice. It is too long by far, and contains much that is barely germane to the matter. We may cite as an instance of irrelevancy the narrative of the author's juvenile adventures among the works of Walt Whitman, and his subsequent correspondence and intercourse with that bard: all very interesting, no doubt, in its proper place, but entirely beside the purpose here. We are occasionally, indeed, driven to ask ourselves who, after all, is the chief personage in the story, and to speculate whether Sir Henry Irving's 'Personal Reminiscences of Bram Stoker,' if written on the principles on which this work is constructed, would not, in all probability, have told us considerably more about Sir Henry Irving than at the present moment we can profess to know.

Nor is this diffuseness atoned for by any charms or graces of style. Mr Stoker's vocabulary is not particularly well-found, and the epithets "subtle" and "masterly" appear to mark the high-tide of his efforts to express admiration. Strange bastard adjectives, like "basic," "pivotal," and "typal," drop every now and then from his pen; and the abuse to which the innocent little word "such" is subjected might move a fiend to tears. "I was thus able," he writes, *à propos* of

becoming a dramatic critic, "to direct public attention, so far as my paper could effect it, where in my mind such was required." This is but one out of at least a dozen instances of a usage dear to the soul of the country reporter, but of which we had imagined that Mr Percy Fitzgerald had practically a monopoly in the metropolis.¹

Again, Mr Stoker's incidental reflections upon life and art are neither very profound nor very original. Print and paper were not needed to certify us that "hissing hurts [an actor's] self-esteem," that, to be sure, being an organ notoriously susceptible of much less overt injury. Irving himself only read expurgated criticisms: criticisms "filtered through the judgment of his friends," as Mr Stoker puts it. In a rather laboured and obscure disquisition on the philosophy of acting, Mr Stoker remarks that "the wasp and the viper, the cuttle-fish and the stinging ray work to different ends from the sheep and the sole, the pheasant and the turtle." The observation is an eminently just one, but has been anticipated by the poet:—

"The feather'd race with pinions skim
the air—
Not so the mackerel, and still less the
bear:
This roams the wood, carnivorous for
his prey!
That with soft roe pursues his watery
way:

¹ Mr Fitzgerald's 'Sir Henry Irving' (Unwin: 1906), by the bye, has a sort of incoherent vivacity, though, but for the fact that the author partook frequently of the actor's hospitality, we should have been unable to guess that the feelings which inspired it were particularly friendly.

This, slain by hunters, yields his
shaggy hide;
That, caught by fishers, is on Sundays
cried."

But, for all his excursions into the obvious, we are not sure that we do not prefer Mr Stoker as a philosopher to Mr Stoker as a *raconteur*. Some of his "yarns" are amusing, but most of the stories which help to pad out the work (including, we think, all the Scotch ones) are neither new nor entertaining. No joke is too well worn for Mr Stoker; his is the enviable secret of perpetual youth. That is why, perhaps, he seems to believe in the "progress" of the arts and of everything else. He hints that a knowledge of "the influence of worms on the outer layer of the structure of the world" has materially modified the public taste in acting. He is nothing if not up to date—never more than a day and a half behind the fair. He compliments Mr Whistler on having been "before his time—long before it. He did fine work and created a new public taste." Purblind and obstinate reactionaries, like ourselves, who cling to the view (for which there is high authority) that the thing which was is the thing which shall be, and that there is no new thing under the sun, have naturally some difficulty in understanding this frame of mind. We are not in the habit of summarising our opinion of artists or works of art in terms of chronology. We do not read into the label which bears their date a connotation disparaging

or the reverse in proportion to their priority in time. "Medieval" has never commended itself to us as a term of withering contempt any more than of exaggerated and indiscriminate eulogy. But if we were to adopt this shorthand method of classification, we should set down Mr Stoker's general mental attitude, without the slightest hesitation, not as early-Victorian, but as pre-Noachian. And that, possibly, is why immense popularity is assured both for his jests and for his philosophy at any "large and fashionable luncheon-party" in Chicago.

The force of these and similar animadversions is undeniable, yet we own that Mr Stoker's work has exercised a species of fascination over us, and that we would willingly pardon a thousand faults more heinous than any to be discovered in its pages. It is not only that, as we have indicated, there are many passages of undoubted interest to the ordinary reader. The secret of its spell lies in the unstudied fidelity with which it reproduces the atmosphere of thought and feeling characteristic of the microcosm with which it is concerned—that singular region, so remote, so secluded, so far aloof from the common herd of men. There for close on thirty years has Mr Stoker lived and moved and had his being; he has snuffed its exhilarating breezes; he has revelled in its distinctive exhalations. Is it wonderful that his book should smell, not of the lamp, but of "the

lamps"? Is it wonderful if he is so steeped in its mysterious influences that for him the universe outside has to all intents and purposes ceased to exist?

It is a region of stupendous and amazing vanity, a region in which we count the world well lost so that our name be printed in large capital letters. It is a region in which success is anxiously desired and laboriously pursued, but in which success turns to Dead-sea fruit unless accompanied by an intangible something known as "recognition."

It is a region in which we speak (half pompously and half facetiously) of the King as His Most Gracious Majesty King Edward VII., R. and I. (a reminiscence this, surely, of the gas-lustre); in which we cannot mention the Rt. Hon. William Ewart Gladstone without calling him "that great Englishman"; and in which, if we have occasion to refer to a self-made man, we immediately ejaculate, "all honour to him." It is a region in which any act of ordinary civility is invariably stigmatised as "courteous." It is a region in which we habitually keep late hours long after we are old enough to know better. It is a region in which we take Mr Caine (the popular novelist) quite seriously, and sympathetically note that when he has finished a novel he is as exhausted as a woman after childbirth.

It is a region in which, when we have recited "The Dream of Eugene Aram," immensely

strong men — men who had played for years in the University football team—men who had edited a newspaper and had exercised their spare time in many ways—men who represented in their own persons something of that aim of University education, *mens sana in corpore sano*—burst out into something like a violent fit of hysterics. It is a region in which we thereupon present them with our photograph dated, signed, and inscribed "My dear friend So-and-so. God bless you! God bless you!!" It is a region in which, if our playhouse prospers, it becomes celebrated as a national asset, and in which, if we entertain distinguished foreigners to supper, we are said to aid the popularity of our country among the nations of the world.

It is a region of heartfelt *au revours*, of pent-up enthusiasm bursting forth like a storm, of roars of applause, of cheers, detonating cheers, full-throated Anglo-Saxon cheers, or else cheers which somewhat resemble a May shower, for they are sudden, fierce, and short. It is a region of many public banquets and multitudinous entertainments in our honour; a region in which, if the drama is ignored in the toast-list, something of a *faux pas* is felt to have been committed and is much commented on.

It is a region of addresses: of addresses presented by our fellow-actors in beautiful casquets of gold and crystal; of addresses presented by vice-

chancellors in delightful and carefully worded speeches. It is a region in which a public address (no ordinary one) is presented to us signed by all the great public officials both of the city and of the country, as thus:—

The Lord Mayor,
The High Sheriff,
The Lord Chancellor,
The Commander of the Forces,
The Lord Chief-Justices,
All the Judges,
All the City Members of Parliament,
The Provost of Dublin University,
The President of the College of Surgeons,
The President of the College of Physicians,
All the Public Officials,
And by a host of Leading Citizens.

It is a region where, throughout that ceremony, the Lord-Lieutenant makes a point of remaining in his box, so that he may be seen to be present.

It is a region in which we are always receiving honours "at the hands of" some public or quasi-public body, whereby our calling is elevated in the eyes of the world. It is a region in which we deliver lectures or receive honorary degrees at ancient seats of learning, and in which a weird figure called "Dr" Jowett, alleged to be a supreme authority on Plato, flits across the bewildering scene. It is a region in which a mayor, or vice-chancellor, or provost seems ever to brood over us, extending a cordial welcome on behalf of the community, while Leading Citizens hang respectfully on his every word.

It is a region of which inane

and dismal practical jokes form the principal diversion: the region whose abstract and far from brief chronicle is the theatrical gossip page of 'The Era': the region whose perpetual and immortal sovereign is Vincent Crummles: in a word, it is the stage.

And it is this region and no other (as Mr Barrie would say) which Mr Stoker has displayed to our sympathetic and admiring gaze with a native simplicity and a total want of humour possible only to an Irishman.

Mr Stoker, as we have hinted, is perhaps at his weakest and least convincing when he discourses of the art of acting and would fain elucidate the player's mystery. Such quasi-psychological discussions are almost always unsatisfactory. Every man must reach the goal in his own way. Irving refused to accept Diderot's Paradox, as he had a perfect right to do; but the fragments of his own theory here presented on a string of exposition by Mr Stoker are not particularly illuminating. All theorists would agree that intelligence, study, forethought, preparation, are indispensable to good acting, which is not composed of a series of "happy thoughts"; and we doubt if Irving's phrase about "passing a character through one's own mind" means anything more. The fact of "dual consciousness," on which Mr Stoker dwells, is not the rare or novel phenomenon he seems to suppose, being fam-

iliar enough to any one with the least practice in public speaking. But we are not to invite the reader into this trackless maze. Our purpose is to glance at the characteristics which distinguished Irving as an actor, and to trace what services, if any, he rendered to the British stage during an arduous and in many respects brilliant career. In this investigation, we fear, we can expect little or no assistance from our author.

One thing must be sorrowfully confessed, and that is that Irving did more than any man of his time to foster and indulge the depraved taste of the British public for "realism" and spectacle. If he did not descend a sulphur mine at the risk of his life to make sure that his audience got the "real thing," it was merely because a sulphur mine did not happen to fit into any of his plays. No one, of course, will maintain that Macbeth should be arrayed in a suit of tweeds, or the uniform of a Highland regiment. But a point is reached at which archæology becomes irrelevant, for the minutest attention to accuracy will never make the average "super" less absurd than he intrinsically is, any more than a coat of black paint all over will assist the most conscientious of tragedians to exhibit his conception of Othello. The point at which sumptuousness of decoration becomes merely distracting is reached much earlier. These boundary-marks Irving systematically overstepped. He paused not to

consider whether a drama may not be overloaded by the accumulation of unessential accessories; and, paradoxical as it sounds, he probably did more to expel the Shakespearian drama from the British theatre by his gorgeous revivals than he did to prolong or renew its languishing existence.

When he entered upon the management of the Lyceum, nothing would serve him but to replace the equipment found sufficient for "Hamlet" five years before with costly new scenery and dresses. "The taste of the public had so improved and their education so progressed," is Mr Stoker's explanation. But the appetite for senseless show, once pampered, grows like others by what it feeds on, so that a few seasons later unparalleled limelight effects, and real broken heads among the rival factions of Capulet and Montague, were invoked to carry off a grotesque Romeo, a mature Juliet, and a robust Mercutio whose voice (it has been said) possessed all the delicacy and charm of a brass band. Then came "Much Ado about Nothing," in many ways a pleasing and memorable performance. The Lyceum cult was in its zenith. Not to fall down and worship was to be set down as a sort of offender against grace. You went to the theatre in much the same spirit in which you were supposed to go to church, and you went to see *inter alia* a representation of the interior of a church on the stage. When you got there, you found Shakespeare trans-

posed and adorned with a tag of the manager's devising—for, as Mr Stoker euphemistically has it, "modern conditions" (whatever that may mean) "necessitate now and again the concentration of ideas, the emphasis of purposes." Sir Henry Irving had just as much and just as little scruple in cutting and carving upon Shakespeare to suit his own ends as Colley Cibber or any other actor-manager.

The quality of the play in hand made no difference. Its goodness or badness afforded an equally valid pretext for lavish decoration. "The story of Juliet and her Romeo," says Mr Stoker, "is one which not only lends itself to, but demands, picturesque setting." "Macbeth," he remarks again, "is a play that really requires the aid of artistic completeness. Its diction is so lordly, so poetical, so searching in its introspective power, that it lifts the mind to an altitude which requires and expects some corresponding elevation of the senses." On the other hand, an indifferent piece like "Ravenswood" required something to set it off, and Irving looked upon it as "needing all the help it could get." The craze for elaborate mounting culminated in the extravaganza of "Faust," with its Brocken scene and its childish apparition of pantomime angels, of which Mr Stoker declares that

"never was seen so complete, so subtle, so divine a vision on the stage." "Faust" was a great success both in London and in the provinces, but it exercised, we think, a baleful influence alike on the ideals and on the fortunes of the manager. We believe him to have been strong enough, had he had the will, to lead public taste along a nobler and safer path. Yet he never dispensed even with the ridiculous vision of the sledge in the snow in "The Bells." That he "helped his audience to think," may or may not be true. Certain it is that he would leave nothing to their imagination.

And this was one of the defects in his acting—a defect which the lapse of time did nought to remedy. All the i's must be dotted, all the t's crossed. "Business" was the very breath of his nostrils. What matter though it were irrelevant and inappropriate so long as it was "clever"? To describe his acting as "natural," in contradistinction to the style and method of the old school, seems to us a curious misuse of words. He was invariably stagey, and he was "always Irving." So much did he rely upon his own individuality that he took no pains (on the boards, at all events) to pronounce his native language with even moderate propriety or correctness.¹ The words of "Macbeth" are toler-

¹ A painstaking and fairly successful attempt to express in print his peculiarities of enunciation will be found in 'The Fashionable Tragedian: a Criticism' (Edinburgh and Glasgow: 1877)—an anonymous and amusing pamphlet, generally attributed to a writer who is now a prominent dramatic critic.

ably familiar to all playgoers; but, on the last occasion on which we saw him represent that hero, some years ago, his utterance resembled an inarticulate sort of bellow, and it was with difficulty that we followed his speeches. These characteristics told against him more in some pieces than in others. In melodrama, and in all parts where there was scope for the portrayal of some decided eccentricity or of a grim sardonic humour, he was excellent. In "The Bells" he was powerful, or at least used once to be; in "The Lyons Mail" he found his true element; and we believe he was admirable in "Jingle" and "Macaire." His method also well suited that glorified melodrama, "Richard III." All the grimacing and winking and leering were in harmony with the part of the hunchback, as they were with that of his brother monarch "Louis XI." His "Hamlet," too, had many striking qualities, and some of the earlier extravagances (such as the scribbling on his "tables" raised above his head and supported on the wall of the castle) were judiciously dropped. True, "Hamlet" is perhaps the best of all "acting plays," and the Prince of Denmark is a character with so many aspects and patient of so many different interpretations, that only a dullard can fail in it completely. But Irving is probably entitled to the distinction of having been the best—shall we say, the only?—Hamlet of his generation in England.

What he really lacked as an actor was repose and reticence—the power of self-suppression. To say with Mr Stoker, in his own grandiloquent way, that "the Irving school of acting" became "a part of the nation's glory," is merely to talk nonsense: there was no "Irving school" of acting, and there never could be. For with all his great gifts he did but succeed in perpetuating the restless tradition of the British stage, in obedience to which the comic-countryman makes believe to catch a blue-bottle during Mrs Crummles's heroics, so as to attract the notice of the London manager. Mr Stoker admits that as Napoleon in "Madame Sans-Gêne," Irving was too big for the play, and was "out of the picture," as the expression goes. He blames the playwrights, rather unfairly perhaps, for he has omitted to blame the author of "Cymbeline" in offering an identical criticism on Irving's Iachimo. Whatever share of censure may justly be allotted to the dramatist, the player must always take the larger proportion on his own shoulders. If he cannot sufficiently divest himself of a dominating personality, if he cannot reduce himself at need to insignificance, if he cannot withdraw into his shell, the less actor he. Innocent as we are of a sound convention in the matter, and destitute of anything in the shape of a "school" of acting at all, it is not easy to see how this elementary truth is to be inculcated in the members of "the profession" in this

country. From a municipal theatre we hope nothing; for a municipal theatre would merely wallow in pathos, jobbery, and the ratepayers' money to an extent that even Poplar and West Ham, in their most inspired and fortunate moments, have not yet been able to attain to.

We set eyes on Sir Henry Irving for the last time in the precincts of a venerable Court of Justice, where he was about to give evidence. There was the tall, stooping, emaciated figure in the short black coat; there were the fine though care-worn features set in a frame of long grizzled hair, and surmounted by a black silk hat with a prodigiously broad flat brim and a prodigiously tall cylindrical crown. As he stalked to and fro among the mob of clients and solicitors and members of the bar, he seemed, in a once familiar phrase, to bring the very scent of the Strand—of the heart of the old theatrical Bohemia—over the footlights. He made an admirable witness—clear, logical, and self-possessed; his manner was perfect, and he was always ready with the right answer under cross-examination, though much too wise to indulge in sharp retort or pert recrimination. Very rarely indeed has a man of his abilities and intellectual power

adorned the British stage. The glories of the Lyceum—the entertainments, the banquets, the receptions, the supper-parties, chronicled by Mr Stoker with a particularity which would be pathetic were it not monotonous—have long since departed; but the adversity that dogged his later years developed a latent fortitude and resolution of soul which might well have been sapped by a series of prosperity and adulation. Truly, if the successful actor is the petted child of fortune, the goddess balances her favours with cruel blows. Irving was not immune from the weaknesses and foibles apparently inseparable from the calling of his choice. But, having selected his walk in life, he was the soul of loyalty to his brethren from the greatest to the least. He was never a hanger-on of "society," though some members of "society" were eager to hang on to him; and he would have instinctively revolted from that last meanness which besets the histrionic mind—the trading professionally upon the practice of the domestic virtues in private life. He could wish no higher praise than that, in his own peculiar line, he was a great actor; and it will probably be long before his true niche in our theatre is filled.

NEW YORK.

To land at Hoboken in a quiet drizzle is to sound the depths of desolation. A raw, half-finished, unkempt street confronts you. Along the roadway, roughly broken into ruts, crawls a sad tram. The dishevelled shops bear odd foreign-looking names upon their fronts, and the dark men who lounge at their doors suggest neither the spirit of hustling nor the grandeur of democracy. It is, in truth, not a street, but the awkward sketch of a street, in which all the colours are blurred and the lines drawn awry. And the sense of desolation is heightened by the memory of the immediate past. You have not yet forgotten the pomp of a great steamship. The gracious harbour of New York is still shining in your mind's eye. If the sentiment of freedom be dear to you, you are fresh from apostrophising the statue of Liberty, and you may have just whispered to yourself that you are breathing a clearer, larger air. Even the exquisite courtesy of the officer who has invited you in the blindest terms to declare that you have no contraband, has belied the voice of rumour and imparted a glow of satisfaction. And then you are thrown miserably into the leaden despair of Hoboken, and the vision of Liberty herself is effaced.

But Hoboken is an easy place wherefrom to escape, and the traveller may pass through it the more cheerfully, because

it prepares him for the manifold contrasts which characterise New York. The towns of the old world have alternations of penury and affluence. In them also picturesque squalor obtrudes itself upon an ugly splendour. But New York, above all other cities, is the city of contrasts. As America is less a country than a collection of countries, so New York is not a city—it is a collection of cities. Here, on the narrow rock which sustains the real metropolis of the United States, is room for men and women of every faith and every race. The advertisements which glitter in the windows or are plastered upon the hoardings suggest that all nationalities meet with an equal and a flattering acceptance. The German regrets his fatherland the less when he finds a brilliant Bier-Halle waiting for his delight. The Scot no doubt finds the “domestic” cigar sweeter to his taste if Robert Burns adorns the box from which he takes it. And the Jew may be supposed to lose the sense of home-sickness when he can read the news of every day in his familiar Yiddish. But it is not only in the contrast of nationalities that New York proves its variety. Though Germans, Italians, and Irish inhabit their own separate quarters and frequent their own separate haunts, there are many other lines of division. No-

where in the world are there sharper, crueller distinctions of riches and poverty, of intelligence and boorishness, of beauty and ugliness. How, indeed, shall you find a formula for a city which contains within its larger boundaries Fifth Avenue and the Bowery, the Riverside Drive and Brooklyn, Central Park and Coney Island?

And this contrast of race and character is matched by the diversity of the city's aspect. Its architecture is as various as its inhabitants. In spite of demolition and utility, the history of New York is written brokenly upon its walls. Here and there you may detect an ancient frame-house which has escaped the shocks of time and chance, and still holds its own against its sturdier neighbours. Nor is the memory of England wholly obliterated. Is there not a homely sound in Maiden Lane, a modest thoroughfare not far from Wall Street? What Englishman can feel wholly abroad if he walk out to the Battery, or gaze upon the austere houses of Washington Square? And do not the two churches of Broadway recall the city of London, where the masterpieces of Wren are still hedged about by overshadowing office and frowning warehouse? St Paul's Chapel, indeed, is English both in style and origin. It might have been built to Sir Christopher's own design, and, flanked by the thirty-two storeys of the Park Row building, it has the look of a small and dainty toy. Though Trinity Church, dedicated to the glory of God and

the Astors, stands in an equally strange environment, it is less incongruous, as it is less elegant, than St Paul's. Its spire falls not more than a hundred feet below the surrounding sky-scraper, and were it not for its graveyard it might escape notice. But its graveyard is one of the wonders of the New World. Rich in memories of colonial days, it remains as lucid a piece of history as New York has to show. The busy mob of cosmopolitans, intent upon trusts and monopolies, which passes its time-worn stones day after day, may find no meaning in its tranquillity. But the wayfarer who is careless of the hours will obey the ancient counsel and stay a while. The inscriptions carry him back to the days before the Revolution, or even into the seventeenth century. Here lies Richard Churcher, who died in 1681, aged no more than five. And there is buried William Bradford, who printed the first newspaper that ever New York saw, the forefather in a long line of the Yellowest Press on earth. And there is inscribed the name of John Watts, the last Royal Recorder of New York. Thus the wayfarer may step from Broadway into the graveyard of a British colony, and forget, in contemplating the familiar examples of a lapidary style, that there ever was a tea-party at Boston.

These contrasts are wayward and accidental. The hand of chance has been merciful, that is all; and if you would fully

understand New York's self-conscious love of incongruity it is elsewhere that you must look. Walk along the Riverside Drive, framed by nature to be, what an enthusiast has called it, "the finest residential avenue in the world." Turn your back to the houses, and contemplate the noble beauty of the Hudson River. Look from the terrace of Claremont upon the sunlit scene, and ask yourself whether Paris herself offers a gayer prospect. And then face the "high-class residences," and humble your heart. Nowhere else will you get a clearer vision of the inappropriateness which is the most devoutly worshipped of New York's idols. The human mind cannot imagine anything less like "residences" than these vast blocks of vulgarity. The styles of all ages and all countries have been recklessly imitated. The homes of the millionaires are disguised as churches, as mosques, as mediæval castles. Here you may find a stronghold of feudalism cheek by jowl with the quiet mansion of a colonial gentleman. There Touraine jostles Constantinople; and the climax is reached by Mr Schwab, who has decreed for himself a lofty pleasure-dome, which is said to resemble Chambord, and which takes its place in a long line of villas, without so much as a turnip-field to give it an air of seclusion or security. In this vainglorious craving for discomfort there is a kind of naïveté which is not without its pathos. One proud lady, whose husband, in the words

of a dithyrambic guide-book, "made a fortune from a patent glove-hook," boasts that her mansion has a glass-room on the second floor. Another vain householder deems it sufficient to proclaim that he spent two million dollars upon the villa which shelters him from the storm. In brief, there is scarcely a single palace on the Riverside which may not be described as an antic of wealth, and one wonders what sort of a life is lived within these gloomy walls. Do the inhabitants dress their parts with conscientious gravity, and sit down to dine with the trappings of costume and furniture which belong to their house? Suppose they did, and suppose in obedience to a signal they precipitated themselves upon the highway, there would be such a masquerade of fancy dress as the world has never seen.

The Riverside Drive, then, is a sermon in stones, whose text is the uselessness of uncultured dollars. If we judged New York by this orgie of tasteless extravagance, we might condemn it for a parvenu among cities, careless of millions and sparing of discretion. But New York, if it be a parvenu, is often a parvenu of taste, and has given many a proof of intelligence and refinement. The home of great luxury, it does not always, as on the Riverside, mistake display for beauty. There are houses in the neighbourhood of Fifth Avenue which are perfect in reticence and suitability. The clubs of New

York are a splendid example even to London, the first home of clubs. In Central Park the people of New York possesses a place of amenity and recreation which Europe cannot surpass; and when you are tired of watching the antics of the leisurely chipmunk, who gambols without haste and without fear, you may delight in a collection of pictures which wealth and good management will make the despair and admiration of the world. Much, of course, remains to do, and therein New York is fortunate. Her growing interest in sculpture and architecture is matched by a magnificent opportunity. In the Old World much has been accomplished. Our buildings are set up, our memorials dedicated, our pictures gathered into galleries. America starts, so to say, from scratch; there is no limit to her ambition; and she has infinite money. If the past is ours, the future is hers, and we may look forward to it with curiosity and with hope.

But the architects of America have not only composed works in accordance with the old traditions and in obedience to ancient models; they have devised a new style and a new method of their own. To pack a vast metropolis within a narrow space, they have made mountains of houses, they have piled Pelion upon Ossa. When the rock upon which their city stands proved insufficient for their ambition, they conquered another kingdom in the air. The sky-scrappers, indeed, which

lift their lofty turrets to the heaven, are the pride of New York. It is upon them that the returning traveller gazes most eagerly, as he nears the shore. They hold a firmer place in his heart even than the Statue of Liberty, and the vague sentiment which it inspires. With a proper vanity he points out to the poor Briton, who shudders at five storeys, the size and grandeur of his imposing palaces. And his arrogance is just. The sky-scraper presents a new view of architecture. It is original, characteristic, and beautiful. Suggested and enforced, as I have said, by the narrowness of the rock, it is suitable to its atmosphere and environment. New York is a southern, sunlit city, which needs protection from the heat and need not fear obscurity. Even where the buildings are highest, the wayfarer does not feel that he is walking at the bottom of a well. But, let it be said at once, the sky-scraper would be intolerable in our grey and murky land. London demands a broad thoroughfare and low houses. These are its only defence against a covered sky and an enveloping fog, and the patriotic Americans who would transplant their sky-scrappers to England merely prove that they do not appreciate the logic and beauty of their own architecture.

What, then, is a sky-scraper? It is a giant bird-cage, whose interstices are filled with stone or concrete. Though its structure is concealed from the eye, it is impossible not to wonder

at its superb effrontery. It depends for its effect, not upon ornament, which perforce appears trivial and inapposite, but upon its mass. Whatever approaches it of another scale and kind is dwarfed to insignificance. The Sub-Treasury of the United States, for instance, looks like a foolish plaything beside its august neighbours. Where sky-scrapers are there must be no commemorative statues, no monuments raised to merely human heroes. The effigy of Washington in Wall Street has no more dignity than a tin soldier. And as the sky-scraper makes houses of a common size ridiculous, so it loses its splendour when it stands alone. Nothing can surpass in ugliness the twenty storeys of thin horror that is called the Flat-iron, and it is ugly because it stands alone and apart in Madison Square, a place of reasonable dimensions. But the vast masses which frown upon Wall Street and Broadway are austere, like the pyramids. They seem the works of giants, not of men. They might be a vast phenomenon of nature, which was before the flood, and which has survived the shocks of earthquake and the passage of the years. And when their summits are lit by the declining sun, when their white walls look like marble in the glow of the reddening sky, they present such a spectacle as many a strenuous American crosses the ocean to see in Switzerland, and crosses it in vain.

New York, indeed, is a city

of many beauties, and with a reckless prodigality she has done her best to obscure them all. Driven by a vain love of swift traffic, she assails your ear with an incessant din and your eye with the unsightliest railroad that human ingenuity has ever contrived. She has sacrificed the amenity of her streets and the dignity of her buildings to the false god of Speed. Why men worship Speed, a demon who lies in wait to destroy them, it is impossible to understand. It would be as wise and as practical to worship Sloth. But the citizens of New York, as they tell you with an insistent and ingenuous pride, are "hustlers." They must ever be moving, and moving fast. The "hustling," probably, leads to little enough. Haste and industry are not synonymous. To run up and down is but a form of restless idleness. The men who do the work of the world sit still, surrounded by bells and telephones. Such heroes as J. Pierpont Morgan and John D. Rockefeller are never surprised on train or trolley. They show themselves furtively behind vast expanses of plate-glass, and move only to eat or sleep. But the common citizen of New York is never quiet. He finds it irksome to stay long in the same place. Though his house may be comfortable, even luxurious, he is in a fever to leave it. And so it comes about that what in his jargon is called "transportation" is the most important thing in his life. We give the word another signification. To New

York it means the many methods of conveying passengers from one point to another. And the methods, various as they are, keep pace with the desires of the restless citizen, who may travel at what pace and altitude he desires. He may burrow, like a rabbit, beneath the ground. If he be more happily normal in his tastes he may ride in a surface car. Or he may fly, like a bird through the air, on an overhead railway. The constant rattle of cars and railways is indescribable. The overhead lines pass close to the first-floor windows, bringing darkness and noise wherever they are laid. There are offices in which a stranger can neither hear nor be heard, and yet you are told that to the accustomed ear of the native all is silent and reposeful. And I can easily believe that a sudden cessation of din would bring an instant madness. Nor must another and an indirect result of the trains and trams which encircle New York be forgotten. The roads are so seldom used that they are permitted to fall into a ruinous decay. Their surface is broken into ruts and yawns in chasms. To drive "down-town" in a carriage is to suffer a sensation akin to sea-sickness; and having once suffered, you can understand that it is something else than the democratic love of travelling in common that persuades the people of New York to clamber on the overhead railway, or to take its chance in a tram.

Movement, then, noisy and

incessant, is a characteristic of New York. Perhaps it is the brisk air which drives men to a useless activity. Perhaps it is no better than an ingrained and superstitious habit. But the drowsiest foreigner is soon caught up in the whirl. He needs neither rest nor sleep. He, too, must be chasing something which always eludes him. He, too, finds himself leaving a quiet corner where he would like to stay, that he may reach some place which he has no desire to see. Even though he mount to the tenth or the twentieth storey, the throb of the restless city reaches him. Wall Street is "hustling" made concrete. The Bowery is crowded with a cosmopolitan horde which is never still. Brooklyn Bridge and Brooklyn Ferry might be the cross-roads of the world. There a vast mob is passing hither and thither, on foot, on boats, on railroads. What are they doing, whither are they going, these scurrying men and women? Have they no business to pursue, no office-stool to sit upon, no typewriting machines to jostle? And when you are weary of transportation, go into the hall of a big hotel and you will find the same ceaseless motion. On all sides you will hear the click, click, of telephone and telegram. On all sides you will see eager citizens scanning the tape, which brings them messages of ruin or success. But nowhere, save in a secluded bar or a stately club, will you find a single man content to be alive and to

squander the leisure that God has given him.

And with all her undying haste New York is not content. She must still find other means of saving time. And to save time she has strained all the resources of civilisation. In that rather dismal thing called "material progress" she is easily ahead of the world. Never was the apparatus of life so skilfully turned and handled as in New York. There are no two fixed points which are not easily connected by iron lines. There seems no reason why a citizen of New York should ever walk, and it is not a little strange that his legs were not atrophied long ago. If stairs exist, he need not use them, for an express lift, warranted not to stop before the fifteenth floor, will carry him in a few seconds to the top of the highest building. If he open a cupboard door, the mere opening of it lights an electric lamp, and he need not grope after a coat by the dim light of a guttering candle. At his bed-head stands a telephone, and, if he will, he may speak to a friend a thousand miles away without moving from his pillow. But time is saved—of that there is no doubt. My only doubt is, whether it is worth saving. When New York has saved her time, what does she do with it? She merely squanders it in riotous movement and reckless transportation. Thus she lives in a vicious circle—saving time that she may spend it, and spending it that again she may save it. Nor can this

material progress be achieved without a loss of what the Old World prizes most highly. To win all the benefits which civilisation affords, you must lose peace and you must sacrifice privacy. The many appliances which save our useless time may only be enjoyed in common. The citizens of New York travel, live, and talk in public. They have made their choice, and are proud of it. Englishmen are still reckless enough to waste their time in pursuit of individualism, and I think they are wise. For my part, I would rather lose my time than save it, and the one open conveyance of New York which in pace and conduct suits my inclination is the Fifth Avenue Stage.

But New York is unique. It baffles the understanding and defies observation. In vain you search for a standard of comparison. France and England set out many centuries ago from the same point and with the same intention. America has nothing in common, either of purpose or method, with either of these countries. To a European it is the most foreign city on earth. Untidy but flamboyant, it is reckless of the laws by which life is lived elsewhere. It builds beautiful houses, it delights in white marble palaces, and it thinks it superfluous to level its roads. Eager for success, worshipping astuteness as devoutly as it worships speed, it is yet indifferent to the failure of others, and seems to hold human life in light esteem.

Young in years, it possesses the rage and hardness of youth. In brief, it is a braggart city of medieval courage and medieval cruelty, combining the fierceness of an Italian republic with a perfect faith in mechanical contrivance and an ardent love of material progress.

Here, then, are all the elements of interest and curiosity. And happy are the citizens who watch from day to day the fight that never before has been fought on the same terms. But yet more strangely baffling than the city are the citizens. Who are they, and of what blood and character? What, indeed, is a New Yorker? Is he Jew or Irish? Is he English or German? Is he Russian or Polish? He may be something of all these, and yet he is wholly none of them. Something has been added to him which he had not before. He is endowed with a briskness and an invention often alien to his blood. He is quicker in his movement, less trammelled in his judgment. Though he may lose wisdom in sharpening his wit, the change he undergoes is unmistakable. New York, indeed, resembles Medea's cauldron. Those who are cast into it are born again. For a generation some vague trace of accent or habit may remain. The old characteristics must needs hang about the newly-arrived immigrant. But in a generation these characteristics are softened or disappear, and there is produced a type which seems remote from all its origins. As yet the process of amalgamation is incomplete, and it is

impossible to say in what this hubble-bubble of mixed races will result. Nor have we any clue of historical experience which we may follow. The Roman Empire included within its borders many lands and unnumbered nationalities, but the dominant race kept its blood pure. In New York and the other great cities of America the soil is the sole common factor. Though all the citizens of the great republic are born upon that soil, they differ in blood and origin as much as the East of Europe differs from the West. And it is a mystery yet unpierced that, as the generations pass, they approach nearer and nearer to uniformity, both in type and character.

And by what traits do we recognise the citizen of New York? Of course there is no question here of the cultivated gentleman, who is familiar in Paris and London, and whose hospitality in his own land is an amiable reproach to our own too frequent thoughtlessness, but of the simpler class which confronts the traveller in street and train, in hotel and restaurant. The railway guard, the waiter, the cab-driver — these are the men upon whose care the comfort of the stranger depends in every land, and whose tact and temper are no bad index of the national character. In New York, then, you are met everywhere by a sort of urbane familiarity. The man who does you a service, for which you pay him, is neither civil nor uncivil. He contrives, in a

way which is by no means unpleasant, to put himself on an equality with you. With a mild surprise you find yourself taking for granted what in your own land you would bitterly resent. Not even the curiosity of the nigger, who brushes your coat with a whisk, appears irksome. For the habit of years has enabled white man and black to assume a light and easy manner, which in an Englishman, born and trained to another tradition, would appear impertinence.

But familiarity is not the only trait which separates the plain man of New York from the plain man of London. The New Yorker looks upon the foreigner with the eye of patronage. To his superior intelligence the wandering stranger is a kind of natural, who should not be allowed to roam alone and at large. And before you have been long in the land you find yourself shepherded, and driven with an affability, not unmixed with contempt, into the right path. Again, you do not resent it, and yet are surprised at your own forbearance. A little thought, however, explains the assumed superiority. The citizen of New York has an ingenuous pride and pleasure in his own city and in his own prowess, which nothing can daunt. He is convinced, especially if he has never travelled beyond his own borders, that he engrosses the virtue and intelligence of the world. The

driver of a motor-car assured me, with a quiet certitude which brooked no contradiction, that England was cut up into sporting estates for the "lords," and that there the working man was doomed to an idle servility. "But," said he, "there is no room for bums here." This absolute disbelief in other countries, combined with a perfect confidence in their own, has persuaded the citizens of New York to look down with a cold and pitiful eye upon those who are so unfortunate as to be born under an effete monarchy. There is no bluster in their attitude, no insistence. The conviction of superiority is far too great for that. They belong to the greatest country upon earth; they alone enjoy the true blessings of freedom; they alone understand the dignity of labour and the spirit of independence; and they have made up their minds kindly but firmly that you shall not forget it.

Thus you carry away from New York a memory of a lively air, gigantic buildings, incessant movement, sporadic elegance, and ingenuous patronage. But when you have separated your impressions, the most vivid and constant impression that remains is of a city where the means of life conquer life itself, whose citizens die hourly of the rage to live.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

OUR FRIEND THE MULE.

To speak kindly of the mule to a circle of those that know him not, is too often to find one's remarks received with a frank incredulity that is hardly to be distinguished from rudeness. It is as though one had told a dog story. The subject seems to be one upon which the mind of the public is hopelessly made up. Born under a cloud,—for, alas! he is illegitimate, a fact of which he is profoundly aware,—it is under a cloud that the mule is doomed to live. We credit him with two positive virtues, sure-footedness and a strong back, neither of which he can help; for the rest, general opinion is sufficiently indicated by the fact that the word "mulish" has been introduced into the language as an expression for pig-headed cussedness in its adjectival form. This being the case, and as one is conscious that the general tendency of this paper is towards the rehabilitation of the mule, it becomes necessary to state, by way of preface, that the opinions set forward are the result of an acquaintance with our friend which was spread over some years, and included, on terms of more or less intimacy, some few hundreds of him.

And, indeed, even assuming that the worst were true, it is hardly for us to blame the beast. For the mule is not natural, but artificial. The Zoo knows him not; neither,

presumably, did the Ark. He was not included in the scheme of Nature, but is the invention of man; actually, he is man's contribution to the animal kingdom, and it would be only decent, in weighing his characteristics, to remember our own responsibility in the matter. But no. Man gets his slave, and then gives it a sore back and a bad reputation. The horse is noble; there is pathos in the ass; let us beat the mule.

But injustice is one thing, want of justification another. It may be said that there is no smoke without fire; that the mules one comes casually across *do* kick; that they *are* obstinate; and, therefore, that the normal mule is plainly a thing of naughtiness, of vice. Well, it all depends upon what you mean by the normal mule. The mule of which I speak is one that has known the ordinary surroundings of, say, the British horse; he has been treated with the usual attention and kindness to which that animal is accustomed—in fact, he has become more or less familiar with those just men, Thomas Atkins and his officer. I do not think that this is an animal that can rightly be called abnormal. If such methods of treatment as applied to the mule are exceptional, the more shame for us; but you cannot call a character normal which has been warped by neglect and

ill-treatment. Let it be remembered, then, that however great the difference between the mule I describe and the mule of popular imagination, the former is merely an animal that has been given a fair chance, has been allowed to develop in a normal manner, and consequently is the normal mule to any one who has not got the heart of a brute.

For convenience' sake, let us at once deal with the two cardinal vices with which the mule is popularly credited—namely, the vice of stubbornness and the vice of kicking. Now, I readily grant that, *if* a mule is obstinate, the white cliffs of England are not more immovable; also that, *if* a mule kicks, he combines in the act the force of a piston with the accuracy and wholehearted enthusiasm of a dancer in musical comedy. At the same time, of the mules I have known,—remembering what I mean by a mule,—speaking from recollection, I can recall two that were viciously stubborn and two that kicked from vice; and in each case these vices were combined in the same animal, which makes two vicious mules in all. In both these instances the obstinacy arose from a rooted objection to one particular nature of work, and of such objection the kicking was the outward and visible protest. One of these animals persistently declined to carry a load, but put a saddle on her back and she went like an angel. The other accepted the load with docility. She would also go extremely

well in a cart—up to a certain point. She lived on a hill,—to be exact, in the Citadel in Cairo,—and at the foot of that hill, on her return journey, she resolutely and dogmatically drew the line. Thus far would she go, and no farther; as to dragging a cart up that cursed slope, she was adamant. But to condemn a whole race on two partial instances would be somewhat analogous to the case of the recalcitrant jurymen: “Ah, thin, eleven more obstinit men I never met.” Indeed, so far as my own experience goes, one is inclined to take these animals as exceptions, and to deduce the general law that the mule does *not* kick from vice and is *not* viciously obstinate; and I doubt if a smaller proportion of exceptions could be found for any rule applied to any order of being or any class of character.

And again, kicking in the mule takes two forms, one for general purposes, one for assault. In the first, his heels tend to describe an arc of a circle about his fore-feet as pivot. In the latter, he thrusts out one leg, like a cow. But I have only once been kicked by a mule, and that was by a raw remount who had probably never been spoken to kindly in his life, and to whom the white man was only a new kind of enemy. I leave him out, therefore, though he nearly kicked me into the next world; and, speaking generally, with regard to this form of vice, I have little doubt that you

could go down the lines of a British mountain-battery with a good deal more chance of immunity from the assaulting hoof than you would get from those of the walers of a field-battery in India. But I would offer a word of counsel to any one who thinks of trying the experiment. The horse will give you warning,—when he meditates guile, his aspect is that of a sinner; but the first notice you get of a mule's kick is the impact of his foot. He does not lay his ears back; he is extremely accurate in his aim; and in range his leg is almost telescopic.

The ability of the mule as a worker is, we know, recognised; his back is strong, and his feet are sure. This, no doubt, is all very well as far as it goes, but, like the cow's tail, which was meant to brush off flies, it does not go far enough. The finer qualities of the working mule are not those of accidental mechanics; they are of the head and the heart. A more willing beast never existed; and, if he has equals, he has few if any superiors in the matters of endurance and good-humoured philosophy. This is high praise, but one example will make it good. The mountains of Baluchistan are, as ground for marching over, particularly unpleasant. The "going" is mainly over loose stones; there is no shade, practically no water, and to all intents and purposes you make your path as you go along. During manœuvres some years ago,

we started one morning before dawn and marched under such conditions, up and down, down and up, till about 3.30. The force thus pushed ahead was small when it started; it was smaller still when it came into action. But the guns were there. One mule only fell out, one of my own. The mules of a mountain-battery are provided with reliefs, but on this occasion we had no time to get the relief line up and change loads. The mule I mention marched on, hour after hour, mile after mile, showing no slackness, offering no complaint, and finally fainted away with the load on her back—fell down in a swoon like a girl. And there is your pig-headed obstinacy.

Now this was not an isolated case. The only difference between her and her companions in misfortune was that she happened to faint and they did not. And, though I am not concerned to uphold the mule as superior to the horse, remember this. The horse will gallop his heart out: he is uplifted by excitement. He may die between the shafts; but will he go on to such a pitch without an occasional persuader? But if there exists any less exhilarating form of work than that of these mules I have yet to learn what it is: they were not flogged up to it; and they had not even the support of knowing that they were going towards their nosebags, for, as far as they could tell, they were moving in exactly the opposite direction. I do not think I need

labour the point of the mule's willingness, comparative or otherwise.

But it is, as we know, as a mountaineer that the mule shines, and here again merely to mention his surefootedness is not to go nearly far enough. Soon after I joined a mountain-battery we were taken out for a big climb, with the express object of showing what could be done in that way, and some of the problems the mules solved on that occasion were of a nature to make the hair stand on end. I would as soon have asked them to climb a tree. The weight carried is great, ranging, as it used to, from 260 to 360 lb.; the ease with which impossibilities are achieved is ridiculous; and the philosophic coolness with which a mule will stand, with all his four feet close together, perched on a pinnacle of nothingness, and thence determine the next downward step into the void, is a study of cheerfulness and sound sense under difficulties to which I know no parallel. He never loses his head. He never seems to want to turn back. He does not get frightened at prospective perils. He knows exactly what is wanted of him, and literally brings his mind to bear on each emergency as it comes up. And it is at such times that one begins to see that the mule is not only a beast of burden, but a strange and fascinating mystery.

It must not, however, be supposed that the mule is devoid of animal weaknesses. Far from it. He is extremely susceptible to cold and want

of work, and, like a fresh horse, under those bracing influences will betray a spirit of irresponsible larkiness that is deplorable. In such a mood he loves to wait till the load is on his back, and then, before it can be strapped on, with one hilarious uplifting of his hind-parts to send half a gun or a steel carriage hurtling over his head. But we must distinguish between kicking of this nature and kicking from vice. His action is merely that of a fresh hunter on a cold morning. And at such a time, on the flat, one is likely to see something that is worth money. A battery manoeuvres at a walk. This, to the bursting mule, is apt to become monotonous. Presently the battery comes to a ditch. The mule has to jump, and the driver must give him the length of his leading-rein. That is all he wants. Over he goes, and with the impetus thus acquired makes one glorious dash for freedom. Now the mule has no mouth, and to pull him up once he has a start is about as easy as to stop a runaway motor-car by hauling at the lamps. At the same time, the driver knows that the manumission of his captive is attended by an automatic penalty. Consequently he hangs on to his end of the rein for dear life till, as the mule gathers speed, he is compelled over the terrain with the prodigious strides of the ostrich. His great boots twinkle, and his flying feet scarce touch the ground. But the space-annihilating powers of the human

leg have limits, and too often that limit is reached. The moment comes when "something must go." With a gesture of despairing protest the driver's end of the rein is cast wildly away as though to the winds, and the mule passes victoriously on to freedom. The sight, though maddening, was exquisitely laughable; and it is to the mule's credit that, having blown off steam, he was pleased to return graciously to his place in the procession, and resume his duties with the demure aspect of one in whose mouth butter would not melt.

It is an odd thing that, though as a rule the mule's trot is a run and his canter a scuttle, in these moments of abandonment he will sometimes give a display of natural paces that are extraordinarily fine. As a rule he keeps these performances for the level, but I still have in my eye the picture of a great grave mule, with a Roman nose and a head like a suit-case, trotting imperially about on the side of a hill that was not only extremely steep, but mainly made up of loose stones. He had over 260 pounds on his back, and from his nonchalance and superb action might have been supposed to be showing off on a specially prepared track. As a matter of detail one may mention that, however good the mule's paces may be, his lack of mouth would certainly prevent their exploitation on the turf. Some years ago, I believe that one of the batteries at Rawulpindi had a mule that could beat any pony in the place

over hurdles; but, as a rule, a mule race ends in the field sidling tangentially off for home from the nearest corner.

Apart, however, from his conduct as a labourer the mule is the possessor of certain traits, both mental and physical, which are equally curious and valuable. In the first place, he works up to a comparatively considerable age. The one of whom I have made honourable mention was, if my memory serves me, fifteen years old; and a baggage-mule we had underwent, at the age, I think, of twelve years, a surgical operation that would only be attempted on a young horse, and was perfectly well in a very short time. Again, the mule has not got the nerves which, in the horse, have led to the saying that he is a fool. When he is being entrained, he may play the idiot outside purely from levity, but once he is in he shows no sign of alarm: a horse may go in quietly, and get wildly upset when he finds himself in his unfamiliar surroundings. I have often wondered what would happen if a mule saw a ghost. One hears that such a sight has a parlous effect on horses and dogs, but I imagine that a mule would either take no notice or put his ears back to be stroked. At the same time, this collectedness is not mated to slowness or stupidity. The mule is surpassingly wise, and, if the following anecdote is to be accepted (and it comes from an untainted source), he is capable of rapid thought and prompt action in an emergency. This

was told me by an officer who, so to speak, was a comrade of the mule in question. It was in Burmah, and when the mules were, I think, returning from water, the situation became complicated by the sudden arrival of a mad dog. The difficulty, however, was immediately adjusted. A mule volunteered for the post of honour. Moving out, the intrepid creature went for that mad dog, rose in the air, came down on its body, and stamped the life out of it.

Physically speaking, again, the mule has the horse's coat, but will look extremely handsome with only half the amount of grooming. He is less difficult in his food—he seems to enjoy blankets and tails—but is nicer with regard to water. His foot, though often badly shaped, is extremely hard; indeed, he can perfectly well go unshod. And, most valuable of all, he is provided with an unfailing remedy for fatigue! I refer to rolling. Is your mule exhausted? Strip him of his burdens, and leave him alone. He will roll; for not only is a roll a magic recuperator for his flagging energies, but, by a wise decree of Providence, it is a practice of which he is passionately fond. And you should watch him. The delirium with which he begins, the relish with which he employs each side in turn, and then lies, deeply thinking, spread out perfectly flat, and plainly concentrating his mind on the last great effort, the enthusiasm with which he tries to roll clean over, and

the air of satisfied triumph with which he gets up, having done so, are little less than exhilarating to the weary man that is looking on.

For his qualities in private life, the mule has undoubtedly a sense of humour, though of an elementary type. I do not know whether his reason for denuding his neighbour's tail of hair is that the naked result appeals to his idea of the ridiculous: it is possible. Sometimes, when I have been standing looking at one mule with my hands behind my back, the stick I was holding has been very gently drawn through my grasp and dropped on to the ground; and when I have turned upon the sinner, the transparent innocence on his countenance seemed to show that he enjoyed the jest. But of one joke the mule never tires. During the process of having his girths tightened he will inhale deeply, with the result that, when he resumes his natural dimensions, the work has to be done all over again. This is a jest from which the absurd creature derives an exquisite relish.

Both in his voice and his use of it the mule is quite individual. Unlike the horse, he does not greet his comrades from afar, nor is he given to the derisive paroxysms of melody with which the ass is wont to regale his lighter moments. Indeed, he is a silent sort of beast. I think he only sings by way of thanksgiving. He will acclaim the time-gun if in his mind he

connects it with any festivity, and the stirring sound of the feed-call will invariably promote his psalm. His song appears to be limited to a grace before meat. And such a song as it is! Though his theme be joy, and his spirit uplifted, he has been endowed with a long-drawn melancholious wail that would seem to announce that he has plumbed the very depths of grief. To hear a whole battery of mules raising a pæan in chorus is as depressing as the sound of a funeral march.

And in considering these individual traits one is led back to a point of view of which mention has been made—namely, the mule as a mystery. Here we have an animal standing midway between the horse and the ass, each of which has its own tribal characteristics. But the mule, instead of inheriting his traits from either or both of his parents, blossoms out as a thing by himself. Now where does he get these traits from? Why is he so magnificent a mountaineer? Whence come his intelligence and common-sense? And why does he combine with these two qualities his lack of nerves? Why, again, when he has his mother's coat, does half the attention produce an equal result? What makes him particular as to his drink? If we accept him as a fluke, and say no more about it, the matter becomes almost more complicated. For, assuming his physical qualities, how about his mental? In an ordinary

case, one is wont to ascribe any high powers to a scientific process of reproduction—that is to say, to evolution properly directed. But the mule in his own peculiar qualities has nothing to do with evolution. The rolling centuries affect him not. With the birth and death of every mule, Creation pauses. As the first mule was, so will the last mule be,—a creature of individual characteristics, which are not to be tempered, mitigated, or extended by any process that can be employed to the improvement of nature in general. He is a creature without continuity,—excellence ready-made but sterile,—and as such he must remain for all time a dark and insoluble mystery.

Throughout this paper I have striven to bear in mind the injunction—

“Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice,”—

and I still do so when I say that, if asked to describe the mule's temperament in general, I should call it one of peculiar docility, friendliness, and affability. One set of mules I knew, from being entirely looked after by Mr Atkins, became as confidential as a lot of great dogs: to see the man and mule going off to water with their arms round each others' necks was quite a sight. Give him a chance, and he is not only one of the most honest and honourable of beings, but one of the most attractive and sympathetic. It all depends on kindness—kindness in all respects, but

especially kindness with regard to his ears. For his ears are his delicate points—and point. Physically, this is pretty obvious. The tips of our own ears are tender enough in all conscience: if one reflects on the enormous length of the mule's ears compared with ours, one can get some faint idea of how exquisitely sensitive to pain those members must be. The expression on the face of a confiding mule who, with eyes closed and chin resting on your shoulder, has laid his ears back to have them stroked, is one of luxurious ecstasy. But once put a twitch, once lay unholy hands, on those most inviting objects, and he will never forget it. And this result is not altogether physical. I believe—and I speak seriously—it is because you have done him gross insult. For the oddest thing about a mule is this,

—he loathes a donkey. On a donkey he will commit the most unprovoked assault. Feeling himself to be a horse gone wrong, he bitterly resents any reminder of that dark stigma on his birth which he so deeply deplores. His coat is not the donkey's coat, his tail is not the donkey's tail. His song, though not the music of his dam, is far removed from that of his detested sire. But there is no getting over those ears. Palpable symbols of a proud beast's shame, they rise erect, not to be ignored, and deliberately, coarsely, not only to thrust them upon his notice but actually to employ them as engines for his discomfiture, is both physically painful and in deplorable taste. We might at least pretend not to notice them. You will never make a friend, you will never keep a friend, by insulting him in his weakest points.

J. K.

THE DAFT DAYS.

A NOVEL.

BY NEIL MUNRO,

AUTHOR OF 'JOHN SPLENDID,' 'THE LOST PIBROCH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

WANTON WULLY only briefly rang the morning bell, and gingerly, with tight-shut lips and deep nose-breathings, as if its loud alarm could so be mitigated. Once before he had done it just as delicately—when the Earl was dying, and the bell-ringer, uncertain of his skill to toll, when the time came, with the right half-minute pauses, grieved the town and horrified the Castle by a rehearsal in the middle of a winter night. But no soul of mercy is in brazen bells that hang aloof from man in lofty steeples, and this one, swung ever so gently, sullenly boomed—boomed—boomed.

"Oh, to the devil wi' ye!" said Wanton Wully, sweating with vexation. "Of all the senseless bells! A big, boss bluitter! I canna compel nor coax ye!" and he gave the rope one vicious tug that brought it, broken, round his ears; then went from the church into the sunny, silent, morning street, where life and the day suspended.

In faith! a senseless bell, a merciless bell, waking folk to toil and grief. Dr Brash and Ailie, heavy-eyed, beside the

bed in the attic bower, shivered at the sound of it, and looked with fear and yearning at the sleeping child.

She moved her head from side to side a little on the pillow, with a murmur from her parched lips, and there was a flicker of the eyelids—that was all. Between her and the everlasting swound, where swings the world and all its living things, there seemed no more than a sheet of tissue-paper, white as her own cheek: it was as if a breath of the tender morning air would quench the wavering flame that once was joy and Lennox Dyce. The heart of Auntie Ailie rose clamouring in her bosom; her eyes stung with the brine of tears restrained, but she clenched her teeth that she might still be worthy of the doctor's confidence.

He saw it, and put out his hand and pressed her shoulder, a fat old-fashioned man, well up in years, with whiskers under his chin like a cravat, yet beautiful as a prince to Ailie, for on him all her hopes were cast. "They call me agnostic—atheist even, whiles, I hear," he had said in the

midst of their vigil; "and, indeed, I'm sometimes beat to get my mind beyond the mechanism, but—h'm!—a fine child, a noble child; she was made for something—h'm! That mind and talent—h'm!—that spirit—h'm!—the base of it was surely never yon grey stuff in the convolutions." And another time the minister had come in (the folk in the street were furious to see him do it!), and timidly suggested prayer. "Prayer!" said Dr Brash, "before this child, and her quite conscious! Man, what in God's own name are we doing here, this—h'm!—dear good lady and I, but fever ourselves with sleepless, silent prayer? Do you think a proper prayer must be official? There's not a drop of stuff in a druggist's bottle but what's a solution of hope and faith and prayer. Con-found it, sir!"

He put out his hand and pressed her on the shoulder, and never said a word. Oh, the doctors! the doctors! Hale men and hearty, we can see their shortcomings and can smile at them, but when the night-light burns among the phials!

It was the eighth day after Kate, with a face of clay, and her sleeves rolled up, and the dough still on her elbows as she had come from the baking-board, burst upon the doctor in his surgery with the cry, "Dr Brash, Dr Brash! ye're to haste ye and come at once to the wee one!" He had gone as nearly on the wings of the wind as a fat man may in carpet-slippers, and found a

distracted family round the fevered child.

"Tut, tut, lassie," said he, chucking her lightly under the chin. "What new prank is this, to be pretending illness? Or if it's not a let-on, I'll be bound it's MacGlashan's almond tablet."

"It's these cursèd crab-apples in the garden; I'm sure it's the crab-apples, doctor," said Miss Bell, looking ten years older than her usual.

"H'm! I think not," said Dr Brash more gravely, with his finger on the pulse.

"It's bound to be," said Bell, piteous at having to give up her only hope. "Didn't you eat some yesterday, pet, after I told you that you were not to touch them?"

"No," said Bud, with hot and heavy breathing.

"Then why didn't ye, why didn't ye; and then it might have been the apples?" said poor Miss Bell. "You shouldn't have minded me; I'm aye so domineering."

"No, you're not," said Bud, and wanly smiling.

"Indeed I am; the thing's acknowledged," said her auntie. "I'm desperate domineering to you."

"I'm—I'm not kicking," said Bud. It was the last cheerful expression she gave utterance to for many days.

Wanton Wully was not long the only one that morning in the sunny street. Women came out, unusually early, as it seemed, to beat their basses; but the first thing that they did was to look at the front of Daniel Dyce's house with a kind of terror lest none of the

blinds should be up, and Mr Dyce's old kid glove should be off the knocker. "Have you heard what way she is keeping to-day?" they asked the bellman.

"Not a cheep!" said he. "I saw Kate sweepin' out her door-step, but I couldna ask her. That's the curse of my occupation; I wish to goodness they had another man for the grave-diggin'."

"You and your graves!" said the women. "Who was mentioning them?"

He stood on the syver-side and looked at the blank front of Daniel Dyce's house with a gloomy eye. "A perfect caution!" he said, "that's what she was—a perfect caution! She called me Mr Wanton and asked me for my legs."

"Is there anything wrong with your legs?" said one of the women.

"Whiles a weakness," said Wanton Wully, for he was no hypocrite. "Her uncle tell't me once it was a kind o' weakness that they keep on gantrys doon in Maggie White's. But she does not understand—the wee one; quite the leddy! she thought it was a kind o' gout. Me! I never had the gout,—I never had the money for it, more's the pity."

He went disconsolate down the street to get his brush and barrow, for he was, between the morning bell and breakfast time, the burgh's Cleansing Department. Later—till the middle of the day—he was the Harbour-Master, wore a red-collared coat and chased the gulls from the roofs of the

shipping-boxes and the boys from the slip-side where they might fall in and drown themselves; his afternoons had half a dozen distinct official cares, of which, in that wholesome air, grave-digging came seldom. This morning he swept assiduously and long before the house of Daniel Dyce. Workmen passing yawning to their tasks in wood and garden, field and shed, looked at the muffled knocker and put the question; their wives, making, a little later, a message to the well, stopped too, put down their water-stoups, and speculated on the state of things within. Smoke rose from more than one chimney in the Dyces' house. "It's the parlour fire," said Wanton Wully. "It means breakfast. Cheery Dan, they say, aye makes a hearty breakfast; I like to see the gift in a man mysel', it's a good sign o' him the night before."

Peter the post came clamping by-and-bye along the street with his letters, calling loudly up the closes, less willing than usual to climb the long stairs, for he was in a hurry to reach the Dyces'. Not the window for him this morning, nor had it been so for a week, since Kate no longer hung on the sashes, having lost all interest in the outer world. He went tip-toe through the flagged close to the backdoor and lightly tapped.

"What way is she this morning?" said he, in the husky whisper that was the best he could control his voice to, and in his eagerness almost mastered his roving eye.

"She's got the turn!—she's

got the turn!" said the maid transported. "Miss Dyce was down the now and told me that her temper was reduced."

"Lord help us! I never knew she had one," said the post.

"It's no' temper that I mean," said Kate, "but yon thing that you measure wi' the weather-glass the doctor's aye so cross wi' that he shakes and shakes and shakes at it. But anyway she's better. I hope Miss Ailie will come down for a bite; if not, she'll starve hersel'."

"That's rare! By George, that's tip-top!" said the postman, so uplifted that he went off with the M.C. step he used at Masons' balls, and would have clean forgotten to give Kate the letters if she had not cried him back.

Wanton Wully sat on a barrow-tram waiting the postman's exit. "What way is she?" said he, and Peter's errant eye cocked to all airts of the compass. What he wanted was to keep this tit-bit to himself, to have the satisfaction of passing it along with his letters. To give it to Wanton Wully at this stage would be to throw away good fortune. It was said by Daniel Dyce that the only way to keep a dead secret in the burgh was to send Wully and his handbell round the town with it as public crier. When Wanton Wully cried, it beat you to understand a word he said after "Notice!" but unofficially he was marvellously gleg at circulating news. "What way is she?" he asked again, seeing the postman's hesitation.

"If ye'll promise to stick to the head o' the toun and let me alone in the ither end, I'll tell ye," said Peter, and it was so agreed.

But they had not long all the glory of the good tidings to themselves. Dr Brash came out of Dyce's house for the first time in two days, very sunken in the eyes and sorely needing shaving, and it could be noticed by the dullest that he had his jaunty walk and a flower in the lapel of his badly-crushed coat. Ailie put it there with trembling fingers; she could have kissed the man besides, if there had not been the chance that he might think her only another silly woman. Later Footles hurled himself in fury from the doorway, his master close behind him. At the sight of Mr Dyce the street was happy; it was the first time they had seen him for a week. In burgh towns that are small enough we have this compensation, that if we have to grieve in common over many things, a good man's personal joy exalts us all.

"She's better, Mr Dyce, I'm hearing," said P. & A. MacGlashan, wiping his hands on his apron.

"Thank God! Thank God!" said Mr Dyce. "You would know she was pretty far through?"

"Well—we kind of jaloused. But we kent there was no danger—the thing would be ridiculous!" said P. & A. MacGlashan, and went into his shop in a hurry, much uplifted too, and picked out a big bunch of black grapes and sent his boy with them,

with his compliments, to Miss Lennox Dyce, care of Daniel Dyce, Esquire, Writer.

Miss Minto so adored the man she could not show herself to him in an hour like that; for she knew that she must weep, and a face begrutten ill became her, so in she came from the door of her Emporium and watched him pass the window. She saw in him what she had never seen before—for in his clothing he was always trim and tidy, quite perjink, as hereabouts we say: she saw, with the sharp eyes of a woman who looks at the man she would like to manage, that his hat was dusty and his boots not very brightly polished. More than all the news that leaked that week from the Dyces' dwelling it realised for her the state of things there.

"Tcht! tcht! tcht!" she said to herself; "three of them yonder, and he's quite neglected!" She went into a back room, where gathered the stuff for her Great Annual Jumble Sales with ninepenny things at sevenpence ha'penny, and searched a drawer that sometimes had revealed tremendous joy to Lennox and other bairns who were privileged to see what they called "Miss Minto's back." In the drawer there was a doll called Grace, a large, robust, and indestructible wooden child that had shared Miss Minto's youth and found the years more kindly than she, since it got no wrinkles thinking on the cares of competition in the millinery and mantua-making trade, but dozed its days away

upon feathers and silk and velvet swatches. Grace was dressed like a queen—if queens are attired in gorgeous hand-stitched remnants; she had so long been part of Miss Minto's life that the mantua-maker swithered in her first intention. But she thought how happy Mr Dyce must be that day, and hurriedly packed the doll in a box and went round herself with it for Lennox Dyce.

As she knocked lightly at the front door, the old kid glove came loose in her hand—an omen! One glance up and down the street to see that no one noticed her, and then she slipped it in her pocket, with a guilty countenance. She was not young, at least she was not in her 'teens, but young enough to do a thing like that for luck and her liking of Daniel Dyce. But her courage failed her, and when Kate came to the door the first thing she handed to her was the glove.

"It fell off," she said. "I hope it means that it's no longer needed. And this is a little thing for Miss Lennox, Kate; you will give her it with my compliments. I hear there's an improvement?"

"You wouldna believe it!" said Kate. "Thank God she'll soon be carrying-on as bad as ever!"

Mr Dyce would not have cared a rap that morning if he had come upon his clerks at Catch-the-Ten, or even playing leapfrog on their desks. He was humming a psalm you may guess at as he looked at the documents heaped on his

table—his calf-bound books and the dark japanned deed-boxes round his room.

"Everything just the same, and business still going on!" he said to his clerk. "Dear me! dear me! what a desperate world! Do you know, I had the notion that everything was stopped. No, when I think of it I oftener fancied all this was a dream."

"Not *Menzies v. Kilblane* at anyrate," said the clerk, with his hand on a bulky Process, for he was a cheery soul and knew the mind of Daniel Dyce.

"I daresay not," said the lawyer. "That plea will last a while, I'm thinking. And all about a five-pound fence! Let you and me, Alexander, thank our stars there are no sick bairns in the house of either *Menzies* or *Kilblane*, for then they would understand how much their silly fence mattered, and pity be on our Table-of-Fees!" He tossed over the papers with an impatient hand. "Trash!" said he. "What frightful trash! I can't be bothered with them—not to-day. They're no more to me than a docken leaf. And last week they were almost everything. You'll have heard the child has got the turn?"

"I should think I did!" said Alexander. "And no one better pleased to hear it!"

"Thank you, Alick. How's the family?"

"Fine," said the clerk.

"Let me think, now—seven, isn't it? A big responsibility."

"Not so bad as long's we have the health," said Alexander.

"Yes, yes," said Mr Dyce. "All one wants in this world is the health—and a little more money. I was just thinking ——" The lawyer stopped himself and twinkled through his spectacles. "You'll have read *Dickens*?" said he.

"I was familiar with his works when I was young," said Alexander, like a man confessing that in youth he played at bools. "They were not bad."

"Just so! Well, do you know there was an idea came to my mind just now that's too clearly the consequence of reading *Dickens* for a week back, so I'll hold my hand and keep my project for another early occasion when it won't be *Dickens* that's dictating."

He went early back that day, to relieve Ailie at her nursing, as he pretended to himself, but really for his own delight in looking at the life in eyes where yesterday was a cloud. A new, fresh, wholesome air seemed to fill the house. Bud lay on high pillows, with Miss Minto's Grace propped against her knees, and the garret was full of the odour of flowers that had come in a glorious bunch from the banker's garden. Bell had grown miraculously young again, and from between Ailie's eyebrows had disappeared the two black lines that had come there when Dr Brash had dropped in her ear the dreadful word pneumonia. But Dr Brash had beaten it! Oh, if she only knew the way to knit a winter waistcoat for him!

The child put out her hand

to her uncle, and he kissed her on the palm, frightful even yet of putting a lip to her cheek, lest he should experience again the terror of the hot breath from that consuming inward fire.

"Well," said he briskly, "how's our health, your ladyship? Losh bless me! What a fine, big, sonsy baby you have gotten here; poor Alibel's nose will be out of joint, I'm thinking."

"Hasn't got any," said Bud, still weakly, in her new, thin, and unpractised voice, as she turned with a look that showed no lessening affection for the old doll, badly battered in the visage and wanting in the limbs, which lay beside her on the pillow.

"Blythmeat and bread-berry," said Daniel Dyce. "In the house of Daniel Dyce! Bell and Ailie, here's an example for you!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Following on stormy weeks had come an Indian summer, when the world was blessed with Ailie's idea of Arden weather, that keeps one wood for ever green and glad with company, knows only the rumour of distant ice and rain, and makes men, reading thereof by winter fires, smell fir and feel the breeze on their naked necks and hunger for the old abandoned bed among the brackens. "It is better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak," was the motto of Daniel Dyce, and though the larks were absent, he would have the little one in the garden long hours of the day. She beiked there like a kitten in the sunlight till her wan cheek bloomed. The robin sang among the apples—pensive a bit for the ear of age, that knows the difference between the voice of spring and autumn—sweet enough for youth that happily does not have an ear for its gallant melancholy; the starlings blew like a dust about the sky; over the garden wall

—the only one in the town that wanted broken bottles—far-off hills raised up their heads to keek at the little lassie, who saw from this that the world was big and glorious as ever.

"My! ain't this fine and clean?" said Bud. "Feels as if Aunt Bell had been about things with a duster." She was enraptured with the blaze of the nasturtiums, that Bell would aye declare should be the flower of Scotland, for "cress here, or cress there," as she would say "they're more like Scots than any flower I ken. The poorer the soil the better they thrive, and they come to gold where all your fancy flowers would rot for the want of nutriment. Nutriment! give them that in plenty and you'll see a bonny display of green and no' much blossom. The thing's a parable—the worst you can do with a Scotsman, if you want the best from him, 's to feed him ower rich. Look at Captain Consequence—muligatawny even-on in India; a score of servant-men,

and never a hand's-turn for himself,—all the blossom from that kind of Indian cress is on his nose."

"Lands sake! I *am* glad I'm not dead," said Bud, with all her body tingling as she heard the bees buzz in the nasturtium bells and watched the droll dog Footles snap at the butterflies.

"It's not a bad world, one way and the other," said Miss Bell, knitting at her side; "it would have been a hantle worse if we had had the making o't. But here we have no continuing city, and yonder—if the Lord had willed—you would have gone sweeping through the gates of the new Jerusalem."

"Sweeping!" said the child. "I can't sweep for keeps; Kate won't give me a chance to learn. But anyhow I guess this is a good enough world for a miserable sinner like me."

Mr Dyce, who had carried her, chair and all, into the garden, though she could have walked there, chuckled at this confession.

"Dan," said Bell, "think shame of yourself! you make the child light-minded."

"The last thing I would look for in women is consistency," said he, "and I daresay that's the way I like them. What is it Ailie quotes from Emerson? 'A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds,'—that kind of goblin never scared a woman in the dark yet. But surely you'll let me laugh when I think of you chiding her gladness in life to-day, when I mind of you last week so desperate throng among the poultices."

"I'm for none of your lawyer arguments," said Bell, trying in vain to gag herself with a knitting-pin from one of the Shetland shawls she had been turning out for years with the hope that some day she could keep one for herself. "It might have been that 'she pleased God and was beloved of Him, so that, living among sinners'—among sinners, Dan,—'she was translated. Yea, speedily was she taken away, lest that wickedness should alter her understanding, or deceit beguile her soul.'"

"I declare if I haven't forgot my peppermints," said her brother, quizzing her, and clapping his outside pockets. "A consoling text! I have no doubt at all you could enlarge upon it most acceptably, but confess that you are just as glad as me that there's the like of Dr Brash."

"I like the Doc," the child broke in, with most of this dispute beyond her; "he's a real cuddley man. Every time he rapped at my chest I wanted to cry 'Come in.' Say, isn't he slick with a poultice!"

"He was slick enough to save your life, my dear," said Uncle Dan soberly. "I'm almost jealous of him now, for Bud's more his than mine."

"Did he make me better?" asked the child.

"Under God. I'm thinking we would have been in a bonny habble wanting Him."

"I don't know what a bonny habble is from Adam," said Bud, "but I bet the Doc wasn't *everything*: there was that prayer, you know."

"Eh?" exclaimed her uncle sharply.

"Oh, I heard you, Uncle Dan," said Bud, with a sly look up at him. "I wasn't sleeping really that night, and I was awful liable to have tickled you on the bald bit of your head. I never saw it before. I could have done it easily if it wasn't that I was so tired; and my breath was so sticky that I had to keep on yanking it, just; and you were so solemn and used such dreff'l big words. I didn't tickle you but I thought I'd help you pray, and so I kept my eyes shut and said a bit myself. Say, I want to tell you something,"—she stammered, with a shaking lip. "I felt real mean when you talked about a sinless child; of course you didn't know, but it was—it wasn't true. I know why I was taken ill; it was a punishment for telling fibs to Kate. I was mighty frightened that I might die before I had a chance to tell you."

"Fibs!" said Mr Dyce seriously. "That's bad. And I'm loth to think it of you, for it's the only sin that does not run in the family, and the one I most abominate."

Bell stopped her knitting, quite distressed, and the child lost her new-come bloom. "I didn't mean it for fibs," she said, "and it wasn't anything I said, but a thing I did when I was being Winifred Wallace. Kate wanted me to write a letter——"

"Who to?" demanded Auntie Bell.

"It was to—it was to—oh, I daren't tell you," said Bud, distressed. "It wouldn't

be fair, and maybe she'll tell you herself, if you ask her. Anyhow I wrote the letter for her, and seeing she wasn't getting any answer to it, and was just looney for one, and I was mighty keen myself, I turned Winny on, and wrote one. I went out and posted it that dreff'le wet night you had the party, and I never let on to Kate, so she took it for a really really letter from the person we sent the other one to. I got soaked going to the post-office, and that's where I guess God began to play *His* hand. Jim said the Almighty held a royal flush every blessed time; but that's card talk, I don't know what it means, 'cept that Jim said it when the 'Span of Life' manager skipped with the boodle—lit out with the cash, I mean, and the company had to walk back from Kalamazoo on the railroad ties."

"Mercy on us! I never heard a word of it," cried Miss Bell. "This'll be a warning! People that have bairns to manage shouldn't be giving parties; it was the only night since ever you came here that we never put you to your bed. Did Kate not change your clothes when you came in wet?"

"She didn't know I was out, for that would have spoiled everything, 'cause she'd have asked me what I was doing out, and I'd have had to tell her, for I can't fib that kind of fib. When I came in all soaking, I took a teeny-weeny loan of Uncle's tartan rug, and played to Kate I

was Helen Macgregor, and Kate went into fits, and didn't notice anything till my clothes were dry. Was it very very naughty of me?"

"It was indeed! It was worse than naughty, it was silly," said her Uncle Dan, remembering all the prank had cost them.

"Oh, Lennox! my poor sinful bairn!" said her aunt, most melancholy.

"I didn't mean the least harm," protested the child, trembling on the verge of tears. "I did it all to make Kate feel kind of gay, for I hate to see a body mope,—and I wanted a little fun myself," she added hastily, determined to confess all.

"I'll Kate her, the wretch!" cried Auntie Bell quite furious, gathering up her knitting.

"Why, Auntie Bell, it wasn't her fault, it was——"

But before she could say more, Miss Bell was flying to the house for an explanation, Footles barking at her heels astonished, for it was the first time he had seen her trot with a ball of wool trailing behind her. The maid had the kitchen window open to the last inch, and looked out on a street deserted but for a ring of bairns that played before the baker's door. Their voices, clear and sweet, and laden with no sense of care or apprehension, filled the afternoon with melody—

"Water, water wall-flowers,
Growing up so high,
We are all maidens,
And we must all die."

To the maid of Colonsay in
an autumn mood, the rhyme

conveyed some pensive sentiment that was pleasant though it almost made her cry: the air slipped to her heart, the words in some way found the Gaelic chord that shakes in sympathy with minor keys, for beautiful is all the world, our day of it so brief! Even Miss Bell was calmed by the children's song as it came from the sunny street into the low-ceiled shady kitchen. She had played that game herself, sung these words long ago, never thinking of their meaning: how pitiful it was that words and a tune should so endure, unchanging, and all else alter!

"Kate, Kate, you foolish lass!" she cried, and the maid drew in with the old astonishment and remorse, as if it was her first delinquency.

"I—I was looking for the post," said she.

"Not for the first time, it seems," said her mistress. "I'm sorry to hear it was some business of yours that sent Miss Lennox to the post-office on a wet night that was the whole cause of our tribulation. At least you might have seen the wean was dried when she came back."

"I'm sure and I don't know what you're talking about, me'm," said the maid astounded.

"You got a letter the day the bairn took ill; what was it about?"

The girl burst into tears and covered her head with her apron. "Oh, Miss Dyce, Miss Dyce!" she cried, "you're that particular, and I'm ashamed to tell you. It was only just diversion."

"Indeed, and you must tell me," said her mistress, now determined. "There's some mystery here that must be cleared, as I'm a living woman. Show me that letter this instant!"

"I can't, Miss Dyce, I can't, I'm quite affronted. You don't ken who it's from."

"I ken better than yourself; it's from nobody but Lennox," said Miss Bell.

"My stars!" cried the maid astonished. "Do you tell me that? Amn't I the stupid one? I thought it was from Charles. Oh, me'm! what will Charles Maclean of Oronsay think of me? He'll think I was demented," and turning to her servant's chest she threw it open and produced the second sham epistle.

Miss Bell went in with it to Ailie in the parlour, and they read it together. Ailie laughed till the tears came at the story it revealed. "It's more creditable to her imagination than to my teaching in grammar and spelling," was her only criticism. "The—the little rogue!"

"And is that the way you look at it?" asked Bell, disgusted. "A pack of lies from end to end. She should be punished for it; at least she should be warned that it was very wicked."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Miss Ailie. "I think she has been punished enough already, if punishment was in it. Just fancy if the Lord could make so much ado about a little thing like that! It's not a pack of lies at all, Bell; it's literature, it's romance."

"Well, romancing!" said Miss Bell. "What's romancing? I am glad she has a conviction of the sin of it herself. If she had slipped away from us on Wednesday this letter would have been upon her soul. It's vexing her now."

"If that is so, it's time her mind was relieved," said Ailie, and rising, sped to the garden with the letter in her hand. Her heart bled to see the apprehension on Bud's face, and beside her, Dan, stroking her hair and altogether bewildered.

"Bud," cried Ailie, kissing her, "do you think you could invent a lover for me who would write me letters half so interesting as this? It's a lover like that I have all the time been waiting for: the ordinary kind, by all my reading, must be very dull in their correspondence, and the lives they lead deplorably humdrum—

"'Oh, Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling;
Oh, Charlie is my darling, the young
mariner.'"

After this I'll encourage only sailors: Bud, dear, get me a nice clean sailor. But I stipulate that he must be more discriminating with his capitals, and know that the verb must agree with its nominative, and not be quite so much confused in his geography."

"You're not angry with me, Aunt?" said Bud, in a tone of great relief, with the bloom coming back. "Was it very, very wicked?"

"Pooh!" said Ailie. "If that's wicked, where's our Mr

Shakespeare? Oh, child! child! you are my own heart's treasure. I thought a girl called Alison I used to know long ago was long since dead and done with, and here she's to the fore yet, daft as ever, and her name is Lennox Dyce."

"No, it wasn't Lennox wrote that letter," said Bud; "it was Winifred Wallace, and oh, my! she's a pretty tough proposition. You're quite, *quite* sure it wasn't fibbing."

"No more than Cinderella's fibbing," said her aunt, and flourished the letter in the face of Dan, who she saw was going to enter some dissent. "Behold, Dan Dyce, the artist b-r-r-rain! Calls sailor sweet-hearts from the vasty deep, and they come obedient to her bidding. Spise and perils, Dan, and the golden horn a trifle out of its latitude, and the darling boy that's *always* being drove from home. One thing you overlooked in the boy, Bud—the hectic flush. I'm sure Kate would have liked a touch of the hectic flush in him."

But Bud was still contrite, thinking of the servant. "She was so set upon a letter from her Charles," she explained, "and now she'll have to know that I was joshing her. Perhaps I shouldn't say joshing, Auntie Ailie,—I s'pose it's slang."

"It is," said her aunt, "and most unladylike; let us call it pulling her le—— let us call it—oh, dash the English language! I'll explain it all to Kate, and that will be the end of it."

"Kate 'd be dreffle rattled

to talk about love to a grown-up lady," said Bud, on thinking. "I'd best go in and explain it all myself."

"Very well," said Auntie Ailie; so Bud went into the house and through the lobby to the kitchen.

"I've come to beg your pardon, Kate," said she hurriedly. "I'm sorry I—I—pulled your leg about that letter you thought was from Charles."

"Toots! Ye needn't bother," said Kate, most cheerfully, with another letter open in her hand, and Mr Dyce's evening mail piled on the table before her; "letters are like herring now, they're comin' in in eyes. I might have kent yon one never came from Oronsay, for it hadn't the smell of peats. I have a real one now that's new come in from Charles, and it's just a beauty! He got his leg broken on the boats a month ago, and Dr Macphee's attending him. Oh, I'm that glad to think that Charles's leg is in the hands of a kent face!"

"Why! that's funny," said Bud. "And we were just going to write—oh, you mean the other Charles?"

"I mean Charles Maclean," said Kate, with some confusion. "I—I—was only lettin'—on about the other Charles; he was only a diversion."

"But you sent him a letter?" cried Bud.

"Not me!" said Kate composedly. "I kept it, and I sent it on to Charles out in Oronsay when you were poorly; it did fine! He says he's glad to hear about my education

and doesn't think much of dancing, but that he's always glad to get the scrape of a pen from me, because—because—well, just because he loves me still the same, yours respect-

fully, Charles Maclean. And oh, my stars, look at what a lot of crosses!"

Bud scrutinised them with amazement. "Well, *he's* a pansy!" said she.

CHAPTER XV.

Suddenly all the town began to talk of the pride of Kate MacNeill. She took to wearing all her best on week-days; abandoned the kitchen window, and ruined an old-established trade in pay-night sweeties, that used to shower on her in threepenny packets at the start of every autumn when the days grew short. No longer blate young lads scraped with their feet uneasily in the sawdust of P. & A. MacGlashan's, swithering between the genteel attractions of Turkish Delight and the eloquence of conversation lozenges, that saved a lot of thinking and made the blatest equal with the boldest when it came to tender badinage below the lamp at the backdoor close with Dyce's maid. Talk about the repartee of salons! wit moves deliberately there compared with the swift giff-gaff that Kate and her lads maintained with sentiments doubly sweet and ready-made at threepence the quarter-pound. So fast the sweeties passed, like the thrust and riposte of rapiers, that their final purpose was forgotten; they were sweeties no longer to be eaten, but scented billets-doux, laconic of course but otherwise just as satisfactory as those that high-

born maidens get only one at a time and at long intervals when their papas are out at business.

"Are you engaged?"

"Just keep spierin'."

"Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

"You are a gay deceiver."

"My heart is yours."

"How are your poor feet?"

By the hour could Kate sustain such sparkling flirtations, or at least till a "Kiss me, dearest" turned up from the bottom of the poke, and then she slapped his face for him. It is the only answer in Colonsay unless he's your intended.

But it stopped all at once. P. & A. was beat to understand what way his pay-night drawings fell, until he saw that all the lads were taking the other side of the street. "That's *her* off, anyway!" said he to Mrs P. & A., with a gloomy visage. "I wonder who's the lucky man? It's maybe Peter,—she'll no' get mony losengers from him."

And it was not only the decline in votive offerings that showed the vital change; she was not at the Masons' ball, which shows how wrong was the thought of P. & A., for

Peter was there with another lady. Very cheery, too; exceedingly cheery, ah, desperately gay, but quite beyond the comprehension of his partner, Jenny Shand, who was unable to fathom why a spirit so merry in the hall should turn to groans and bitterness when, feeling a faintish turn, she got him in behind the draft-screen on the landing of the stair to sit the 'Flowers o' Edinburgh.' He was fidgeting fain to tell her plainly what he thought of all her sex, but strove like a perfect gentleman against the inclination, and only said "Ha! ha! do you say so, noo?" and "Weemen!" with a voice that made them all out nothing more than vipers. Poor Jenny Shand! bonny Jenny Shand! what a shame she should be bothered with so ill-faured a fellow! When she was picking bits of nothing off his coat lapel, as if he was her married man, and then coming to herself with a pretty start and begging pardon for her liberty, the diffy paid no heed; his mind was down the town, and he was seeing himself yesterday morning at the first delivery getting the window of Dyce's kitchen banged in his face when he started to talk about soap, meaning to work the topic round to hands and gloves. He had got the length of dirty hands, and asked the size of hers, when bang! the window went, and the Hielan' one in among her pots and pans.

It was not any wonder, for other lads as deliberate and gawky as himself had bothered her all the week with the same

demand. Hands! hands! you would think, said she, they were all at the door wi' a bunch of finger-rings bound to marry her right or wrong, even if they had to put them on her nose. Of course she knew finely what they were after—she knew that each blate wooer wanted a partner for the ball, and could only clench the compact with a pair of gloves; but just at present she was not in trim for balls, and landsmen had no interest for her. Some of them boldly guessed at seven-and-a-halves without inquiry, and were dumfounded that she would not look at them; and one had acquired a pair of roomy white cotton ones with elastic round the top—a kind of glove that plays a solemn part at burials, having come upon Miss Minto when her stock of festive kids was done. They waylaid Kate coming with her basket from the mangle—no, thanky, she was needing no assistance; or she would find them scratching at the window after dark; or hear them whistling, whistling, whistling—oh, so softly!—in the close. There are women rich and nobly born who think that they are fortunate, and yet, poor dears! they never heard the whistling in the close. Kate's case was terrible! By day, in her walks abroad in her new merino, not standing so much as a wink, or paying any heed to a "Hey, Kate, what's your hurry?" she would blast them with a flashing eye. By night, hearing their signals, she showed them what she thought of them by putting

to the shutters. "Dir-r-rt!" was what she called them, with her nose held high and every "r" a rattle on the lug for them—this to Bud, who could not understand the new distaste Kate had to the other sex. "Just dirt below my feet! I think myself far far above them."

One evening Mr Dyce came in from his office and quizzed her in the lobby. "Kate," said he, "I'm not complaining, but I wish you would have mercy on my backdoor. There's not a night I have come home of late but if I look up the close I find a lad or two trying to bite his way into you through the door. Can you no' go out, like a good lass, and talk to them in Gaelic—it would serve them right! If you don't, steps will have to be taken with a strong hand, as you say yourself. What are they wanting? Can this—can this be love?"

She ran to the sanctuary of the kitchen, plumped in a chair, and was swept away in a storm of laughter and tears that frightened Bud, who waited there a return of her aunts from the Women's Guild. "Why, Kate, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Your un—your un—un—uncle's blaming me for harbouring all them chaps about the door, and says it's love: oh dear! I'm black affronted."

"You needn't go into hysterics about a little thing like that," said Bud; "Uncle Dan's tickled to death to see so many beaux you have, wanting you to that ball; he said last night he had to walk between so

many of them waiting for you there in front, it was like shassaying up the middle in the Haymakers."

"It's not hysterics, nor hersterics either," said the maid; "and oh, I wish I was out of here and back in the isle of Colonsay!"

Yes, Colonsay became a great place then. America, where the prospects for domestics used to be so fascinating, had lost its glamour since Bud had told her the servants there were as discontented as in Scotland, and now her native isle beat Paradise. She would talk by the hour at a washing of its charms, of which the greatest seemed to be the want of public lamps and the way you heard the wind! Colonsay seemed to be a place where folk were always happy, meeting in each other's houses, dancing, singing, courting, marrying, getting money every now and then from sons or wealthy cousins in Australia. Bud wondered if they never did any work in Colonsay. Yes, yes, indeed! Kate could assure her, they worked quite often out in Colonsay—in the winter time.

But one thing greatly troubled her—she must write back at once to the only Charles, who so marvellously had come to her through Bud's unconscious offices, and she knew she could never sustain the standard of hand-write, spelling, and information Bud had established in her first epistle. Her position was lamentable. It was all very well to be the haughty madam on the street, and show her-

self a wise-like modest gyurl, but what was that without the education? C. Maclean was a man of education—he got it on the yats among the gentry, he had travelled all the world!

Kate's new airs, that caused such speculation in the town, were—now let me tell you—all the result of a dash at education. She wanted to be able to write a letter as good as Bud in a week or two, and had engaged the child to tutor her.

Bud never found a more delicious game in all her life, and it hurried her convalescence, for to play it properly she must be Auntie Ailie, and Auntie Ailie was always so strong and well.

"Education," said Bud, who had a marvellous memory, and was now, you will notice, Ailie Dyce, sitting on a high chair, with the maid on a stool before her,—“education is not what a lot of sillies think it is; it isn't knowing everything. Lots try for it that way, and if they don't die young, just when they're going to win the bursary, they grow up horrid bores, that nobody asks to picnics. You can't know everything, not if you sit up cramming till the cows come home; and if you want to see a brainy person jump, ask him how his mother raised her dough. Miss Katherine MacNeill, never—NEVER—NEVER be ashamed of not knowing a thing, but always be ashamed of not wanting to know. That's Part One. Don't you think you should have an exercise-book, child, and take it down?”

“Toots! what's my head for?” said the servant.

“Uncle Dan says education is knowing what you don't know, and knowing where to find it out without the other people knowing; but he says in most places you can get the name of having it fine and good by talking loud and pushing all your goods in front of you in a big enough barrow. And Auntie Bell—she says the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, and the rest of it is what she skipped at Mary Mushet's Seminary. But I tell you, child (said the echo of Ailie Dyce), that education's just another name for love.”

“My stars! I never knew that before,” cried the servant; “I'm awful glad about Charles!”

“It isn't that kind of love,” Bud hurriedly explained, “though it's good enough, for that's too easy. You're only on the trail for education when you love things so you've simply *got* to learn as much as is good for your health about them. Everything's sweet—oh, so sweet—all the different countries, and the different people, when you understand, and the woods, and the things in them, and all the animals, —'cepting maybe puddocks, though it's likely God made them too,—and the stars, and the things men did, and women, —'specially those that's dead, poor dears!—and all the books, 'cepting the stupid ones Aunt Ailie simply *can't* stand, though she never lets on to the ladies who like that kind.”

“My Lord! must you love

them all?" asked the maid, astonished.

"Yes, you must, my Lord," said Bud. "You'll never know the least thing well in this world unless you love it. It's sometimes mighty hard, I allow. I hated the multiplication table, but now I love it—at least, I kind of love it up to seven times nine, and then it's almost horrid, but not so horrid as it was before I knew that I would never have got to this place from Chicago unless a lot of men had learned the table up as far as twelve times twelve."

"I'm not particular about the multiplication table," said the maid, "but I want to be truly refined, the same as you said in yon letter to Charles. I know he'll be expecting it."

"H-m-m-m-m!" said Bud, thoughtfully, "I s'pose I'll have to ask Auntie Ailie about that, for I declare to goodness I don't know where you get it, for it's not in any of the books I've seen. She says it's the One Thing in a lady, and it grows inside you someway, like—like—like your lungs, I guess. It's no use trying to stick it on outside with lessons on the piano or the mandoline, and parlour talk about poetry, and speaking mim as if you had a clothes-pin in your mouth, and couldn't say the least wee thing funny without it was a bit you'd see in 'Life and Work.' Refinement, some folk think, is not laughing right out."

"My stars!" said Kate.

"And Auntie Bell says a lot think it's not knowing any Scotch language and never taking cheese to tea."

"I think," said Kate, "we'll never mind refining; it's an awful bother."

"But every lady must be refined," said Bud. "Ailie prosists in that."

"I don't care," said the maid; "I'm not particular about being very much of a lady,—I'll maybe never have the jewellery for it,—but I would like to be a sort of lady on the Sundays, when Charles is at home. I'm not hurrying you, my dear, but—but when do we start the writing?" and she yawned in a way that said little for the interest of Professor Bud's opening lecture.

Whereupon Bud explained that in a systematic course of education reading came first, and the best reading was Shakespeare, who was truly ennobling to the human mind. She brought in Auntie Ailie's Shakespeare, and sat upon the fender, and plunged Kate at once into some queer society at 'Elsinore. But, bless you! nothing came of it: Kate fell asleep, and woke to find the fire cold and the child entranced with Hamlet.

"Oh dear! it's a slow job getting your education," she said pitifully, "and all this time there's my dear Charles waiting for a letter!"

(To be continued.)

A PEEP AT CORSICA.

PRECISELY at 4 P.M. the harsh note—half scream, half whistle—of the siren of the *Iberia* rent the air, and echoed amongst the steep roofs of the lofty, stained, and aged dwellings which line the quay of the old port of Marseilles. A moment later we had cast off, and were backing out into the broad, still harbour, up and down which plied fussy little steamers full of folk coming from or going to the grim fortress of the Chateau d'If. It is a quaint place this Vieux Port, dating away back to the days of the Greeks, and still a haven for sailing-vessels and seafarers, and still a spot for the lading and unlading of merchandise, and, as of yore, smelling of bales and barrels, of tar and tarpaulins, of cables and cordage, and of the green sea-water and the green sea-slime, and the green and coated bottoms of wooden ships.

Yet has it changed even of recent years, and the more especially by reason of the mighty rolling bridge which spans its outlet, a tribute to Gallic ingenuity and engineering skill, ay, and good taste, —for the great cross-road and lofty towers and travelling carriage have not spoiled the Vieux Port, as anything less airy and elegant would assuredly have done.

Round we swing, the steering-gear rattling and clattering, and with a final ear-splitting hoot make for the narrow

passage between the bluff promontories crowned by their respective forts of Grasse-Tilly and d'Entrecasteaux. Well-nigh grazing the rocks on the right, we creep out to sea, to that glorious blue Mediterranean which lies bathed in the bright afternoon sunset, to the placid Gulf, out of which rise three whitish-yellow rocks, and the surface of which is dotted by tiny craft, and gleams and sparkles as though it were the home of floating jewels. And so to sea, with the great city lying spread out on slope and rock and ridge behind us, Notre Dame de la Garde high above all upon its pinnacle hill, Corniche gleaming white, save where the dull green of foliage hides the cliffs, a forest of masts rising behind the mighty breakwater on the left, and the long coast-line, bold and broken, trending away to the east and fading into dim obscurity. To sea, with the ground-swell rolling under our narrow craft, to burst in snowy foam on the sentinel rocks of the promontory,—to sea, and so out of sight of the second city of France,—to sea, with a sun sloping to the west, and the sky commencing to glow with crimson. Night steals gently on us, and the smoke-track streaming from our black funnels, the aftermost curiously flattened from side to side, lies low upon the water. The shore grows dusky, lighthouse lan-

terns wink and twinkle from afar, the air is salt and shrewd, for it is early May, and away behind us the sky has turned a sickly lemon hue, and is streaked with red, and splashed with heavy clouds for all the world like ink splotches on a dingy yellow blotting-paper. Nowadays some fourteen hours elapse between leaving Marseilles and arriving at Ajaccio, which, capital of Corsica, nestles snugly by its lovely bay at the base of hills clad with cistus-scrub and the inevitable olive. On all sides the prospect pleases, for the morning is fair and fresh as dew, the bay is sapphire and silver, the town is amber and white and red, the hills are pearly grey with olive-leaves and green with many groves and clustering undergrowth, the far-off mountains are misty outlines capped with glittering ermine. Somehow it is a lazy scene: the sea seems lazy, tumbling lazily ashore in lazy little wavelets; the quay is lazy thus early; the air has a lazy feel, albeit so fresh and pure; the people look lazy — gendarmes and all; the fishing-boats rock lazily; the tricolor flaps lazily, and falls in folds about its staff; nothing is in a hurry, nobody is in haste,—it is a gloriously indolent place this Ajaccio, the very spot for an idle holiday.

Yet later it wakes to some kind of life, not specially picturesque yet interesting in its way. Cannon boom at intervals, and heavy shot send spurts of spray flying up about a distant target; men slouch at street corners; fat

priests saunter along the side paths; French infantry swing briskly past, marching to fife and drum; children swarm on their way to school, brown-faced rogues, merry, noisy, and doubtless wicked; bugle practice and drum tattoo wake weird echoes amongst the woods and rocks; carts jog along under the shady avenues; shopkeepers exchange greetings in the sun, while at the market-stalls there is a lively bargaining and a very pretty glow of colour. It is pleasantly warm, bright, cheerful, and a trifle smelly in parts; but who minds a few smells in an out-of-the-way Mediterranean town, with steep irregular lanes and ill-set causeways, and the reputed home of the great emperor facing a narrow alley?

A few steps and one passes from town smells to country smells, to the true fragrance of Corsica, to the odour of aromatic plants, the sweet scent of countless flowers, the warm exhalations of a rich, life-giving, and fruitful soil.

Those who may be invalids, and so unfit to fare far afield amongst the island beauties, will find much to entrance and console them no farther away than at the best hotel which Corsica can boast. In front of this fine, bright, comfortable-looking building stretches a well-tended garden, sweet with flowers, ablaze with blossoms, shaded by thick bushes and decked with orange-trees on which hang the golden juicy globes in great profusion. Fine bulbous plants with radiant petals perfume the air, and

wild and tamed shrubs mingle to rest the eye and refresh the jaded senses. Behind and above, a tangled grove clinging to a steep hillside, lies a leafy wilderness, amongst which paths wind upwards and where in the still evenings nightingales warble as though their little throats would burst with the joy of song.

The place is a paradise for the botanist, and even the uninitiated must feel the charm of such variety of foliage and flower. Cactus and prickly pear stretch forth stumpy, spiny, pulpy, deformed arms; beds of violets and clumps of pink geraniums deck every corner; red roses blush modestly on their thorny sprays, and tender ferns spread their fronds and nestle in seclusion. Aloes are vivid and brilliant, purple irises with yellow hearts stand bravely to attention, fruit-trees are covered with masses of tender blossom, and olives, myrtles, arbutus bushes, dwarf palms, and gay and golden spurge form a veritable medley of shade and colour, a vast bower of beauty, fit wandering-place for the gorgeous butterflies, the painted lizards, and the dainty songsters which find herein their homes. High above all this life and variety, on the summit of the rise, stands a little mortuary chapel, sacred to the memory of some forgotten children who died years ago, — a dismal-looking cell, strange contrast to the brightness and colour of the hillside. The tinkle of a melodious bell strikes the ear, and through the rough scrub beyond the

garden confines a group of lean-necked sheep meander at will, plucking leaf and herbage with mobile lips as they wander hither and thither. We pass out into the wilds and find grey-headed dames busy harvesting the little shiny black olives, strewn thick amongst the grass beneath the shady trees. Turning, a superb prospect spreads out far below us: the picturesque little town nestling under the heights and facing the great still bay; a wide valley, dotted with trees and houses, running inland and studded with fields in which sheets of golden flowers spread out like vivid carpets. Here and there the green is spangled with a spotless white, and we note the clustering roofs of an oil-factory and the spans of the viaduct which bears the clear waters of the Gravone to Ajaccio. All about and beyond rise bluff imposing heights, wooded and scrub-bedecked, and far away tower the peaks and ridges of the island's lofty mountain-chain.

A gleaming road, with the smooth, gritty, firm surface which powdered granite alone can give, winds along and upwards to the spring of Salario. A bypath leads on to the hill-face amongst the white or pink cistus, which clusters everywhere and looks not unlike our own wild-roses. Rough, ragged heath, with wax-white bells, the real *maquis*, crops up amongst scattered lichen-clad boulders, where lizards dart and play, and with quick tongues engulf unwary flies. Herds of agile, silky-haired

goats — clean-limbed, noble creatures, with fine eyes and good horns—roam amongst the scrub, or stand startled with twitching nostrils and stumpy flicking tails, or bound from rock to rock, or butt playfully at one another, the while the musical bell which guides the flock sounds softly from the leader's neck and is answered by the call of the cuckoo. The place is wild and lonely, fragrant and warm and drowsy, pleasing to the eye, pleasing to the nostril, soothing to the mind,—assuredly a panacea for the ills of overwork or the ravages of a harsh winter.

And if beautiful by day it is as beautiful by night, when the full choir of birds is answered by the choir of fat frogs in the garden tanks, when new scents steal out upon the freshening air, when a full golden moon mounts on high and bathes all in a soft, uncertain light, when the ping of the flying gnat shrills in the ear and the tiny shadow of her enemy dances and wavers across the tortuous paths.

But we are to fare afar on the morrow and to start early, so we hie us to bed and slumber, with a clock chiming plaintively and a belated chanticleer mistaking the brilliance of the moon for the light of another day.

It is no trouble to rise in Corsica, the freshness of the morning tempts one,—it were a sin to lie a-bed, so we are ready for the travelling-carriage and the three hardy ponies, and the driver with

slouch hat and impassive mien who handles the ribbons like a Jehu and is prompt to the minute. All aboard, with as little luggage as possible, and rugs carefully bestowed about the knees. The brake jerks free, Antonio, or whatever his name may be, utters an inspiring sound, the gravel crunches, the *concièrge* collects himself and bows, the harness-bells jingle, and we are off for Piana, forty and more miles to the north by way of Sagone and Carghese. Next to motor-ing, there is no more pleasant way of covering the ground than bowling along in a well-found *voiture* and imagining yourself a nobleman of olden times on the grand tour, perchance in the days when Johnson's "Bozzy" paid his visit to the patriot Paoli. Through the town in the first place, past the principal square with its statues looking out to sea, past the loafers in their velveteens, past curio shops with earved wine-gourds hung outside their doors, noting the multitude of dogs, and observed of all observers. The feeling is very fine, even when one is not a novice in such adventurings. The little station whence trains start for their climb to Bastia is left behind, and soon we are out on dusty country lanes, and already whirl past black crosses by the roadside, mute witnesses to tragedies, and reminders that the vendetta yet lingers amongst this primitive race.

Just at first, as we head up the wide valley which we viewed from Monte Salario, there is nothing so very foreign

about the drive, unless, indeed, it be the sight of flowers which one is not accustomed to meet out of doors in Britain.

Spiked aloes adorn the hedgerows, there are veritable fields of sickly pink asphodel; but in addition there are old favourites—familiar scarlet poppies, blue cornflowers like little bits of the sky set on stalks, yellow marigolds, and a host of common yet pretty weeds peeping shyly from the grass or rustling reeds. We pass some rough land which, if cleared, would make an excellent golf-course, and on the whole feel glad that the rubber core does not yet bounce in Corsica.

Nevertheless there are a few odd sights,—a woman in sombre clothing and with a quaint, flat straw hat, astride a donkey; queer stone ovens; burial chapels surrounded by funereal cypress trees; a travelling-carriage full of uniformed French officers, and a heavy diligence, like some lumbering coach of King George's day, the interior of which for stuffiness and discomfort could not well be surpassed.

Presently we begin to climb, for we are amongst the foothills, and soon are toiling wearily up the steep brae which, with many twines and twists, leads to the neck or Col of San Sebastian. Up, ever upwards, with a deep bush-clad rift on our left and the sheer hillside on our right; up and up, till we descry a barn-like building silhouetted against the clear sky, into which the road seems to plunge

and end abruptly. These necks are a curious feature in the geology of Corsica, and add interest to the journey, for they nearly always command superb views and attract the traveller as definite halting-places, beyond which lies the unexplored.

The Colle di Sabastiano is no exception to the rule, for one has scarcely passed the ridge when the whole northern mountain-chain about Vico, snow-dotted and fair with light and shadow, bursts into view, while in the nearer distance the blue waters of the Gulf of Sagone lave the rocky indented shore of the level plain through which courses the Liamone.

On go the brakes, the leather squeaks shrilly, our jehu chirrups, and the tough little Corsicans are off downhill in capital style. We rattle past a wine-waggon with eight straining horses dragging at the traces. Corsican wine is good and potent, but most of it finds its way to France and is incorporated in more fiery liqueurs—vermouth, absinthe, chartreuse, and other comrades of the coffee-cup. A wayside inn, quite a lively rendezvous, is passed. Above it, nestling amongst groves, lies the picturesque Calcatoggio, from which one looks out upon the wide bay, with its headland and old Genoese round tower and tiny islets, and marks the white cluster which denotes Carghese, far away across the glittering waters.

On again, and still downhill, past straggling hedges sprayed

with vetch and sweet-pea blooms, and orchards where cherry or plum blossom makes a brave show both on the gnarled branches and amongst the short rough grass. Daisies and king-cups stud the roadside, and the softened cadence of the waves murmurs in the ear. Soon we are in the plain itself, a marshy stretch, with an unenviable reputation and many eucalypti, but full of fertility, and bounded on the west by glistening sands, on which the merriest of wavelets dissolve in spray and snowy foam.

Sagone is a funny little place with a funny little inn, just south of the spot where the road to Vico branches off. It recalls some wayside hostel in the English coaching days, for diligence after diligence, white with dust, rolls up to the door and discharges its load of hungry travellers. The horses are turned into the fields and the inn is turned into a place of bustle and confusion, during which we retire to the shore, inspect the toy-like quay, and find, amongst the shelly sand, brown fibrous balls or ovals of seaweed, a quaint form of jet-sam moulded by the incessant friction of waves and tides. We lunch in a bedroom, and eat everything out of order, starting with raw ham, and surprised to receive a fourth course of bony, but very palatable, fish. We make acquaintance with broccia, a fat dome of white milk-cheese, all marked with lines by its wickerwork case, and of a curious flavour, by no means unpleas-

ant, but vastly improved by the addition of sugar. Juicy oranges conclude the feast, which, considering variety and quantity, is remarkably cheap, and considering service and table utensils remarkably dear. There is time for a ramble up a miniature glen, down which a clear but tiny stream trickles, and where the air is redolent of scented myrtle and rosemary and lavender.

Off to the north once more, and so across the wooden bridge spanning a deep still pool in the reed-lined Liamone. Silvery trout leap from the placid surface, and long water-weeds wave hither and thither in the under-current. We pass peasants with guns slung across their backs, who doff their slouch hats and bid us good-day, and in the bay mark a green schooner at anchor embarking her cargo of charcoal, a considerable item of trade in this part of the coast. The road to Carghese climbs upwards by the sea and passes old watch-towers perched high on headlands, relics of the times when Algerian rovers and other piratical craft menaced the coast. Carghese, itself a considerable village, spreads out upon a couple of hill spurs, and is of interest mainly from the presence therein of descendants of Greek settlers, who form a marked contrast to the usual Corsican type. They possess a church of their own, a somewhat imposing edifice in a country of barn-like buildings and severe architectural simplicity. From Carghese we

rattle down a steep incline and presently meet two horsemen riding furiously, the one with a narrow pink sash across his shoulders, the other with a similar, but green, decoration. We take them for electioneering agents, but ere long meet a kind of shandrydan packed full of folk, young and old, followed by more equestrians, and later learn that this was a bridal party *en route* for the celebration. There seemed to be a remarkable absence of finery, save in the case of the outriders, and the whole turn-out resembled a farmer's gig making for the kirk upon the Sabbath rather than the retinue of a bride escorting her to the altar.

But we must hurry on. Passing green wheat-fields and many vineyards, and way-side fountains spraying ice-cold water and shaded by weeping willows, we cross the tiny Lozzi, babbling onwards to the Gulf of Chioni, and fringed by lean gum-trees, and then start toiling upwards through wild mountain scenery where brawling torrents dash down steep stony beds, and where in the dense *maquis*, ten to twelve feet in height, the savage wild boar finds a refuge. The sun was sloping to the west ere we surmounted the last col and descended on Pianà, surely the most picturesque of villages! A glorious seascape stretched far below us,—still blue water, reddish rocks, green slopes, and white houses all aglow in the soft evening light, while from the rugged land above came fresh

odours of pine and larch. The inn at Pianà is humble but the fare most excellent, and the hostess a worthy soul, who 'tis to be feared will ere long be left behind in the world's race, once the glories of the wonderful Calanches come to be known by the prying tourist.

At sunset these Calanches are at their best. Massive ridges of red rock jut out from the mountain-side, and trend downwards to the Mediterranean, one thousand feet below. They extend as sharp promontories, enclosing dainty little bays, where charcoal schooners lie at anchor in security, looking like toy vessels when viewed from the road. These great spurs and bastions, apparently as the result of weathering, have been converted into the queerest and most fantastic outlines. High above all is a mass shaped like the baboon god of the Egyptians, in another spot rises an emaciated sitting Pharaoh, the profile of King Edward VII. spreads against the reddening sky, while peaks and pinnacles, castles and spires, griffins and dragons and gargoyles, towers and fretted crags, are mingled in a wild confusion. It is as though some gigantic and insane sculptor had, with ruthless chisel, cut and carved and chipped at his mad will, now fashioning likenesses of the horrors crowding his diseased brain, anon in lucid moments carving with marvellous skill the strangest grottoes, the most curious of fantasies. The road has been hewn and blasted

through these rock spurs, so that they tower as broken cliffs above it, and form narrow passes where water drips amongst mosses and ferns and nodding foxgloves and mountain trees.

Below the road and between the ridges are huge gorges with bush-clad slopes, seamed by rivulets which go tumbling down to the fairy-like bays whose clear yellow sand gleams golden in the sun's rays. The whole formation is most remarkable. To match it we fancy one would have to hie to Colorado, where possibly the famous cañons may present some such chaos of carved rock, though it is more than likely that the Calanches are unique. They baffle the artist, and mere words cannot do justice to them. By moonlight, when all is very still, and the bays glitter far below, and the air has a frosty touch, and the weird rocks glint as though breathed upon with an icy breath, one can imagine this strange spot some castle of the gnomes, some fortress of the little earth-dwellers, and half expects to see tiny figures, with peaked caps and pointed beards, leaping from point to point, dodging hither and thither, peering over the ledges, and dancing merrily on pinnacle and crag.

Piana is worth a week's visit, but, alas! we are off through the Calanches early in the morning and note, what we had not previously observed, that some of the rocks have been pierced through and through as though riddled by

round-shot, or bored by some monstrous worm, or loopholed by the gnomes themselves. Seven miles downhill to Porto, a most lovely drive, with a bay like a Scotch fiord below, and in front a dense low wood covering the mountain-face, and birds warbling, and a great hawk poised aloft as if to say—"To-day something will die in the Calanches!"

Porto is small but picturesque, possessing an old battle-mented watch-tower. It lies at the mouth of its little river, and ships charcoal and the resinous and fragrant wood which reaches it from the shaggy forests of Aitone and Valdoniello. High hills rise behind it, reaching away to Capo Tafonato and Calvi by the sea. We turn to the right and run along by the stream, near which are huge grey boulders hollowed out and overhanging. One of them has had its cavity built up to form a house or granary or sheepfold, another is shaped like a broken and gaping egg-shell. The wayside flowers are very fine here,—pink cyclamen, forget-me-nots, pale-blue lupins, borage, orchises, rare *pancratium* lilies, green and clustering hellebore, and a dozen others peeping out at us. Soon we begin to mount, and all morning wind upwards in the valley of the Porto, a magnificent ravine, wherein all the trees are decked in their fresh spring green, and where the *cantoniers* are busy perfecting an already perfect road. The higher we climb the more sublime becomes the scenery,

till its grandeur culminates in the mighty and precipitous gorge whence rises the blood-red Spelunca or Speloncato, a huge granite mass with a triple summit, on which lie patches of verdure, green as only grass can be from which the snow has melted. In the rampart opposite there is a break, so that one sees a stretch of comparatively level mountain-top set with pines, and white with an untrodden mantle, where doubtless the moufflon wage their battles and bring forth their young. Hundreds of feet below, the Porto, a fine trout-ing stream, and readily accessible at Evisa, foams and sprays and chafes, the thunder of its coursing mellowed and softened by the vast cushion of air between it and us,—air cold, clear, and with a nip in it as of wintry days at home. Villages perch on these wild mountain-flanks, but we pass them by and crawl upwards to bare savage uplands, like Scottish hills, clad in places with trees which are yet budding, and seamed by babbling burns half-choked with last year's crinkled, withered leaves. And so to Evisa, our first halting-place, amongst budding chestnut woods—a clean, cold village, where luncheon does us a world of good, and we devour portions of a tasty hare at a time when hare is out of season, and enjoy sweet cakes of broccia and fine firm eggs and the tenderest of chickens, and quaff a good red-wine, and chaff our good-natured hostess, who boasts a glass eye, and altogether feel at peace with

creation and more inclined to tarry a while than to drive another thirty miles or so.

But it is up and away again! A brief space and we enter the forest aisles where the pines of Aitone stand in serried ranks, and where the billowing ground is deep in crackling twigs and long dead cones and all the *débris* of the conifers. We sniff the terebin in the air, and view the mistletoe hanging in clusters from the boughs. The trees, though straight and beautiful, are mostly young, for their parents long since were felled to yield tall masts for the battleships of France, and doubtless many a one was pierced by British balls and torn by flying chain-shot and starred by bullets, what time the old three-deckers were wont to hug each other at yardarm-length and pound and roar and crash and splinter in their canopies of smoke. How still and silent it is, how cold and chill and pure! Glade upon glade of lean dark trunks, avenues of clumped pine-needles, vistas of spreading boughs and clinging cones. A squeal and rustle, and a litter of young pigs scampers across the road—tiny, clean, black fellows, jolly little chaps with curly tails and pink snouts, as full of larks as any troop of schoolboys. They pass, and silence falls again in these chaste solitudes, home of the boar and the wild cat and the forest ranger. It is a long ascent, but at last the pines thin, and beeches with tangled beards of grey lichen depending from them and the purple

haze of leafless birches take their place, and a rank bracken coats the braes, and snow patches fill the hollows. We pass boulders coated with a thin, green, fungoid growth, and shining curiously in the bright mountain light. At last we top the pass, the bare Col di Vergio, wellnigh 5000 feet above the sea, where purple crocuses crouch amongst the rough grass and the snow lies deep and pure. In front and behind the prospect is superb. Looking back, we gaze over the whole valley of the Porto, shrouded by the wide-spreading forest and bulwarked by steep slopes on the left and towering precipices on the right.

In front and at our feet lies a vaster and older forest, Valdoniello, home of the huge Pir Lariccio, which, of vast girth, may tower aloft for 200 feet, a monarch of the wilds. On the left Monte Cinto, highest peak in Corsica, rears its white crest and spotted ridge wellnigh 9000 feet towards heaven; while beyond the far confines of the forest stretch the green-grey pastures of Niolo, watered by the swift-flowing and snow-fed Golo. We stand a-gaze for a brief space, and then plunge downwards into the sombre depths of Valdoniello, scaring a great brown owl which flits silently amongst the black trunks like an evil, feathered spirit, and putting up a hawk which sails down the clear space between the walls of huge trees, perches a moment, and then glides slowly into the recesses of the wood.

It is chill and damp in the forest, and the scent of felled pines fills the nostrils. Mile after mile we course along the winding, rutted track, and at long last emerge upon a bare wind-swept stretch of rough moor and fields, and come upon a river with marvellously clear blue water dashing bravely over light-hued stones. We are not sorry to reach Calacuccia, a place of little interest, nor to leave it next day and enter the gorge of the Golo, where this considerable stream rushes along furiously amidst a wilderness of boulders and between lofty barriers of frowning cliffs. A monument and cross mark where a travelling carriage went hurtling to its doom and its occupant drove headlong to eternity. Other crosses tell of tragedies, for we are in a bandit country where the grim vendetta has taken toll in times past, and may do so again upon occasion. We trace the Golo to open land, cross it, heading south, and skirt a well-favoured plain, and up and over yet another col to Corte, which, long ere we reach it, we see below us, piled and perched upon a little hill of its own hard by the base of the giant Monte Rotondo, whose summit, beloved of the moufflon, is veiled in clinging vapours.

Corte is a venerable town, and boasts a war-worn citadel, Paoli's house, a magnificent situation, two fine rivers—the Tavagnano and Restonica,—several statues and respectable shops, and a café haunted by the garrison. For the rest, it

has very steep and filthy lanes, a multitude of impudent urchins, and a history not devoid of interest; but, on the whole, Corte is best when viewed from a distance, especially from the road which leads to Vivario and Vizzavona, the latter our next place of call. All the way to Vivario are vineyards and chestnut woods and cherry-trees in bloom; and as one toils up to the village, there come into view what seem to be the twin pink and black funnels of an ocean-liner. They look very curious, but are merely the water-tanks at the station, albeit at a distance one could have sworn that they were rooted in a steamer's hull.

Vivario is a pretty place, and possesses a handsome and unfinished church, and a number of merry little maids who hurl handfuls of wild-flowers at us and are bewildered by receiving slabs of chocolate in return. Again a col and more wild mountain scenery, and we reach yet another forest, with Monte d'Oro keeping guard over it, and a delightful chalet in its depths, where everything is of the best, and it is no longer necessary to preserve your first knife and fork in all their greasiness throughout a meal.

For sheer pleasure I doubt if anything surpassed the morning following. The air was like nectar, the snowdrifts on Monte d'Oro dazzling, the sun brilliant, the view towards Tattone pleasing in the extreme, and the immediate surroundings—holly trees bright with scarlet berries, a troutling

stream singing from the hollow, and young pines and larches clustering on every side—peaceful and full of charm. Another col, our last, had perforce to be surmounted, and we grieved to reach it, for the forest of Vizzavona is indeed a "thing of beauty," and so "a joy for ever." Beautiful beeches, stately trees with delicate foliage, mingle with the conifers; birds sing in these more open stretches, and one envies the wood-cutters cooking their breakfasts or splitting oozy logs. There is a little summer hotel near the col and a small fort on its summit, which is a bleak and desolate place, but to the south-west commands a most extensive view down the valley of the Gravone. A long bare slope gives place to mountain-flanks dark with dense *maquis*. Beyond is Bocognano, shrouded in chestnut green; beyond that again a multitude of blue hill-ranges back one another to the distant sea.

The driver shoves old boot-soles between the brakes and the tyres, and there is every reason for such precaution. Steep as the Highland road from the Spittal of Glenshee, with turns and twists and never a barrier, is the *Route Nationale* from the col to Bocognano. But Antonio might be the driver of the Braemar coach by the way he handles the ribbons and sends his team flying down the declivity. In a very brief space we are in the famous village of Bella Coschia, the ex-bandit, who retired from his honourable profession several

years ago with a free pardon and a dozen murders resting lightly on his soul. We were keen to see this famous slayer of his fellow-men, but Antonio believed he was *alla campagna*, and was not at all keen to discuss the subject. We swept through Bocognano, crossed the river, and were soon in more level country, of the type we had already traversed when leaving the capital. Speeding across a marshy forbidding district, where are sulphur springs and where the eucalyptus strives in vain to master the malaria, we finally rolled into our old road, and so along the avenue of sycamores and past the bay full of torpedo craft, and up the long street with the promenaders, and round the corner and back to the hotel. Well-nigh 160 miles had we traversed in three days and a half,—surely as delightful an outing as mortal man could desire! Corsica wept as we departed in one of the fine new *Fraissinet* boats. Cloud masses shrouded Monte d'Oro, mists floated about Salario, the drip of crab and lobster baskets mingled with the rain pattering softly on the decks. The weather had broken, and in our selfishness the fact comforted us in some measure at

leaving this favoured isle, which to the wayfarer is assuredly not one of unrest. It has its drawbacks—rough inns, cold winds amongst the mountains, chill evenings in the uplands, and in the summer a plague of flies and gnats, and an intolerable heat along the coast. But in April and early May this old-world Corsica has a charm of its own, a fragrance fresh and grateful, a beauty varied and oftentimes magnificent, a flavour of the past which, let us hope, may cling to it for years to come, a people pleasant to the sojourner within their gates. The bell clangs, the siren shrieks, the hawsers are cast off, the engines throb, the screw churns the blue water into foam. We glide away leisurely, in true Ajaccio fashion, slip past the lonely Iles Sanguinaires, with their lighthouses and old Genoese watch-tower, past the floats of nets and lobster-pots, and draw out into the open sea. The hill masses grow dim and indistinct, even the promontory at Carghese melts into the haze, night sweeps on apace, and soon away behind us, unseen but unforgotten, lies the land of the vendetta, land of sun and snow, of flower and forest, of mountain-chain and marsh.

ANDREW BALFOUR.

THE PATRON.

BY CHARLES OLIVER.

IN most ways the history of the Pension was that of the majority of such establishments. It had begun as a temporary makeshift and had ended as a permanent one. Given the concomitant circumstances of a decreasing income—a daughter whose “dot” has to be arranged for, a son or two difficult to launch in these days of competition run riot,—the result is the temporary makeshift. The daughter’s marriageable avoirdupois is satisfactorily established, the sons are floated somehow or other. But in the course of these interesting processes worrying liabilities have been incurred: the young people need help now and then, more or less imperiously, and (“*Dame, que voulez-vous?*”) bowed parental shoulders are shrugged. The temporary trickles on into permanency. “*Ex uno discite omnes.*”

You would have found all these factors in a Pension, dead twenty years, of the Rue Placide at Paris. There was the diminishing revenue: Panama has not been responsible for hats only in the world’s history, but for white heads and deep-scored wrinkles and desperate eyes beneath the hats. There was Madame “*ma fille*” at Belfort, married to a soldier, and giving citizens to France at a highly patriotic rate. The captain was an

avowed Royalist and a Catholic of the openly practising order, and of such, for the moment that passes, is not the kingdom of this world. The Missal had been a stone of falling in the captain’s path to material success, and the home letters of Madame “*ma fille*” were dolorous, written in the thin ink of tears. One had to do what one could for her, *ma foi!* The son, too, though he made no claims on the parental purse, put nothing into it,—a Treasury official in the provinces; rising, if you like, but what does one rise to? *Oh, les enfants, les enfants!*

To the extent, then, of its origin, its continuation, and of certain details of its embarrassments, the Pension of the Rue Placide resembled closely enough its brethren of town and province. But now you are to observe a divergence. For whereas, in the generality of these establishments, you shall find the little sceptre in the hands of madame, and attached to her an effaced consort,—whose head does not appear on the medals,—a drudge of small jobs and unpleasant commissions, unkempt, neglected, in the Pension of the Rue Placide it was monsieur that occupied the indolent throne, on the lower step of which stood poor madame, her face withered by fiery breaths of care, her shoulders bent, her

fingers cracked and work-strained. Ah, the pathos of such a roughened hand, scarred and torn by the brambles of life!

He was excellent company, the Patron, as the succession of French law students, resident under his roof between the years 1874 and 1884, were wont to designate unceremoniously Monsieur Octave Dumont, the blind master of the Pension; excellent company — for the visitors and the pensionnaires. It is to be feared that Madame Dumont, at any rate towards the end, found in the Patron chiefly a peevish, dictatorial, elderly gentleman, progressing ungraciously towards an ungraceful old age. No doubt the Patron would offer himself the most satisfactory excuses for his tempers,—his politeness to strangers, you may imagine him thinking, was a matter of business; his impoliteness to his wife was of no importance, for it was entirely of the surface. But love, even of the most humdrum, long-established, conjugal sort, is more closely allied to mathematics than some husbands think, and is never tired of mathematical proofs!

The Patron was a picturesque figure in his wheel-chair at the head of the dining-table or at his constant place by the salon window. He sat tall. He had abundant white-tossed hair and a white Vandyck beard; his mobile mouth and the language of his twitching brows restored to his features the animation of which his closed eyelids

robbed them. He had fine, strong, white hands—the hands of an athlete—reposing quietly as a rule on the arms of his chair. He had become a little corpulent from an inaction that had originated in pettishness and had ended in indolence. His infirmity was nervous—of the imagination. Fidèle, a former body-servant of his, had once said—

“Monsieur’s legs have got the sulks.”

That was an accurate *résumé* of the situation; but it arrived at Madame’s ears, and the rest of the acts of Fidèle accomplished themselves under other roofs.

The Patron came of an old stock in which a Royalist and aristocratic creed was official and hereditary, for the Dumonts had been, father and son, time out of mind, Head Foresters of an Illustrious Person, and had inhabited a Head-Forestial Lodge, as important as many a chateau, near Rambouillet. Here, after the Revolutionary times, a Dumont was found re-established. This particular Dumont was the father of Octave, the Patron; a small savage, the son, playing truant from his lessons three days a week to scour the forest, and do deeds there that in less polite times were punished in highly disagreeable ways. Back across the years I can see Monsieur le Curé with his skirts well held up out of the dew or the mud; I can see the burly form and the anger-red face of a stout garde-forestier; and always at the end of long

sunflecked vistas there is the figure of a childish rebel, disappearing into leafy spaces.

Once, even in that backwater of life, there was a making of history under the boy's bewildered eyes. For one night the little Octave was awaked from his slumbers by a considerable noise and bustle in the hall, and by the gleams of light that intruded themselves on the darkness of his room through the chink above the door. Rubbing sleepy lids, he wandered out in his long nightgown on to the old oak gallery running round the dark hall that was hung with immemorial dusty trophies of the chase, and from there he looked down on an unwonted scene. Candles were lighted in all the sconces, throwing up wavering gleamson to age-blackened antlers, rusty disused firearms, dim tattered tapestries. The great oak table, its candelabra all ablaze, was set out with the finest household linen and the sacred family silver. At one end of the table sat a stout red-faced gentleman, of benign farmer-like appearance, engaged in the consumption of a substantial meal, his obvious melancholy in no way interfering with his no less obvious appetite. Behind his chair stood the Head Forester, grave and deferential, while the mistress of the lodge and half a dozen unknown gentlemen bustled quietly about the solitary feaster. As he looked, for some reason that he could not explain to himself the heart of the little white-robed gazer swelled within him, and, creeping silently back to his bed, he sobbed himself to

sleep. It was a mysterious sensitive chord of the boy's hereditary royalism that had been touched, for the midnight guest was no other than Charles the Tenth on his way into exile.

Ten years later Octave was in Paris. He entered the public employ, and was presented to Louis Philippe by the illustrious Person of the day.

"Be a good boy," said the Citizen King, patting Octave's cheek in his fatherly way, "and thou shalt one day be of my household."

Thus it was that Octave twice chanced on the path of kings; but nothing more substantial than the memory of the midnight vision and of the parental touch on his cheek of a royal hand came to him from his contact with monarchs and with the mighty of the world. When his father died, his office died with him, and Octave transferred the family treasures to his apartment in the Rue Placide.

With such stories of old days, the blind Patron would lift the curtain of time, pointing with his finger about the salon or the dining-room.

"There," he would say, "on the top of that cupboard, is the cup that Charles the Tenth drank out of. There, against the wall . . ."

And when the astonishment of some new pensionnaire, seeing bareness where the Patron pointed, trembled on his tongue, Madame was always there to lay her finger beseechingly on her lip, or some familiar of the house to nudge the newcomer into silence.

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If it takes two to make a quarrel, it no less certainly takes two to spoil a character,—the owner of that character and a second party. This dualism had always been, unfortunately, complete in Octave Dumont's life. You have seen him playing truant from his lessons to commit small crimes of poaching, and neither father nor mother supported too enthusiastically the perplexed curé or the angry garde-forestier. Octave was a pretty child, a fine youth, an only son. All these things were milestones on that easy down-grade of egoism. Octave married late, for his convenience. As long as the Head-Forester's lodge was open to him, with its gay Sunday hunting-parties or shooting-parties, its paternal purse-strings and maternal heart-strings easy of manipulation, Octave was content to be lightly bound with the airy fetters of a vague love-affair, attended to when business and play allowed. The thing must have dragged on for many years: it was only towards the end of the 'Fifties that Octave, driven in on himself by the closing of his old Rambouillet home, could bring himself to renounce the freedom so dear to him. The first bloom was perhaps off the cheek of Marie Desmoulins, her blue eyes were a little weary with long expectation; but that is a woman's part. And when the idol stepped off his pedestal and took her in his arms, little Marie forgot the dreary years of waiting, the sleepless nights, the "Will he

come? He cometh not," so often repeated, with sobbings how bitter! The idol stepped up on to his pedestal again: Marie worshipped at the foot. His kind destiny continued; so also that detrimental dualism of Octave's life. Two children were born to them, and the first few years of marriage were ideal enough. The law students of later days saw in Madame Dumont but a kind, little, preoccupied old lady, rather bunched and careless of dress, much too fussy about her blind husband, too indulgent towards his tantrums. They thought that her silver abundant hair curled prettily about her temples, and they were lightly concerned about her unhealthy high colour and her stoutness and her shortness of breath. But the Patron should occasionally have seen behind the dropped curtain of his eyelids the slim figure of the young girl, beautiful, a little wistful with hope deferred, who had come to his heart with a sob.

His official duties kept Octave in Paris during the campaign of 1870, and I should imagine that Marie tempered the miseries of the siege for the idol at the cost of her own health. For whereas, after the capitulation, the Patron soon re-established his health on a satisfactory basis, Marie's hair showed streaks of silver, and she developed the habit of sitting down suddenly on the chairs of landings and on benches in the streets.

"Indigestion," she said to herself; and she treated herself for that unromantic ail-

ment with apparently good results.

When the Commune broke out, Marie descended again to her cellar and lived there for three months. Octave followed the Constitutional Government to Versailles. Except for the difficulty of leaving Paris, the excursion was rather a cheerful one than otherwise. It was glorious summer weather, and the exiled officials passed an open-air existence in the great forests. In the cool of the evening Octave would walk through old chases to dine with a friend in the fairy vale of the Chevreuse, where the boom of the guns in the plain below punctuated not unpleasantly their languid talk. When the Communists had been driven back upon the walls, the Patron strolled one afternoon in the direction of Paris, and, approaching too closely to the city, was startled by the bursting of a stray shell some yards before his feet. He was unhurt by the whizzing splinters, but the fierce glare of green light left a haze before his eyes.

Octave returned to Paris when order had been restored, and rejoined his wife, who had become more grey in the stormy interval, more subject than before to the sudden necessity of sitting down. But Octave did not notice this, for he was engrossed with a perplexity of his own. The haze before his eyes did not lift, but became denser and denser. When he had on several occasions walked into closed doors and fallen over his chief, to the surprise of that

grave gentleman, a specialist was called in. The result was the retirement of Octave, with the rank of Honorary Inspector-General of Posts and Telegraphs for the Department of Seine et Oise. The retiring pension was slight; but it must be mentioned in the Government's excuse that their coffers were not overflowing at the time, and that they gave the Honorary Inspector-General the privilege of wearing a trifle of red ribbon in his button-hole.

The character of Octave, now almost entirely blind, was not improved by his trial. He became morose and fractious, refused to go out, and demanded that none of life's good things that he could still enjoy should be denied him. Marie threw herself into the breach. She read to her husband for hours every day, listened to his jeremiads, and gave him an abundance of those many meats that his soul loved. Octave became indolent and hypochondriacal. He hardly rose from his seat, except to go to bed or the table.

They lived chiefly on their capital in those days, and as this dwindled Marie saw the necessity of discovering other revenues. She naturally decided in favour of that unfailing resource of indigent gentility—the Family Pension.

Generous, extravagant, unbusinesslike, she was the last person in the world to undertake successfully the management of such an establishment, and, from the financial point of view, the Pension was a failure

from the hour of its birth. Friends of the family pointed out to Marie the amiable error of her ways: a Monsieur Augustin, a perennial pensionnaire, whose surname had passed into disuse, was one of these. But whenever Monsieur Augustin endeavoured to breathe a private warning in the ear of the Patron, Marie was always at hand to turn the conversation forcibly in the direction of weather and the musical-glasses. Octave lived on in blissful ignorance of the situation. He sat eternally in his wheel-chair, quite contented now that to the pleasures of an elegant table were added the dignity of perpetual hostship and an unfailing audience of his Louis-Philippian, Second Empire, and Communal reminiscences.

Poor Madame! Her life was not a pleasant one. She suffered the long cruel agony of those who are financially drowning. She knew by experience all the ignominy and anguish of that inglorious struggle. She learned all the pitiful tricks and devices that are connected with the situation. The Panama crash was the corner-stone of ruin. And the *clientèle*, once sufficient, began to dwindle away—for the genus pensionnaire is tricky and fickle. The pensionnaire who has been asked, in a small triangular note delivered with his Little Breakfast, to be so amiable as to lend the lady of the house until the Great Breakfast a trifle of five hundred francs, is apt to get restive and to wing his eternal flight from the impecunious

haven. Marie grew stouter, and more than ever short of breath.

One morning little Angela, a successor of the too frank Fidèle, presented herself by the Patron's chair, and, making the customary reverence to her blind master,—for the vanity of the compliment did not, in her eyes, excuse its omission,—said in a breathless voice—

“Pardon, Monsieur, I have knocked at Madame's door and, pardon, Monsieur, I cannot make Madame hear. What does Monsieur wish me to do?”

Octave was not much disturbed, for Marie was a late riser. Debt and late-rising go ever hand in hand. He sent the girl to try again, and listened with pettish exclamations to the increasing loudness of the servant's knocks and appeals. Then she was joined by one of the last of the stray pensionnaires, a young Englishman.

“We can't make her hear,” called the pensionnaire down the passage to Octave. “I shall have to force the door.”

Then came a dull thud and crash, and Octave heard a startled cry of the young Englishman and a frightened whimper of the little maid.

“What is it?” he called out.

“I am going to send Angela for the doctor,” answered the pensionnaire. “Madame is—is—that is, she has had a fit.”

He came to Octave's chair when the front door had closed, and he put his hand on the blind man's shoulder.

"You can tell me," said Octave quietly. "She is dead."

"She is dead, Patron," replied the pensionnaire.

That afternoon, when the house had recovered its ordinary calm after the melancholy bustle of the morning, Monsieur Augustin sat with Octave.

"I shall have to give up the Pension, of course," said the Patron in a weary, peevish voice. "But I suppose there are savings, and I shall be able to live much as before. I should stay on here for her sake. I can . . ."

"Mon ami," interrupted Monsieur Augustin, "I fear nothing has been saved. In fact, poor Marie was in considerable difficulties."

"Impossible!" cried Octave. "We have always lived comfortably, even luxuriously."

"*You* have," said Monsieur Augustin with emphasis.

Octave was silent for a few minutes: he was beginning to understand.

"Well," he went on at last with a sigh, "there is a great deal left—the pictures and silver and other things. All that will bring in a considerable sum."

"We shall see," said Monsieur Augustin.

When his friend had gone, Octave sat on for some time thinking. Then he rose painfully and stiffly from his chair, and felt his way to the *escritoire* at which Marie had done all her writing. Over the *escritoire* had hung a Christ in bronze, an old and valued family treasure. Octave raised

his hands to the wall, and his groping fingers encountered a bare space. There should have been an oil-painting of the medieval Dutch school on each side of the Christ: these too had gone. He stumbled to the sideboard and weighed the plate in his hand. He could tell that only one spoon and fork were silver. Then he went back to his chair and called the little maid.

"Angela," he said, "take all the papers out of your mistress's desk and sit down and read them to me. Do not miss out a word; do you understand?"

The reading lasted far into the evening, for Angela's articulation and comprehension were slow, and there were papers in all types and hand-writings. The whole sad history of the last six or seven years was in them. There were receipts from a curio-merchant for the cup in chased silver out of which Charles the Tenth had drunk; for an inlaid musket given to an ancestral Dumont by the Grand Monarque; for pictures, for old arms, for trophies of the chase. There were Mont-de-Piété acknowledgments for silver, for household linen, for a lady's watch, for a fur cloak. There were angry letters from pensionnaires, chiefly notes of excuse on the matter of proposed loans: the poor lady had destroyed nothing. But the most frequent document was the bilious-yellow acknowledgment of the Mont-de-Piété, to which benevolent institution poor Marie must have often run in hot haste when her difficulties became pressing.

These papers, given out with great scrupulousness by Angela in her slow, childish, high-pitched voice, punctuated the reading with the regularity of minute-guns.

FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

Loan No. 6. February 24, 1880.

There has been deposited this day at the Mont-de-Piété at Paris, in guarantee for a loan—

A Pair of Silver Candlesticks.

Renewable in one year from this date.

FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

Loan No. 3. June 9, 1882.

There has been deposited this day at the Mont-de-Piété at Paris, in guarantee for a loan—

A Christ in bronze, curiously worked.

Renewable in one year from this date.

FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Liberty

But there were no renewals.

The reading came to an end at last, and Octave was alone. The house was quite quiet, for the servants had gone out on the various errands that the visit of Death makes necessary. All his life passed before the blind man, from the long-ago days in the Head-Forestial lodge to the present sad, regretful moment. As he thought of Marie's patient, uncomplaining self-sacrifice and of his own selfishness and ill-humours, the necessity came on him of saying one word to her. He groped his way down the passage to the still room where she lay. The quiet murmur of the Rue Placide came up to him through the open

window, and on the blurred haze of his vision the flame of the tapers burning at her head and feet cast the indefinite yellow points of light seen in a fog. He threw himself on his knees by the bed, and his arms, flung outward, disturbed the flowers on her breast. In the stillness the cry of his heart went out—

"Pardon, Marie!"

And there was no response from heaven. You cannot wipe out with a word the regret that you have been building up for years, as a child with wetted forefinger smudges out the writing on his slate. God is not mocked.

With a sigh the Patron rose from his knees. He felt his way to the window and threw back the shutters. For a moment he stood there. Then came a loud cry, a swift hurtling through the air of a dark body, a dull thud mounting up from the court.

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The blood-stain on the flags has long died out; the memory, too, of the blind Patron has passed from the court. It was not difficult to decide for accident. So the neighbours settled it, and the Dumont children summoned in haste from the ends of France, and the two or three law students who were still of the Pension. Monsieur Augustin alone had doubts.

Suicide is an act of supreme heroism or of supreme egoism. Monsieur Augustin knew well that the poor Patron was no hero. But he kept his thoughts to himself.

DEAN SWIFT IN DUBLIN.

BY J. H. BERNARD, DEAN OF ST PATRICK'S.

THE genius and the fortunes of Jonathan Swift have been the subject of many essays in criticism; and the enigma of his character offers a problem which cannot be said even yet to be solved, notwithstanding the attention which it has received from an unbroken series of critics since his death one hundred and sixty years ago. But this paper will not concern itself with those gifts which have secured for him a permanent place in the annals of English literature, nor will any attempt be made to follow his extraordinary career as a political writer, by whose judgment the opinions of multitudes whom he never knew were shaped and determined. Its subject is not Swift the illustrious man of letters, or Swift the politician, but Swift in his character of the first citizen in Dublin—his mode of life, his Cathedral cares, his house, his hospitality, his friendship. Finally, a few words will be said about that romantic and mysterious chapter in his life which concerns his relations with Esther Johnson, his dearest friend, and to all seeming—his unacknowledged wife.

Jonathan Swift was in the forty-sixth year of his age when he received from the Government his nomination as Dean of St Patrick's, a posi-

tion which he was to occupy for thirty-two years, a term of office which has only been two or three times exceeded during the seven hundred years of the Cathedral history. A sadly disappointed man he was, when he presented himself for installation on June 13, 1713. "At my first coming," he wrote to Vanessa, "I thought I should have died with discontent, and was horribly melancholy while they were installing me, but it begins to wear off, and change to dullness."¹ The situation in which he found himself was indeed in strange contrast with that which he had filled for so long in London. He had been the counsellor and friend of her Majesty's Ministers; in all the great political controversies of the time he had been a protagonist; men vied with each other for his support; London society was at his feet. And he had cherished ambitions of high place, as a recompense for the public service which he had ungrudgingly given; although, as it would appear, he had never been confident that his powerful friends would reward him suitably. "They call me Jonathan," he said, "and I believe they will leave me Jonathan as they found me."² His sagacity was not at fault; and it was with some

¹ July 8, 1713.² Journal, Feb. 7, 1711.

difficulty that at last a place was found for him at St Patrick's, by promoting his predecessor to a Bishopric. Probably he pitied himself over-much: it is not clear that he would have been in all respects fitted for higher place in the Church. But, however that may be, he was bitterly disappointed with the position that was assigned to him, and was vexed—although too proud to admit it—by the reception which awaited him in Dublin. The fees and charges incidental to taking up the Deanery cost him £1000—no small sum, especially in those days, for a poor man; and he was disgusted by the prospect of the duties which henceforth would fall to him to discharge. The letter of congratulation which the Archbishop sent him was not calculated to reconcile him to his lot.

"Your predecessor in St Patrick's did a great deal to his church and house, but there is still work for you. He designed a spire for the steeple, which kind of ornament is much wanting in Dublin. . . . Bricks and lime are good and cheap. But we have no workmen who understand anything of the matter. I believe you may be acquainted with several that are conversant with such kind of work, and if you would discourse some of them, and rush on the work as soon as settled, it might be of use to you, and give the people here an advantageous notion of you."¹

We can but imagine how galling to the man who had swayed Cabinets and directed in some measure the policy of nations it must have been to

be told that he was to occupy his time with putting a spire on the tower of St Patrick's. As a matter of fact, he did not pursue Dr Stearne's scheme, and the Cathedral tower remained in its original simplicity until after Swift's death, when the present somewhat incongruous spire was added. But this is by the way: the matter is worth recalling here only because it illustrates the changed environment in which Swift found himself. Nor, at first, was he received with the cordiality which he might reasonably have anticipated. There is not much wit in the ribald verses which are said to have been posted on the Cathedral doors the day that the Dean was installed. But one or two stanzas may be quoted:—

"To-day, this temple gets a Dean,
Of parts and fame, uncommon;
Used both to pray and to prophane,
To serve both God and Mammon.

This place he got by wit and rhyme,
And many ways most odd;
And might a bishop be, in time,
Did he believe in God.

Look down, St Patrick, look, we pray,
On thine own church and steeple;
Convert thy Dean, on this great day,
Or else, God help the people!

And now, where'er his deanship dies,
Upon his tomb be graven:
A man of God here buried lies
Who never thought of heaven."²

It is no wonder that he was vexed, and that he found his way back to England very soon, where he was received

¹ King to Swift, May 16, 1713.

² Ascribed to Dean Smedley of Clogher.

with open arms. There was some talk of making him Prolocutor of the Southern House of Convocation or of securing the post of Historiographer-Royal for him, but it all came to nothing. Queen Anne died, the Whigs triumphed, and he came back to Dublin in August 1714 to build—not the spire of St Patrick's Cathedral, but—a more enduring monument of his name in the hearts of the Irish people.

"A strenuous champion of liberty." That is the title to grateful recollection which he claims for himself in his epitaph; and it is not too much to say that the passion for liberty was the governing motive of his life. Did the Bishop of Meath desire him to attend his visitations, as it would seem proper for the Vicar of Laracor to do,—Swift would have him know that he is not to be coerced; and he begs his lordship to remember, in the midst of his resentments, that he is addressing a clergyman, not a footman.¹ Did the Archbishop of Dublin object to his visits to England and temporary abandonment of his decanal duties, and ask for a proxy,—the Dean stoutly declares that he will offer no proxy but his chapter. "I have lived," he says, surely with unnecessary heat, "and, by the grace of God, I will die, an enemy to servitude and slavery of all kinds. I will spend a hundred or two pounds rather than be

enslaved or betray a right which I do not value three-pence, but my successors may."² Did the Dean of Christ Church desire the decent continuance of an old custom whereby the Canons of St Patrick's preached in turn at the sister cathedral,—Swift, even before he became Dean, refused to acknowledge the authority which summoned him, and, with a high hand, abolished this fraternal practice.³

It is not wonderful that this temper, when exhibited in more important matters than those with which ecclesiastical squabbles were concerned, should have endeared him to a people naturally impatient of restraint. Few will deny that there was much in the condition of the Ireland of the early eighteenth century to kindle the resentment of a patriotic spirit. To take only one example, the Irish woollen trade had been ruined by the pressure of legal enactments which prevented woollen goods from being exported. And it was not long before the injustice of this prohibition excited Swift's indignation, never very difficult to excite. The first of his Irish pamphlets was entitled 'A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures.' He proposed to turn the tables on the "predominant partner" by refusing to use English goods. He hopes that everything will be turned back which comes from England—

¹ The letter is printed in Mant's 'History of the Church of Ireland,' ii. 392.

² See Mason's 'History of St Patrick's Cathedral,' pp. 271, 365.

³ *Ibid.*, pp. 182, 242, 291.

except the people and the coals. I need not comment on the impracticability of the Dean's suggestion: he was not a political economist. But his splendid invective showed all Ireland that a Leader of Public Opinion had arisen, and the issue proved that the Government were afraid of him,—for the prosecution which was set on foot against the printer of the pamphlet failed, and had to be discontinued.

A greater triumph was gained by him in the controversy about Wood's Coinage, in which he had not, as it seems, at all so good a case as in his denunciation of the laws affecting the woollen trade. A certain William Wood—it is an oft-told tale—had been granted a patent for the issue of copper coinage, and it was alleged that the pence and halfpence issued were of inferior metal. It does not appear that the injustice would have been serious, or that much harm would have been done, but there is no doubt that the granting of the patent was a scandalous job, and that was quite enough for Swift. In the famous Drapier's letters, a series of pamphlets in the form of letters addressed by a certain M. B. Drapier to the Irish people, he not only lashed the unhappy Wood with his sarcasm, but roundly attacked the Government for the iniquitous burden which it was proposed to lay upon an unwilling nation. The authorship was not openly avowed, but it

was well known that Swift was the Drapier, and indeed no other man then living could have written letters like these. Their effect was extraordinary. Two successive Viceroy's failed to secure the acceptance of the obnoxious coinage; the prosecution of the printer did not succeed, and Swift became a popular idol. From the time of the Drapier correspondence onward he was the most powerful man in the country. Medals were struck in his honour; his portrait was everywhere for sale; civic corporations received him with public homage; as he walked the streets all heads were uncovered. The denizens of Kevin Street, no less than the members of the Government, waited on his will. It is told that a crowd being gathered on one occasion in front of the Cathedral to observe an eclipse, they were dispersed by the message that by the Dean's orders the eclipse would be postponed. And—to go from Kevin Street to the Castle—when in after days people asked Lord Carteret how he had governed Ireland, his answer was merely that he “had pleased Dr Swift.”¹

It is probable that Swift was more successful as a critic of Government than he would have been as the responsible exponent of positive policy. His strength was in opposition, and he was in opposition throughout his years of greatest power. No Jacobite, he was a convinced supporter of

¹ Carteret to Swift, March 24, 1738.

the House of Hanover; but in ecclesiastical affairs he was always on the Tory side, and had a hearty hatred for the Whig policy which was promoted by the English ecclesiastics who filled most of the high places in the Irish Church. For Primate Boulter and his supporters he had little that was good to say: he looked upon them as the advocates of the English interest. And, whether in civil or ecclesiastical affairs, Swift always espoused the Irish cause—the cause, that is, of the Anglo-Irish, whom he regarded as the natural leaders of the Irish people. He did not conceal his dislike of Boulter; and almost his last interference in local politics was occasioned by a scheme of the Primate's for the lowering the value of gold coin. When the proclamation was made, Swift showed what he thought of it by hanging out a black flag from the tower of St Patrick's, and causing a muffled peal to be rung on the bells. The Primate is said to have expostulated with the Dean for inflaming the populace against him; but his remonstrance only provoked the scornful answer: "If I were but to lift my finger they would tear you in pieces."

But this is to anticipate later years. So far we have been going over familiar ground, for the purpose of recalling the period of Swift's greatest activity in Ireland—the period between 1714 and 1725. It was during these

years that his position as the first citizen of Dublin was built up and consolidated.

During the next two years he visited London twice, renewed old friendships, and made new ones. Pope, Gay, and Bolingbroke received him with open arms; Voltaire cultivated his acquaintance; Walpole bade him to his house. Whether even still he had hopes of English preferment cannot certainly be known; but it was not to be. Walpole was not likely to do much for the avowed opponent of Boulter, who represented the Whigs in Ireland. In 1727 Swift left England, never to revisit it again.

It was during this period—in 1726—that the most widely read of all Swift's books appeared, viz., '*Gulliver's Travels*.' It took the literary world by storm, although stupid people did not at once understand its greatness. Swift was delighted to learn that an Irish acquaintance—one regrets to hear that he was a bishop—had asserted that the book was full of improbable lies, and that he hardly believed a word of it!¹ I am not discussing Swift's place in the Republic of Letters, and I must not therefore stay to comment upon '*Gulliver*'; but a curious little fact as to its title has come to light lately which deserves a wider publicity than it has yet received. The name of the hero, Lemuel Gulliver, is a very fantastic combination; and no good explana-

¹ Swift to Pope, November 27, 1726.

tion has hitherto been given of its choice by Swift. Most people have been content to believe that he invented it. But the explanation is available now.

Last November Dr Edward Scott announced in 'The Athenæum' that while examining the documents in the muniment room of Westminster Abbey he had come across a bundle of law papers, being the proceedings in actions brought by one *Lemuel Gulliver* of Westminster against a certain *Peter Swift* of Longdon, in Worcestershire, the dates of the documents ranging from 1733 to 1741. Now Longdon, where Peter Swift lived, is less than twenty miles from Gooderich, in Herefordshire, of which parish Jonathan Swift's grandfather was vicar; and it may even be the case that these two families of Swift were akin. In any event, it can hardly be doubtful that we have here the origin of the name of the hero of the famous 'Travels.' Dr Scott suggested, indeed, in his letter to 'The Athenæum,' that an allusion to the legal proceedings of which he had unearthed the records was to be found in the Voyage to Brobdingnag, where Gulliver told the King of that country that he had "been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in Chancery, which was decreed for him with costs."¹ But 'Gulliver's Travels' was pub-

lished in 1726, and had been read by more than one person in MS. some years before, so that it cannot contain any allusion to lawsuits extending to the year 1740 (if Dr Scott has given the dates accurately). But if Peter Swift were akin to Jonathan, and if law troubles were impending about 1720, it would be quite natural that he should acquaint the great Dean with the particulars of the case, in order that his powerful aid might be secured. And the name *Lemuel Gulliver* is one which would arrest attention at once.

It is worth noting that Jonathan Swift always took an interest in Gooderich, where his grandfather had been vicar, and that in 1726—the year in which his 'Travels' were published—he presented to the church there a chalice that his grandfather had formerly used, and caused the date to be engraved thereon. I do not know if it is fanciful to see in this gift to Gooderich, with its record of the year 1726, a token of some circumstance which called forth at that time the Dean's special interest in the locality. However, this is only speculation; but, at any rate, the association of the two names, Swift and Lemuel Gulliver, in the Westminster muniments, cannot be quite without a bearing on the title of the Dean of St Patrick's famous romance.²

¹ P. 133. Ed. G. R. Dennis.

² Attention may here be directed to the passage in 'Gulliver' in which the astronomers of Laputa are reported to have discovered that the planet Mars has two satellites, of which the outer revolves round the planet in 21½ hours

The last eighteen years of Swift's life were spent in Ireland. If not wholly reconciled to his lot, he had learned to accommodate himself to its limitations, and so long as his faculties remained unimpaired it is clear that he discharged faithfully the duties which every day prescribed. He was a lonely man, indeed. The death of Stella deprived him, as he said, of "the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I or perhaps any other person was ever blessed with"; and after his return from England in 1727 he never saw his London friends again. To be sure, he had many acquaintances, and could not have been quite unmoved by the homage paid to him and the affection with which he was regarded by those who knew him best. But no one after Stella's death shared the secret thoughts of his heart. He moved about, a grim, enigmatical figure—not to be approached as an equal,—who condescended to take part in the trivialities of life. But he did his duty. Apart from the larger questions of public policy on which he was still ready to pronounce when occasion demanded, he was indefatigable in his atten-

tion to the calls of citizenship, and he found continual interest in the ordering of his Cathedral and in the investigation of its history. The lesser duties, to which at first he found it so hard to stoop, were, in the sequel, performed by him with a fidelity and a care which are unsurpassed in the annals of St Patrick's.

The interest which Swift took in the maintenance of the fabric of his Cathedral, and in the organisation of its services, has, perhaps, never been fully appreciated; and the latest of his successors may be permitted to record a few details illustrative of this side of his activities. Many little memorials remain to show those who wander round the building how careful he was that the history of his ancient church should be preserved, and that the continuity between the present and the past should not be forgotten. Perhaps the most interesting of all our sepulchral monuments—the recumbent effigy of Archbishop Tregury, who died in 1471—was rescued by him from a heap of ruins and preserved in a place of security. Every one knows the story of the plain tablet which he put up in memory of Schomberg,

and the inner in the amazingly short time of 10 hours. Recent editors of 'Gulliver' seem to have overlooked the extraordinary correspondence of this guess of Swift's with the truth. Less than thirty years ago it was discovered that Mars had two satellites, just as Gulliver tells, the existence of which had hitherto remained undetected; and further, that their periods of revolution are 30 hours and $7\frac{1}{2}$ hours. Swift thus not only guessed correctly as to the existence and number of the satellites, but he stated their periodic times—in one case anomalous and unprecedented—with fair accuracy. It is curious that while this strange illustration of romance by science is noted in some modern books on astronomy, the editors of 'Gulliver' do not mention it, and it is therefore worth recalling here.

when the great soldier's descendants proved careless of their ancestor's fame; and of the uncompromising inscription in which he set forth his opinion of the Schomberg family: *Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos*—"The fame of his valour weighed more with strangers than the kinship of blood with his own people." Macaulay says that the epitaph was "a furious libel," but it was not ill-deserved. Another unassuming tablet at the western end of the north aisle tells that the ancient Consistory Court used to be held there, before it was moved, in Swift's own day, to another situation: he was careful here, as always, that the history of the past should be remembered. The huge Jacobean monuments erected by the great Earl of Cork in memory of his wife, and by Lord Ranelagh in memory of his father, Archbishop Jones, were restored through his exertions. Then, too, it was by Swift's direction that the earliest drawings (by J. Blaymes) which we possess of the Cathedral were executed. It is curious that we have no picture of the building before 1733, but so it is; and were it not for these sketches (one of which was engraved for Ware's 'Antiquities') we should have no pictorial representation of St Patrick's until 1763. But Swift foresaw how interesting such records would prove to posterity.

He deciphered all the ancient leases, and took particular

pains that none should be renewed except on terms favourable to the permanent interests of the Cathedral. Anything like a "job" stirred his wrath, and some indignant notes still remain which he wrote across documents with the tenor of which he was displeased. "This lease was made by that rascal Dean Jones and the knaves or fools, his Chapter." In another lease one of the contracting parties was a certain Bassenet, a relative of the Dean of that name who, to his discredit, abandoned the property of the Cathedral establishment to the King's Commissioners at the Reformation, and upon it Swift has written: "This Bassenet was kin to the Scoundrel who surrendered the Deanery to that Beast Henry VIII." One sees a trace in these scribbles of the *sæva indignatio* which he has compelled posterity to remember by the epitaph written by himself for his tomb. For he lies *ubi sæva indignatio ulterius cor lacerare nequit*—"where fierce indignation can tear his heart no more."

Swift knew nothing of music (we have his own word for it), but he did what he could to promote its study in Dublin. It was in his time that the choir of St Patrick's took part in the first performance of Handel's "Messiah" (for the benefit of Mercer's Hospital); but this was in 1742, when the Dean's faculties were impaired and his dreadful malady oppressed him, so that he can hardly be given much credit for the action of the "Dean

and Chapter" on the occasion. At a much earlier date, however, Swift's efforts to help the cause of sacred music were remarked. St Cecilia's Day used to be observed with special dignity at St Patrick's while he was Dean, and 'The Dublin Journal' concludes an eulogistic notice of the service in the year 1730 by commenting on his presence: "Nothing could give greater life to the Beautiful and Splendid appearance of the Ladies and Gentlemen than the presence of the worthy Dean Swift, who seemed highly pleased with the decent and becoming order observed through the whole." Of course, at this time his reputation was at its height.

With his choir he took a great deal of trouble. The Vicars-Choral of St Patrick's had large privileges in the eighteenth century, and enjoyed a position of considerable independence. But the Dean took care to remind them that their office had obligations as well as privileges. In the Cathedral archives there is a yellow sheet of paper, endorsed in Swift's writing, "Censure of Vicars at my Visitation 1734," which illustrates at once the ecclesiastical manners of the time and the sharpness of the Dean's tongue.

This curious document has not been printed, and I may as well reproduce some of it.

"MR HARRIS.

"Negligent in his attendance, particularly absent the late solemn nights and Sundays.

"MR FOX.

"Negligent in his attendance and very careless of his Performance; refusing often to sing his Part, excusing himself by pleading colds and disorders. This so often happens that it must entirely be his own fault; therefore deserves a severe animadversion.

"His appearance at Church is dirty, filthy, and very indecent; sometimes, I am informed, disordered with Liquor. Let this time be a caution to you; if you do not amend this, you shall receive an Admonition.

"MR CHURCH.

"Very indecent in his behaviour, openly laughing, Grinning, whispering, in the time of Divine service: He and Mr Fox disputing constantly the Performance of an Anthem; and will not agree upon it perhaps or come to a resolution till almost the instant of performing it. To remedy this my Vicar or the Chantor's shall in due time before Prayers name the Anthem, or if any particular Anthem be required by any dignitary in his attendance, I expect it shall be performed, under a severe penalty."

The worthy Mr Harris had been a Vicar-Choral for thirty-four years when this "censure" was delivered, and he was no doubt much hurt at the Dean's observations. For Mr Fox and Mr Church what is there to say? The awful threat of an "Admonition" probably followed in the case of the former gentleman, for he never rose above the dignity of "half Vicar." But Mr Church must have mended his ways, for he became full Vicar-Choral of Christ's Church as well as of St Patrick's in 1739.

A characteristic letter of Swift's, made accessible for the first time quite recently, from the Reports of the Royal

Historical Commission on Private MSS., illustrates at once the care with which he watched over his choir, and his scrupulous anxiety to exercise patronage to the best advantage.

"... My quire is so degenerate under the reigns of former Deans of famous memory, that the race of people called Gentlemen Lovers of Music tell me I must be very careful in supplying two vacancies, which I have been two years endeavouring to do. For you are to understand that in disposing these musical employments, I determine to act directly contrary to Ministers of State, by giving them to those who best deserve. If you had recommended a Parson to me for a Church living in my gift, I would be less curious; because an indifferent Parson may do well enough, if he be honest, but Singers, like their brothers the Poets, must be very good, or they are good for nothing."¹

Certainly he made a good choice on this occasion, for two out of the three men appointed in 1719—the year of this letter—were Ralph Roseingrave and John Travers, whose names are well known in the musical world.

Swift always took such pains with his letters that his friend Delany could say, "I verily believe there are few things he ever wrote that he did not wish to be published at one time or other." And so, perhaps, I may print a letter which I have found among the Cathedral archives, recommending to the same Dr Delany, then Chancellor of St Patrick's and Rector of St Werburgh's, a young clergyman who sought employment.

"Dr. Sr.,—The Bearer, Mr John Lyon, waits upon you with a humble request. He is a Master of Arts, of some years' standing, hath been employed as an Assistant to Mr Worrall in visiting the Sick of our Liberty, hath a general good character, and is not married.

"Hearing that Mr Row is gone to London and designs to quit his cure, I am desired by some worthy Clergymen, particularly Mr King of St Bride's, to recommend him to you to succeed Mr Row as your Assistant-Lecturer for St Nicholas Within, which I do very heartily, for I have an esteem for ye young gentleman, whom I have heard preach for me very discreetly. Need I tell you that I would not recommend my Brother to you, if it were not out of more regard to your Reputation than his Interest. . . .—I am entirely your most obedt., &c. J. SWIFT.

"DEANRY HOUSE,
Oct. 22nd, 1736.

"To the Rev. Dr DELANY."

The "young gentleman" whose "discreet" preaching is here commended was Swift's chief guardian and attendant in the sad last years; and the name of Dr John Lyon is held in much respect by Irish antiquaries as the most diligent and faithful investigator of Irish ecclesiastical lore in the eighteenth century.

It is a singular circumstance that of the house in which Dean Swift lived no sketch or painting is extant, so far as I have been able to discover. It was not the ancient Deanery, which Dean Fuller found in a ruinous state in 1660 and which he tried to repair. That house was a little to the east of the present building, and is so marked on Sir Thomas Drew's valuable map of the

¹ Feb. 9, 1719—'Pryings from Private Papers,' p. 70.

ancient precincts. But in 1713 Dean Stearne built a new Deanery—the house in which Swift, his successor, lived—on the present site, and it existed until 1781, when it was destroyed by fire, nothing now remaining of it except the vaulted kitchens and a wall of great thickness. The existing house was built in 1781 by Dean Cradock, and a comparison of the Ordnance Survey with the eighteenth-century maps leaves no room for doubt that it occupies the place of Swift's house. All that we know of Swift's house, indeed, is that it was on the present site, and that it had a great many staircases. The lively Mrs Pilkington, who saw a good deal of the Dean when she was a young woman, has left us a curious picture of Swift at home. "The Deanery house has I know not how many pair of backstairs in it; the preceding Dean (that is, Stearne), who built it, being, it seems, extremely fearful of fire, was resolved there should be many ways of escape in case of danger." And Mrs Pilkington goes on to describe Swift running "up the Great Stairs, down one pair of backstairs, and up another," violently, which Mrs Brent, his housekeeper, explained was his way of taking exercise in bad weather.¹

The garden was of much larger extent than at the present day, as Guinness Street—the ordinary approach to the

Cathedral—did not come into existence until 1863, and the Deanery grounds adjoined on one side the Cathedral close, on the other the Archbishop's garden, whose palace is now occupied by the Police Barrack. "I have been planting Elms," Swift wrote in 1721, "in the Deanery Garden, and what is worse, in the Cathedral Churchyard, where I disturbed the dead and angered the living by removing tombstones that people will be at a loss how to rest with the bones of their ancestors."² But not one of these trees survives.

Such was the house in which he lived; such was the garden which he crossed every day, preceded by his verger, as he went to service, which—as he tells Bolingbroke—he was careful to attend once daily. In the early days he was miserable enough.

"You are to understand," he wrote to Pope, "that I live in the corner of a vast, unfurnished house: my family consists of a steward, a groom, a helper in the stable, a footman, and an old maid, who are all at board wages, and when I do not dine abroad or make an entertainment (which last is very rare), I eat a mutton-pie and drink half-a-pint of wine; my amusements are, defending my small dominions against the Archbishop, and endeavouring to reduce my rebellious choir."

But things went more smoothly as time passed. Archbishop King and he made common cause against Primate Boulter and the Whigs, and friends gathered round

¹ *Memoirs of Mrs Pilkington* (1748), p. 55 f.

² Swift to Chetwode, December 5, 1721.

him. Whatever was best in Dublin society was within his reach, and Dr Delany and Sheridan, the Grattans and Helsham, were his constant associates, not to speak of the worthy Mr Worrall, the Dean's vicar, and his wife, who used to keep him company and help him in many ways. Lord Orrery wrote to Southerne in 1736¹ that "the Dean of St Patrick's grows younger as his years increase. . . . He enjoys more health and vivacity this winter than he has felt for some years past." Every Sunday evening Swift had some friends to dinner—Thursday being the day when he paid his weekly visit to the Delanys at Delville; and there are a good many allusions in the letters of the time to these entertainments. "As it is Sunday night,"—this is a letter from Lord Orrery to Baron Waynright,—“I cannot help fancying you are in the blue room at the Deanery, and if I could transport my body as easily as I can my thoughts, I should be of the party.”²

A curious relic of Swift's social life has recently come into the possession of the Dean and Chapter of St Patrick's, which recalls the friendship of the Dean with John Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery, and which preserves some doggerel verses of Swift's, long since forgotten. This is a snuff-box,

which, having originally belonged to Dr Delany's mother, came into Swift's hands, and was intended by him as a present for Boyle. It is of old pinchbeck metal, and on the covers are representations of Irish wolf-hounds, an oak tree, and an eagle. Inside the lid are engraved the following lines:—

"CELER AD FERVENDUM.

"From Churchman, scribbler, wit (a wit's a fool),
To a Lord (*recte dictum*). If such the rule,
When Peerages to men are given,
Few like yours would appertain to Heaven.
Concordia discors I have written,
But with a *cacoethes scribendi* I am smitten.
The box may be metal's basest dross;
If you lose it the less the loss;
And though new it now appears,
D—L—Y'S mother used it many years."

The solution of the enigma presented by the title is that "Celer ad Fervendum" is to be translated "Swift to Boyle (boil)," and that Boyle's peerage is said to "appertain to heaven" because an Orrery is an astronomical contrivance. D—L—Y represents, of course, Dr Patrick Delany, one of the circle of social intimates at the Deanery. It does not appear that the snuff-box ever went into Lord Orrery's possession, for at the time of Swift's death it was among the Dean's effects, and passed into the custody of his housekeeper, Mrs Ridgeway.³

¹ The Orrery Papers, i. 183.

² *Ibid.*, p. 203.

³ The Dean bequeathed to Mrs Ridgeway "all his small pieces of plate, not exceeding in weight one ounce and a half." The snuff-box came to her son, John Ridgeway, in due time, who in 1792 was registrar to a certain Judge Crookshank, to whom he presented it. The Judge died in 1813, and the

This is a fair sample of the kind of doggerel verse which used to be exchanged between Swift and his social intimates; and that it does not appeal to our sense of humour at all, shows how fashions change in verse-writing as in everything else.

Mention of Swift's social life and of his Deanery hospitalities naturally suggests the name of the lady who, while she lived, presided at his table, and provided by the charm of her wit additional attraction for his guests. This is not the place to tell her story at length; but it must be briefly touched on, in order that the value may be seen of a hitherto unpublished letter which furnishes an important link in the chain of evidence connecting the names of Swift and Stella as man and wife.

When Swift lived, as a young man, with Sir William Temple at Moor Park, near Farnham, he made the acquaintance of a little girl, the daughter of a confidential servant of Sir William's; and the friendship thus begun between Jonathan Swift and

Esther Johnson was only interrupted by death. In 1701, when he was Vicar of Laracor, she came over to Ireland, at his advice, with Mrs Dingley, her faithful companion, and she established herself in his neighbourhood. Henceforth for twenty-seven years, whether in Laracor or in Dublin, she was recognised as his most intimate friend. She shared all his interests, "remained his constant companion, by degrees became the centre of his circle. But they never met" except in the company of some third person; "they never lived in the same house."¹ When Swift was Dean, Stella and Mrs Dingley had lodgings on Ormond Quay; but they often took charge of the Deanery during his temporary absences from Dublin. The mutual affection of Swift and Stella is as obvious as is the fact that their intercourse was carried on with the utmost propriety. So much is certain; but it is not possible to say with equal certainty that they were married, as many of their contemporaries believed, although no marriage was ever publicly acknowledged

box passed to his son, Alexander Crookshank, Esq., of Belfast, who died February 28, 1845. It was advertised for sale in a catalogue of miscellaneous curiosities issued by Mr Henry George of 3 Hemmings Row, Charing Cross, in May 1847, who was entrusted with it to dispose of on behalf of the Crookshank family. The purchaser was E. B. Evans, Esq., and on December 1, 1904, the box was again advertised on behalf of the executors of Mrs L. A. Evans of Weston House, Pittville, Cheltenham, by Bruton, Knowles, & Co., of Gloucester, along with a number of other effects. It was bought by Mr Partridge, a dealer in St James Street, and was sold by him to the Earl of Dudley in March 1905, who generously presented it to the Dean and Chapter of St Patrick's, along with the various papers and catalogues which preserve its history. Its wanderings now are probably at an end, for it is to be kept at the Deanery as one of the Swift relics, in a Japanese lacquer-work cabinet which belonged to the Dean. It is mentioned in Wilde's '*Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life*,' p. 182.

¹ Craik's *Life*, i. 114.

by them. The evidence for the marriage is, however, very strong, as I shall presently show; but before I touch on this, it is necessary to make mention of the other Esther—Esther Vanhomrigh (Vanessa, as Swift playfully called her)—who desired to have the Dean for a husband.

While Swift was in London during the busy and ambitious period that was terminated by his retirement to Dublin, he made the acquaintance of a Mrs Vanhomrigh, the widow of a Dutch merchant, and he became intimate with her family, and especially with her daughter Hester. That he ever had serious thoughts of marrying her cannot be supposed for a moment, as his heart had long since been given to Stella, with whom at this time he was carrying on the most tender correspondence. But Vanessa fell madly in love with him, as he discovered to his dismay shortly before he took up his Deanery. Despite his protests she followed him to Ireland in 1714, and lived partly in Dublin and partly at Celbridge, until 1723, when she died of a broken heart, having at last discovered that her passion was hopeless. The account of the final tragedy which was given to the world after Swift's death by Lord Orrery, Delany, Swift's cousin (Deane Swift), Sheridan, and others, was (with some variants) to the effect that having discovered—to Swift's great in-

dignation—that he was married to Stella, Vanessa made a new will, diverting her property from the Dean; gave orders to her executors that his correspondence with her—including the famous poem “Cadenus and Vanessa”—should be published; and so died. This account may be taken, I believe, as substantially true; and I am able to add a little to the evidence for it. The main reason why it has not been accepted universally is that—so far—the earliest authority for it was not published until thirty years after Vanessa's death.

We may now proceed to examine the evidence for Swift's marriage in some detail. It is not doubtful that Stella must have looked forward to a closer union, even while Swift was diverting himself in London with the unhappy Vanessa. The tender language of his ‘Journal,’ intended for her private eye, would have led any woman to anticipate such a result:—

“O faith, I should be glad to be in the same Kingdom with M D . . . But . . . to return without some mark of distinction would look extremely little: and I would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am. I will say no more, but beg you to be easy, till Fortune take her course, and to believe that M D's felicity is the great end I aim at in my pursuits.”¹

However, he returned to Dublin, and no marriage was ever acknowledged, Stella's will being signed “Esther Johnson, *spinster*.”

¹ Journal, May 23, 1711.

But as soon as Swift died—in 1745—all those who wrote about him asserted that a marriage had taken place. The first book about the Dean that appeared was Lord Orrery's 'Remarks' (1752).¹

He calls Stella "the concealed but undoubted wife of Dr Swift" (p. 22), and he says that the marriage ceremony was performed in 1716 by Dr Ashe, the Bishop of Clogher, "if my informations are correct." He adds, that although Stella "remained an unacknowledged wife" (p. 119), yet "I have told you the fact in the manner I have received it from several of Swift's friends and relations" (p. 26). With this statement Dr Delany, who wrote his "Observations" in 1754 as a reply to Lord Orrery, has no quarrel. "Your account of his marriage is, I am satisfied, true" (p. 36).

Three years later, Deane Swift (in 1755) says the same thing. "That she was married to Dr Swift in or about the year 1716 I am thoroughly persuaded."²

In 1766 Hawkesworth states, without any hesitation, in his notes to Swift's letters, that Stella was married in 1716 to

the Dean by Bishop Ashe of Clogher.

In 1781 Dr Johnson, in his 'Lives of the Poets,' tells the story again, and gives his authority: "In 1716 he was privately married to Mrs Johnson by Dr Ashe, Bishop of Clogher, as Dr Madden told me, in the garden."³

In 1784 Sheridan—the son of the Dean's great friend—gives a detailed account of the circumstances, on the authority of Mrs Sican, a favourite of both Swift and Stella. He says that Swift asked Bishop Ashe to find out what was the cause of Stella's depression of spirits, and that she replied that she had borne slander for her affection to the Dean, and that she had hoped that he would have married her. In response to this, on condition that they should live apart as heretofore, and that the matter should be kept a secret, Swift agreed, and they were married by the Bishop, without witnesses, in the year 1716.

And finally, in 1789, Monck Berkeley, in the Introduction to his 'Literary Relics,' gives the same account of the matter, adding: "In 1716 they were married by the Bishop of

¹ I may add that ten years before Orrery used language which implied, though it does not state, that the Dean and Stella were married. Writing of Swift's melancholy condition to his cousin, he says: "A wife could not be banished from his chamber or his unhappy hours of retirement, nor had the Dean felt a blow or wanted a companion, had he been married, or in other words had Stella lived."—Orrery to Deane Swift, December 4, 1742.

² Deane Swift's 'Essay,' p. 92.

³ That is, in the garden of the Palace at Clogher, not in the garden of the Deanery at Dublin, as Scott and later writers have asserted without any authority. Tradition still preserves the memory of a sycamore tree in the Palace grounds, under which it was believed that Swift and Stella were married. It was cut down on account of the inconvenience caused to the incumbent by pilgrim visitors.

Clogher, who himself related the story to Bishop Berkeley, by whose relict the story was communicated to me." Bishop Berkeley was at the time acting as travelling tutor to Bishop Ashe's son, and it is in no way improbable that he should have been informed of so interesting an event.

Thus, from the time of Swift's death to the beginning of the nineteenth century, there is a continuous and uniform tradition that a secret marriage had taken place in 1716. All Swift's contemporaries who wrote about it, with the exception of Dr John Lyon, accepted it as true; and it was not seriously challenged until Mr Monck Mason in 1819 tried to throw doubt upon its consistency. The most recent writers of repute who have taken this line are Professor Churton Collins and Dr Stanley Lane-Poole. One of the arguments relied on by those who reject the tradition has always been that it is of too late origin to be trustworthy, and that if the story had been freely reported in Swift's lifetime it would have been publicly repudiated. Stress is laid upon the fact that Lord Orrery's book did not appear until 1752—seven years after Swift's death, twenty-four years after Stella's death, and thirty-six years after the alleged marriage. This, it is urged with real force, is not contemporary evidence. I am in a position

to answer that argument; for I am about to quote a hitherto unpublished letter, written in 1723, which shows that at the time of writing it was common report that Swift and Stella were man and wife. Further, this letter corroborates remarkably and in detail the statements of the later writers whom I have mentioned as to the circumstances of Vanessa's death,¹ and thus gives new support to their testimony for the whole story.

Among Archbishop Wake's letters relating to Ireland (1715-1726), preserved in the library of Christ Church, Oxford, there is one to the Archbishop from Dr Evans, Bishop of Meath, which Mr F. Elrington Ball discovered and gave me, and which the Trustees permit me to publish. Dr Evans was the Bishop of whose encounter with Swift I have already made mention: he was one of Primate Boulter's men, and he hated the Dean. The letter was written in 1723, and is dated July 27; it contains the following passage:—

"I think it not improper for me to acquaint your Grace with a passage lately happened here wherein Jonathan Swift is said to be pretty much concerned. A young woman, Mrs Van Omrig (a pretended vain wit), and ye Dean had great friendships, many letters and papers passed betwixt them (the subject of which I know nothing of); they give out there was a marriage promise between them, but this I can't affirm. However it be, she designed to give him all her fortune, which was about

¹ Mr H. S. Guinness has recently discovered the burial-place of Vanessa, which was not hitherto known. She was buried in St Andrew's Churchyard, Dublin, June 4, 1723, as appears from the Parish Register.

£5000. In April last she discovered the D. was married to Mrs Johnson (a nll. daughter of Sir W. Temple, a very good woman), upon which she expresses (in her illness) great indignation, making a new will and leaving all to Dr Berkeley of this College (who never had seen her but about twice) and to one Mr Marshall who was charged by her (on her death bed) to print all the letters and papers which had passed between the D. and herself. 'Tis generally believed she lived without God in ye world. Mr Dean Price (the Minister of her Parish) offered her his services in her last minutes: she sent him word no Priest no Prayers, with a scrap out of the Tale in (*sic*) the Tub . . . and so she dyed. If anything like this should have fallen to an Englishman he would have been peppered with lampoons, etc. (as ye Bishop of Ferns and others were, without the least colour on grounds most undeservedly). Ye Archbishop of Dublin and ye whole Irish posse have (I fear) prevailed with Mr Marshall (ye lady's executor) not to print the papers, etc., as she desired, least one of their own dear joys¹ should be trampled over by the Philistines."

It may be thought that this letter, hitherto unpublished, does not give us any new information. But it corroborates remarkably and in detail the information of thirty years later, as to Vanessa's discovery of the marriage "two months before her death" (that is Deane Swift's statement); as to her wish that her correspondence with Swift should be published; and as to the refusal of her executors to comply with it. It is by far the earliest authority for these

stories which Delany and Sheridan gave to the world, and it helps to establish their trustworthiness as reporters of fact. It will be noticed that the Bishop, who evidently hated Swift, has no word of blame for his relations with Stella or for Stella herself, whom he describes as "a very good woman," and that he speaks of the marriage without any doubt or hesitation, although he guards himself from any responsibility for the gossip which he repeats as to Swift's relations with Vanessa.

On the whole, the evidence for the marriage is too strong, I believe, to resist. If we ask for the explanation of the motives which prompted Swift to postpone it for so long, and to conceal it with such pertinacity, I do not know that any certain answer can be given. Various suggestions have been made—the most plausible being that Swift was constitutionally unfitted for marriage; but it is not within the scope of this article to consider such theories. I have confined myself solely to the evidence for the event itself, and I believe that in future Bishop Evans' letter will have to be reckoned with by those who make little of the testimony of Orrery, Sheridan, and Monck Berkeley.

One need not write of the last years of physical and

¹ The Irish party of which Swift was the leader are thus alluded to in one of Swift's later poems, entitled "Ay and No, a Tale from Dublin," in which he attacks Boulter—

"That Irish dear joys have enough common-sense
To treat gold reduced like Wood's copper-pence."

mental decay. Death, wrote Mrs Delany in 1745, "was a happy release to him, for he was reduced to such a miserable state of idiotism that he was a shocking object, though in his person a very venerable figure, with long silver hair and a comely countenance; for being grown fat, the hard lines which gave him a harsh look before were filled up."¹

The terrible epitaph which he wrote for himself is so familiar that to set it down once again would be superfluous. Perhaps the obituary notice of him which appeared in 'The Dublin Journal' of October 22, 1745, may not be quite well known:—

"Last Saturday at three o'clock in the afternoon dyed that great and eminent Patriot the Revd. Dr Jonathan Swift, Dean of Saint Patrick's, Dublin, in the 78th year of his age, who was born in the Parish of St Warburg's, Dublin, the 30th of November 1667, at his Uncle Coun-

sellor Godwin Swift's House in Mary's Abbey, which in those times was the general residence of the chief Lawyers. His Genius, Works, Learning, and Charity are so universally admired, That for a News Writer to attempt his character would be the highest Presumption. Yet as the Printer hereof is proud to acknowledge his infinite Obligations to that Prodigy of Wit, he can only lament that he is by no means equal to so bold an undertaking.

"The Dean hath bequeathed the Bulk of his Fortune, which is about £12,000, to build and endow an Hospital for Lunaticks, Idiots, & Incurables, which said Hospital is to be called St Patrick's, and to be erected near Steven's."—(Faulkner's 'Dublin Journal,' October 19-22, 1745.)

It will be prudent to follow the example of the modest Mr Faulkner and refrain from any summary panegyric of the genius of Jonathan Swift. This article will have served its purpose if it has recalled his manner of life, his friendships, and his activities, in the city of Dublin.

¹ Paston's 'Mrs Delany,' p. 143.

SOME ETHICS AND AN ACCIDENT.

A DAY'S FISHING IN WYOMING.

I KNOW there is only one perfect way to catch trout, when good fortune rises to the height—higher than which, it does not seem to me, the fortune of sport can ever attain—of providing conditions wherein the dry-fly is attainable. Yet I am sorry for the man who cannot or who will not, when the fine counsel of dry-fly perfection is impracticable, find some pleasure in trout with wet-fly or with worm—which latter, fished up-stream in fine water, is a vastly more delicate operation than he knows who has not tried it.

“Never cast over a fish unless you are sure he is actually on the feed,” says the Law; and purism of this sort is only adding an extra spice of zest to certain sport on some gentle May morning, when nearly every good fish sits knife and fork in hand and napkin tucked under chin breakfasting, each in his accustomed place, off a steady hatch of olive duns. It is proper to be fastidious when fish are rising well; easy to harden one's heart against what some optimist used to call “floating an attractive prospectus” over even the best of trout if he happens not to be visibly feeding, and although he may be clearly in position past all doubt. But there are trials to test the sternest principles; and when long hours of flyless, riseless searching have frayed the texture of

good intent, it is hard to consider calmly a fat three-pounder at the foot of a weed-bed, not actually feeding perhaps, but with his nose only two inches below the surface, and his tail twitching with all the expressiveness of a hungry cat's. Then between human frailty and a fall from grace there often stands only an impeccable keeper, basket on hip and suspicious protest in every pose.

To cast chronically over every non-rising fish one sees is little short of selfishness, especially in much whipped waters. Still I will confess that even on sacred Itchen more than one good trout has fallen victim to something very like an arrow shot into the air, and been triumphantly grassed as the result of what a thrice-born Brahmin of tremendous caste once said was “just a superior sort of poaching.” Alack and alas! I think I would take now, and could keep for ever, vows of the most stringent conformity to the strictest code, only to be again in those dear meadows lying deep between the breasts of the Downs, only to see again the water's smooth cheek dimple with a quiet rise. Back across the miles and the years comes a cuckoo's belling call and the spring-perfume of moist earth. A wandering gossip air stirs all the slender sedges to nods and whisperings; and up-stream, across the polished

water and the living velvet of new grass, stands the hospital of St Cross, old, grey, and gracious, half hidden in a leafy mist. Behind the black pines poised on St Catherine's crest the sky's pale fields are strewn for spring with soft bud and softer blossoms of cloud flowers; and lower, farther away, lies Winchester, dim as the city of a dream, a shadowy carven opal set in dulled emerald—a dream now, indeed. Yes, I think I could obey the extremest letter of the law for that.

But there are other streams, in other lands and under other skies, where one must forget fastidiousness or go without sport. What, for instance, of a river five thousand miles and more away in Wyoming, where but a few years ago the bear and the Red Indian were the only fishermen; where even now the ranchmen who have only just pushed them aside slay trout with fat grasshoppers, put flapping and kicking and two at a time on hooks that might almost serve an ironclad for anchors? There, only too often, the water is big and brutal, and goes leaping and shouting waist-deep and forty yards wide down its steep path, or screams and plunges in the clutch of some narrow cañon torn sheer through the solid rock. During most of the year such a stream is nearly flyless for all fishing purposes, even when some quiet stretch can be found, fit for the finer sport, where a cast something less weighty than a ship's cable may be mounted without the certainty of everlasting smash at the first touch of a

decent fish. For a fortnight in the season huge caddises hatch into veritable clouds of what are known locally as willow-flies, monsters nearly three inches long, and of which I do not believe any useful imitation is possible; and though Ephemeridæ are now and then, both in time and place, plentiful enough on the quieter waters, they have so little sense of the proprieties as to hatch almost entirely during the hours of darkness—and what in happier lands would be called a rising fish may not be found twice in a long day's toil. Fishing "dry" at all on such a river is only to be accomplished by joining dry-fly tactics to wet-fly strategy; but once what of Hampshire ethics which interfere has been laid aside and the presentation of fly to fish is put on a frankly speculative basis, very good is the sinful sport and great the reward of the unrighteous.

Casting is all "on spec.," except for the chance of locating now and then a fish by sight of him alone when the light happens to be just right; but after three successive likely places chosen with moderate care have each yielded a trout something over two pounds, each at a first cast, and all requiring to be shown very clearly "why" before they come to net, that man must be more than purist or less than fisherman who does not feel greater joy of the sport than comes merely from the anticipation of fried trout for supper. And even in this abatement of the highest dry-fly art there still remains that element of victory

over "wet" methods which I often think forms no small part of our satisfaction ; for these stiller reaches are largely a closed country to the "wet" fisherman. Certainly the local two-grasshopper attack does not succeed there as it does in heavy water ; and the coarse tackle and huge gaudy flies of the average "tourist" invader usually fare little better worked down-stream two or three at a time on a short line, as the custom is.

"Thar's plenty of trout in them still pieces," said my ranchman host, "an' big uns tew ; but when the river's low like she is now an' clearer'n gin, 'taint no manner o' use tryin' 'em." I had driven up out of the dusk and asked a man, who never set eyes on me till that moment, if I could get a feed for my horse there and sleep the night in his hay-barn instead of going back a dozen miles to my headquarters. He was a gaunt, shaggy creature of over sixty, with a great grey beard straggling nearly to his waist, rough and hard as they make them in looks and speech ; and for a little he took careful stock of me, while his eyes gleamed suspiciously through their thick thatch of brows. In that lonely country a stray man with a tired horse might mean—anything. Then he laughed, and "Barn be burned," he said with quick friendliness when he made out my rod and basket ; and the fiery fate to which he condemned his barn was luridly explicit.

"Wait till I fetch a lantern an' we'll find yer critter a feed—an' then yew come right in

t'supper. I'm batching, but I guess I'kn take keer of ye. Ye see I sorter fish a bit myself sometimes, an' mebbe I'll go along with yew termorrer—there's a n'awful good piece bout tew mile below here."

"But I want to fish in the meadows," I suggested.

"Oh, they're no three-adjectives good, but I'll show ye where yew c'n snake 'em out faster'n two-adjectives-and-an-asterisk."

For supper we had some of my day's catch fried with salt pork (*the* way to cook trout, I think), and "saleratus biskits," as he called a very good sort of scones baked in a "dutch oven" on the hearth ; and strong coffee well sweetened but without milk, though he lived by cattle-raising. Then he must see my "fly-book," and his face fell when this turned out to be a couple of double "Pralon" boxes full of eyed flies in patterns most of which were strange to his eyes, and strangely dull of hue, dressed on hooks whose smallness struck him as ridiculous. "Why, they ain't got no snells—an' say, yew don't reckon yew'll ketch *trout* on them pikin' little hooks, dew ye?"—this last with special reference to my day's bag, which was no more than four or five half-pounders, since I had only wet line once to make sure of a few small fish for supper if I spent the night in the open. But the full measure of scorn was reserved for the gut-book, where he came on some "xxx drawn," which did look absurdly like cobwebs in his hairy paws.

First he twisted a good

length of that ropy, three-ply profanity they use in the cow-country to "yank" a bogged steer out of a sink-hole, then: "Say, what's *them* wisps good fer, anyway? Trout? Hell! Why, mister, we grow *minners* here twice't too husky fer thet—thet"—and he miscalled the "xxx drawn" with a profane completeness which would almost have satisfied my feelings on some of those desperate occasions when I have smashed with it in a good fish. But he had other elements of a good fisherman besides fine flow of language, and after overhauling my whole kit, and arriving at some crude notion of dry-fly means and methods, his hostility to the gear was modified. "Say, that orter be good fun!" he admitted. "Yankin' on 'em out 'ith a rod like a bean-pole an' a fish-line thet'd bout dew fer ropin' cattle's all right f'yer hungry; but it don't create much *excitement*. I'll suddenly admire t'watch ye try 'em yewr way termorrer," and he spat ruminatively out through the open door toward where the river chuckled sleepily in the spangled darkness of the mountain night.

Before the first of dawn I heard him fumbling about the fireplace, and started up to help, but he said, "Lie still, son, ontell I've rustled the grub," and I obeyed; for, according to Western proprieties, it would have been discourteous not to offer assistance, but a solecism to insist on helping. So he worked, at first by the aid of slivers from a pine-knot, which bubbled

into smoky blaze at the touch of a match; and afterwards in the light of the kindled hearth, whose unequal flames tossed his shadow about the narrow room in a distorted dance; and when the hungry perfume of coffee and sizzling pork drew me from my blankets, the dusk of the dawn was fading. Behind the house, to the eastward, rose an abrupt lofty ridge, over which the colourless light poured in a rising flood from some hidden sunrise of saffron and amber and gold. Through the clear air, pure as liquid diamond, the fading darkness floated as a translucent shadow, and all the landscape lay limpid and outlined, but unsubstantial, without modelling or pigment. Then, while I watched them, the broken higher hills two miles away across the valley got substance in their proper hue of dark-green forest, and the miraculous artistry of morning laid on tint after tint with soft horizontal brush-sweeps downward toward me—red and orange of cliff-face, and the purples of shadows that lingered in the gullies; palest green and grey of aspen leaves quivering on the hillsides, tawny gold of sun-cured herbage on the higher flats; and, at last, the gorgeous knee-deep green of the level bottom-lands through which the river turned and swung in a silver saraband. It was the sudden lovely birth of a new world from some calm chaos of drowsy shades and shadows, the splendid beginning of another day.

"Roll up," said the old man, "chuck's ready." One learns

there to eat in silence, as befits so serious an occupation, but when our pipes were alight he said, "Now, son, f'yew wan' t'begin big end fust an' hit the hardes' part of the trail right at the go-off, I kin surely show yew how. Good? Wall, thar's a n'ole sockdollager of a trout I know jes' near here—gran'-daddy, I reckon he mus' be, f'all the fish n'this yere deestruck. Yes siree, I'm right well acquainted 'ith *that* feller—bleeve I mus' 'a gone arter him more'n fifty times. Every unce n'a while when I want a leetle innercent amoosement an' dont reelly *need* no fish, I allers has another turn-up 'ith ole Mister Trout. No, I don't never get no action—nary a tech; an' laterly seems like I ain't even able t'scaar him proper—he's jes' pintedly lost all respeck fer me, tha's how I size it up. An' he savvies them feather-flies, tew; fer thar's a Cheyenne sport fishes thet a'way fer him all of tew days las' year; but ole man Trout he jes' lays back an' laffs. Say, thet Cheyenne feller went pretty near crazy! Arter he see feather-flies wan't no manner o' use, he give hoppers a turn; n'then he has him a whack 'ith erbout seven sorts o' wums an' insecks he grubs outer rottin logs jes' like a n'ole baar,—an' *still* nothin' doin'. Then blame f'he don't hook on a minner he's koted; an' when Gran'pa Trout jes' bites the tail offen *that*, Mister Cheyenne gets so plumb locoed he tries ter a-sassernate him with a six-gun! Yew ast me how big is he? Oh, jes' a leetle mite smaller'n a whale—tha's

to say, close on ten pound." In view of which I damped a six-foot taper-cast of the strength one uses for the late evening rise of sedges, and lengthened it out from the lighter end to full three yards because the water was of super-chalk-stream clearness. Then I tied on a "dry" Coachman dressed on a No. 1 upturned eyed-hook. "He'll bust yew sure," said the old man apprehensively; and when I parafined the feathers—"What's thet?" he asked; "like spittin' on yer bait fer luck, er some sort'er med'cine like we uster use on beaver traps? 'Oil, ter make her float'? Son, yew suttently paint fer war's bad's a Ute! Wal, grip yer knife in yer teeth an' come along."

The trout in that river are of two sorts: the aboriginal *fontinalis*, the "brook-trout" of all over the States; and the rainbow (*S. irideus*), introduced from California. But as one finds them now, the former are generally in the stiller waters and the latter in the swifter, more broken streams; and to these divisions each species confines itself with peculiar persistency, though there seems no quarrel between them, nor is there any evidence that either one is gradually ousting the other. From the old man's description of my enemy's stronghold I made almost certain I had a *fontinalis* to face, but the ammunition for the first attack would have been the same in either case. The standard "wet" pattern of Wyoming is the Coachman, either plain as we know it, or in the guise of some gaudy

American variant like the "Royal" Coachman; and I had found a Coachman the best general "dry" pattern, except in the case of smutting fish, when the Pink Wickham held its Hampshire supremacy.

We waded across two by-streams, and came at length to the main river, a little below where it made a sharp elbow into the left bank; the convex shore taking the form of a perpendicular bluff some ten feet high, close beside which the rather quick-running water had carved a deep pool, perhaps fifty yards long. A little below the centre of this bluff's length some harder formation of the soil had made a slight outward bulge, behind which on the down-stream side was a tiny backwater. "Thar's his house," said the old man, pointing this spot out to me; and it was plainly where the best fish in the pool would station himself if he were on the feed. "Now le's jes' see if he's t'hum;" so leaving behind all the gear which might interfere with a crawl, we climbed the bank where it was low at the pool's foot and wriggled on our stomachs to the edge of the bluff opposite the backwater, and just stuck over one eye apiece to look. He was "t'hum" right enough and, as the old man had said, "jes' a leetle mite smaller'n a whale."

Heavens, what a monster! His length did not appear so extraordinary, although he was far from being a short fish; but his breadth across the shoulders seemed almost preposterous seen squarely from

above, and he carried his beam aft like a cargo-boat. His head had the clean, stocky outline that means condition; nothing of the lantern-jaw that gets many an old cannibal a well-deserved knock on the head when he comes ashore during the pike-netting. And as if to clear his character from all taint of suspicion, and give me full warning of what to expect if I got him on, he did a perfect head-and-tail rise right under our astonished noses. I never caught even a glimpse of the fly—probably it was some belated dun who should have hatched out about midnight; but that trout's tail was broader across than my two hands, and the sweep of it as he turned downward brought my heart with a flutter clear to my lips. I heard the old man's breath hiss through his clenched teeth, and felt him trembling with excitement as he lay close alongside me. "Stay where you are," I whispered, "and on your life don't move. It may be ten minutes before I'm ready to try him." "Oh yes," he breathed, "I'll stay—I'll camp right here in the front row of the orchestra. But, son, if ye don't tech him up arter thet sassy play he's made at us, jes' yew run hum an' gi'me time to cool off a bit 'fore I see yew. 'Cause if yew don' manage to hit him a lick, I shant be fit fer 'uman consumption under erbout tew hours!" So I crawled away, and left him babbling language over the bluff's edge that should have boiled the scales off every

fish for a good mile each way up and down stream.

Back again at my rod, I sat down with a pipe to recover from nearly the worst attack of virulent "buck-ague" I have ever had or seen. I was shaking as though it had been the onset of a hard go of real Mazaruni malaria, while down my limp spine trickled what felt like iced water; and for a couple of minutes I would gladly have paid any one with sufficient authority to forbid my trying that fish. But there's a good cure for nerves, which the Western man sums up in two words — "Get busy." "Kid," said a disreputable friend of my youth who was finally "harvested," as he would have put it, by a shot-gun in the hands of a mountain sheriff while urging a tired bunch of Utah horses with mixed brands toward the Wyoming border,—"Kid, don't you nevah trouble none when you-all feels lak that. Jest fix youah mind on the consolin' certainty that the othah fellah's at least as bad off as you aah—an' grab youah gun an' staht a-shootin'. Nothin' encou'ages a man like the smell of his own smoke." A wise old Ishmael, was my Texan friend—for you may sweat beforehand without prejudice, and he who never felt fear has missed half the fun; and you may shake afterwards without shame, and the sheer sense of relief only increases the joy of victory or dulls the sharpness of defeat; but, once the action's joined, "get busy!" So I stood up, and at once felt better. I stuck the handle of the landing-net into its loop on

my belt, and began to get warm again; I pulled the spike of my rod from the tussock where I had stuck it, and the friendly fit of the worn cork grip was as though the "Houghton" said: "Have I ever failed you yet? Do your part now and I'll do mine." Then I could think clearly and plan the battle.

No profound strategy was necessary. The little backwater marked the trout's position almost to an inch; and the talus along the bluff's foot was wide enough at its lower end to let me come within five yards of my fish if I chose, though beyond that the pool drew in close to the bluff and the bottom was very steep-to. And the tactics were simple and plain; for the current was beautifully even, without the smallest excuse for drag. The problem, then, resolved itself into dropping a fly just above, and as close as possible to, the bulge of the bank behind which the fish lay, and with a moderately slack line to allow for the fly's hanging a moment in the edge of the backwater. Of course there was the feeble alternative of floating a fly down well outside him, on the chance that he would step out for it; and so that, if the first chuck missed fire through some error of casting, there might perhaps be another one coming. But those lines about the fear of fate and small deserts should be painted on the lid of every fly-box, and the fundamental rule of dry-fly success is: "Stand to win or lose outright on the first cast, then make that first cast perfect." The very best distance from

the fish is a matter which varies with individuals; but one comes in time to estimate one's chosen distance, and as I took mine (within a small fraction of an inch, I should fancy) the old man, still prone on the bluff, screwed around ever so slowly and winked an expressive eye. His lips were moving rapidly but without sound; and I could almost detect a pale blue haze, as of sulphurous fumes, encircling his head like a profane aureole. He was visibly damning the fish with such silent vehemence that I laughed aloud; on which, round slewed that shaggy head again with all the painful precision of a mechanical doll and shot at me a glare so baleful I was honestly startled. Then I realised that his warning me to run for home if I failed, was only half in jest; but the bare possibility of failure had faded utterly. I had to succeed, just as the sun has to rise in the east, and just so surely I knew I would—at least to the point of fastening in the fish, beyond which I can never think before the strike when once line has begun to come off for the cast.

First I sent about the right length up-stream, so far outside him there was no danger of disturbing the fish, just to clear the line of possible kinks and float any superfluous paraffine off the fly; and as I did so I saw the old man's shoulders heave. "Lie still," I cried; "that wasn't meant for him—*now* look out," and recovered the line. As it shot forward again, the fly hovered for an instant precisely where

it should be; and in that same instant I checked the rod, then dropped the point, and turned my hand palm upward, so the belly of the line fell convex side toward the stream's centre, while the gut prolonged the curve of the line, but with a sharper bend, and the fly popped in just around the far corner of the bulge. Then, before the current had time to straighten out the line and produce drag, the Coachman hove in sight, sailed into the edge of the backwater, and came to anchor cocked jauntily right over the fish's nose. That is the worst of such an attack. I was all in, for good or ill. The assault was launched past revision or retreat, and hung uncertain on the very crest of the glaxis, till a broad band of steel began tightening around my chest and I felt myself grown grey with sheer age.

While my rod-point was lifting to take up the slack, the æons passed in swift procession, till time faded into infinity and the sun turned dull and chill. Then, through the clotting darkness of eternal gloom, I saw that Coachman disappear; and with a jar that shook the systems of the universe, all things snapped back again to their accustomed places.

Only the tiniest bubble, that a minnow might have made, marked the fly's former place; but I had seen flies disappear in such fashion too many times before to doubt now. I struck, and hit what seemed solid as a full-grown ox; and for an instant after remained silence, peace—the momentary pause

before the curtain rises. Followed an explosion in the water, from which my fish soared full twice his length into the air and hung poised for a second like a hovering bird; and up jumped the old man too. "Glory!" he yelled, "yew got him!" Then came a grinding sound of torn earth, and the top of the bluff on which he stood pitched out and down; and he and the fish and a few tons of gravel all hit the water together, at the same instant, and in very much the same place, and with the most colossal splash it has ever been my lot to witness.

I thought many things, confusedly, all at once; but my fumbling brain at last seized two ideas firmly: first, that my fish was lost—for the old man had landed fairly astride him for all I could see; second, that a little rainbow the sun threw across the watery mist hovering over the disaster, was dusty and curiously futile—but there I was wrong. For suddenly the rod almost jumped from my slackened grasp, and the reel sang like a 60 h.p. "Mercedès" with the silencer cut out.

At this instant the old man bobbed up opposite me, well out in the pool, and beating the water so wildly I called "Can you swim?" and half started to go to his assistance. But when he saw the bent rod and heard the reel, an expression of perfect happiness came over his face. "Yes," he cried, "course I kin swim—yew hang onto him," and with that he ducked under again. Well, thought I, it takes a man more than two seconds to get him-

self permanently right side up after such a surprising tumble; and as he was plainly none the worse for his fall, I turned my whole attention to the fish. For a little there was a frantic hurroosh in the water behind me, but I had full occupation for mind and body stopping the trout's first fierce rushes up-stream; and during a very busy five minutes the old man passed clear out of my thoughts. Then I began to wonder what had become of him, but when I looked around he was nowhere in sight. Gone home to change his clothes? No, that didn't seem like him at all—but where the deuce *was* he?

I began really to worry, and to curse my stupidity for not having gone in after him at once; and I was almost decided to break voluntarily in the fish and go fishing after the man, when he came in sight around the bend below me, wringing the water from his sodden beard and looking very sorry for himself indeed. But his first hail was reassuring enough. "Hev ye got him?" he called, as soon as he saw me; then as he came squelching up alongside, "Thet's the purtiest fishin' play I *ever* see," he cried joyously. "Ole Gran'pa Trout sucked in thet fly jes' like a hungry calf takin' milk from its mammy—didn't even offer to butt! An' now, son, yew an' me's got ter git him ashore—not jes' try ter git him, but positively run him up on dry lan', an' keep him thar!"

All this time the fish was boring up-stream, now taking a few yards of line, now losing

them again. He never once offered to sulk from first to last, but kept going hammer and tongs; and every time he seemed to pause it was only a preparation for some extraordinary effort. When he would come down-stream I came with him gladly enough, for I had a clear field in that direction; but I could only work up-stream as far as the shallow water at the bluff's foot would allow, unless I handicapped myself by fighting him from the top of the bluff, in which, since the old man's downfall, I had rather lost confidence. Once there were two determined runs up, with no chance between them to gain an inch of line; and I was down to the last half-dozen turns on the barrel of my "Contracted" reel, while the old man, who had come wonderfully to life again, shouted "Snub him, son, snub him!" Then, when I did give the butt full and fair (and there was nothing else for it), he almost wept. "Yew'll bust suthin'—I jes' *know* yew'll bust suthin'!" he wailed.

Twice more the fish jumped, and each of these efforts the old man greeted with a yell that would have done credit to a Comanche. Once the trout managed to get past me all in one rush and tore down stream, while the old man yelled "Stop him, stop him! He's headed for Noo Orleans, an' thet's tew fur fer us ter foller!" being, in truth, some thousands of miles away at the mouth of the Mississippi. But he turned at last and I got him above me again, and

at the end of a long half-hour, with his powder about burned up, he came to terms not a dozen yards from where I first fastened in him. Then we could study his size, which was impressive. Even my big landing-net would plainly be of no use, and I had carelessly left at headquarters the gaff-hook which screwed into its handle. I proposed shooting him through the head with my revolver—a quietus I have had before now to give big fish in rivers as well as in the sea—but the old man demurred. "He's tew purty t'mess up with a six-gun, an' taint the bes' way neither. Jes' yew con-duck him inter shaller water an' I'll bet ye I git him out safe an' sound, an' all in one piece, tew." By then the fish was done completely, and glad enough to rest on his side near the surface, with only now and then a feeble flap of that mighty tail; and as I towed him tenderly down to the pool's foot, the old man whipped off his blue flannel shirt, spreading it in the shallow water near shore and crouching down with his arms half under it. His beard wagged in the gentle current; and lest its motion should scare the fish, he stuffed the bight of it into his mouth, squatting there like a comical old image—only his blazing eyes and the throttled heave of his great matted chest showed he was alive, and told of the strain of waiting.

Down we came, I leading and the trout led. I was suspicious of the last despairing rush which has cost me

before now more than one big fish that looked as good as grassed, and this one had at least another kick in him, I am sure. But he was fey and came, as I once saw a man go to the gallows, with a sort of dull listlessness. And when he crossed that fatal blue patch on the golden gravel, the old man seemed shot ashore as from a cannon, clutching in his arms a flannel-swathed bundle, which he laid tenderly on the grass and unwound to show me the most beautiful *fontinalis* I have ever seen before or since—a monster for size, yet perfect in every line and marking, and the very picture of grace despite all his girth and inches.

For a moment we stood deep in admiration and almost sorry, I like to think, at sight of so much strength turned to weakness, so much courage squandered to pay our sport. Then in cruel mercy I drove a knife-blade through his brain; and before his tail had ceased to quiver he was drawing the balance down to nine pounds and a few ounces, while the old man capered about in a frenzied dance, naked to the waist and waving his shirt like some moist outrageous symbol of savage victory.

I fished on till noon, with varying success; but so much the best at first had cloyed my palate. Even the good sport I had fell rather flat. It seemed simple to cope with two- and three-pounders after that battle-royal; and when

we had made a mid-day meal off two of the smaller victims, I harnessed my horse, and laid the body of that kingly trout on a deep couch of fresh grass in the waggon-body, promising to return again another day. As I was about to drive away, the old man took a last look at the monarch where he lay in state. "Good-bye, ole friend," he said a little sadly, then added with a certain grimness: "Yew made me swaller a lot more water'n I wanted this mornin', an' yew kum mighty near makin' me swaller more'n enuff tew, confound ye!" Till then he had not once referred to his dip, and I had not brought up the subject because his silence made me fancy he might be a little sore about his poor exhibition as a swimmer. But now I said: "Did you have a bad time getting ashore? I made out you were right enough when you told me you could swim." "Bad time, son?" he answered, looking at me whimsically. "Oh no—tha's to say, not arter I got my feet on bottom, which was jes' near the foot of the pool; but up to then I guess I was takin' more water'n air—anyway I know I spilled out considerable liquid when I kum firs' ter shore." I whistled—"Can't you swim, then?" I asked. "Swim? Hell, no!" said that good old sportsman. "But f'I'd said I couldn't, yew'd hev kum pilin' in arter me an' lost yewr fish."

JOHN MARVYN.

THE VOYAGE OF THE "SCOTIA."

BY ADMIRAL SIR A. H. MARKHAM, K.C.B.

THE dawn of the twentieth century will always be memorable, more especially from a geographical point of view, for the great interest that was evinced throughout the world in the renewal of a systematic and well-arranged scheme, having for its object the thorough exploration of the hitherto almost unknown region—amounting to no less than ten millions of square miles—that surrounds the South terrestrial Pole. It is true that during the last decade of the nineteenth century small, and unimportant, expeditions were despatched to the South Polar seas, principally to report on the prospects that offered for establishing whaling and sealing industries in the far south. These enterprises added little to our geographical knowledge, but they served the useful purpose of whetting our scientific appetites, and thereby stimulating the general thirst for obtaining further information regarding a portion of the world, so little known, and which had, hitherto, received but little attention. The practical result of these minor voyages was the despatch of several expeditions from various countries, some on a scale of greater magnitude than others, but all well arranged, carefully organised, and skilfully conducted.

Among the nations interested were England, France, Sweden, Belgium, and last, but by no means least, Scotland. Some of these expeditions received financial support from their respective Governments, the majority were largely assisted—some altogether—by public and private subscriptions, while all received the unhesitating approval and support of eminent men of science, and other distinguished and influential men.

At the suggestion of Sir Clements Markham, who at the time was occupying the distinguished position of President of the English Royal Geographical Society, the South Polar Region was divided into four quadrants, not only for convenience of reference, but also because the exploration of the different quadrants could be allotted to different expeditions, so that the proceedings of one expedition should not interfere with, or overlap, the work of another. These quadrants, each of 90° of longitude, were named the Victoria, the Ross, the *Endrby*, and the Weddell. It was the last-named quadrant that was selected as the scene of the operations of the Scottish Expedition. Its history is now before us, under the modest and unassuming title of 'The Voyage

of the "*Scotia*." ¹ It has been written, not by the Commander of the Expedition, but by three members of the scientific staff, who have, very properly, dedicated the work to their "Leader and Comrade." It professes to be a true and faithful account of the life and work of the members of the Expedition, and, as such, will be read with the keenest interest by those who delight in the perusal of narratives of adventurous voyages, to parts of the world that have hitherto been somewhat wrapped in the veil of obscurity. Although written in what might be termed a popular style, it is also a very complete and useful record of scientific information, especially in its relation to high southern latitudes. The last great explorer in those regions, Sir James Ross, who was the first to penetrate, in the interests of science, the ice-clad seas of the Southern Ocean more than sixty years ago, was a Scotsman. His deeds the Scottish navigators of the present day wished to emulate. He was the example they had set themselves to copy. Scotsmen at home and Scotsmen abroad—and it is proverbial that a Scotsman is to be found in every part of the world where life can be sustained—will hail with delight the account of the cruise of the *Scotia*, and will be well pleased and proud of the achievements of their countrymen who served in the Scot-

tish Antarctic Expedition of 1902-3; and this pleasure and pride will also, in a great measure, be shared by those who, fortunately or unfortunately for themselves, live on the south side of the Tweed.

Steam, as a motive power for ships, has wrought a great revolution in ice navigation since the days of Ross: the position reached by that navigator, only after great difficulty and no small danger, in his clumsy old sailing-ships, can now with ease be attained by a well-found steamer, properly constructed and skilfully handled. This has been fully demonstrated in both north and south polar seas during the last thirty years.

The *Scotia*, the ship selected for the enterprise, was a Norwegian whaler named the *Hekla*, and perhaps, under the circumstances, no better selection could have been made, for she was originally designed and built for navigating among the heavy ice-floes of the Arctic seas. Many alterations, however, had to be carried out in order to adapt her for the special service on which she was to be employed, and these were all most satisfactorily executed by the celebrated yacht designer and builder, the late Mr G. L. Watson, who gave his services gratuitously. The cost of the expedition was defrayed partly by public and partly by private subscription, while gifts of stores, clothing, &c., were gen-

¹ The Voyage of the "*Scotia*": being the Record of a Voyage of Exploration in Antarctic Seas. By Three of the Staff. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London: 1906.

erously and liberally supplied by those interested in the welfare and success of the enterprise. The final despatch of the ship, however, was due to the munificent liberality of Mr James Coats of Paisley, who not only guaranteed the funds requisite for the continuance of the work for two seasons, but also generously consented to hold himself responsible for the provision of the money that would be required for the examination of the rich scientific collections that were brought home, and for the subsequent publication of the results.

The *Scotia* was a steam vessel of about 400 tons, barque-rigged, and capable of steaming in smooth water from 6 to 8 knots.

The leader of the expedition was Mr W. S. Bruce, a gentleman possessing high scientific attainments, and who had already obtained considerable experience both in the North and South Polar Regions. He had also for two years—namely, 1894 to 1896—been in charge of the high-level meteorological observatory station on the summit of Ben Nevis. The remainder of the scientific staff were all specially selected for the practical and theoretical knowledge they possessed in the various branches of science which they were severally appointed to make their special study. The captain of the ship, Captain Robertson of Peterhead, was an experienced whaling captain, and had seen much service in polar seas in both hemispheres. The remaining officers of the ship were also experienced ice navigators.

On the upper deck of the *Scotia* various houses had been constructed, and so lighted as to facilitate the delicate microscopical examinations that would have to be made. All the latest and most up-to-date instruments and apparatus for carrying out systematic oceanographical, magnetic, meteorological, and other observations were provided, and the vessel was in every way thoroughly prepared, and equipped, for the interesting and important service on which she was to be employed.

Everything being ready, the ship sailed on her eventful voyage on November 2, 1902. A stay of a few days in Kingstown harbour enabled the little vessel to supplement her stores, &c., by the purchase of a few necessities that, in the hurry and confusion incidental to fitting-out, had been inadvertently omitted. Their short visit to Madeira, after a boisterous and turbulent passage across the Bay of Biscay, was marked by a somewhat amusing incident, causing a display of ignorance on the part of one of the port officials regarding the historical emblem of Scotland! The official in question, after granting *pratique*, which implies permission to land, said that the quarantine flag might be hauled down. "What quarantine flag?" was asked. "Why, that yellow flag up there," was the reply, pointing to the mast-head. He had mistaken the glorious ensign of Scotland, a red lion rampant on a yellow

ground, for the flag that is invariably hoisted to denote that some infectious disease is prevalent on board! In consequence of the absence of wind the flag was hanging listlessly up and down the mast, and only the yellow in it was visible! Of course a profuse apology was offered by the official, and readily accepted by those on board.

Madeira was left on the 23rd November, from which date a system of regular and continuous observations was commenced and recorded, which was never relaxed until the end of the voyage. The towing-net was in constant requisition, and war was ruthlessly waged on all marine animate, and inanimate, life that was to be found on, or near, the surface of the sea. The density and salinity of the water were carefully recorded, so that a proper knowledge of oceanic circulations might be obtained in order that the direction of the flow and depth of the currents could be accurately established. Meteorological observations were periodically registered. Soundings were occasionally obtained; and, when opportunities offered, the dredge was employed in bringing to the surface rich and rare prizes from the depths of the ocean.

St Vincent was reached on the 1st of December—the barren, sterile aspect of the island affording a striking contrast to the rich and luxuriant vegetation that clothed the slopes of the hills of Madeira. A run of ten days from the Cape Verde

islands brought the *Scotia* to the isolated rocks of St Paul's, situated in the middle of the Atlantic, a few miles north of the Equator. They are not more than half a mile in circumference, and about sixty feet above the level of the sea. From a geological point of view they are of the greatest interest; but a sailor regards them from an altogether different standpoint, and invariably gives them a wide berth. The formation of the rock is of a variety that is nowhere seen in any other part of the world. It is a moot-point with geologists as to whether it is of "volcanic or of deep-seated plutonic origin." In consequence of the heavy sea breaking over them, it was impossible to make a close inspection of the rocks in order to obtain specimens. A landing was attempted, but with dire results, as the following account will show. The geologist, Dr Pirie, was given the honour of being the first to make the attempt. He says:—

"The whale-boat was backed in as close as was possible and I jumped—but just a fraction of a second too late; the boat had begun to fall with the swell, the take-off was bad, and instead of getting a firm footing, I fell down, down into the water literally swarming with sharks which had followed the boat up to the rocks. The men were pushing them off with oars and boat-hooks when I came up, luckily, right underneath the boat, and was hauled in by the scruff of the neck by Davidson ere the boat was dashed on the rocks by the succeeding rise, but it was a narrow squeak for all concerned."

The Falkland Islands, which were reached on the 6th Jan-

uary, reminded the gallant navigators of their own dear Scotland,—a feeling that was intensified when, on entering Port Stanley, they saw “the peat-heaps crowning the heights behind the town, and smelt the peat-reek mingled with the fresh odour of land!” A stay of three weeks was made in this far-distant English colony, during which time a series of magnetic observations was taken, coals and provisions were laid in, and all final arrangements made prior to their departure, for they realised this would be the last civilised port they would call at for many a long and weary day.

Inclement weather was experienced after leaving the Falkland Islands, culminating in a gale of hurricane violence, which necessitated the ship being hove-to under reduced canvas, and oil-bags were put overboard in order to assist in breaking the violence of the sea. In spite of these precautions, the weather-bulwarks were stove in, and the ship sustained other minor damages.

On the 30th January several icebergs were seen, most of them of the tabular form that are characteristic of Antarctic bergs. Constant soundings were taken in depths varying from 1600 to 2700 fathoms. Samples of the bottom were found to consist of diatom ooze, containing hornblende, mica, felspar, and other minerals. On the 2nd February the pack-ice was reached in lat. $60^{\circ} 28' S.$ and long. $43^{\circ} 40' W.$, becoming,

as the ship made progress to the southward, more heavy and compact, necessitating great skill, and caution, in handling the ship. Two days later, Saddle Island, in the South Orkneys, was reached and visited by some members of the Expedition, who had the gratification of thus claiming to be the first people who had landed on the island since the visit of Dumont d'Urville in the French corvette *Astrolabe* in 1838. Here a large number of ringed penguins were seen, as well as many other birds indigenous to the locality, the island being a favourite resort for the birds in the breeding season.

Continuing their course to the southward, they experienced much difficulty in penetrating the pack, but patience and perseverance were eventually rewarded, for on the evening of the 18th they had the satisfaction of crossing the Antarctic circle with “all sails set and in a sea clear of ice.” All went merrily for a couple of days, when they found the pack so cemented together by young ice of recent formation, that they were reluctantly compelled, in order to avoid the risk of being beset, to retrace their steps to the northward. They had then reached the latitude of $70^{\circ} 25'$, being the most southern position attained that year. The days getting perceptibly shorter, and the nights increasing in length in a corresponding degree, combined with a marked fall of temperature, were sure indications of approaching winter, and it

therefore behoved them to use every endeavour to find good and secure winter quarters for their ship, as speedily as possible. During the following six days, the pack was of such an impenetrable nature, they only succeeded in advancing thirty miles in a northerly direction, although they covered a distance of about ten degrees to the west, by adopting, as their course, the line of least resistance from the ice. On the 11th March they recrossed the Antarctic Circle, and after some difficulty, and constant buffetings with the pack, they at length succeeded on the 25th in reaching a large bay on the south side of Laurie Island in the South Orkneys, which appeared to offer all the requisites and advantages of good winter quarters, and here they decided to pass the winter. No better place could have been selected, for in addition to its being a safe and well-protected anchorage, it also offered special advantages for the prosecution of scientific research, as we read—

"For meteorology the place was well adapted,—on the verge of the winter ice-bound sea, and only some 800 miles from Cape Horn, two circumstances which made it a spot whence observations would be of great importance. Biologically, its position on the border of, and still within, the polar ice, promised collections of peculiar interest both in seals, birds, and marine fauna."

These promises were more than realised, and their most sanguine expectations fulfilled.

An exceedingly interesting description, although perhaps somewhat more rosy than the actual facts warranted, is given

of their winter quarters; but we get a little insight into the true character of the place from one of the officers of the ship, who, in spite of the glowing eulogium recorded on the natural beauties of the island, stated with perfect candour and honesty, that, in his opinion,

"the real use for the South Orkneys would be as a penal settlement. For that purpose they were almost ideal. In the summer the convicts would be employed in house building, and in the winter he would keep them busy shovelling snow off the glaciers!"

The writer of the chapter naïvely concludes it with the remark that "It," the officer's scheme, "is an excellent one, with much to commend it!"

The harbour in which they passed the winter was very appropriately named Scotia Bay.

Three days after their arrival the pack-ice, actuated by a strong and continuous southerly wind, drifted into the bay, and to such an extent as to cut the ship off from the open sea. A heavy fall of snow had the effect of solidifying the pack in which the *Scotia* was now completely imprisoned, and she remained held fast in its icy grip for the ensuing winter. This was a great disappointment to all concerned, for it was hoped, and expected, that climatic conditions, and the state of the ice, would not materially interfere with the carrying out of dredging and trawling operations from the ship under weigh, taking into consideration that the position of their winter quarters was more than 300

miles north of the Antarctic Circle. This hope—a very reasonable one—was not fulfilled, for the vessel remained inextricably fixed in the ice, from the early part of April until the following November. The winter passed pleasantly enough, and was spent in much the same way as is invariably experienced by the members of Polar expeditions. Their first object, of course, was to make the ship snug and secure, and as comfortable as circumstances would admit. The sails were unbent, upper spars and all top hamper sent down, boats lowered on to the ice-floe, the engines disconnected, the water pumped out of the boilers, and everything that human ingenuity, or experience, could suggest, was done before the long polar night set in and winter seized them in its frozen grasp. A regular routine of scientific investigations was immediately commenced. By an ingenious, but simple, contrivance dredging operations were frequently carried out, and with very important results, new animals being repeatedly brought to the surface, illustrating very conclusively the fact of the existence, to a very large degree, of marine fauna in Antarctic waters. "All was fish that came to their net!" nothing was overlooked or thrown away; even the apparent refuse in the dredge was carefully preserved, because it was more than likely to contain minute crustacea, and other marine organisms. Every one was kept busily employed; during the working

hours there was not an idle man on board. Traps, somewhat resembling lobster-pots in their construction, were periodically set at a depth of from 20 to 50 fathoms. These were generally baited with the carcasses of penguins, and they yielded valuable prizes, not only from a scientific point of view, but also as new and succulent additions to the daily fare of the members of the Expedition, for we are told that—

"Even the greed of the zoologist found satisfaction, and when the cook asked for a supply of fish for breakfast, the zoologist showed himself open to human temptation after all, and several days a-week we all committed the sacrilege of feeding on what was an animal new to science!"

During the month of April thousands of penguins passed, flying northwards, and many alighted on the island. A great number were killed for food; their skins were also found useful for clothing, &c. The killing of these birds was only indulged in as a necessity, and was not regarded in the light of sport. We are informed that "the most depraved sportsman could find no sport" in the slaying of these helpless and inoffensive birds killed by a murderous blow on the head with a club; and we are thoroughly in sympathy with the writer who tells us "it was sheer cold-blooded, unskilled murder, whose only excuse was that we were hungry, and needed fresh food to keep us alive and healthy." The killing of seals was also, very properly, regarded in the same light. A careful study of the geological

formation of the islands was carried out by Dr Pirie, who, in spite of many difficulties with which he had to contend, was rewarded by the discovery of interesting fossiliferous impressions and petrifications in the rocks in the neighbourhood of Cape Dundas.

The flora of Antarctic lands is limited to only a few lichens and mosses, and therefore botanical research did not yield any valuable results, in spite of the diligence and energy of the botanist, Mr Brown. The magnetic and meteorological observations were carefully and systematically carried out during the winter, under the direction of Mr Mossman, ably assisted by other members of the staff. Tidal measurements were duly recorded, and a survey of the islands, including the adjacent group called Murray Islands, was undertaken during the spring.

On the whole, a pleasant winter was passed. Thanks to the kindness of various publishers at home, they were provided with a good supply of books, sufficient, we are told, to afford them reading occupation for "several years"! They lived in a little world of their own, absolutely indifferent as to what might be occurring at home or in other countries, ignorant of international intrigue, and regardless of wars or political disturbances. Although they lived in the utmost harmony one with the other, they were not sorry, occasionally, to be employed on some duty or work that necessitated a little solitude. Not, we are carefully informed, because

"we are tired of our fellow-creatures, for we all lived on the most amicable of terms, but the occasional solitude which every one requires was seldom obtainable in life in so small a ship as the *Scotia*. We were practically always in sight and hearing of one another."

They went so far as to look upon their inability to escape from the presence of their shipmates as one of the greatest hardships they had to endure! With the exception of one or two American expeditions to the Arctic seas, this so-called "hardship" does not seem to have been experienced by the generality of polar explorers.

In consequence of the intention to leave a small party on the island on the departure of the *Scotia* the following summer, so as to continue without interruption the scientific observations made during the winter, and to render them more complete and therefore more valuable, it became necessary to construct some sort of habitation in which those left on the island could be accommodated. Fortunately an ample supply of stones lay ready for their use, and by utilising these they were able to build a stone house some 14 ft. square. The services of every member of the Expedition were called into requisition in the construction of this building. The walls were no less than 4 to 5 ft. thick, so as to "ensure safety and permanence," and these were supported by buttresses at each corner. The roof was a very serious consideration, for they were not provided with a plentiful supply of timber.

The difficulty was, however, solved by scraping together various scraps of wood derived from empty boxes and packing-cases, and dovetailing them all together, with which, with the exercise of considerable ingenuity, they contrived to make a fairly efficient roof. The house, when completed, only contained one room, a little over 14 feet square, and from 6 to 8 feet high. It had a small, narrow entrance, and two equally small windows. The floor was made from one of the hatches of the ship, and the furniture was improvised from old packing-cases! It proved a most serviceable, we will not say comfortable, edifice, and the designers and builders were both pleased and proud of the result of the architectural skill and work displayed in its construction. It was called Omond House, in honour of Mr R. T. Omond, a gentleman who had always taken the keenest interest in the Expedition.

Another building, in close proximity to Omond House, to be used as a store-house and coal-shed, was also erected, the walls being composed of *filled* biscuit-boxes, which being all alike in pattern and dimensions were easy to work with! An old whale-boat, which had been condemned by the Captain as unseaworthy, formed the roof of this building! On the 1st of November all the meteorological and other instruments were transferred from the ship to the places prepared for them adjacent to the house, and the hourly observations, hitherto

taken on board the *Scotia*, were from that date recorded from the new position.

The weather during the winter was not altogether all that might be desired—May and June being especially stormy months, with heavy falls of snow. Scotia Bay being situated some six degrees north of the Antarctic Circle, those on board the ship, even during the shortest day in the year, never experienced less than five hours of daylight; but the long hours of darkness were quite sufficient to restrict outdoor work, and had a very depressing effect on them all. They do not appear to have experienced any intense cold, but the fluctuations of temperature, due to sudden changes of wind, were very trying. Sometimes a rise, or a fall, of 40° of temperature would occur in a few hours, which had the effect of making the lower temperature appear to be far colder, and the higher far warmer, than they really were. It is a curious fact that the highest temperature recorded during the time the *Scotia* was in the Antarctic Regions was at their winter quarters on the 31st May, only three weeks before the shortest day in the year, and, consequently, mid-winter. On this occasion the thermometer registered as high as 46°·8. This abnormal condition of the temperature was, in all probability, due to a Föhn wind that was blowing from the N.W.—a purely local phenomenon caused by the wind being forced down from a high altitude, thus becoming

compressed, and consequently warmed. In the spring, sledging expeditions were organised, when some valuable geological information was obtained and some useful surveying work was accomplished, but little of geographical interest was achieved.

Towards the end of August the seals began to collect in large numbers for breeding purposes. They were at that particular time most aggressive, and offered a strong contrast to the lazy, inoffensive animals that were met with in the autumn. On the approach of any one, they became at once alert and ferocious, and if any attempt was made to capture their young, the parent would rush forward and snap viciously at the intruder. Attempts were made to rear some of the young seals on board the ship, but with no success, for although carefully tended, and fed with preserved milk sucked through an indiarubber tube, they invariably died after being in captivity a few days.

Another great event at about the same time was the return of the penguins, which not only gave life and animation to their hitherto dreary surroundings, but was the cause of a very welcome addition to their daily fare in the shape of meat and eggs. Of the latter, the men would collect several thousands in the course of an afternoon, some of which were stowed in barrels for immediate use, while the remainder were packed in salt, and preserved for a future day. They were looked upon as a great luxury by the men, who certainly indulged to a very large

extent in their consumption, for we are informed that whether they were boiled, fried, cooked, or raw, in omelettes or scrambled, they would consume on an average as many as fifteen per man per diem! A very interesting description of the habits of the penguins, especially during the pairing and breeding season, is given by Mr Brown. Their love-making is thus described:—

"As soon as the birds arrive at their rookeries, the mates are chosen, and this involves much display and showing off on the part of the male. He stands erect, drawing himself up to his full height, with head thrown back and neck craned upwards, then he slowly and impressively waves his flippers several times and emits a long loud cackle; this over, he resumes his normal somewhat squat position, and looks around him to see what impression his charms and powers have had on the onlooking females. This process repeated a few times generally results in a couple being paired off, and nest-building then begins. Another very favourite demonstration of affection on the part of a couple is like this: the two stand facing one another, and stretching forward cross their beaks, and then proceed to sway from side to side in unison, uttering the while a shrill harsh cry."

On the 6th of August a gloom was cast over the little community by the death of their engineer, Mr Ramsay, who for some time had been suffering from heart-disease, and who passed away peacefully on the above-named date, mourned and regretted by all his comrades. This was the only loss, through death, that was sustained by the Expedition.

Although the heavy and constant gales of wind experienced,

even as early as the month of August, had a distinct effect on the ice in Scotia Bay, causing a perceptible swell that could be felt in the ship, and which naturally raised the hopes of all on board of the prospect of an early release from the ice, it was not until the 25th November that the pack cleared away and set the little ship free, after an imprisonment of eight long weary months. Leaving a party of six men, including two members of the scientific staff, to take up their abode in Omond House to continue the scientific observations so zealously and so consistently prosecuted during the winter, the *Scotia* put to sea on the 27th November, and making her way to the northward, without much impediment from the ice, reached the Falkland Islands on the 2nd December, where they had the immeasurable pleasure of reading home letters, and gathering information regarding the events that had been happening since their departure ten months before. A very pleasant week was spent at Stanley, when the *Scotia* again put to sea, and after experiencing the excitement of taking the ground, and remaining hard and fast for a couple of days at the entrance to the River Plate, they arrived safely on Christmas Eve at Buenos Aires. The cause of the grounding of the ship was due to the removal of one of the light-ships at the mouth of the river, and their not being aware of this important fact.

A month was spent very profitably at Buenos Aires, where the ship was docked, repaired, coaled, provisioned, and completely refitted, and also in making plans for the prosecution of another summer voyage to the Southern Seas, in order to further extend the work so happily and so prosperously commenced the previous summer.

Satisfactory arrangements were also made with the Argentine Government to take out three gentlemen belonging to that country to reside at Omond House, with the view of establishing a permanent meteorological station in the Far South. This commendable decision of the Government of Argentina was in a great measure due to the energetic enthusiasm of Mr W. G. Davies, the head of the Meteorological Office, who fully realised the importance of such an establishment in a high southern latitude. On the 21st of January 1903 the little *Scotia*, with her complement augmented by the three Argentine scientists, again put to sea. The Falkland Islands were revisited, and a most interesting general description of those islands is given by Mr Brown, more especially with reference to the natural history of the group.

Scotia Bay was reached on the 14th February, and those on board were rejoiced to find the party they had left at Omond House all in good health and spirits, and very pleased to see their comrades again. A week was spent at their old

winter quarters, during which time they were fully occupied in landing the stores for those who were to be left in possession, fixing a new roof to the house, and otherwise making the place comfortable. Dr Pirie and his party returned on board, being relieved by Mr Mossman, the three Argentine gentlemen, and one of the crew of the *Scotia*, all of whom had volunteered to remain in the South Orkneys for the ensuing winter.

Chapter XI., written by Dr Pirie, gives an account of the landing-party from the time the *Scotia* sailed until her return. Much useful scientific work was accomplished, and much valuable information in many branches of science was obtained during the time they were landed. In his notes concerning the penguins he estimated that, at a moderate computation, each "rookery" (the name given to their breeding-places) contained at least 200,000 birds, and as there were many "rookeries" in the neighbourhood, the number of birds congregated on the island must have been incalculable. On an average, there was a nest to every square yard! The nests were made of a few pebbles scraped together in a very rough and primitive fashion. Each contained two eggs, though occasionally three were found in one nest. The snowy petrel and Cape pigeon also had their nesting-places in the group. The eggs of the last-named bird had never before been found, and were therefore new to science. Collect-

ing the eggs of these birds was by no means pleasant work, for, in common with the petrel, they had the disgusting habit of ejecting the oily contents of their stomachs at the intruder, the noisome stench from which clung persistently to their clothes for a long time.

The *Scotia* bade farewell to those remaining in Scotia Bay on February 21, and steering to the southward, commenced her second voyage of discovery.

Six days later she crossed the Antarctic Circle, with only loose streams of ice in sight.

On the 1st of March their track of the preceding year was crossed, and good progress was made under sail alone, in a sea perfectly free of ice, where the year before they had met with an impenetrable pack. These wonderful and complete changes in the positions of pack-ice are by no means unusual in Polar seas. On the following day, however, their further progress was checked by the ice in lat. $72^{\circ} 18'$ when within sight of what at first was reported to be land, but which proved to be a lofty ice barrier, rivalling in height and extent, and very similar in appearance to the famous barrier of ice discovered by Ross in 1840, and recently seen and investigated by the English Antarctic Expedition under Captain Scott. They were able to trace this great wall of ice, rising to a vertical height of 100 to 150 feet, to a point estimated to be about 150 miles to the south of the position where they had first sighted it. The summit of this great inland

ice, of which the barrier was the terminal face, appeared to rise in gradually undulating slopes until lost in height and distance in the sky. In one place there was the appearance of the outline of what was assumed to be distant hills. The belief in the proximity of land was strengthened by finding a depth of only 159 fathoms of water at a distance of $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the barrier. The presence of innumerable birds, such as penguins, terns, skuas, petrels, &c., seemed also sure indications of the near presence of land. Acting on the assumption that what they saw was in reality new land, they gave it the name of "Coats Land," in honour of Mr James Coats and Major Andrew Coats, the two principal subscribers to the Expedition. Not doubting for a moment its actual existence, they write, "Whether it is a large island or a part of the Antarctic continent remains for future explorers to finally decide, but the latter hypothesis seems the more probable one."

This discovery is, from a geographical point of view, exceedingly interesting, and of the highest importance as limiting the extent of the Weddell Sea, and increasing very considerably the size of the great Antarctic continent.

On the 7th the *Scotia* encountered a furious N.E. gale, which had the effect of driving the ship into the heavy pack-ice, in which she was completely beset,—their position at the time being $74^{\circ} 1'$, the highest latitude that they attained. Their situation in the pack was not an enviable

one: the ice was exceedingly heavy, and the ship was severely handled by it, causing her timbers to creak and groan in a most ominous and alarming way. However, after a week's besetment the ship was fortunately liberated, and pursued her voyage to the N.E. Deep-sea soundings and dredgings were continued, and with very gratifying results. On one occasion, at a depth of 1400 fathoms, no less than sixty separate species of animal life were obtained in one haul! At such a great depth, where all is darkness, hundreds of fathoms below the limit of the penetration of the rays of the sun, the majority of the animals brought to the surface were either totally blind, or were provided with eyes of enormous size which probably magnified to an extraordinary degree their visual power.

As they proceeded northward they experienced exceptionally boisterous weather, accompanied by heavy seas, in which the little *Scotia* rolled and pitched in a most uncomfortable manner. It is recorded on one occasion that she rolled 56° to starboard and 43° to port, thus oscillating through an arc of practically 100° ! Recording observations with delicate instruments under such conditions, may be better imagined than described. No ice was seen after April 5; and on the 21st they reached the unfrequented little island of Diego Alvarez (now called Gough Island), situated in the South Atlantic, almost midway between Cape Horn and

the Cape of Good Hope. A most interesting day was spent investigating the fauna and flora of this tiny island. All were in raptures with the "shady nooks," the "mossy grottoes," the "springy turf," the "grassy banks," and, above all, they felt "the joy of mingling again with the abundance of nature, of treading on land, and drinking in the smell of earth," so different to what they had been accustomed to on the sterile shores of the South Orkneys. Cape Town was reached on the 5th of May, where they were all most cordially welcomed and hospitably entertained. Leaving Table Bay on the 17th, the Expedition called at Saldanha Bay, thence touching at the islands of St Helena, Ascension (of which excellent and interesting descriptions are given), and Fayal, reached home in July, where, it is needless to add, they were accorded that warm and enthusiastic reception at the hands of their countrymen, which they so well and so deservedly merited. Not the least gratifying acknowledgment of their services was the receipt of the following telegram from Lord Knollys:—

"I am commanded by the King to congratulate you and the officers and crew of the *Scotia* on your and their safe return, and on the completion of your important additions to the scientific knowledge and discoveries in the south-eastern part of the Weddell Sea."

This brings to an end the 'Voyage of the *Scotia*,' an expedition well conceived and excellently conducted. The con-

cluding chapters of the book comprise a narrative of the work performed by the party left behind in Scotia Bay, to continue the hourly meteorological observations, and to complete the series of magnetic observations commenced during the first winter; also to add to the natural history collections previously made. This party was relieved on the 31st December 1903 by the Argentine gunboat *Uruguay*, which had been specially despatched by the Argentine Government to convey a party to the South Orkneys for the purpose of relieving Mr Mossman and those with him. The *Uruguay*, it may be noted, was the same vessel that had the previous year rescued the Swedish Expedition, under Norden-skjold, from Grahamland.

The 'Voyage of the *Scotia*' is not the least meritorious of the many books that have been written descriptive of life in the Polar Regions, and will surely take its place as a very welcome, as well as a useful, addition to South Polar literature. There is not a dull page in the book: each one teems with interest, and is delightful reading. Every incident, and more especially those relating to what may be termed the manners and customs of bird-life in the South Orkneys, is most graphically described, and is exceedingly interesting and instructive. The maps are excellent, and will assist very materially in enabling the reader to follow the *Scotia* in her interesting voyage to Antarctic Seas.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

'THE TIMES' AND THE PUBLISHER—THE REAL OBJECT OF 'THE TIMES.'

THE dispute which during the last few weeks has raged between the publishers and 'The Times' is at once narrow and technical, and had not one of the combatants been a newspaper, with equal facility and desire for advertisement, it might have been settled with speed and in silence. Only one question demanded an answer: Shall a private firm be permitted to offer a net book at a second-hand price immediately after publication? Said 'The Times,' in one of those outbursts of philanthropic eloquence with which it delights to obfuscate the world: "We habitually sell copies of net books, which have been in circulation among our subscribers, only a few weeks after publication, at a material reduction from the published price." To this boast the publishers replied with a resolution "that second-hand copies of net books shall not be offered for sale or sold at less than the published price within six months of publication." 'The Times,' in the determined attitude of one about to lead a forlorn hope, announced that it would supply its readers with the books they want at all costs or none. The members of our Book Club, it declared, "find the privilege of purchasing in Class B very welcome." The members would find the privilege still more

welcome if they got the books for nothing. So the burglar takes comfort in his swag, but that comfort does not give housebreaking a place among the moral professions. And 'The Times,' in its ruthless attempt to cut prices, cannot take shelter behind the shameful greed of its subscribers. However, the Publishers Association, brushing aside all irrelevancies, made the only counter-stroke possible. It resolved that its members should withdraw their advertisements from 'The Times,' and refuse to supply such net books as they published to 'The Times' Book Club. 'The Times' professes to be perfectly satisfied with the arrangement. Its satisfaction may not be so great when it has been deprived of the publishers' advertisements for a year.

The Association could not have done otherwise than it did. Its members owe a certain allegiance to the authors on the one hand, and to the booksellers on the other. The author's chance of selling a serious work is small enough as it is. It would be smaller still if his market were spoilt by the appearance of second-hand copies "only a few weeks after publication." And as for the bookseller, the triumph of 'The Times' would mean his ruin. Now the booksellers' profits are none too large. By

the fierce warfare of discounts they have already dealt a heavy blow at their own trade. And if 'The Times' were permitted to sell new books, after a brief sojourn in the lending library, at the price of old, the booksellers would very soon be compelled to put their shutters up, and the distribution of books would thus become a practical monopoly of 'The Times.' Nor is the competition between the two parties in any sense equal. The booksellers depend for their livelihood upon the profit which the distribution of books brings to them. To 'The Times' books are no more than the eleemosynary teapots and the speculative pensions where-with humbler tradesmen tempt their clients. Be virtuous, says 'The Times,' and subscribe to our threepenny paper, and you shall not merely read books for nothing, but buy them, if so disposed, at a price which would ruin the simple bookseller. Thus every shilling by which it undersells the booksellers has been repaid to 'The Times' over and over again in the shape of advertisement. Obviously, then, the fight is not fair, and the Publishers Association was in honour bound to insist that books published at net prices should not be sold at less than their published price before a reasonable fixed period.

To understand the motive and object of 'The Times,' it is necessary to recall the recent history of that eminent newspaper. Some years since, discontented (we suppose) with

its circulation, 'The Times' attempted to enrol new subscribers by offering a small reduction in price. The sum of £3 entitled you to receive the paper every day in the year. But this method of tempting the public, which was fair to all and injurious to none, was found unsatisfactory. And 'The Times' determined to find another and a more cunning bait. It established a Book Club, which was free to all who subscribed to 'The Times,' at the old rate of three pence a-day. This change of policy was somewhat hard on those who wanted the newspaper and cared not for a free library. But the object of the manœuvre was clear enough: it was simply to increase the circulation of the paper by a bold system of advertisement. If there had been any doubt, the manager of the Book Club would have lulled it to rest. "We wish to double the circulation of 'The Times,'" said he, "and if the circulating library service costs us £100,000, we are quite prepared to expend that sum in order to double our circulation." At the outset the publishers were disposed to aid the scheme of 'The Times,' and for this indiscretion they must bear the full weight of blame. They consented to supply books at the usual rates; they refunded to 'The Times' 15 per cent of whatever monies it spent in exchange for advertisement; and in certain cases they sold to 'The Times' large editions of books at "exceptional prices." These privileges did not satisfy

'The Times,' which claimed the further right to sell the books which it bought at whatever price it chose. And thus the quarrel began.

As we have said, the issue was simple, but 'The Times' took the opportunity afforded by the dispute to raise a dozen inapposite questions. It declared, with an effrontery which is almost admirable, that in fighting the seventy or eighty publishers who belong to the Association it was active in the service of mankind. It stepped boldly forward as the champion of cheap literature, and with a cynicism which could hardly deceive anybody, adopted the frank, hardy tone of the crusader. It represented the vast number of rival publishers, and the innumerable booksellers of England, as vile monopolists, who were trying, for evil purposes of their own, to keep up the price of books, to the double detriment of the public and the authors. "Cheap books!" was and is its cry, though, to be sure, the cry sounds oddly insincere in Printing House Square. 'The Times' costs six times as much as the most of our daily papers, and three times as much as the others. When it undertook to publish a 'History of the Boer War,' it was not above charging a guinea *net* a volume for the privilege of possessing this masterpiece. Nor has the world yet forgotten that it managed, by a system of adroit puffery, to sell the ninth edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' at a price considerably higher

than that at which it might be purchased second-hand round the corner. These simple facts persuade us that 'The Times' love of cheapness is not disinterested. And, indeed, if the manager of the Book Club were prepared to go to the stake for the broader diffusion of literature, he has taken the wrong road to martyrdom. If books are to be cheaper,—a doubtful question, to be decided by experts,—the cheapening process must begin at the other end. But, of course, it is not for cheap books that 'The Times' is fighting; it is fighting for the privilege of selling books cheaper than others—a very different cause. Even if the price of books did fall, we should have no security that 'The Times' Book Club would not continue its policy of underselling. Suppose the publishers issued their new books at 2s. 6d. net, they would be hawked within a few weeks of publication at 6d. a-piece, if 'The Times' were permitted to have its way.

The controversy has been conducted by 'The Times' in a manner which, we are glad to think, is not consonant with the traditions of a great newspaper. The manager of the Book Club seems to have as little humour as courtesy. While he protests that the other side has lost its temper, the blows which he strikes are so wild and so ill-delivered that it is clear his own is past recovery. The figures by which he attempts to prove the greed of the publishers are naïveté

itself. He declares that a biography which is sold at 36s. costs 4s. to produce, and that therefore the all-round profits on the transaction amount to 800 per cent. In other words, books are things of paper and ink. The brain of the author need not be taken into the calculation; the expenses of publishing and advertisement are immaterial. If a book cost 4s. in paper and ink, and be sold at 36s., the all-round profit is 800 per cent. It is a pretty fairy-story, and if the manager of 'The Times' believes it, then the monopoly of the book trade is worth fighting for.

But that there may be no doubt of 'The Times'' contempt for the author's rights, another interesting parallel is drawn in its manifesto. It points out that Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' has been recently published for 3s. 6d., and that Mr Churchill's 'Lord Randolph Churchill' costs as much as 36s. The inference is that, if this be a just scale, Mr Churchill's book should be worth ten times as much as Lockhart's. Was there ever a more pitiable confusion? The 'Life of Scott' is the world's possession, and anybody may print it who will. Mr Churchill's book is his own property, and he has a right to whatever reward his skill and industry may bring him. Does 'The Times' believe that if this recent edition of Lockhart's work had to earn £8000 for the author before it became profitable it would still be published at 3s. 6d.? Or is it merely intent

to begot its readers? If it would make an intelligent comparison, let it set side by side the cost of Lockhart's 'Life of Scott' at its first publication and the cost of Mr Churchill's 'Lord Randolph,' take the probable sale into account, and then draw what conclusion it thinks proper.

But as the controversy has proceeded, the object of 'The Times' has become clearer. It cares as little for the author as for the bookseller. Cheap literature is, as we have said, a matter of complete indifference to its enterprise. What it would like to achieve, by underselling all competitors, is a vast monopoly. It boasts vaguely of the immense profits it would have made for Miss Corelli's *chef-d'œuvre*, if it had had the handling of a large edition. From the point of view of 'The Times' there is much to be said for such a monopoly. The headquarters of literature would be compact and accessible. The emperor of Printing House Square would be ready to produce, to advertise, to puff, and to review all the books which he wished to sell. There is no process in the distribution of books which it could not undertake. It would accommodate all the interests. Under one roof the author and the critic, the sheep and the wolf, would lie down in amity. Everybody would subscribe to 'The Times,' because against those who refused all the avenues of literature would be closed. And as there would be no competition—not even of the infamous publisher—books

might be as dear as 'The Times' wished, and no questions asked.

It is a pleasant dream of autocracy and wealth, which happily will never be realised. Were it realised, there would be an end of literature. Never has there been a more determined effort to throttle a dignified and delicate craft. The arts of puffery and advertisement have done far more harm to letters than high prices and old-fashioned methods of distribution. And it is on the arts of puffery and advertisement, and on these arts alone, that 'The Times' relies and would rely. The manager of the Book Club declares that he would benefit the authors if he were permitted to take the control of their works. But what authors would he benefit? Only those whom he deemed it worth while to belaud in his advertisement column; and experience does not persuade us to take a flattering view of his taste. There is no writer so foolish that he could not be intrigued into a commercial success. The world is still simple enough to believe what it finds standing in the panoply of print. It does not understand that falsehood is as cheap to print as truth. And if it be told often enough to buy this or that novel, or this or that patent medicine, it will obey with perfect cheerfulness, believing that it is curing its body or improving its mind in the process. But the only Free Trade in books is Free Choice, and if once the

publishing of books be confided to the newspapers, the poor foolish public will be as powerless to choose the books which it wants to read as to dictate the news which it wishes to hear. And it is to Free Choice that 'The Times' is most resolutely opposed. It is now imploring its readers to boycott the books which it cannot buy and "handle" on its own terms.

There is but one kind of author who would find a profit in the scheme outlined by 'The Times'—the author of vast circulations and enormous payments, the author who delights to beat his own drum and to find another to beat it for him when his industrious arm falls helplessly to his side. But this author neither needs nor deserves the aid of others. He will grow rich while he lives, and be forgotten when he is dead, in this as in every other age. The authors who, in the rough and tumble of advertisement, would be crushed out of existence are those who devote themselves not to the subsidiary arts of puffing, but to the exercise of their craft, who think that their duty lies less in notoriety than in the perfection of their work. For these the monopolist of the newspaper would have no care or thought. Why should he waste his precious space upon a writer who had nothing else than talent to recommend him, who was not an easy subject for the flamboyant rhetoric of the American puff, and who would need twice as many columns for the exposition of

his talents as his facile and more obvious colleague?

And even if publishing by newspaper could achieve all that it pretends to achieve, we should still oppose it. Books are not quite like pounds of tea or boxes of pills. They have other uses and other ends than to make money. The labourer, of course, is worthy his hire. The author, like any other craftsman, must earn his bread. But it may be said without cant that the author has another ambition besides gain. He does not estimate his success as a stockbroker estimates his—merely by the balance at his bank. Unless he be as famous as Mr Hall Caine, who, like another Quintus Curtius, is ready to leap into the abyss of dear-ness, with nothing but a play in his hand and the aureole of a free *réclame* about his head, he would probably renounce something for dignity and quietude of life. He does not desire to go down into the pit and fight for notoriety, nor is he cheered at the clatter of interested adulation made by those who hope to profit by his exertions. Yet this is what 'The Times' would offer him, if in its mercy it condescended to make him the subject of a puff—noise, notoriety, and vulgar acclamation. Is it worth it? Is the loss of decency compensated for by the added wealth? We think not, and we believe that the most of self-respecting authors would prefer the tranquil method of to-day to the multi-coloured prospect which is

offered them to-morrow. Consider what advertisement has made of the actor, and then ask yourself whether you would like to see the author following the same path.

The ambition of 'The Times' to publish is not new. Its exploit with the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' is still fresh in our memory, and it is a fair test of its interest in science and literature. We cannot forget with what insistence that immense mass of printed matter was thrust upon thousands of ignorant persons. No artifice was neglected which should persuade the unsuspecting citizen to purchase a work which was begun a quarter of a century before it fell into the hands of 'The Times,' and which therefore could not be expected to embody the most recent research. There were eloquent advertisements; there were private letters; in the last gasp there was the telegraph-boy's thunderous knock upon the door. Breathlessly we were told that the last chance of enlightenment was slipping from us. And so pliable is the will of man that thousands, who should have known better, fell into the snare of the advertiser. This, in fact, is the great achievement of 'The Times,' and by its past performance we may fairly judge its future intention. We freely acknowledge that those who bought the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' are not much better than those who sold it. Persons who cannot choose for themselves, who buy the books they are told to buy, are not worth a

vast deal of consideration. But the triumphant sale of an outworn 'Encyclopædia' should be a sufficient warning. 'The Times' has reduced the forcing of its commodities upon an unwilling public to a fine art. It is the sophist of publishing. With a skill which we cordially admire, it can make the worse book appear the better. But this very skill is the clearest reason why the distribution of books should not be entrusted to its hands. A vast disservice will be done to letters if the familiar apparatus of puff, circular, and telegram be used to invent false reputations and to trick out the adroit man of business in the garb of a man of genius.

Worse still, 'The Times' takes its adventure with the 'Encyclopædia' very seriously. If it looked back upon the episode with a kindly cynicism, we would almost forgive it. But there is no cynicism in its retrospect. It still regards, with an ingenuous pride, its ample dissemination of knowledge. To say a word in dispraise of the solid work which fills many homes with a sense of discomfort, is to incur its instant wrath. Here, for instance, is Mr Hugh Chisholm declaring that to describe the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' as antiquated in 1898 is "dishonourable," "libellous," "malicious," "dishonouring," and "ignorant." These are brave words, and they have a strange sound on the lips of one whose colleagues are quick to charge

others with losing their temper. They are also irrelevant. An Encyclopædia is necessarily antiquated twenty-five years after its commencement and nine years after its completion. It is not Mr Chisholm's fault. It is the fault of time, and the statement of so plain a fact need not, one would have thought, have stirred anybody to anger. Nor, indeed, is it nowadays accounted a grave sin to offer a hopelessly antiquated book for sale. In the present state of commercial morality we can readily believe that to sell a damaged article is regarded as a far greater triumph than to get rid of something whose value is unimpaired. Besides, it is easy to murmur *caveat emptor*, and shift the blame on to the purchaser. Nobody is likely ever to buy two Encyclopædias, and when a simple soul does discover his error, no great harm is done to the vendor. But there are two questions which we cannot refrain from asking. Was the flood of rhetoric justified by which 'The Times' persuaded many thousands of illiterate persons to purchase an antiquated work? And did 'The Times' speak the truth when it asserted that it was offering its 'Encyclopædia' at less than half price? These questions 'The Times' will answer in accordance with its own standard of morals.

Mr Chisholm's anger, then, is the best possible proof that 'The Times' looks upon its virgin enterprise with a grave and serious eye. And at the end of his letter he gives us

a solid reason, which hitherto had escaped us, why he should regard an attack upon the great work as a personal attack upon himself. His letter is signed by the "Editor of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' " and if that achievement be his own, he naturally resents the slightest aspersion cast upon it. But since when has he been editor of this famous work? Many years ago we consulted its pages,—we hope with profit,—and neither of the editors was called Chisholm. Maybe the office of editor is retrospective. 'The Times' is an expert juggler. We all remember how, at a stroke of the wizard's wand, the Ninth Edition became the Tenth, and perhaps if it bought a remainder of Dr Johnson's 'Dictionary,' it would select a new name to decorate the title-page. But an explanation of Mr Chisholm's belated appointment would be welcome, if only for the sake of historical accuracy.

These sad episodes in the career of 'The Times' are recalled because they provide the best possible proof that that newspaper is not entirely fitted to be our sole arbiter in the matter of literature. "Times is money," says the French proverb, and Printing House Square has taken it to heart. It is merely "out for the stuff," as the American half of it might say, and we should

have a far greater respect for our high-priced journal if it did not pose as the benefactor of the author, who prefers to be left alone, and as the patron of the bookseller, whose prices it persistently cuts. Books do not seem to be the best material for the art of the advertiser. Patent pills are surely his proper province. What an opportunity for a glowing style is afforded by the bodily ailments of weak men and hysterical women! What composer of advertisements would lack eloquence when he explained the health-giving properties of Dr Jones's newest remedy! Moreover, quack medicines are more lucrative than books. If only 'The Times' would take them up and supply them free to all their subscribers, in consideration of a handsome rebate to be spent upon advertisement, no harm would be done to anybody, and 'The Times' might find the chemists easier adversaries than the publishers are like to prove. One word more, and we have done with 'The Times.' It has been said, and we have been pleased to believe it, that the Book Club was the property not of the journal itself, but of an American syndicate, which controlled the columns devoted to advertisement. Alas! the solace of this belief is denied us. The responsibility is all 'The Times'' own;¹

¹ To arrive at the truth is not easy. 'The Times' is divided bitterly against itself. Mr Walter declares emphatically that 'The Times' is not "owned and controlled by persons other than the proprietors of that journal." Mr Moberley Bell is not so sure. "In this matter," says he, "'The Times,' as distinguished from 'The Times' Book Club, is acting independently as it did in 1852." Mr Hooper arrogantly ignores them all.

and we wonder that the disquieting shades of John Walter the Great and of John Delane do not haunt the office, where their calling, once dignified, is brought thus low.

Much has been said during the present controversy concerning the declining sale of books. This decline has been attributed, with great recklessness, to the high price which authors and publishers put upon their wares. The attribution we believe to be wholly false. During the last fifty years the price of books has steadily decreased. Even in the last decade the novel, in the general eye the only form of literature, has dropped from 31s. 6d. to 6s., and drops, after a decent interval, from 6s. to 6d. And if we would explain the ruin which is said

to stare authors, publishers, and booksellers in the face, we must look elsewhere. Nor have we far to look. Overproduction has been the curse of literature, as of many other industries. There are too many publishers and too many authors. Everybody writes a book nowadays who can hold a pen, and, as the cost of paper and ink is light enough, publication is not difficult. But this is an evil to be cured only by a change of fashion and a higher standard of merit. 'The Times' neither could nor would bring about a better state of things, and we look to the issue of the present struggle, confident that dignity and sobriety will win an easy victory over the wiles of the advertiser and the methods of the cheap-jack.

THE SCOTTISH CHURCHES: AN APPEAL.

BY THE VERY REV. WM. MAIR, D.D.,

EX-MODERATOR OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

LAST May a new and notable thing occurred in Edinburgh. Three Churches, each embodied in what it calls The General Assembly, came and sat down as nearly as possible on the same seat. Two were practically under the same roof, and the third separated only by a narrow street. It was on the same day also. They have exactly the same government—their very procedure and nomenclature the same. They have the same purpose, and they all say it is the very highest of purposes. They have “one Lord, one faith, one baptism.” They sat some ten days, and rose again and went away, and all the time they never exchanged a single word, not even a look. Were they ashamed? “Nay, they were not at all ashamed, neither could they blush.” Others blush for them.

In more things there is a most striking similarity among them. They are all teachers of, Love thy neighbour as thyself, but not doers of it; teachers but not doers of, All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. Each of them has a committee to keep guard, and hold its own, against one or both the others. Each says (whether with or without humility is not cer-

tainly known) that it is not perfect; and each of them is glad of an opportunity of showing that, compared with the others, it is a paragon of perfection; and lecturers are even sent abroad to make this plain to the meanest capacity. One of them goes further and keeps a committee to watch for, and even create, a favourable opportunity for delivering an assault on one of its neighbours.

Add the enormous waste of money and men on superfluous masonry and ministers. And then there is the utter futility of it all! What is the practical good of it?

I am constrained to say that I think such a state of matters is great sin. This may seem strong about Churches—stronger than they will admit. But all the way back to the days when the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, or when “the chief priests and scribes sought how they might kill Him,” ecclesiasticism seems to be accompanied by self-deception. It is enough for my purpose if I am permitted to say that it is *absolutely wrong*—wrong morally and spiritually. This, I suppose, is generally admitted. By whichever term characterised, it is aggravated by the fact that the parties are Churches, and

by the conspicuous position they occupy before all eyes, and by the great harm that it is undeniably producing.

Now when anything very wrong is known to exist, the duty exists—immediate and imperative—to remove or correct it. When the evil is outside of us, possibly all we can do is to labour at it in patience and hope; but when it is in our own hands we are bound to take prompt and effective action to set it right. This is the case of the Churches. The preachers of all the Churches maintain this view in addressing their hearers. “To-day, to-day,” is their cry. “Cease this wrong-doing at once; delay in dealing with the evil is as wrong as the evil itself,” and so on. But when they get together as representing a Church, when they drop the robe of the preacher and put on that of the ecclesiastic, they are as fertile in excuses, and in reasons for delay, as the most stubborn and ingenious sinner that ever listened to them. Then they will talk sagely of inopportuneness, of insurmountable difficulties, and even of “the psychological moment.” If you should venture the remark that they would listen to no such excuses from one of their hearers, they will sweep the board of all argument by the assurance that “that is quite a different matter.” So it is; just as drunkenness is quite a different thing from theft, though both are the same in respect of being *very wrong*. It may be objected that com-

parison between a Church and an individual is inept. But a company (“limited” or not) or a society will suit the purpose of my comparison quite as well as an individual.

Assuming, then, that it is the immediate and imperative duty of the Churches to cease from this great wrong, and to rid the Church of Christ and the nation of this clamant scandal, I affirm the proposition that the duty can only be discharged by union. I am familiar with all that can be said in opposition to this view, and the more I have heard the more completely I am convinced that the present duty of the Churches is rightly stated to be union. Indeed it is axiomatic that if the wrong consists of disunion and its consequences, union is the remedy and the duty.

This may be taken as admitted, but there are divers ways of putting the duty aside or staving it off. Some will say that to proceed would produce greater evil than it would remove. Undoubtedly so, if those who say it choose to work for the fulfilment of their prophecy, but not if all proceed with the serious conviction that this is their bounden duty, for neglect of which they must be held responsible. Others, singly and in combination, and the Churches themselves, seem to be satisfied with a call to prayer. Even if this were free of the suspicion that every one is desiring that all others may be brought to his way of thinking, none seem to con-

sider whether the answer has not already been given and repeated in the form of the old words, "Wherefore criest thou unto me? Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward." Others, taking up the rôle of seer, tell that in the generation after next there will be union, if meantime we are kindly edging nearer by little and little. Strange fatuity to imagine that men will thus be wiled away from what they have been calling principle; and stranger still to assume that all things will continue as they are, and that the ecclesiastical world that now is may not meantime perish. We believe he would speak with better reason who should predict that this generation shall not pass without serious disturbance of the present situation. The fact is that we have been "edging nearer," till there is nothing now between our entrenchments (alas, that such a figure should be applicable), and the next step should be to proclaim a truce. Others say the next move must be disestablishment,—as if throwing a bomb into your neighbour's premises would initiate agreement. Besides, what better should we be of disestablishment? The so-called *principle* of establishment could not be disestablished in the minds of those who hold it; and we have had five years of a flaming illustration that the mere principle may cause, and keep up, separation. Others say that we are best discharging the duty to unite

by going on as we are doing,—that is to say, after the manner of the miserable picture given above.

This series of views may be closed by that which is so much commended under the name of co-operation. It is a thing impossible between rival institutions of any kind. Can an instance of it be named? The Churches are in this relation—rivals. Each has a specialty of its own to press or they would not be separate. There is another point of view from which to look at co-operation. A proposal, which I strongly support, is under consideration for the union of the two missionary colleges in Calcutta. The men in the colleges would co-operate admirably, for our men agree better at a distance than we can at home—thus accentuating the misery of the spectacle. But the question has been asked how the joint governing body at home could co-operate if the disestablishment policy should become aggressive, and it is a question not easy to answer.

For convenience in dealing with the subject, I shall in what follows confine myself to the case of two of the Churches—the Church of Scotland and the United Free Church of Scotland. Considering the undoubted fact that they (one or other or both) are wrong in being separate, or are so accounted of, and ought to be united, is it too much to plead that they should at least come and reason together, with the

determination to face the problem in a practical way, and to grapple with it till they have found a scheme of union which would commend itself to Church and nation, and be a blessing to both? That both Churches would have to make something of the nature of a sacrifice is obvious; and as the value of any point came to be discussed, the question would recur, "Are we prepared to keep up the scandal, and alienate the people, and perhaps wreck the Christianity of the country for THIS?" It is strong language, "wreck the Christianity," but it is used advisedly. Already a very great deal of our Christianity has become mere ecclesiasticism, churchism, or is saturated with it almost to the undoing of its life and power; and those who turn their backs on the Churches and speak scornfully of them and of those who manage them are more in number than ever they were before, and are increasing every day. Many speak thus in private who for prudential reasons dare not in public. The most serious things begin in private. A large number who are more moderate keep outside the Churches because, judging from the way in which they are conducted, and from the spirit they show to each other, it is thought that no good can be got from being within them, and that they are unfit agencies for the work they profess to have in hand. This must go on, and at an increasing rate,

unless present conditions are changed.

It would be presuming too far to venture to anticipate what such a conference would or should do; but it is very obvious that the principal subject would be the relation between the Church and the State. I should expect any intelligent person to be ready to admit that the details of the present connection between the Church of Scotland and the State are non-essentials. On the other hand, I should hope it would be admitted that Church and State might with great advantage to both declare their relation to each other. In this connection I may refer to legislation suggested by me in last year's December number of this magazine. That there must be some relation between them — co-existent bodies — is an axiom. The Churches, for their part, have had to submit to Paul's "powers that be," though it has generally been with a wry face: surely, on the other hand, no reason of any value can be given why these powers should not make an acknowledgment of what they owe to Churches and to the cause they represent. It need not be doubted that the matter rests with the Churches, and that those who constitute the governing bodies of the State would be thankful to see them agreed, and to give effect to anything reasonable on which they had agreed.

In appealing to Churches I am not thinking of Church

Courts any more than of Church members, nor can I limit myself even to them. I must, and do, include all patriots. This matter concerns all that love the good name and the wellbeing of the nation. Church courts, like other governing bodies in this country, will not, and indeed hardly can, move in certain matters that are outside the ordinary lines of their procedure unless they know that they are backed by the people: rather, it may be said, unless they are moved by the people. But alongside this inability of theirs, there exist abundant means of making the will of the people known. They seem to be shy of using these means in matters ecclesiastical. Why should it be so? Reason is all to the contrary when there is occasion. Is there not occasion now? This suggests, among other things, the power of the journalist. I might have hesitated to make a special appeal to him had it not been for these published words from the pen of the Rev. Dr Whyte, Edinburgh, which I most heartily adopt: "You journalists must come to our help in a way that you have never yet done." "Take off your coat and work along with us, and with all your might, for the spiritual and ecclesiastical reunion of Scotland."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

No. MXCIV.

DECEMBER 1906.

VOL. CLXXX.

TURKISH CAPTIVES.

HAREM LIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

I HAVE just been reading Pierre Loti's last book, 'Les Désenchantées,' and have been charmed with it, recalling as it does to my mind so many interesting days spent in Constantinople—the poetic home of the unhappy trio, Zeyneb, Melek, and Djénane, whom I knew well, and whose friendship I enjoyed in spite of the fact that Loti, for obvious reasons, would have us believe them to be creatures of his imagination only.

'Les Désenchantées' is in many respects a masterly presentment of facts concerning the daily life of upper-class women in Turkey—facts which, difficult though it must have been, he undoubtedly acquired first-hand from themselves, and round which he has twined a

romance of very human interest. The picture he gives us of their "soul-life" is wonderfully faithful, sad as it is. That he contrived a considerable amount of personal intercourse with some of them, outside the harem walls, is proved by the following passage in a letter from Sadié, which, at the time of receiving, I had no idea referred to Loti, but which, in the light of his subsequent book, would certainly appear to do so:¹—

"Those who tell you that Turkish women are by force of circumstance *necessarily* virtuous mislead you, dear friend, for Turkish women are at least in so far like others of their sex, that the bars do not exist

¹ All the letters quoted are translations from the French, in which the originals were received.

strong enough to cage them when they are really minded to be free. At this very moment I could tell you of a young widow, a relation of ours, who is carrying on a most amusing flirtation with a foreigner, a well-known author. She contrives to meet him at some place or another—on the Bosphorus, in the woods, or in a mosque—almost daily; and although their friendship is platonic, and designed only to furnish him with first-hand ‘copy’ for a novel he is writing, she gets an immense amount of amusement out of it. She has already received between fifty and sixty letters from him. From these it seems clear that, so far, she has not consented to lift her veil in his presence, for in one of his effusions he says, ‘How long am I to endure this *supplice de Tantale*? Am I *never* to see your face, which I imagine as lovely as your voice is gentle?’ In answer to this appeal, and with pardonable coquetry, she sent him a photograph of herself, in which, as Madame de Récamier, she reclined on a sofa, with her head turned away, and only a suggestion of a profile! *N’allez pas répondre à cette lettre, chère amie, en me faisant un cours de morale, à moi petite Turque à laquelle on n’en a jamais appris. Je vous dis seulement ces choses pour vous apprendre que partout, dans tout l’univers, les femmes se ressemblent!*”

Only when he comes to describe scenes in the interior

of harems, which, being a man, he was *ipso facto* debarred from entering, does Loti somewhat over-colour his pictures, giving to them a touch of ‘Arabian Nights’ magnificence which, in my experience, is quite foreign to them.

As an instance of this, I might quote his “Zahide’s” arrival at the Palace of the Sultanah-Valideh, when she goes there to plead for her divorce:—

“Dans le vestibule elle trouva, comme elle s’y attendait, une trentaine de petites fées,—des toutes jeunes esclaves, des merveilles de beauté et de grâce,—vêtues pareillement comme des sœurs et alignées en deux files pour la recevoir : après un grand salut d’ensemble, les petites fées s’abattirent sur elle, comme un vol d’oiseaux caressants et légers, et l’entraînèrent dans le salon des yachmaks, où chaque dame doit entrer d’abord pour quitter ses voiles.”

Less picturesque was my reception in the harem of Besma Hanum, the wife of a close relation of the Throne. I was assisted out of my carriage by a gaunt eunuch in a black frock-coat and red fez, who gave me the shivers as he clutched my arm with his sable paw. Inside the hall I was met by a crowd of female slaves, who helped me to remove my wraps. They varied in age from fifteen to forty; some of them were negroresses, but the majority were Circassians. The latter are supposed to be the most beautiful of all Turkish women, on which account the slaves of the Sultan are always selected from amongst them; but, in this instance, I looked in vain for any trace of good looks, and,

indeed, could hardly help smiling at the comic effect they produced, dressed up to the nines in the latest Paris fashions, executed by local dressmakers. That these women devote much time and thought to their appearance was evident from the weird results attained by their sartorial flights of fancy. The louder the colour, the heavier the trimming, the better they seemed pleased; and the homeliness of the materials employed (flannel seemed to have the preference) was fully atoned for by the length of their trains, and by the rakishness of the white muslin bonnets, ornamented with roses and other artificial flowers, which crowned their heads. They conducted me to the presence of their mistress, and stood around offering tea and rose-jam and otherwise attending to our wants the whole time my visit lasted.

Besma Hanum is beautiful and highly-educated, but, as in the case of so many Turkish women, there is about her a certain lassitude, born of discouragement and an unequal struggle with uncongenial surroundings. She spoke of the spread of education in Turkey, and of the mental superiority of the educated Turkish *woman* over the equally educated Turkish *man*, seeming unable to account for a fact which she evidently considers perfectly established. She does not altogether approve of the advanced education which it has become the fashion to give to her country-women. "The re-

sult of it is that they read a great deal they cannot digest, and hear a great deal they cannot understand," she said; "and so they become restless and unhappy, with an acquired taste for all sorts of good things which are denied them. Instead of living contented in their own homes, as in the past, they must now be eternally running about the streets, or driving up and down the Grande Rue de Péra, watching with envious eyes, through the closed windows of their carriages, the European life with which they may not mix. They know European ladies so superficially, that they see only the society part of their lives, and therefore, imagine that they are imitating them when they spend their days in idleness, visiting, and dress. Alas! I know what I am talking about, for I have myself lived through it all, and have had to buy my own painful experience."

A very different idea of harem life this, to the one hitherto accepted amongst us, where the narghileh, rose-jam, and divan played so conspicuous a part. Nowadays, a Turkish home differs very little from a European one, except in so far that the sexes live apart, the women never penetrating into the *selamlık*, and the men only occasionally visiting their feminine relations in the *haramlık*. The girls are educated as ours are, chiefly by foreign governesses. They learn all foreign languages, and speak them fluently, even amongst themselves (French for choice, as far as my experience goes), except when, out of

respect for the presence of a member of the older generation, they fall back on the use of their mother-tongue. They read the classics of all countries in the original, and play Wagner and Bach on the piano. All European fiction, good and bad, they have at their finger-ends; and from this oft-times polluted source they glean all the knowledge they have of Western customs. Many of them dabble in literature themselves, copying the style of their favourite author with a skill which is quite remarkable.

Up to the age of twelve girls are as free and untrammelled as European children, and are allowed to play with them and attend their parties. But with her twelfth birthday comes the inevitable day which no Turkish woman of the upper classes may hope to evade. On that day the girl becomes a woman: she adopts the *tcharchaff*,¹ and joins that silent sisterhood who are condemned to see the world darkly through a veil, without having lost any of their natural desire to participate in its gaieties. Henceforth she is a prisoner in the harem, which she may not leave unveiled and unaccompanied; henceforth she is debarred from any interchange of thought with one of the opposite sex, unless he happens to be closely related to her.

No passage in Loti's book is more true than that in which he describes the contrast be-

tween mothers and daughters of the present day, and the gulf which education has fixed between them:—

“Elle était d'une autre génération, parlant peu le Français, et n'ayant lu qu'Alexandre Dumas père. Entre elle et ses filles un abîme s'était creusé de deux siècles au moins, tant les choses marchent vite dans la Turquie d'aujourd'hui. Physiquement même elle ne leur ressemblait pas; ses beaux yeux reflétaient une paix un peu naïve . . . c'est qu'elle avait borné son rôle terrestre à être une tendre mère et une épouse impeccable sans en chercher plus.”

I used to realise this when I visited these modern mothers and daughters in their oriental surroundings, and I remember once being particularly struck with it. I had gone to see the wife and daughter of Hamil Pasha. I found them sitting together in a room with all the doors open. Hamil Hanum was in European dress, of course, but it seemed to sit ill upon her angular figure. As she could not join in our conversation, understanding no French, she sat huddled over a *mangal*² rolling cigarettes, which she smoked one after another. Aziyade, her daughter, was a small delicate creature, with tiny hands and feet. A mass of dark hair crowned a pale face, out of which shone two lustrous black eyes. She was barely eighteen, but was dressed in expensive French clothes, which made her look twice her age—an effect heightened by her very quiet and sedate manner and her deliberate way of talking. She sat

¹ The Turkish woman's street garment.

² A heating apparatus, a kind of charcoal stove in vogue in Turkey.

on the sofa beside me, her clasped hands resting in her lap, and her curious gaze fixed immovably upon my face. She told me many startling things, in an even tone of voice, expressive of strongly contained emotion. As she was shortly to be married, our talk naturally turned upon the approaching event, and I realised with horror that she had not seen her future husband, except from her window as he passed in the street below. She told me that the unveiling of the bride's face by the bridegroom was part of the marriage ceremony, and she seized the occasion vehemently to declaim against the marriage customs of her country. "Better far," she said, "remain unmarried, for marriage with us is but the crowning misery, not to say humiliation, of our lives."

This recalls Loti's description of the meeting of Djénane with her unknown husband on her wedding-day:—

"Le sourire aux lèvres nous échangeons un regard d'interrogation et de défi suprême, c'est fait, j'ai vu mon maître, et mon maître m'a vue. . . ."

A few days later I met Hamil Pasha, and I could not resist talking to him of his daughter Aziyade, and of her unhappiness at her approaching marriage. He told me that in that she resembled her elder sister Adahlet, whom, on the day following her wedding, he had gone to see in her new home. "I found her," he said,

"sitting dejectedly at a table, her head resting in her hands and her eyes red with tears. Not very cheerful for her husband, was it?" and he laughed. But my heart bled for these poor little Turkish brides, thus suddenly transplanted from the homes of their childhood to the roof-trees of perfect strangers. Is this not the initial cause of much of the unhappiness amongst Mohammedan women? Surely the first reform to be advocated in Turkey would be the abolition of marriage with an unknown and, in many cases, even an unseen husband.

I dined once at the house of a palace official. The first thing that struck me on going up the stairs was the sight of a life-sized statue of a Vestal, standing in a niche in the wall, enveloped in the folds of a *tcharchaff*, the hood of which was discreetly drawn over the hair. The *yashmak*¹ concealed the features all but the eyes, and mittens of lace covered the hands that held the sacred fire! The Pasha, the only man present of course, told me, as we went in to dinner, that the nudity of the statue, which had been presented to him by a foreigner, offended his Mohammedan instincts. Maybe so, but as I passed the open door of his study upon arrival, I had caught sight of some French studies of the human figure in very questionable taste, and I could not help inferring from them that the poor Vestal was disguised in *tchar-*

¹ Turkish woman's white veil, covering the lower part of the features.

chaff and veil to save appearances for her owner in my eyes, and not merely on account of his own over-sensitive modesty.

The drawing-room, in fact the whole of this house, which I afterwards had occasion to realise was typical of the majority of homes of the Turkish upper classes in the capital, was decorated somewhat in the style of an old-fashioned London lodging-house, where the taste of the landlady has been formed by her propinquity to a cheap Turkish bazaar. Oleographs of scenes from nature, in tawdry gilt frames, covered the walls, the only portrait being that of the Pasha, as Turkish sense of decorum forbids the portrayal of any male features other than those of her husband in a woman's apartments. The rooms were all lighted by gas lamps suspended from the ceilings, and these being very low, the unshaded lights blazed straight into one's eyes, with very uncomfortable results. The dining-room was heated by a stove, the pipe of which meandered undisguised round the walls, distributing intense heat everywhere. In the corner of this room was a marble lavabo built into the wall, with two taps for hot and cold water, presumably used for the five daily washings of the hands before prayer prescribed by the Prophet. The prevailing tone of colour in the room was red and gold, and here again the same note of tawdriness was struck as in the drawing-

room. The service of the table was slovenly in the extreme.

What a contrast to Loti's description in Djénane's letter to André:—

“Vous savez, André, que de nos jours on ne dresse plus le couvert à la Turque, donc argenterie française, porcelaine de Sèvres et verrerie de Bohême.”

At dinner my talk with the Pasha turned upon the question of Turkish customs.

“Madame,” he said, “the marrying of two wives is nowadays quite out of fashion. To begin with, a man finds it too expensive; secondly, no self-respecting girl will consent to occupy the position of Number Two in the household; and, thirdly, the spread of occidentalism has so imbued our wives with Western ideas that hardly one of them would consent to the introduction of a rival, and without her consent no dual alliance would be valid in the eyes of the law. It was different as lately as in my father's day. He married my mother first: she was a very beautiful Circassian, and died of cholera at the early age of thirty-two. After her death he was so lonely that he married three other wives right away. I, madame, was in the unenviable position of having, not one, but three stepmothers at the same time. Oh, how they quarrelled and fought, and how unhappy I was! But they only quarrelled behind my father's back; to his face they were all amiability, and one would have said they adored each other. My father had yet other wives in the course

of years, for he married and buried no less than seven!"

All the same, and in spite of what he said, I know that polygamous marriages do still occur, and I have a particular case in mind.

An official living at Scutari had married two wives, the one a Circassian, the other a negress. Both lived amicably together, and in both he seemed to find his happiness. I happened to be there one day when he came home from his office, and I witnessed the characteristic greeting of the two wives, who had simultaneously rushed forth to meet him. The white one he kissed on the cheek, the black one he patted kindly on the shoulder. Both seemed quite satisfied, and not the least jealous of the attention shown to the other.

But I subsequently heard of a sad little tragedy that broke the harmony of that seemingly united family. Both wives presented their husband with daughters. The child of the white mother was beautiful, and received all the petting and spoiling which her fairness attracted from the visitors to her father's harem. But the black one, poor child, inherited all the ugliness of her mother. The children grew up together, and shared the same education and pleasures. They were apparently devoted to each other, until, one day, a chance incident riveted the attention of the black child to the fact that, although every one loved and spoilt her sister, no one

ever took any notice of her. Gradually the reason of it dawned upon her; and having once realised the curse that is upon her race, she deliberately set to work to starve herself to death. No prayer or argument of her distressed parents availed; to all their entreaties she merely replied, "No one will ever love me! Why should I live?"

The question of buying and selling of domestic slaves in Turkey has always interested me. It appears that, although as an institution slavery is forbidden by law, there is a great deal of it still carried on *en cachette*.

Girls are sold for a few *medjediehs*¹ on the *sherkets*,² and boatloads of Circassians and negroes are brought to Constantinople by regular dealers, who secrete them in places quite well known to likely purchasers, who go there to buy them. A Turk said to me, laughing, one day, "Of course we have our slaves; we could never get on without them!" This same man had a very pretty child, aged about twelve, serving at his table one night that I was dining at his house. Pointing her out to me, he whispered, "That girl may one day be the wife of the highest in the land; she is a pure-bred Circassian, and promises, as you see, to be very beautiful. If she turns out as well as I expect, I shall send her as a present to his Majesty. If she succeeds in pleasing

¹ A *medjedieh* is worth about four shillings.

² Steamers plying up and down the Bosphorus.

him, and bears him a son, she becomes a Sultanah, a royal princess! And I shall gain—well, promotion!” He did not seem to see anything revolting in thus bartering a human being.

He told me a story, which, needless to say, I did not believe, of how he once bought a Sudanese slave, a handsome creature with an inky black skin. The first three months she was in the house she resolutely declined to wear more clothes than were the fashion in her native country, and systematically tore to pieces all the garments provided for her. At last she was persuaded to wear them, and even to put on the customary *tcharchaff* to go out with the daughters of the house. One day they were driving along the quay at Therapia, when they happened to pass an English naval officer in uniform. At sight of him Zoe flew into the greatest excitement, her eyes glistened, and she smacked her lips. “C’est bon ça, c’est bon,” she gurgled, pointing at the Englishman. “Dans mon pays on mange ça. La peau est très blanche. On fait bien bouiller, puis on met la graisse sur du pain et on mange. Oh, que c’est bon!” Presumably, in the course of some African campaign, an unfortunate naval officer must have fallen into the hands of a cannibal tribe to which Zoe belonged, and the sight of his uniform reminded her of the episode and revived her cannibal instinct. Be this as it may, the two girls with her were frightened out of

their lives, and immediately on their return from their drive persuaded their father to get rid of her.

It appears that in many houses the slaves are very well treated. One Turkish lady even told me that they were becoming quite a nuisance. They give themselves such airs that, in the course of a year, the whole lot of them won’t do as much work as one Christian servant. They have to be waited upon themselves, wish to be considered as family retainers, “comme des espèces de cousines,” as the narrator said, and even expect to be given jewels. But sometimes they ask for their freedom, and then they become so tiresome that, in order to escape their importunity, one is obliged to accede to their request. “We had one,” said this lady, “who, after being with us four years, set to work to beg for freedom. My father granted it, and even took the trouble to find her relations, to whom he restored her.”

“C’est une charité,” said another friend, rather facetiously I thought, “to adopt one of these slave girls as a baby. We clothe her and educate her in return for quite light services in the household, and when she is old enough we sell her to some young Pasha, on condition that he liberates and marries her. The bargain very often appeals to him, because he thus gets a nicely brought-up wife without the burden of a mother-in-law.”

In the old and brilliant days of Turkish harems, the *chic*

thing used to be to have all the slaves standing motionless and erect against the wall, decked in the most magnificent garments of richest material and laden with the costliest jewels of the family. The more slaves the family could thus afford to keep doing nothing but showing off their own beauty and that of their clothes and jewels, the greater its credit.

I know of a harem in Constantinople where the lady has a special fondness for child-slaves. She buys all the pretty little girls she sees on the *sherkets*, and treats them like lap-dogs, feeding them well and spoiling them outrageously. When she is at table, they sit in rows on the floor, on their heels, and she throws a tit-bit first to one, then to another, deriving the greatest amusement from them. When they reach the age of twelve she weeds them out: the prettiest she sends as presents to the Palace, the second best are sold to men who want slaves without encumbrances, and the ugly ones, poor things, destined to be the drudges and unhappy ones of their class, she keeps for the household work of her own establishment.

I inquired how it is that Turks are able, on apparently slender incomes, to feed so many semi-useless mouths. "Madame," answered my friend, "the feeding of a Turkish household is not like that of an English one: we don't know how we live, and, at the end of the year, a Turkish

gentleman's budget very often shows a deficit, like that of his Government!"

The expression of an intense longing for freedom perpetually recurs in the conversation of Turkish women. The other day, talking to Sadié, one of the most attractive and most rebellious of these poor captives, I said to her, "But are you not practically as free as we are, except that you are debarred from the society of men other than any immediate relative? You may drive out, you may go shopping, you may visit other harems, you may even exchange several day visits with your women friends." "Oh yes," answered Sadié, "but the slavery of Turkish women does not consist in bodily confinement, but in a thousand irksome forms of restraint, by which we are controlled, though to all appearance free. For instance, in the matter of dress, it is decreed, by direct order of the Sultan, the shape of the *tchar-chaff* and the thickness of the veil to be worn in the street. We may not use fur or any trimming on our street garments. Should we do so, we render ourselves liable to being taken up by the police. We may not walk or drive except in pairs and attended by slaves, and we must be indoors by sunset unless a carriage awaits us and a *kavass*.¹ Theatres, concerts, and all public places of entertainment, are absolutely prohibited. On the return home of the ladies of the house,

¹ Armed Turkish man-servant.

the servant, whose duty it is to go out with them, gives a complete *compte-rendu* to the Pasha of every place they have been to. Of course, as the slaves move freely about their mistresses, listening to and watching all that goes on, they are admirably fitted for this sort of domestic espionage. All the letters that come to the ladies of a Turkish house are handed first to the master, who himself distributes them, after having taken stock of any particular one that whets his curiosity. It is this constant spying that gets on the nerves of highly sensitive and cultivated women. We are not even allowed locks to the doors of our sleeping apartments, and have no hole or corner where we may retire free from the prying eye of slaves. Many women will not submit to this domestic tyranny, and become as artful as any European in defeating its ends!"

And then Sadié told me one or two amusing stories that had come under her personal observation. One was of a girl cousin, whom they invited one day to have *iftar*¹ with them; but, instead of turning up, she seized the opportunity, when her parents thought her safe with her relations, to spend an amusing *tête-à-tête* in a mosque with a young foreigner disguised as a Turk. Another was of a married woman, whose lover got himself up as a woman in *tcharchaff* and veil, and actually had the audacity to visit her in her own harem, on pretence of inspecting the

house, which was for sale; whilst yet another, who had been married by her father to a rich but paralytic old fellow three times her age, solaced her leisure by receiving her neighbour on the top storey of her house, to which he gained access by a hole in the roof, and where they were quite safe from a surprise visit on the part of the infirm old husband.

"Of course," laughed Sadié, answering the incredulous look in my face, "people will tell you that such things cannot happen,—that too careful a watch is kept over the women, and that, even if her servants did not betray her, one of her friends would be sure to do so out of spite. Believe them, if you like; all I can tell you is that there are hundreds of cases of this kind happening every year. Turkish women are extraordinarily clever at carrying on a clandestine flirtation, and the risk of discovery makes them preternaturally sharp. Besides, slaves are no harder to bribe than any other servants!"

A charming letter from Sadié gives us a picture of another side of Turkish domestic life. She wrote thus:—

"How I wish you had been with us yesterday. We spent such a happy day at Yeni Keny visiting some young cousins who live there in a picturesque old *yali*, the wooden balconies of which overhang the turquoise waters of the Bosphorus, not far from Rumeli Hissar, with its grand

¹ Luncheon.

old towers. It was a balmy day of June, the sky was as blue as the hills were green, and the amorous sun kissed the rippling water, leaving upon it the shimmering impress of its warm caress. We arrived in our caique, the red and white livery of the boatmen adding yet another note to the splendid feast of colour in which you would have fairly revelled. Old and dilapidated as the *yali* appears when seen from the river, it is yet wonderfully imposing within, and you would be surprised at the stateliness of its hundred-year-old columned halls, and charmed with the play of fountains in the marble basins of the shady old court. You would be impressed, too, as I always am, with the serenity of the atmosphere pervading these old Islamic dwellings; the calm of the monastery is in them, the calm of life which knows no change, the calm born of centuries of routine.

"Upon our arrival, an old negress opened the heavy nail-studded door just enough to peer at us through the slit thus made. When she saw who we were, she gave us a toothless smile, and, after admitting us, hurried before us up the old stairway into a large white hall carpeted with matting, where the slaves, who, as usual, accompanied us, helped us to remove our *tcharchaffs* and veils.

"Then we proceeded into an inner room, and a moment later a door opened opposite to the one by which we had entered, and our two cousins flew in, looking like gay-

coloured butterflies in their gossamer gowns of muslin. Many were the kisses exchanged, for it was long since we had met, and these cousins are like sisters to us,—we love them almost as dearly.

"Our first greetings over, we settled down round a low marble table close to the open window, and, whilst sipping our coffee, fell to gossiping.

"The room we sat in was reserved for Mirhi and Erminé. It was a quaint old room, filled with treasures collected by them in the bazaars of Stamboul. In one corner was a piano, on which lay scattered a pile of music and songs. The chairs were all low and softly cushioned with pillows, and on the tables inlaid with ivory were a profusion of flowers and books. Here we spent our day.

"In the evening, after supper, the father of Mirhi and Erminé joined us. His grave presence lent a solemnity to our conversation, which before his coming had been entirely absent from it.

"He is a very severe old man, with a manner so stern that his slaves tremble before him. He is much feared and but little loved by his children, for they dread his fierce temper, and hate the unquestioning obedience which he exacts from them.

"A silence fell on our little company. He sat on a low divan, his fez pushed back from his forehead, his shifty brown eyes following every movement we made, but never uttering a word, as he lazily sipped his coffee and smoked his chibouk.

Presently Erminé opened the piano, and, playing by heart, let her fingers wander at will over the ivory keys. Then Mirhi strolled over to her side, and, lifting their pure young voices together, they began to sing some of those passionate Western airs that move the soul of the listener.

"And we listened, the old Pasha and I.

"Sitting in the dusk of that beautiful evening, with the low windows thrown wide to the evening breeze, and the waters of the Bosphorus murmuring an accompaniment to the music which they made, my heart was filled with vague longing. Again I was struck by the distance dividing the West from the East, symbolised by the contrast betwixt the voluptuous music they had chosen and the orientalism that hedged in the lives of the singers. Not for them was the love of their song, not for them the freedom of that enchanted land over against the dim and distant horizon; not for them, nor, alas! for me, the joy of loving and being loved.

"I was drawn from these painful musings by the Pasha's harsh voice.

"‘Yes, as I always say, what pleases me most in my children's song is that I alone am privileged to hear it,—I alone of all men may enjoy it;’ and he smiled in the cold moonlight.

"I could not answer. The cruel words breaking in on my thoughts almost made me cry, for they seemed to epitomise the whole of our grievance as slaves of the harem! But,

turning to Mirhi, I was surprised to see her laughing. Taking me by the arm, she drew me towards the open window.

"‘I am tired of singing,’ she said aloud; ‘come and look at the moon.’ Then leaning towards me, she whispered, ‘Look there, under the window!’

"I looked, and I saw, close to the steps, a white caïque, and sitting in it, motionless, a foreigner, wrapped in the folds of a cloak! In one hand he held an oar idly balanced; the other rested familiarly against the wall of the austere old *yali*.

"‘Who is that?’ I whispered in amazement.

"‘Only a fisherman,’ answered Mirhi, laughing. ‘I sing for him every evening at this hour.’

"And at that moment, shocked as I was, I was glad, dear friend, to know that after all her father was wrong, and that all the time *he* was being made to dance, and that to a tune of his naughty little daughter's own piping."

Talking to a Turkish gentleman of my acquaintance, I quoted the above letter, saying that I could not bear that selfish saying of the old Pasha, that his daughters sing for him alone. To me it holds the Turkish woman-question in a nutshell, and is the apt expression of that oriental despotism under which they all must suffer. He spoke in French, and he answered me in that language,—“Madame, croyez-moi, ne parlez pas ainsi à nos filles; ce ne serait pas la

part d'une amie de réveiller en elles l'idée qu'elles sont malheureuses, et n'ont pas tous les avantages que vous avez." How wilfully blind are these men, who will not see that they themselves do the mischief they would impute to us, by educating their girls up to the highest standard of Western learning, and giving them in addition free access to European literature of all kinds! What, after that, is there left for them to learn from their women? They are taught to be connoisseurs in wine and then are forbidden to taste it. How inconsistent!

The sequel to Sadié's letter was not long in coming. "Mirhi has confided to me the whole of her little romance," she wrote. "Without telling me the name of her silent auditor in the white caique, she has confessed that he is neither of her race nor creed, but is a naval officer attached to one of the French ships in the port. I am terrified, as you can readily believe, at the audacity of my flighty little cousin, who, in spite of the rigorous surveillance that surrounds her, has contrived to captivate the attention, and perhaps even the heart, of this stranger. This is her story as she told it to me.

"I have known him since last spring ("known" is, of course, only a figure of speech, for we have never yet spoken to each other). He first noticed me in the course of our daily morning and evening walks. He often passed us on the quay in front of the old *yali*, and gradually we came

to exchanging signs: a turn of the head was enough for me, though he could see nothing of my features through my drawn veil. Last June I was out with my grandmother, and we left the carriage to go for a stroll. When we got into it again, behold a tiny undressed note in the place I had occupied. Quickly I slipped it out of sight: I guessed who it came from, for I had seen the interesting young stranger walking on the quay. It was a wonderful letter; but I didn't answer it. I even had the courage to destroy it up in my own little room. I received many more after that, always in the same way, until, finally, one day he wrote asking me to meet him alone at the Sweet Waters of Asia. I was frightened, and of course didn't go, and for days after that I avoided him; but the time came when I missed him. I longed for comfort and sympathy, so I wrote him a note, and the first time we saw him I dropped it from the passing carriage. I wrote to him that I never could meet him alone, but if he cared for music I would sing to him that evening and every night after at a certain hour! And I told him that in the songs I would choose would be the answer to his wonderful letters, so passionate and yet so respectful."

This letter of Sadié's indicated a very serious state of affairs, so, like the busy old woman that I am, I answered it by return.

"DEAR SADIÉ,—Warn your foolish young cousin whilst

there is yet time. This young foreigner is probably but a bird of passage, caring nothing for Mirhi, except in so far as the novelty of a flirtation with a veiled Turkish woman will help to while away the tedium of life on board ship in the Orient. Who knows that he is not already boasting of his conquest? 'Vous savez, j'ai une histoire turque sur les bras, une petite Orientale qui s'est toquée de moi.' And is it for this that Mirhi would risk the happiness of her young life,—Mirhi so pretty and so innocent? Oh, tell her to be warned, naughty little flirt."

But when was Youth ever willing to be guided by Age? The end was as might have been expected. I read it one day in a few laconic lines of a paper; it was sadder even than I had expected:—

"The daughter of the Pasha has brought great trouble upon her family by running away with a foreign officer. She returned, indeed, after a few days, to her father's house, and was eventually forgiven by him; but the adventure was a terrible grief to him, and the disgrace of it he can never hope to outlive."

Who will deny that the father himself was primarily to blame?

One day I called unexpectedly to see Fathma and Sidi. Up to that time I had known them as two of the most highly cultivated women of my Turkish acquaintance, whose prettiness was well set off by the daintiness of the European-furnished boudoir in which they usually received. But to-

day the *haramlik* was very untidy. Sidi was lolling on a divan reading a French novel, whose title, '*Lèvres Closes*,' gave one an idea of its probable character. Fathma was sucking bonbons, but otherwise unoccupied. She had no stays on, and was dressed in a loose coat and skirt of European design. Her hair, parted in the middle, she had apparently not thought it worth while to do up, visitors not being expected, and it hung down her back in an untidy little pig-tail. When I came in she tried to roll it up, but was very unsuccessful. Her hands were dirty, and covered with ink-stains. Whilst I sat talking to them darkness came on, and a little slave-girl crept in, fetched a lamp from a bracket on the wall, took it to pieces in the middle of the floor, filled it with oil from a can she had brought with her, lighted it and replaced it,—all this in the drawing-room, and before a visitor! This little slave-girl was clothed in a pink flannelette dress which reached to the knee and gaped at the back, owing to its having shrunk in a washing it had received somewhere in the dark ages.

The slovenliness and sloth of Fathma and Sidi, when not "on parade," and the primitiveness of their domestic arrangements behind the scenes, seemed to me at that moment typical of the civilisation of the country. True as the saying is, "*Grattez le Russe et vous trouverez le Tartare*," truer still is my version of the old proverb, "*Grattez le Turque et vous trouverez le Barbare*."

The polish of the Turk is purely superficial, and immediately beneath it are the elemental passions and the primitive simplicity which distinguished the race in its barbarous beginnings.

We spoke as usual of the unhappy lot of Turkish women, on which subject they both had a great deal to say. Three things are, according to them, chiefly responsible for it: the spread of education, which is everywhere filling them with aspirations impossible to realise; the dying out of their own faith in the Moslem religion, which, depriving them of a belief in a world to come, makes them over-anxious for the happiness and amusements of this one; and finally, marriage with an unknown man, and the subsequent unreasoning jealousy of Turkish husbands, which sometimes leads them to make virtual prisoners of their wives, lest some other man should by chance enjoy a glimpse of their faces. Sidi and Fathma both agreed that no remedy to this state of things is to be expected from within. Only when Europeans begin to realise the existence of this white slavery at their doors will there be any chance of salvation for the unfortunate captives. For, of all things, a Turk prides himself on his "civilisation," and the only thing that could induce him to alter his dealings with the women of his country would be the fear of ridicule cast upon that civilisation in its expression towards them.

Above all, these two girls condemned the Moslem religion in its relation to their

sex. They complained bitterly of it, declaring that plurality of wives was at the bottom of most of their troubles. They waxed furious on this theme, childishly declaring that Mohammed had only sanctioned four wives because he himself wished to enjoy fifteen! Poor maligned Prophet!

Pierre Loti makes his André ask the young trio, under whose spell he had fallen, whether they are not exceptional in their revolt against the established order of things, but they assure him of the contrary, and my experience leads me to agree with them:—

"Nous sommes la règle. Prenez au hasard vingt femmes turques (femmes du monde s'entend), vous n'en trouverez pas une qui ne parle ainsi! . . . Elevées en enfants prodiges, en bas bleus, en poupées à musique, objets de luxe et de vanité pour notre père ou notre maître, et puis traitées en odalisques et en esclaves, comme nos aïeules d'il y a cent ans! . . . Non nous n'en pouvons plus."

Sadié had been my greatest friend in Constantinople. She was so gentle and seemed so unhappy that I devoted much of my time to her, seeking to relieve the tedium of the quasi-captivity in which she lived.

Shortly after leaving Constantinople for good, I received from her the following pathetic letter:—

"Yesterday, when you had gone, and the last sad farewells had been spoken between us, I felt, for the first time in my life perhaps, that I could struggle no longer under a burden of such crushing hopelessness.

"For you are gone now, my friend, who alone understood me; you are gone, leaving my imagination thrilled with fresh longings for things for ever denied me, with fresh visions of scenes and countries to me for ever inaccessible,—thanks to the inexorable law of my country, so beautiful and yet so cruel, which has decreed that we Turkish women shall be captives and the slaves of men's pleasure.

"Before you came, like a refreshing breeze from the dreamed-of West, my years flowed evenly: the very day before you appeared had, I remember, been peaceful and well filled. I had been reading; writing a few letters to friends dear and distant; and, whilst the light lasted, I had tried to paint the fugitive beauty of a handful of flowers. I worked quickly, fearing to see them droop and scatter their scented petals ere I had found colours sufficiently tender to fix on the canvas their evanescent charm. And whilst my fingers were at work, my thoughts wandered freely, and I hummed the refrain of a gay French air.

"Twenty years I had spent in my father's harem, twenty years I had idled in the high-walled garden that enclosed it, knowing nothing of life but what I gathered from books; and then you came, and from that moment all was changed. For even in that first hour I felt all the sympathy that came to me from you; I felt, though I could not explain it, the infinite pity that was in you. I sat at your feet, and I listened

to all that you had to tell me of the wonderful West and the women over there.

"As I saw you, I learnt to appreciate the high life and whole purpose that are at the command of every woman like you. Day by day I realised more of the length and breadth and width of your lives compared to the stifling limitations of ours. Now I am no longer content to read and to hear of those lives; I want to go out and live as you live, I want to be free as you are free, nay, loved and loving as you are! Oh, why did Fate make of me a Turkish captive, debarred from all that makes life worth living!

"You tell me that happiness is only a relative term, and that unhappiness makes itself at home in all climes and under all conditions. Too well do I realise that no one is safe from its heavy touch,—yet I would fain be free to fight it with my own two hands. Who would buy immunity from it at the price of clipped wings? who would sing in a cage rather than starve in freedom? What kills us in the harem is that, when sorrow finds us out, we are tied hand and foot and unable to fly from its cold embrace. We are there, face to face with it, helpless victims, fascinated by its malevolent gaze. We cannot go out and seek comfort in distraction or safety in flight, but must abide with the unbidden guest and harbour him until he chooses to depart.

"Last night after dinner I took up a book and tried to

read, but it slipped from my hand, and I found myself musing over all these things: then, with an effort, I went to the piano, and would have sung as I do every evening, but somehow was dumb. With my head in my hands I gave myself up to the sorrow of your loss, and only when night came, and I was able at last to take refuge in the cold sanctuary of my own vast chamber, did I find comfort in tears.

"I am almost afraid, dear friend, of sending this letter. You will regret once more, as you have done in the past, having been the means of disturbing the quiet tenor of my life by dangling before me the immeasurable superiority of your lives over ours. Yet that knowledge must have come to me sooner or later from the Western books that we read, if not from our contact with the lives of Western women; and, in any case, it is too late to regret what has passed between you and me, for that wall of reserve which once kept us apart has been beaten down long since, and your Friendship is now the one thing that I value. The mere fact of it will remain to me a precious boon all through life."

This letter, as may be imagined, made me very unhappy, for it makes it quite clear that I was cruel to Sadié where I meant to be kind. If my coming but momentarily cheered her, and my going left her as sad as her letter implies, was

I justified in thus intruding upon her life? Have I not made her more discontented with her lot, poor child? Have I not made her days seem more empty and purposeless? It is possible that it had been wiser and kinder on my part to resist the pleasure of so close a friendship with her when I saw where that friendship would lead us, and realised that, sailing from Constantinople back to the great world, as I now have done, her heart, which I left fluttering in its golden cage, must presently break against those very bars which I had taught her to feel, but had been powerless to break. Yet I meant it for the best. How, once having seen her, could I pass on without seeking a clue to the mystery lurking in the dark depths of her wonderful eyes, without making an effort to interpret their appeal?

Filled with these thoughts, I wrote to her, saying: "Take courage, my poor captive. The law of compensation exists all the world over, in an English home as in a Turkish *haramlik*, and liberty doesn't always spell happiness. Unfettered freedom of action, unhindered intercourse between men and women, often bring us face to face with impossible situations and irreducible problems, from which you at least in your harems are safe!"

But even as I penned the trite words, I felt what cold comfort was in them, and tears for poor Sadié fell on the page I was writing.

L O N D O N .

BY A FRONTIERSMAN.

I WAS killing an hour in Soho when I ran into Cross, hot-foot from the East. We met in a dingy passage leading out of Newton Court, where remnants of second-hand furniture, ill-protected from the rain by awnings, were set half across the pavement to tempt poor souls who meditated marriage and housekeeping on twenty or thirty shillings a-week. The squalid front of Newton Court, a mountain of ugly tenements, intersected by iron staircases and girded at every storey by iron banister rails, shadowed the passage uncompromisingly and spelt gloom. The air and dinginess were oppressive, and one felt a great pity for the denizens of the place. A loiterer was eyeing a dilapidated bath, black and rusty with its cracked paint, a bait for some rich eccentric. Our eyes met in a chipped mirror with grotesque distortions, and he turned uneasily to examine other things which he seemed anxious to carry over the way,—shabby, worm-eaten chests of drawers, shredded horse-hair chairs, and an ottoman which looked as if it had once been garish, and was now covered with pathetic remnants of books marked 2d. each, and so detached from all human interest that one felt they could only be bought for ostentation. The rain trickled through the awning, and I was just thinking

of the East, particularly a corner of it which seemed to me the most perfect antithesis to all this, when I ran into Cross, the very man with whom I had shared this little antithetical paradise not so many months before.

It was the old furniture, the symbol of all our fictitious standards and needs, that set me thinking of India. From pitying people who have made such lumbers as necessary to themselves as a roof over their heads, one's thoughts would naturally turn to happier folk who often need no roof at all, to a land of strong sunshine and clean air. For the drabness of London, far more than one realises, may be charged to its sunlessness,—the drabness alike of its facts and its ideals. Everywhere that the sun shines, and one may count on its shining through the greater part of the year, there will be found a larger measure of peace, fewer needs, a simpler standard of living. And this is so true that it might almost be said that the aggregate peace of mind of any people could be gauged by the number of months or weeks in the year it is possible for them to lie down and go to sleep in the open air. Apply the test to London and Ganjam. There the man who has failed, to take the case of the abject poor, can lie down anywhere in the sun or shade and rest :

no policeman will disturb him, and he can build himself a shelter if he needs it. The poor are fed without contempt, so long as there is no famine and there is enough to go round. In London poverty is made hideous by the fear of having nowhere to sleep, of being left out in the street, on the pavement, in the gutter, in the cold and the wet; by the horror of not being respectable, of not having (more than not being) this or that. Here and there, too, men are trying to push one another off the plank. But here the game is crueller, as the plank spans an abyss. The death of a starved ryot in a famine district must be euthanasia compared with being submerged in London. The man who sees this will be a sun-worshipper. Gloom and cold and fog and fighting on a plank have strengthened us, but they have made us sad, vulgar, and shabby-genteel.

The unsophisticated Hindu entering London would be bewildered by the number of its totems and fetishes, and the elaborate decencies for which so many people live unnatural and indecent lives, stifling honest instincts or diverting them into unwholesome channels for the sake of stiff collars and a meaningless uniformity of apparel. He would find nothing in London as God made it; the second-hand furniture shop, the plush and varnish of Suburbia, would fill him with uneasiness. I can imagine him routed by Newton Court, distressed in a stupid uninquiring way, as a bird that has lit on a grimy collier in

its passage South. Pedda Logidi, to give his home a name, would gleam at the end of a vista intolerably remote. A clean, sunlit courtyard and a whitewashed room; green leaves for table service; for clothes, a shift to wind round him; for his penates, nothing but a mat or two, a charpoy, and a few burnished vessels, scrupulously clean; for ornament, whatever mystic designs he might choose to trace in chalk on the lintel or threshold, and a garland of mangoe-leaves hung over the door for luck. A place to sleep soundly in and wake every morning to the music of rustling palm-leaves bowing rhythmically in harmony with the faint hum of birds and insects and the tinkling bells of the cattle going out to pasture.

I was seeing this eye to eye with him, when there came a swinging step behind, then a violent blow on my shoulder, and I turned to find my friend standing there to attention with a certain glow in his eyes, but speechless with the impulse of the race to let an encounter explain itself with as little help as possible.

"Isn't this fine?" were his first words.

"Isn't what fine?"

"Why, this," he said, swinging his stick round to indicate the derelict furniture, the chipped mirror, the dismal fruit-stall, the web of suspended telephone wire, and the uncompromising front of Newton Court.

"I was thinking of Pedda Logidi," I said.

"Oh yes, Pedda Logidi!

But come along; I want to soak in this."

He linked his arm in mine and swung into Gerrard Street, treading air. I let him rave, for I knew how it all struck him. He still saw London as we saw it in the wilderness, as most exiles do in distant parts of the earth, thinking of it as the home of romance, the epitome of the human race, a city prolific in adventure. All this which seemed to me so grimy and squalid and repulsive was to him a facet merely of a dearly-recovered possession; it stood for his dreams of the place in far lands, and he was turning the crystal dotingly. Now it was Soho. To-night it would be the West End. In the meantime everything was good, even the poisonous prints and drinks and smokes displayed in the shop-windows. He lingered enchanted in a muggy current of air that oozed from a French restaurant, carrying the savour of onions and *pot au feu* across the pavement. He found joy in the modest assurance of a group of French laundresses seen through a basement window ironing linen, the sleeves of their grey print dresses turned up at the elbow. "Purdah Nashin" was on his lips contemptuously as we pulled up in Soho Square.

Here weeping plane-trees were scattering their sparse leaves. Their trunks, blotched and scored like dominoes where the gritty bark had fallen, took on a spectral white from the reflections of the electric light, which quivered on the railings, the dripping pavement, and

the grey behind everything. A fog was creeping up, so that the gaunt houses which flanked the garden on all sides were made barely discernible by dim lights penetrating curtains and drawn blinds. Not a hundred yards off rose and fell the insistent roar of Oxford Street, while the only immediate sign of life at our feet was a cat dejectedly seeking a dry place.

And this was the London we had personified in the stillness of forests,—a city impersonal, but remembering, appreciative even sometimes, as when one dreams of the echo of one's feet on her pavements as the sound of a caress. Did Cross, I wondered, now that he had come back, his work done, expect to find a ripple on her face, and in the deeps somewhere a pebble to mark an endeavour. I had laughed at him once for falling into dreams over a scrap of tin or some civilised relic, valued because it must have passed by the banks of the Thames, just as a lover is moved to reverie over a relic of his mistress. But there was the picture,—cranes and barges and hurrying feet over Hungerford Bridge.

It was always one of our amusements to visualise London. I remember how, in the wilds, a book had twice the charm if the scene were laid there; how, when we read that Major Pendennis walked down Jermyn Street, we remembered the times we had walked down Jermyn Street ourselves, and the times we would walk down Jermyn Street again, if the good God were compassionate. I remem-

ber Cross sitting up half the night over a trashy novel because the scene was laid in Holland Park, and eagerly turning the pages in the hope that a policeman would turn down some lane that he knew, or a hansom pull up in a familiar street. And in Europe he could not have read beyond the first chapter.

And here he was, come back into it all with the old freshness. He had left a land of sunshine, greenery, and visible content, a semi-outdoor life, horses which the West denied him,—for in London he could not afford a hack,—and an endless belt of wood and hill and marsh-land which might have been his own preserve, and was seldom disturbed save by the crack of his own gun. And what, you may well ask, had London to offer in exchange for all this? Whatever it might be, he was well content. His ideal had not yet failed him. Standing there in Soho Square, I could piece it together more or less from tags of camp talk heard and remembered in the Maliahs. For the zest of the man made his words oddly memorable. He was one of those spontaneous souls whose thoughts run naturally into words, who seem to have no thought of—certainly no affectation of—reserve, and happily no need of it.

First in his perspective, I think, gleamed that curve of lights by the embankment from Charing Cross to Waterloo Bridge, and the gardens behind, which is Adelphi Terrace, with the windows

looking out over the Thames, where hobnob the votaries of the Muses; and this, he thought, was the finest view in the world. Near by, in eddies off the Strand and Fleet Street, are the dens of men who write, old friends who still dream in familiar rooms, where walls and shelves dimly indicate their visions. And beyond, only a mile or two to north and west, in squares and streets and crescents, are the dozen or more houses where one is made welcome. Here are women like none else in the world, beautiful every one of them in some respect or other, buoyant and easy of gait, tall, fair, with clear, quiet eyes and voices rich as the tones of a bell. He could not speak of London without rhapsody!

What a home-coming his must have been! Suez passed, one can imagine the first contact with Europe in the white crowds of Marseilles and Paris. These are good, but unsatisfying, landmarks on the path. Then the chalk cliffs of Dover, where is real earth, nurse of the whitest men on earth—soil, one feels, of which a grain must have more virtue than tons of Asiatic rubble. Here John of Gaunt's words, freshly remembered, warm the blood like wine, as one steps ashore and leaves the waters

“as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.”

Charing Cross receives one, grim, friendly, and demoniac, with its shrill insistent traffic. Then out into the streets, to drift aimlessly, ecstatically in the crowd.

II.

I left London for a month, and came back to find Cross disconsolate. Take a man from Gilgit or Kentung, plant him in the Strand, and he will feel just as young as the day he went away. And every time he revisits London the old illusions will come back and stay with him for at least ten days, just as if everything had stood still in the interval of his absence, ready for him to come home and pick up the thread.

But the new zest is short-lived. It may be we have not the buoyancy we had, though we keep youth longer than stay-at-home folk, whom we find disproportionately aged and disciplined. Cross was disappointed. Old friends, of course, had not changed, but others with whom he used to be fairly intimate quite failed in their well-meant efforts to appear cordial. A. was smothered in the defensive wrappings of etiquette; B. submerged in a commonplace marriage; C. absorbed in the routine of business. Their coldness was quite unconscious; and Cross laid the blame, perhaps unjustly, on an office or an unimaginative wife, while, as a matter of fact, A., B., and C. had probably obeyed the laws of civilisation, which overlook wild men of the woods, and leave them with the instincts of a schoolboy or a savage.

Speaking ingenuously as one of these, with whom ten years more or less of the open air must have made him kin,—a kinship

which ten days of London confirmed,—my friend was wondering if A., B., and C. ever realise how depressing they and their city are to men from the frontiers. It was nearly ten years since Cross had last set foot in London, and he had returned to find things very much changed. Perhaps the change was in himself. A life under broad skies may have reduced him to paganism. Anyhow, he was disappointed in London. I do not record this because I think London will be concerned at his criticisms, but because there must be many Londoners who would like to know how they appear to simpler folk. I have always found that evolved people are much more interested in savages than savages are in evolution. Cross must be wrong, of course. I am not too dull to recognise this, and to see that in other respects, as, for instance, when I agree with Cross, my vision must be defective. Things must appear to him inverted, like the distortions one has seen on the back of a spoon. His discontent must be due to devolution, and his impressions primitive enough to make them psychologically interesting. They may not be new; they are certainly more intuitive than derived. But they are spontaneous, the views of a man of action who has done good work quietly; a man who has had his own definite plot to attend to, and knows exactly

what he has done or failed to do for England,—a frontiersman, in fact.

Men of his type often find London vaguely distressing after the spaciousness of the East: it appears to them like a monster that is fed on human lives. They see the whole machine pulsing and throbbing and making earth hideous with its discordant din, and they know nothing of the springs and motives that keep the mechanism going. Destiny has been tender enough to leave them out of the mill. Yet they are the men who do the work. "Nothing is done in London," say the men from the Marches. "Whitehall, Pall Mall, Westminster? They occasionally put in an unintelligent spoke and thwart us with the best intentions."

Cross had already swept them away in a flood of invective, when he turned again on the men in the street. We were watching the crowd from the security of a first-floor window, and wondering how any man could pass his days in it without becoming dehumanised. Every one looked so unhappy and anxious, as if they were living under a continual strain, which was very probably the case. A few loitered vacuously by the shop-windows, like seaweed drifting in a current; while others struggled east and west, pushing one another off the pavement in a jarring conflict of aims, each man trying to get more out of life than another, to deceive, undersell, or outwit him. And one

knew that all this which one saw on the surface was being repeated underground in a warren of tunnels and tubes, and overhead in a network of wires,—the work of men restlessly striving to communicate with one another in their efforts to find some peculiar need of the organism which they can furnish for a price.

Across the pavement a bunshop was disgorging its anæmic crowd. "You wouldn't believe," Cross was saying, "that only a century ago the stock these men are sprung from fought like Paladins for a sentiment. Look at them now! Poor devils, what chance have they, bred in an atmosphere like this, with a policeman round the corner? Naturally they look on sudden death as phenomenal. Yet nine out of ten of the men you see in the street believe that, being products of progress, their servitude is more dignified than that of their forebears in the days of feudalism. "Dark ages," they call them; and these days, when usurers and sweaters have ousted the military overlord, they term "enlightened." How many men do you think in that crowd can call their soul their own? They are all bought and sold, driven and hurried, dependent on caprice. London has become the biggest slave-market in the world; there is an epic of misery in the wake of every self-made capitalist.

"But why gird at London?" I said. "The weakest must go under. It is a natural law that holds everywhere."

"Yes, but it is the quality that makes for fitness that I quarrel with. The standards of strength and weakness change, and the modern standard is the presence or absence of the shopkeeper's instinct of gain, with or without honour. The battle goes to the man with the greatest vitality and the least scruples, to men who never miss a weak spot or hesitate to strike at it. Every generous instinct must be a flaw in their armour; every human interest must weigh them down. Look at that man there with the loose green overcoat. You can see he has pawned the coat underneath it, and very likely his shirt. He is drifting in the crowd in the hope that something may turn up; but he feels that his foothold is slipping, and the threads have slipped from his fingers. I can imagine him crushed by the nightmare of London's indifference until he would rather fall into the hands of cannibals than go under in that crowd.

"Even those who emerge and gain a foothold seem to move in continual fear for their security, and begin to barricade themselves against encroachment. I ran up against some earthworks of the kind this morning in a mansion off Fleet Street. The buildings filled half a street. On the ground floor was a smell of new mahogany and brass; pale and stiff young men sat at desks copying and pasting slips into a book; liveried messenger-boys were running in and out; a lift was ascending and descending with awful solemnity; and

a whir of distant machinery came from somewhere underground. How differently, I thought, must the sound of those engines strike the permanent staff and the outside applicant for work.

"I wanted to find an old friend, now the editor of 'The Weekly —'." (Cross mentioned a successful journal), "and drag him off to lunch. The offices of 'The Weekly —,' I was told, were on the first floor. 'Turn to the right when you get up the stairs,' a porter told me, 'then the first turning to the left.' A hand on the passage wall confirmed these directions, and I found three doors, marked 'Private,' 'Manager, "Weekly —,"', 'Editor, "Weekly —."'. I opened one, and was confronted by two strangers, who stood stiffly and glared resentment, as if expecting an attack. 'Smith not in, I suppose.' No answer; neither spoke. I might have been a conspirator detected in a crime. A door was flung open on the other side of the passage, and an excited attendant ran in.

"'Who is it you want to see, sir? Mr Smith? I will inquire, sir. Will you remain in the passage?'

"He dived through the door marked 'Private,' and reappeared.

"'Mr Smith is out, sir. Will you leave a message? I am afraid it is against the regulations to give a gentleman's address.'

"These were the men who are winning," Cross explained.

"It was necessary to secure themselves against invasion. The attendant ought to have been in the passage. I had broken through the fortifications, and was naturally taken for an enemy. Perhaps they scented a manuscript, a prospectus, or an application. The precautions were sane enough, but Smith missed a good lunch.

"I don't know why, but those desks and chairs and defensive doors reminded me of old Wali Muhammad's story of going home to his valley in the Zakka Khel country through the Khuzrogis. When he put in for leave he used to invent a false route, because he was afraid that Firoz of his own company would follow him up and put an end to the tribal blood-feud by sniping him on the border. It was not good form to settle these things in the regiment, or even on the Khyber Road. So Wali Muhammad used to skulk in the maize-fields and travel only at night. So long as he was in the Khuzrogis country he existed only on sufferance, like most of the men you see here in the street; but he always had the chance of doing a little sniping on his own account, and that is where the parallel ends. His rifle symbolised the primitive way of holding on to life and securing his own, and it seemed to me a healthier and happier one than this London skirmishing. All the way down the steps, as I passed doors behind which disciplined and bun-fed clerks were transferring accounts from a day-book into a ledger, scheming how

not to lose their situation, with the only idea, it seemed, of absorbing one day at the desk that they might endure countless more, I was thinking of the strong sunshine of Kila Sher Sang, the rare little green patches of terraced maize-fields, and the irrepressible camel-thorn scrub thrusting its roots into the rock.

"Instead of lunching with Smith I came here and ran into you, so perhaps it is as well. But I am sorrier than ever for the men who have to climb stairs in search of work. The encounter was jarring enough as it was, but it would have been detestable if I had wanted anything from these 'Weekly ——' men. Their air of looking round for a policeman brought home to me the tragedy of unemployment more forcibly than anything I can remember: it made me understand that money means very much more to the unemployed than mere food and clothes, though these are hard enough to come by.

"Why, I often wonder, don't the submerged, when they have nothing to lose, give themselves over to organised loot. They seem, if anything, to respect their conquerors. The Napoleon who emerges from the crowd he has sweated and over-reached comes in for just as much awe as if he had won his way by the sword. It is an odd characteristic this of the London crowd, a kind of chivalry or Christian altruism that makes the partially or totally submerged derive pleasure from the mere contempla-

tion of success even where there is no hope of contact with it. A titled millionaire enters a barber's shop, and an assistant on a pound a-week and tips is set to shave him. You would think the young man would be glad of the opportunity to cut the grandee's throat. Not a bit of it. He is proud to touch him, and elated at his good fortune for the rest of the morning. 'That, sir,' a young barber said to me, 'is Captain Asterisk,—the third captain that 'as been in 'ere this morning. He belongs to the Duke of Asterisk's family. Perhaps you may 'ave met him on a military campaign?'"

I began to be glad that Cross had fallen foul of the editors. It gave him an impetus. I felt as if the Khyber was standing in judgment over Fleet Street.

"It is a truly British hair-shirt instinct," he went on,—I cannot convey his extraordinary gift of invective, though I recollect enough of what he said to be conscious that my version of it all is merely a paltering imitation,—“and it filters through all classes. Among the more well-to-do one comes across a type with whom open admiration gives place to the make-believe, in which men hover round the fold of the elect, repeat second-hand gossip about them, reckon on third cousinships by marriage, and affect to regard a casual spider's-thread connection as a permanent bridging of the gulf. They like to think they have come out top in their

mêlée though they have only stuck half way, and this, I fancy, is the only imaginative side you will find in the average middle-class cockney.

“Even among the elect there are degrees, until the point is reached where the hair-shirt instinct vanishes. The only difference, then, is that the degrees are recognised as merely artificial decorations on a foundation of equality. Yet here, too, in the fold you will find rings, and an honest revolt against exclusion even where inclusion would be distasteful. There is the eminent man's wife, who for impressment is not above a shift to let you know she was born in Mayfair, lest you should think she could only soar there on her husband's pinions. Editors who know us in the aggregate better than we know ourselves are quick to detect the weakness, and profit by an open or insidious appeal to it.

“And now that the standard of popular taste is guided and reflected by the halfpenny press, it is not difficult to delineate the Londoner in aggregate. Every issue of a popular journal must be a sort of glorified edition of his tastes and interests, prejudices and ideals, boiled down and served up in essence, the product representing the point of view of the ordinary man, or rather the point of view he would like to have if he had any at all. And if this hideous aggregate man, the personification of the popular taste, ceased to be a composite picture of a dozen different kinds

of vulgarity, the newspaper would cease to exist.

"One cannot help admiring the man who can look into that grim physiognomy — a Medusa's head to the sensitive, — read the vulgar inwardness of it, and reproduce it every day, always with the same radiant smirk of self-sufficiency. For, take it which way you will, the monster has only two grimaces, either combative and vicariously intrepid as it leaps and shrieks and mafficks on the safe side of the ropes, or feebly and hysterically subversive as it indulges in a riot of futile declamation and yells its aggressive sermon of meekness. Surely it is an achievement in candour for men who must have some inkling of what is beautiful to present Demos with such an exact portrait of himself, so that Demos rising every morning from his bed may hug his own image—shake hands with himself, so to speak—with a semi-bibulous content, and go to his desk or counter with the complacency that only wine or worth inspire.

"Take the headlines for the features,— to preserve the metaphor, — the pervading sentimentality in Jingo and radical alike for the set expression of the face, and you will be struck more than anything else by the amazing lack of proportion in the lineaments. 'Duke's son baptised,' 'Lord Blank's daughter jilted,' 'Admiral kicks off,' are human little touches that tell their own story, and coming from men who know what

counts, show an admirable suppression of the salient.

"Perhaps it is as well that these artists are content to produce the same picture every day, and do not hope to exercise a formative influence on the people. For Demos, if he is to be saved, has more chance of working his own salvation.'

Cross leaned out of the window. Outside in the street the traffic was locked, and the sudden lull and cessation of wheels seemed to bring him to a standstill. An enormous hearse, with its following of mourning-coaches, was causing a block. The black plumes, the white everlastings, the over-caparisoned horses, the podgy and histrionic mutes, the hideous parade of the old bourgeois conception of woe that makes death more terrible than pathetic, left him almost without words.

"Look at that," he moaned, raising his shoulders and thrusting his hands into his pockets with a pressure which relieved him of saying that our last appearance is the most unnatural of all—that the manner of it crystallises the substance of our ideals, and is the last triumph of sunlessness.

Cross called a waiter and lit one of his pungent Burma cigars. We drank, but we were sunk in gloom.

Perhaps in lonely parts of the earth our illusions will come back to us, and London will appeal to us again, as we think only of its pleasant backwaters, and forget the ugliness of the main stream.

THE CAKE OF MITHRIDATES.

BY JOHN DAVIDSON.

QUENCHED is the fire on Autumn's hearth,
The ingle vacant, hushed the song;
But the resolved, consistent earth,
And nature, tolerant and strong,

Serenely wait the ordered change
Of times and tides. Ten thousand years
Of day and night, the scope and range
Of liberal seasons: smiles and tears

Of June and April; brumal storm,
Autumnal calm, and flower and fruit:
These are the rich content, the form
Of nature's mind; these constitute

The academe and discipline,
The joust and knightly exercise,
The culture of the earth wherein
The earth's profound composure lies.

This wisdom of the earth excels
The craft and skill of every age.
Hear now the tale the Persian tells
Of Mithridates, king and mage:—

The whole divan extolled his powers:
They said the soil revered him so,
That, if he planted sawdust, flowers
Of every hue would promptly grow.

“So be it!” quoth the King of kings:
“Bring hither sweepings of the street,
Chaff, sawdust, money, jewels, rings,
And fifty grains of summer wheat.”

He sowed them in a fertile bed,
And set a guard about the plot
Both day and night: "Although," he said,
"The earth is honest, men are not."

The wheat betimes began to grow:
In shame, as in a mordant steeped,
The viziers, sulking in a row,
Beheld at length the harvest reaped.

Said then the king, "A sheaf! Proceed:
Thresh, winnow, grind it, bolt and bake,
And bring with all convenient speed
Of leavened bread a goodly cake.

"For you, my worthy viziers—come!
The marvellous crops you promised me?"
The whole perturbed divan, as dumb
As oysters, felt indeed at sea.

"Ha!" cried the king, "when shall we laugh
At prodigies great nature grants
Almighty monarchs? Fruit of chaff,
Where is it? Where, my sawdust-plants?

"The vine and vintage of my gold?
My silver-bushes, where are they?
My coin should yield a hundredfold
By nature's lavish usury!

"My fragrant banks of posied rings
Where diamonds blossom, show me; show
In arbours where the bulbul sings
A branch of budding rubies glow.

"My jewel-orchards, money-shrubs?
Perhaps they're sprouting underground?
My cash, at least, among the grubs—
My cash and gems! Let them be found!

“Dig, viziers, dig!” The viziers dug:
Among the deep roots of the grain,
With here an earthworm, there a slug
They found the treasure sowed in vain

And all the sweepings of the street,
The chaff, the rubbish—like a jest
Forgiven, forgotten! So discreet
Is nature’s kindly alkahest.

Then every vizier lost his nerve,
Expecting death, a prompt despatch.
But Mithridates said, “Observe
How great the soil is: bulbuls hatch

“The cuckoo’s eggs, whereas the earth
Ignores the costliest stone to feed
With chosen fare and bring to birth
The soul of any honest seed.

“The earth is true and harbours not
Imposture: all your flattering lies
Are buried in this garden-plot;
Be genuine if you would be wise.”

With that the baker, breathing spice,
Produced the cake hot from the fire,
And every vizier ate a slice,
Resolving to be less a liar.

THE WORKING OF A FRENCH GENERAL ELECTION.

FRENCH politics must always puzzle the outsider who fails to grasp the nature of the differences that separate the many groups into which parties are divided. They are, to all appearances, so antagonistic to each other that amalgamation seems absolutely impossible. In the old days there were Legitimists who wished to return to the white flag of the House of Bourbon, Legitimists who rallied to the tricolor of the Republic, Orleanists, Bonapartists, Left Centre, Republicans pure and simple, Radicals, and Socialists. These various groups often united with their opposite extremes to turn out the Government of the day, and Ministries followed upon one another with startling rapidity. M. Jules Ferry was, however, able later on to hold office for two years with the help of the Opportunists; whilst M. Jules Méline was equally successful once he had formed a strong "Country Party" of "Progréssiste" Republicans, whose Protectionist leanings enabled them to depend upon the general support of the Right. The principle of Republican concentration did not come into force until 1889, when M. Waldeck Rousseau formed his Ministry. He induced a section of his own party, the "Progréssistes," to join the Left, the Radicals, the "Radicaux-Socialistes," and the Socialists, and form a Govern-

ment of Republican Defence, consisting of such extreme elements as General de Gallifet on the one side and M. Millerand, the "Socialist hostage," on the other. This "Republican Bloc" has held together, with a few variations of little importance, down to the present day. On the other side the old parties, the Royalists, the Bonapartists, and those Catholics who, at the bidding of Pope Leo XIII., had rallied to the Republic, have joined with the Nationalists and those "Progréssistes" Republicans who were opposed to the anti-clerical policy of the "Bloc" in forming the Opposition.

These various parties remained as they were, divided into "Blocards" and "anti-Blocards," at the last General Election, with some slight differences. On the one side the Royalists and "Ralliés" united with those few Bonapartists who had not become Nationalists in forming the "Action Libérale," whose policy was one of resistance to all attacks upon the Church; whilst on the other the Socialists who had split up into Ministerialists and anti-Ministerialists reunited in April 1904 as a separate party under M. Jaurès' leadership. There were to be no more hostages like M. Millerand in a "bourgeois" Ministry, and the Socialists were to resume their original independence. This attitude has been confirmed by the

large Radical majority at the General Election, which makes the Cabinet independent of all Socialist support, and by the return of that old stalwart, M. Jules Guesde, whose strong personality exercises a restraining influence on the Ministerial tendencies of M. Jaurès.¹

France differs from England in its internal organisation, which places at the disposal of the Government of the day a vast machinery which more than counterbalances the "swing of the pendulum." The Minister of the Interior is represented in each "département" by the préfet and in each arrondissement by the sous-préfet, whose duty it is not only to act as official representatives of the Central Executive, but also to serve as political agents of the Ministry in office. They, in their turn, are kept in touch with all that goes on in each commune by the "délégués," a body of men who have no official position whatever, but who are rewarded for their good work either out of the Secret Service Fund or by the promise of a Government appointment. It may be alleged that M. Clémenceau undertook in March last that this system would be abolished; but there is ample evidence that they not only served an extremely useful purpose at the last General Election, but that they still

continue to flourish. They keep the Administration in touch with the political leanings of their neighbours, and are able, when occasion arises, to barter the concession of some small Government patronage for the vote of the petitioner. This system creates a ramification throughout the whole of France, which supplies the Administration with vast means of exercising political influence and of bringing heavy pressure to bear at bye- and at general elections.

This préfectoral organisation owes its creation to the great Napoleon, who, however, had no occasion to use it for electioneering purposes. It was therefore not applied, in its extreme sense, until after the "Coup d'État" of December 1851. The "Assemblée Législative" had to be chosen by universal suffrage, and that suffrage had to be guided into the desired channels. Elections were, it is true, declared to be absolutely free, but their freedom was only nominal. Opposition candidates were also invited to stand, but their action was hampered on all sides. Public, and even private, meetings were out of the question, for Opposition meetings could be dispersed by the police. All printers were under State control, and knew that if they printed anything that was unpleasant

¹ Since the above was written M. Clémenceau has formed his Cabinet, and appointed M. René Viviani, independent Socialist député for the 5th Arrondissement of the Seine, Minister of Labour. M. Jaurès has advocated an independent support of the new Government; but it is too soon to predict how long this will last.

to the authorities their licences could be withdrawn at any moment. The distribution of election addresses, political circulars, and leaflets came under the "*Loi sur le Colportage*," and was severely supervised. The liberty of the Press was also under restraint. On the other hand, the official candidate was publicly recommended to the electors, and his campaign furthered in every way by the authorities. Constituencies were also shamelessly gerrymandered to prevent accidents, and the pressure was so strong that at the General Election of February 29, 1852, only eight members of the Opposition were returned, as against 253 devoted supporters of Louis Napoleon.

These tactics were followed by the Government at the General Elections of 1857 and 1863, but with diminishing vigour on each successive occasion. By 1869 the liberalisation of the Empire had so increased that the pressure was very much relaxed, and the Opposition grew both in power and in numbers. In 1870 France was so thoroughly disorganised that little or no pressure was exerted from above, military services were considered before all others, and a Royalist majority was returned to the Chamber. In 1876 an ineffectual attempt was made to revive the principle of the official candidature; but it was unsuccessful, chiefly owing to the constitutional prejudices of the Duc de Broglie himself, and the Opposition triumphed

all along the line. Since then each successive Government has shown an increasing tendency to exert its influence at the elections. True, there has been no attempt to revive the drastic methods of the Second Empire; but the French peasants' great ambition is to remain at peace with the Government, and the pressure at its disposal is amply sufficient to secure at least some continuity in the policy of the Cabinet holding office when the elections take place.

It must be remembered that there are some 680,000 Government officials in France, and that their obvious interest is to vote and canvass for the Ministerial candidate, if they wish to safeguard their own promotion. The *préfet's* report on their merits has great weight, and they know that any influence they exert to secure the success of the official candidate must tell in their favour when a vacancy occurs. If the *préfet* does not interfere, the *délégué* is always on the spot, ready to supply the requisite information. Ample evidence was furnished during the "*scandale des fiches*" how every private personal detail relating to an officer in the Army was considered when his promotion was due, and that such questions as his habitual presence at or absence from church; the schools, whether lay, clerical, or Jesuit, frequented by his children; and the names and politics of his greatest friends, were important factors in determining whether he should get his step or be passed

over. The story was then told of how 12,000 "fiches" or slips of paper were filled up throughout the country, in answer to the series of questions put at the instigation of the "Grand Orient" of France. The same policy now permeates the whole civil service, and the claims of a Government official must be absolutely irresistible to enable him to disregard these reports upon his political and religious views. Beyond this, the right to sell stamps and tobacco, the positions of road-mender, of schoolmaster, or of postman, depend upon the good word of the *préfet*, the *sous-préfet*, and especially of the *délégué*.

Colonel Rousset, late Republican Nationalist Deputy for the Meuse, gave a graphic description of the power wielded by the *délégué* in a letter to the 'Gaulois' of 16th May:—

"One knows from other sources that the labourer who loses an animal by accident or through sickness has a right to State assistance. This is, alas! but a theoretical right, and one to which the Government pays no attention unless on good security. I see here the 'visa' of the eternal 'délégué.' The case is similar where soldiers wish to obtain leave so as to get in their harvest, to go home on long furlough, or where postponements are desired for members of the territorial army or of the reserve. Pensions to old soldiers are dealt with in a similar fashion. All these favours are given in abundance to supporters and refused without mercy to political opponents. Since General André has withdrawn from the military authorities their right of appeal, to give it exclusively to the *préfets*, these favours which in most cases ought to be an absolute right have been transformed into political

weapons of the most abject and disgraceful character. I need hardly add the shower of such decorations as the 'palmes académiques,' the *poireaux* (*mérite agricole*), and the long-service medals which fall upon chests carefully chosen, sometimes to the great amazement of the recipients themselves, who ask themselves what can be their right to such distinctions. . . . All this is slow but sure corruption, against which neither principles, programmes, nor even the course of events, can prevail. One can hardly be surprised if it puts an end to the most devoted efforts and paralyses everywhere the best of goodwill."

Beyond this, powerful interests know that their success or failure often depends upon their political convictions. A village or a town wants the extension of a local railway, the opening of a road, or the construction of a bridge. Parliament has almost unlimited power in these matters, and parliamentary support is given to those who are politically loyal. To take an instance: In 1902 the town of Moutiers, in Savoy, wished to secure a railway to Bourg-Saint-Maurice. The Government gave the people to understand, a fortnight before the election, that their decision hung in the balance, and that the determining factor would be the return of M. Empereur, who was a supporter of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Cabinet. Needless to say, he was elected by a majority of 1169 votes.

In the face of all this pressure, a candidate finds more and more difficulty in fighting against this official hierarchy and influence unless he has untold wealth at his command

or can rely upon the strong political convictions—whether socialist or clerical—of his constituents. Much greater political freedom exists in the large towns, and in those rural constituencies whose population is sufficiently dense to make them more or less independent; but the position of the Ministry is almost unassailable in two-thirds of rural France.

Then again, it must be remembered that subordinate Government officials have often considerable influence in their way. They can, without betraying their trust, render valuable services to their neighbours. The village postman is a most useful canvasser. He is the confidential secretary of the illiterate voter. When his son is away on military service, he writes to him at the parents' dictation, and reads his reply to them. He also keeps those who live in outlying districts in touch with the great world beyond, by retailing all the news. When he brings the voting-paper, he can put in a word for his own candidate: "*Celui là, c'est le bon.*" More need not be said, for he is an important personage, and must be conciliated. The political leanings of these illiterate voters are also very indefinite, and they wish to make him some return for all his kindness to them. He, on his side, wants promotion or higher pay, and it goes without saying that he almost invariably works for the Ministerial candidate. It has often been said that France is the most

Ministerial country in Europe, and this is eminently true of its agricultural constituencies. The Comte de Paris once asked a strong supporter what were the political sentiments of his "*département.*" "*Monseigneur,*" was the reply, "once your Majesty has been proclaimed King of France, it will be the most loyal supporter of your Royal House."

The Opposition candidate is therefore most materially handicapped in his fight against a supporter of the Ministry; but if he is prepared to work hard to get himself thoroughly known, and above all to make friends, his position is by no means hopeless. In most cases he comes forward a few weeks or months before the election, and the constituency has by then made up its mind. Organisation is not so effective as it is with us. The Frenchman objects to be organised, and, in most parts of France, political associations and clubs have little or no influence. In many constituencies the paid registration or political agent is unknown. Until 1874 the register was made up by the mayor alone; but he is now assisted by a representative of the *préfet* and a representative of the municipality. The revision takes place during the first ten days of each year. A voter whose name has been struck off the register, or whose claim has been disallowed, may appeal to the commission which has done so; but on this occasion it is reinforced by the addition of

two more members of the municipal council. A further appeal lies in the "juge de paix," whose decision may be reviewed by the "Cour de Cassation." Revising barristers are unknown, and it therefore occasionally happens, especially in the South, that there are more voters on the register than there are male residents in the district.

A candidate without any organisation of his own is seriously handicapped, but even without Government influence he may yet beat a strong Ministerial Deputy, as was done by the Prince de Tarente at the last General Election in the fourth arrondissement of Bordeaux. The two great factors in the Gironde are the 'Petite Gironde,' the Opportunist paper, and the 'France du Sud-Ouest,' which runs the Socialist and Radical-Socialist list. The Prince de Tarente, eldest son of the Duc de la Trémoille, was on neither of these lists, and was actively opposed by the 'Petite Gironde,' whose proprietor was a great friend of M. Romain Videau, the sitting member. The Prince de Tarente had personally no interests in the constituency, beyond having married the daughter of the proprietor of Château Margaux, and he was unknown to the vast majority of the electors. His first step was to stand for the municipal council of Margaux, where his wife's family influence, assisted by great personal popularity, secured his return by a large majority.

His election as mayor of Margaux was an obvious sequel. He then stood for the "Conseil d'Arrondissement," and through these two contests made many friends and acquaintances. From this time onwards his work was steady and continuous. He spent six months every year at Château Margaux, leaving home at eight o'clock every morning in his motor, and only getting back at six o'clock in the evening. At the outset of his campaign all the wiseacres regarded his prospects as hopeless, for he was a stranger, and it was assumed that the local Republicans would distrust one of his name and birth. As time went on people realised that he was genuinely in earnest. France is the home of the travelling tradesman. Bakers wander from house to house, leaving their long rolls of bread, whose numbers they cut upon a wooden tally as they deliver them; and tailors take their patterns with them and measure their customers at home. Besides these there were coal-merchants, pedlars, and the agents of co-operative societies, whose friendship he was able to win. All these men proved to be invaluable canvassers. He often gave them a lift, and waited outside in his motor whilst they sang his praises indoors and got the voter to allow them to introduce him. When the election was at hand he divided his constituency into three parts—the suburbs of Bordeaux, the "Landes," and

the vineyards. Each one of these divisions had different interests, and was therefore handed over to a different agent. In addition, he secured the assistance of a journalist who brought out a daily paper in his interest, and of a private secretary who not only attended to his correspondence but acted as his representative when necessary. He was not allowed to hold political meetings so-called until within a few weeks of the General Election; but this did not prevent him from giving lectures on economic or historical subjects, at which a question might be put to him by an elector on a question of more immediate political interest, without transgressing the law. Although he stood as a Republican, he did not receive any support from the Government; for his chief opponent was not only the sitting member, but a Ministerialist and a Freemason. Beyond this, the most marked difference between the two candidates was that the Prince was a Free Trader, who wished to return to the system of commercial treaties in the interests of the wine-growers, whilst M. Videau was a strong Protectionist. The préfet took no active part on either side, as both candidates were Republicans, and the Prince de Tarente was not running in active opposition to the Government; but M. Videau, the sitting member, was able to claim as a Freemason the hearty co-operation of all

the subordinate officials, the "délégués," and the masonic lodges. The Prince de Tarente worked steadily and unremittently for three whole years. During the last six weeks he had not only a meeting every evening, lasting often from 8.30 or 9 until past midnight, but spoke at all hours on the Sunday. This was bound to tell in the long-run, and he was eventually returned by a majority of 200 votes over his Radical, Radical-Socialist, and Radical competitors, the sitting member coming next, in a minority of 1800 votes. Since his return he has not only steadily supported the Government, especially against the Socialists, but he has continued his work in the constituency. This general support of the Government gives him some claim to Ministerial acquiescence in the future. As a Royalist or as a Conservative he would probably have been beaten; but he gives ample guarantees to the property-vote that one who has his stake in the country will consider their interests, and their support is secure. His position is therefore unassailable, and it is very probable that were there an election to-morrow he would have a majority of several thousand votes as against all comers.

The moral is not far to seek. If a Freemason can be beaten in so Ministerial a constituency by an independent opponent, a Conservative who is prepared to do hard continuous work in an urban constituency, or in a rural district where the popula-

tion is independent of Ministerial influences, may by steady plodding win a seat, hitherto regarded as hopeless; but nothing will be done to destroy the force of the Republican "Bloc" until the Opposition realises that no victory can be won by spasmodic spurts, or by choosing their candidates hastily on the eve of the poll. In those exceptional cases where a candidate begins his canvass a couple of years in advance, and works without giving himself any rest, wonders can be achieved, even by such a Royalist as the Marquis de Pomereu at Rouen, where he has converted the most Radical division of the town into a Conservative stronghold, and was returned at the last election by a majority of 5502 votes.

The actual work of the election, during which purely political meetings can be held, is compressed into the three weeks preceding the poll. A political meeting is a very formal business indeed. Outside election time two electors must give either the mayor, or, in large towns, the "préfet de police," twenty-four hours' notice; but once the contest has begun, two hours' notice is enough. Women and children rarely attend except when the meeting is in the open air. In many cases no one is admitted unless he can produce his "carte d'électeur," and meetings are therefore as a rule far more orderly than they are with us. Once the meeting has assembled, either the candidate or a supporter

may appoint, or the meeting itself may elect, the chairman, two assessors, and a secretary. These four officials constitute the "bureau," and are responsible for the maintenance of order. Where the meeting elects its bureau this is generally done by acclamation. If there are several favourites the strongest lungs carry the day. These meetings are occasionally "contradictoire," and the opponents are invited to hear the candidate and reply to him. When their time comes each one of them raises his hand in turn and says, "Je demande la parole." The "réunion contradictoire" is a wonderful institution in its way. Though passions run high, especially in the South, these meetings are as a rule very orderly, for the audience really wishes to hear the speakers. There are naturally a few interruptions, but they are generally suppressed. A witty interruption is of course always popular. Thus at Bordeaux there were two candidates for one of the divisions: M. Chaumet, a writer on the staff of the 'Petite Gironde,' and M. Grossard, a local barrister. M. Chaumet was being carried away by his native enthusiasm, when one of his supporters drawled out with his southern accent, "Ne te fati-guê pas, Chaumet, tu vas passer." M. Grossard followed, and the same old man stopped one of his most eloquent passages with, "Ne te fati-guê pas, Grossard, tu ne vas pas passer"—a forecast which was

justified by the event. On another occasion the writer assisted at a "réunion contradictoire" at Toulouse. At 8.30 the "Café" was packed from floor to ceiling, so much so that it was almost impossible to get in. The three candidates followed one another in proper order. The Socialist was well received, for it was his own meeting. The Progréssiste, who came next, was very long-winded and constantly repeating himself. Some enthusiasts got excited; but they were silenced by the audience, who told them that if he was not given fair-play he would go on speaking until four in the morning. The Radical Socialist, the ablest of the three, concluded the proceedings at half-past one in the morning. There was no disturbance of any kind, though feeling ran high and drinks were served all through the evening.

Tradition has always favoured orderly meetings, but disturbances will occur, especially in the South and in the mining districts. In these cases, when the meeting has got absolutely out of control, the bureau may appeal to the mayor or the "préfet de police" to uphold order. This official then ascends the platform and puts on his scarf of office. He thus becomes the representative of authority and may call in the military to clear the room. Any one who refuses to obey orders is then liable to arrest and imprisonment. It must be added that

the absence of children is most effective in securing a fair hearing for all speakers.

The elections all take place on the same day, always on a Sunday. First the bureau, consisting of the mayor or other presiding officer and his assessors, is constituted. Each voter has to produce his "carte d'électeur," and his name is sought on the register. He then drops into the ballot-box either a blank sheet of paper on which he has written the name of his candidate, or one on which the name has been already printed. The successful candidate must not only poll a majority of the votes actually recorded, but even where there is no contest he must secure one-sixth of the total number of votes inscribed on the register. If he fails in either of these respects, he must face a second ballot on the Sunday next but one after the first ballot. This is generally fought between the two candidates who have recorded the largest number of votes on the first occasion, the other candidates usually asking their supporters to give their votes this time to the one for whom they have most sympathy.

There may be less organisation in France previous to an election, but far more energy must be displayed on the day of the poll to secure perfect fair-play. Frauds are by no means unusual; indeed it has often been said, "*Le midi est le pays de la fraude électorale.*" Ballot-boxes have been stuffed with fictitious votes, and this

practice is facilitated by the use of blank voting - papers which cannot be checked by reference to the counterfoil. The voter gives his name, it is true, to be verified; but in large constituencies and in great centres of population this is by no means easy. Personation agents are absolutely essential; but this is not all. Every stage of the voting and counting must be watched. In some cases, notably in that of Carmaux, all the watching in the world proved superfluous. The seat of M. Jaurès, the Socialist leader, was in jeopardy, and the Mayor of Carmaux took every care to secure his return. On a previous occasion it was suspected that the ballot-boxes had been stuffed, and the Marquis de Solages had his friends on the spot to prevent the repetition of this trick. The mayor was, however, too clever for the local Conservatives. He refused to open the poll until the military had arrived, and then cleared the room. The poll was then kept open until far beyond the legal hour. The Conservative candidate had all his counters present in the room, but not one of them was allowed to act, and the counting was done by his political opponents.

Although M. Jaurès had made himself extremely unpopular in his constituency, and was defeated in the great majority of his polling districts, the suspicious unanimity of the town of Carmaux overrode the hostile majorities elsewhere. The result was made

all the more questionable by the action of the majority of the Chamber, which refused to allow any inquiry to be held into the conduct of this election. Many other instances might be furnished, but the evidence is not always so conclusive. Complaints are innumerable, but the fact that they have to be decided by a party vote prevents them from being put to an open test, which would be conclusive one way or the other.

Each candidate's election must not only be declared valid by the bureau appointed by the Chamber to inquire and take evidence, but this decision must be confirmed by the Chamber itself. In many cases partiality is exhibited, for the temptation to confirm the elections of supporters and to annul those of opponents is very great. Even where the bureau has declared an election valid, the Chamber may reverse its decision. This happened in the case of Count Boni de Castellane, whose election had been thoroughly sifted by the "bureau." They had dismissed the charges against him as trivial and ratified his election. He had, however, incurred the enmity of a certain section of his own party and of some of the more independent members of the House, who did not turn up to support him. Though the decision of the "bureau" was upheld by many of his opponents who wished to see some semblance of fair-play, he failed to secure the requisite

number of votes to retain his seat. Since then he has gone back to his constituency, who have materially increased his former majority. It must, however, be recognised that, notwithstanding the existence of glaring abuses, there have been cases where the election of opponents has been ratified and even those of supporters annulled, but the latter is not very common. Impartial Frenchmen still wish for some reform in the present procedure, and the reference of election to a fairer tribunal than a partisan majority.

I have endeavoured to summarise some of the most salient features of a French General Election. We may congratulate ourselves that we are not as other men, and that our

parliamentary system enjoys all the advantages of long precedent through centuries of constitutional development; but we are by no means perfect. We may argue that in many respects we furnish our Continental neighbours with an admirable example of how general elections ought to be organised and fought, how votes should be recorded and their verdict determined; but it is never too late to learn from others. All impartial observers will find blots in our own procedure, which can only be removed by studying the practice of other countries, and adopting those improvements and advantages of which they give us from time to time salient examples.

V. HUSSEY WALSH.

THE MAN WHO HAD NO COURAGE.

THERE was a man named Angus, in Auchenbrae, in the island of Dorn, who had no courage. He was a quiet, kind man—very respectable in every way, and, moreover, there was something in his face that was good to look upon; but, as the people said, "What was that, when he had not as much as the heart of a chicken?" If a storm came on when the boats were at the herring-fishing, Angus was useless. While others were working as if they had the strength of seven, he would be lying in the bottom of the boat trembling and saying his prayers, and though the water was pouring in, he could not as much as lift a finger to bale it out. At last no crew would take him to sea with them. They said he was no man, and would bring bad luck to any boat.

In every kind of danger he was the same, and the men of Dorn, who were very courageous on sea and land, came at last to have a great contempt for him. He became a byword in the island; and children who were frightened to go to sleep up in the loft in the dark came to know his name. "Hoots-toots," their mothers would say to them, "you have no more courage than Angus Auchenbrae."

Some blamed his mother for Angus's great fault. He had been very sickly in his youth, and she had kept him

like a baby after he was a big lad—guarding him from every word as well as from every breath of wind; and when at last she saw what she had made of him, it was too late to put it right. She would not admit that there was anything wrong with him, but in her heart she was always hoping that he would become like other people. "Those that laugh at him the most," said she to herself, "have little more courage than himself if all were known."

His wife was a nice, quiet woman, and the worst that was ever said about her was that she married such a poor coward as Angus Auchenbrae, who could not even get a boat to take him to the herring-fishing. She came of a courageous family herself, and would have nothing to say to him at first, because of the name he had; but he was so overcome with grief, and was so nice in every other way, and, moreover, her heart was so much with him, that she married him at last, and there was nothing but the one thing between them, though that one thing caused her more sorrow than she ever admitted to any one. She always made a pretence in the house that Angus was as brave as other men; but she knew well that he was not, and the pretence stabbed him to the heart. His children were nice children, and his boys would fight fiercely

with other boys who said a word against their father. Still, they too knew that what was said was the truth.

If those who belonged to Angus Auchenbrae were ashamed of him at times, that was nothing to the trouble he had himself. So greatly did he feel the difference between himself and others, that he would hardly go among his neighbours, but kept almost always to himself, and went about with his eyes on the ground as if he knew what was being said of him. It seemed to him as if he was the helpless victim of a terrible affliction that poisoned everything to him; for however much he might resolve and determine to be brave and manly at the next opportunity, yet always at the first hint of danger his knees began to tremble, and he was weak and useless till it was all past. And so the years went on, and Angus was the same Angus still when his hair was turning grey.

There was one strange thing about him that for a long time no one knew of except his wife. He was a bard, and his songs were all about battle and warfare, and were so spirited and fine, and had such a breath of courage and glory in them, that they might have stirred an army. When his wife saw them first, she could hardly believe that Angus had written them, and she was so proud of them that he could hardly prevent her from telling every one about them. He had to beseech and command her to

do nothing of the sort, and at last she agreed to keep the secret, though indeed she was burning to let it out; for she thought that if people only knew what songs Angus had written, they would believe that he had after all some kind of courage that proved he was not such a coward as they thought. "For," said she to herself, "if a man can make what will stir others to courage, is not that as good as though he had it himself?"

Angus Auchenbrae's wife had a brother called Neil, who was a famous brave man in a boat; and Neil had a wife with a very sharp tongue, and Neil's wife and Angus's wife did not get on very well. They would go to see each other very often, but before long they would come upon something on which they did not agree; and Neil's wife would say something sharp, and Angus's wife would answer her, and they would go on speaking till they had begun to "cast up" to each other things that would have been better left alone.

One day things were hot between them, and Neil's wife "cast up" how Angus had no courage, and how different he was from Neil; and in her anger Angus's wife "let out" about the songs. "Songs!" cried the other, and began laughing. "Poor songs! Who would go to battle singing the songs of Angus Auchenbrae?" This was so true that the other had no answer for it; but she was so foolish, poor woman, that she got up and went to her husband's big chest and

took out a bundle of songs from the little wooden compartment at the side where he kept them. "Read these!" she cried, "and see if they are poor songs, and if Angus Auchenbrae is the man you think him."

Neil's wife would not wait to read them, but she was filled with curiosity and became very civil, and took them away with her, promising no harm should come to them; and no sooner was she gone than Angus's wife began to be frightened at what she had done. "Never mind," she said to herself at last, "I will go for them myself to-morrow and tell her not to say a word about them; and if it should be whispered that such things were made, people will perhaps think better of the one that made them."

Neil's wife went home and she looked at the songs, and that night a number of people chanced to come in, and they had a great *céilidh*¹ round the fire, and to pass the time she showed them the work of Angus; and when they read the songs and saw the difference there was between them and the man that made them, they had such a merry night as they had not had for a long time.

It so chanced that Angus himself went that night to see Neil, and when he came to the door he heard such roars of laughter that he stood a moment on the threshold, and as he stood he heard a lad reading a song he had made about courage in a storm, and

all shouting with mirth as they listened. He turned and went home, and his wife gave a cry at the sight of him. "Woman," he cried, "what have you done? Was I not low down before, and now you have given my songs to Neil's wife and the people are making a mock of me?" She had never seen such a look upon him or heard such a tone from him, and she began to cry. "Angus! Angus!" said she, "do not be angry. I did it for the best."

Angus sat down on the settle. He did not say a word more, for he understood at once how it was, and how he was the last that should blame her.

After this the children of the island got hold of the songs and made fun with them, and the thing burned into the very soul of Angus Auchenbrae, though he could only guess what things were said, and he prayed Heaven that he might get the courage to do one brave deed, though it should cost him his life. To take the slur from his name was better, he had come to think, than life itself.

Time went on and things were as they had been, till one year in the first of spring the nephew of a man living near Auchenbrae came home with illness upon him. The uncle, who was named Sandy, took him in and did the best he could for him; but that was not much, for he was an old bachelor, very poor, and living alone in a house with only one

¹ Gossip or visit.

room. At first no one knew what the trouble was, but before long it was found to be the black small-pox, which is worst of all, and the greatest panic went like a blaze through the whole island. To make matters worse, a great gale of wind rose that very day, so that it was impossible to take a boat across to the mainland for a doctor or assistance of any kind. The people of Dorn, who were so courageous in other ways, had such dread of any pestilence that they would sooner go before the mouths of loaded guns than face it. He was thought brave who would bring food within speaking distance of Sandy's house. Men did this for two days, and at their call Sandy would come out; but the third there came no answer to their shoutings, and the food lay on the hillock where it had been placed, and the door was not opened. It was evident that Sandy had himself taken the sickness.

The waves between the island and the mainland rose like mountains. The panic increased, and every one declared that it was death to the one who would enter Sandy's house. If the thing spread, all knew there would be no stay to it, for in the crowded houses of Dorn such pestilence is almost always death. "Better," whispered some, whose children clung about their knees, "that one old useless man should die, than that young and old should perish together." So the day went past, and the

food lay on the hillock, and the door was fast shut, and no smoke rose from the chimney.

All that day Angus Auchendrae went in a cold sweat of fear thinking of the black small-pox. In the evening he called his family together and told them he was going to pass the night in Sandy's house. "No human being," said he in a shaking voice, "will perish almost within sight of my door without so much as a cup of cold water." His wife and children could hardly believe their ears. They were horror-stricken, and besought him with tears and cries to turn from his purpose. He would not do that, however, but began giving them directions about what they were to do. Then his wife turned on him hotly and told him it was a great sin that a man with a wife and family should take this upon him. "Are there not others?" she cried. "It is death, Angus; will you make me a widow and your children fatherless?" Angus Auchendrae hung his head and looked no hero, but he could not give in to her.

"It is better," he said at last, trembling, "that you should be the widow of a man who has had courage, than the wife of one who has none."

"Have you that in your mind?" she cried, and declared she thought nothing of it; and all entreated him to remain, for now they thought the one great fault nothing in comparison to Angus himself. But Angus knew very well that they were wrong.

"The boys are now old enough to work the croft," said he, and he brought out the little bag with his money in it and gave it to his wife; and when nothing would move him, all came with him, weeping and beseeching and lamenting, to the hillock beside the plague-stricken house that looked already like a house of the dead. He told them what they were to do, and how they were to bring food and water and peats to the hillock every morning, but on no account to come nearer, and if there was death in the house he arranged to make a sign. He went away, and his knees shook, and at the door he turned and looked on the windy sky and the bushes blown back and forwards in the storm, and the dark forms of his wife and children crouching on the edge of the brae. He took a step towards them, then he turned again and went in. After a while he came out and made the sign.

All the night long the man who had no courage sat between the living and the dead. They were terrible to look upon, and he thought that before long he would be like them. Fear struggled with him, so that he thought the Evil One himself was trying to overcome him. In the morning men's voices came above the storm, and Angus went out to the door. There was a coffin at a little distance, and the men called to him. They would come no nearer. He went and took it in, and laid the lad in it—for

it was the nephew who was dead—and then he dragged it out again. It took him a long while to do this alone, and all the time they waited the men of Dorn looked at each other with strange faces, and spoke under their breaths of Angus Auchenbrae.

All day the children sat on the edge of the hill and watched the house, and when the smoke rose thick and dark the foolish little ones ran home to their mother crying out that he was alive yet, for he was putting peats upon the fire. But the mother shook her head and wept. "It is death," she said. "When a person is afraid, it is always death."

The next day Angus came out to the hillock, and the third day he came out, and the fourth; but on the fourth day the children saw that he came slowly, and that when he went back with the food his steps tottered. "It is coming on him at last," they said, and burst out crying. "If he does not come out to-morrow," said the mother with a set look, "I must go to the house myself." She began rocking the cradle. "What has he brought on us?" she said despairingly.

But that evening the storm went so far down that the men of Dorn were able to take a boat over to the mainland, and late in the night they came back with a doctor and a nurse. These went boldly into the house, and the news they brought out was that Sandy was past the worst of the trouble, but that Angus was

stricken down with it. "There is but one brave man in Dorn," said the doctor to every one he met, "and it will be a pity if he dies." In a day or two another nurse came, and now one slept every night in the end of Angus Auchenbrae's house; and now, too, all the mainland had the story, and the man who had no courage was called the Brave Man of Dorn, as if there was no other. The pestilence lay upon him heavily, and the black wings of Death seemed to be stretched over the house from day to day. In the first of each morning his wife met the nurse upon the hillock, and each morning there was the same answer to her questions, till at last one day she saw a change in the woman's face as she came towards her. "It is death at last?" she said trembling. "No!" said the other, "it is life." But Angus's wife would not believe her.

Though she would not, it was indeed life, and the day came at last when Angus, leaning on a stick, walked home to his own house. He had been a bonny man before, but the sickness had left such a trace on him that he was no longer bonny, and his children looked on him with a kind of awe, as if he had been a stranger. "Do you know what they call you?" said one of the little ones after a while, coming up to him. "They call you 'Gaisgeach'—The Courageous One." "Hush! hush!" said the mother, looking very proud. "Little ones shouldn't be speaking."

After this a most surprising thing happened to Angus Auchenbrae. It was only gradually he came to know it, and he thought at first it could be no less than a miracle. Fear left him. When danger came by sea or land he was no longer weak; he no longer shivered and shook, but was able to battle with it as others did. He was a man at last like other men. He could hardly believe it himself, but so it was. From the day he came out of Sandy's house he was a man with courage. He held up his head, and though the marks were on his face, there was no one in the island who ever mocked him again. And before long he had the offer of a share in a fishing-boat.

This was not all. The war came on in a few months, and the lads of the island who had plenty of courage for fighting went away for soldiers, and on the morning they left—marching gloriously with a piper before them—they came round purposely by Auchenbrae singing the stirring songs of battle. When he heard them, the man who had been without courage gave a great start, and stood listening in joy and amazement. His wife put her apron to her eyes and laughed with pleasure and pride. "What will Neil's wife say now, I wonder?" said she. For the thing that had seemed impossible had come to pass, and the men of Dorn were away to the peril and the glory singing the songs of Angus Auchenbrae.

LYDIA MILLER MACKAY.

THE ZIONISTS.

It may be well in the first instance to say that we have here nothing to do with American prophets, or with the American sect which has appropriated the title of Zionists; for they are often confused in the public mind with the Jewish organisation that has grown out of the older society which, twenty years ago, was known as that of the *Chovevi Sion* or "Friends of Zion," and which now proclaims its main aim to be "the securing of a legally assured Home for the Jewish people in Palestine."

Enthusiasm is the power of feeling a strong interest in something that is not of personal material advantage. It is not a very common feeling anywhere, and is perhaps as rare among Jews as among others. It is generally regarded with suspicion; for it often upsets repose, and leads to unexpected and disturbing events. Ignorant enthusiasm has been the cause of many great troubles; but enthusiasm founded on real knowledge of events and of national movements has produced, in our own times, some of the greatest changes in history. It was the enthusiasm of the few which created a united Italy, or again which has made Japan the new leading power in the Far East. It is the unexpected that comes to pass, because men's attention is fixed on large and conspicuous ob-

jects, and because they find it so difficult to judge whether the new cause, advocated by the few, is based on reality or whether it is merely a craze. Thus, while endless diplomacy and observation are directed to the management of affairs on the supposition that the facts are evident, there constantly comes a surprise which renders futile all the schemes of anxious politicians, due to the silent action of some unsuspected element, as we have seen in the case of the Japanese triumph over Russia. The blind desires of the people find at length a definite expression, and the direction given by a few enthusiasts leads to new and startling events.

Enthusiasm for one's own race and country, when genuine, is regarded with general favour; but when George Eliot raised her protest against the everlasting "Hep!" which hounds the Wandering Jew from land to land, people asked what she had to do with Judaism. Like Cain, we ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" and especially when it is the poor brother whom we so much dislike. We can, however, understand that the great mass of poor and persecuted Jews feel for those who devote their time, money, and thought to the raising up of their own people an amount of real affection, and gratitude, which renders them willing to be led to the realisation of hopes that

are not commonly regarded as practicable by the great mass of the prosperous and contented.

For the Jews, like other nations, include many classes whose interests and ideals differ, and many schools of thought due to a narrower or a wider experience. The proportion of the rich to the poor is much the same as in other cases, but the range of civilisation between the lowest and the highest extremes is perhaps wider than among other Europeans. More than half of all the Jews in the world live in Russia, where the census of 1897 enumerated a total of 5,215,000 souls.¹ In Poland they represented 14 per cent of the total population, and in Warsaw more than a third of the inhabitants were Jews. During the last quarter of a century more than a million have been driven from Russia, so that a fifth of the total have been obliged to change their homes. The massacres, and the slaughter in Manchuria, must have seriously diminished their numbers; but the average increase of population is 16 per thousand annually, which balances the losses. The birth-rate is not large; but the Jew lives longer than any other race in Russia, and is more healthy, on account probably of more careful nourishment as an infant and of greater attention to wholesome food.

The Polish Jew is the lowest type of the race. The drooping

figure and narrow chest, the short stature and thin face, witness to centuries of misery and oppression. The strange costume, with striped gaberdine, white socks, cheap boots, and black wideawake, under which hang the side-locks of the Pharisee, gives a grotesque appearance, and suggests a squalid and unhealthy life. But we may fail to note the bright eye and the energetic under-lip, which show that the old vigour of the race still lies concealed behind the humble cringing manner of the persecuted and destitute Ashkenazi. As prosperity, due to hard work and natural shrewdness, increases, the furred robe and furred cap recall to us the Jew of Rembrandt, who thought that this had been the national dress even in the time of Christ. These Polish Jews—mostly artisans from the towns—are intensely ignorant, and they add to a profound reverence for their rabbis and to beliefs in the miracles of “wonder-rabbis,” living or dead, many ancient superstitions current among the peasantry with whom they deal. They are so deeply antagonistic to Christianity that the greatest shame in a family is held to be the conversion of any member. For the Christianity which surrounds them is that of the Greek priest and of the Russian policeman, and some who have dared, in spite of prejudice, to read the Gospel have recorded their astonishment on finding

¹ ‘Jewish Chronicle,’ 27th April 1906, p. 10.

that it speaks of goodwill towards men and of trust in God. But these semi-Oriental Jews of Poland are not without their ideal of a better future. Amid sordid surroundings and engrossing anxieties they still nourish a belief in the happy time to come, when Israel shall rest under its vines and fig-trees in Palestine; and their aspiration still is, "Next year in Jerusalem." The ancient vitality of the race is not exhausted, and in Palestine itself, where a second generation has grown up under more healthy conditions in agricultural colonies, the improvement in type and character has already become marked.

At the opposite end of the scale is the cultivated and highly educated upper class which, especially in England, is the product of a few centuries of freedom and prosperity. Between the extremes lie middle classes who, like our own, are neither enthusiastic nor remarkably intelligent, who pride themselves on being practical, and whose imagination cannot conceive the burning wrath and sorrow which sear the hearts of the poor in lands where tyranny and hatred are concentrated in the deliberate attempt to crush the Hebrew. It is for this middle class that the greater part of the Jewish press in England caters. It prides itself on common-sense, and it looks coldly on the enthusiast. The middle-class Jew, with whom Mr Zangwill has made us well acquainted, may be either an orthodox disciple of his rabbis

or may be a materialist who knows nothing of his own Scriptures, and who conforms to the customs of his society, while believing nothing and immersed in the pursuit of riches. Such men are the despair of those who seek to raise the nation to higher ideals, and the hatred of the race in Europe has been in great measure due to the mean craft of those who regard the Gentiles as lawful prey. Ancient memories of wrong have created this feeling of enmity to the foreigners among whom Israel is forced to live, and pride of race has been distorted into a narrow conceit; while the Goim, who perish like the beast, are thought to have been created by Jehovah solely for the benefit of the Jew.

But among the higher class of those broad-minded Jews who sincerely believe in their ancient religion, and who remember the precept of the Pentateuch which bids every Jew to "love his neighbour as himself," very noble efforts are made not only to help the poor and to stem the tide of persecution, but also to raise the tone of the nation by appeal to its ancient memories and ideals. These men are the natural leaders to whom the destitute and oppressed turn for counsel and guidance, and it is among them that it has now become a fixed belief that the nation can only be raised from its misery by the creation of a national centre—a Home to which all those who are scattered over the earth may turn their eyes: which must

be one bound up with all that is best in the historic memories of the race, and which must therefore be the old home in Palestine itself. The Jew, they say, is tired of wandering and tired of being an alien. Emigration has not settled the eternal question, and a nation without a country must be content with toleration as all that it can expect.

Such thoughts were slowly developing a quarter of a century ago, when events over which the Jews had no control suddenly made the question imperative. The cruel laws and persecution of 1881 drove some 40,000 Jews from Russia to Jerusalem, where they were crowded in utter destitution and misery. It had already been pointed out that Palestine was a country well fitted for agricultural colonisation, and in this year a few families settling at Safed, in Upper Galilee, actually started a movement which has steadily increased in importance. But many objections were raised to the new idea. The Jews in general were not convinced that the country was fitted for them. Men urged that the Jews were not agriculturists, although, in 1891, it was found that there were 64,000 Jewish agriculturists in Russia, and 600,000 in Galicia. Argentina was regarded as better fitted for emigrants, in spite of its remoteness from Russia; but at the present time the Argentine colonists are reck-

oned not to exceed 5000, or at most 10,000 souls. The charitable munificence of Baron Hirsch in founding this colony has indeed proved—as Mr Zangwill reminds us—that Jews can live and prosper as agriculturists; but when a population of a million is let loose, to find new homes, the success of ten thousand does not lead to the solution of the problem. Austria and Roumania were overwhelmed by hordes of starving Jews; and the Sultan, in common with other European—and American—rulers, became alarmed at the influx. Ten years later, in 1891, another period of massacre increased the confusion, and the efforts of Jewish philanthropists were paralysed by the magnitude of their task. In that year the *Chovevi Sion* societies began to organise themselves under a central Council; but as yet the subscribers only numbered a few thousands, and the general opinion was that Palestine was too small a country to contain all those who were seeking a home. The societies, however, stuck to their task, and about 3000 Jews were settled in the plain of Sharon, as owners of land and growers of vines and fruit-trees.¹ The colonies were at first dependent on charity, but gradually they have become self-supporting as a rule. In the last fifteen years the colonists have increased to some 7000, and the general

¹ See 'Maga,' June 1891, pp. 856-870, "Jewish Colonies in Palestine," by the present writer.

Jewish population has grown from 50,000 in 1891 to 80,000 in the present year, the majority being still crowded in towns, especially in the sacred cities of Jerusalem, Hebron, Tiberias, and Safed. About one per cent of the land has already passed into the hands of Jews, or of Jewish societies, and we now hear that extensive purchases are again under consideration.

These modest beginnings led, moreover, to more extensive schemes; and the Jews found in Dr Herzl a leader whose name has now become famous. The annual meetings of the central organisation at Basle, in Switzerland, attracted general notice to the idea of repatriation; and the ideal of a Jewish self-governing State arose. It is true that Dr Herzl failed, as all pioneer leaders have failed when they were in advance of their age. But the courage which enabled him to propose to the Sultan himself the purchase of a province, where the Jews should enjoy self-government under his suzerainty, has left its mark on the history of the question. The Zionists have increased in numbers till they now count a million of subscribers in Europe and in America, and they have equally increased in zeal for their cause and in the magnitude of their ideal. But the Sultan received Dr Herzl with much courtesy, and then—he closed Palestine to Jewish immigrants. It cannot be said that this was either unreasonable or really damaging to the Zionist cause. Time

was allowed for the absorption of the mass of destitute Hebrews who, by extraordinary exertions, began to make a living aided by their societies. Time also has allowed the dissipation of that suspicion which was aroused among the Turks by the apparently political aspect of Dr Herzl's proposals.

But this closing of Palestine was a bitter disappointment to the Zionists, and especially to Dr Herzl, whose heart was set on doing something for his fellow-Jews before his death—which followed, prematurely, soon after. The cause seemed to be lost with the loss of its leader, and attention was naturally directed to other schemes for colonisation. Mr Zangwill, while still advocating the creation of a national centre—autonomous if possible, but otherwise protected by some benevolent Power, probably Great Britain,—gave up the hope of finding that centre in Palestine, and became the founder of the Jewish Territorial Organisation. Dr Herzl, at Basle, advocated the acceptance of an offer from our Foreign Office of land for a Jewish Colony in East Africa. The Zionist organisation thus appeared in danger of disruption, and the original Zionists of extinction. But the Congress prudently decided to send out a Commission to inquire into the suitability of the proposed region, which included an area of about 6000 miles, not far from the Uganda railway, on a plateau rising some 7000 feet above sea-level. This

country was therefore as large as Palestine, and the elevation double that of the Trans-Jordanic plateau.

The report of this Commission has been recently published,¹ and the Commissioners were naturally inclined to say the best they could of the offer. But honesty compelled them to describe conditions so unfavourable as to render it incumbent on the Congress to decline the proposal. The country proved to be little better than a desert, in which a few families of Boer or other squatters might find sustenance as hunters and graziers. The plateau was empty of inhabitants except for the occasional visits of native hunters. The soil was clay on a bed of quartz and volcanic rocks, which makes it impossible to suppose that wells could be dug, or would bring water. There were no trees, and only sour grass on the plateau. The game was scarce, but in one valley at least the lions were numerous. The temperature rises sometimes to 100° Fahr., and the natural water-supply in summer is meagre. The utmost that could be expected was the settlement of about 500 families of cattle-farmers; and as there are no minerals and no possibilities of trade, the offer was clearly no solution for Jewish needs. "If," says Mr Wilbusch, in condemning the scheme from his month's experience on the Commission, "a country is uninhabited, there are probably natural reasons which make it

unsuitable for human habitation." The few squatters who had already attempted to gain a livelihood on this Ngishu Plateau found it impossible to raise maize on account of insect ravages, and the region is subject to the attacks of locusts, moths, and caterpillars; while the cattle might probably suffer from the rinderpest which carried off all the Masai herds, and to which oxen reared at high elevations in Africa are very subject. The natives of neighbouring districts proved also to be hostile to the idea of white settlements, and they attacked the expedition as it retreated. The idea of inducing Jews to settle in so remote a region, where transport is expensive and no future openings seem to offer, had therefore to be abandoned with regret. The Territorialists, in turn, had failed, and the failure was a serious blow to their hopes; for though the present British Government is said, like the last, to be sympathetic, it confines itself to the promise that any definite and practicable scheme for Jewish colonisation will be duly considered. The question remains, where are the Territorialists to find a territory? The habitable regions of the world are held by races which have conquered them in time past, and by owners who have paid for land. A British Government cannot offer lands in our Colonies, or in India; and apparently the only lands to be given for nothing are those which even

¹ See 'Jewish Chronicle,' 16th June 1906, p. 11.

native tribes cannot inhabit. Those who had separated themselves from the Zionists in the hope of finding a more practicable solution have thus been unable to do any real work, and are reduced to the expression of vague hopes.

The situation, therefore, appeared to be reduced to a deadlock until, by one of those apparently accidental changes which take place so often in human affairs, the door of hope was again opened in Palestine. Not that as yet the Zionists see the realisation of their idea of a "legally assured Home," which still remains as an aim for the future, but because his Majesty 'Abd el-Hamid (for reasons which as yet are only known to himself) has seen fit tacitly to permit further immigration into Palestine. He retains the power of expulsion, for by law a Jew is permitted to remain in the country only three months. Practically he can remain during good behaviour as the Sultan's subject, and can even acquire property, if not in his own name, at least through a Moslem intermediary. The result of this gracious concession is said to have been that 10,000 more Jews have entered the country during the year, and that the Zionists now find plenty to do in aiding and organising the settlers, and in developing the trade of Palestine. For the Jews now represent about one-eighth of

the total population of the country, or double the number of the congregation which came back after the Captivity as stated in the book of Ezra; and the "Anglo-Palestine Company," by itself, represents dealings to the amount of more than £100,000 during the year 1905.¹

The present writer advocated, in the pages of 'Maga,' twenty-seven years ago, a line of railway from Haifa to Damascus, passing south of the Sea of Galilee.² The Turkish Government long refused to consider the project; but at length the line was surveyed and partly made by an English company, in spite of French opposition, and quite recently it has been finished by the Sultan himself. Still more remarkable has been the extension of a main line from Damascus to 'Akabah, and thence towards Medina, by his Majesty's special orders, money having been freely subscribed by pious Moslems, and imperial troops employed in the construction. This opening up of Palestine by the Sultan is—as already explained in these pages—only part of a general policy for strengthening his position as Khalif and as ruler, especially of Syria³—a policy which he has now pursued unceasingly for more than twenty years. Turkish rule is hated by Syrians, and the recent defeats in Arabia have been due in great part to the employment of Syrian regiments,

¹ 'Jewish Chronicle,' 27th April 1906, p. 26; 21st Sept. 1906, p. 10.

² 'Maga,' Jan. 1879, "The Haven of Carmel."

³ Ibid., Sept. 1906, "Abdul Hamid, Sultan and Khalif, and the Pan-Islamic Movement."

who detested war against tribes of their own race and of their own religion, and who quite recently have even mutinied on such service. But nevertheless the power of the Turk in Palestine has steadily increased during the reign of the able statesman who remains Sultan and Khalif in spite of his enemies; and, in addition to subjection of the wild regions east of Jordan, his Majesty has bestowed benefits on Syria by the foundation of schools and by the extension of roads and railways. The lines chosen are strategically useful; for, while leading to the Red Sea, and thus saving the heavy dues of the Suez Canal, the main trunk to 'Akabah is remote from the Mediterranean, and safe from any naval demonstration, being connected with Haifa—the natural port of Palestine—only by a single line, which would easily be cut. This branch line leads through private property of the Sultan, extending from the plain of Jezreel some way down the Jordan Valley. The French line to Jerusalem and the French fell-railway over Lebanon to Damascus are older, and represent the interests of European companies; but the new lines are national, and even if extended north to Aleppo by Germans, are not likely to involve European complications. The Sultan seems to have taken a leaf out of the Japanese book in thus utilising European ideas for his own purposes.

But the calculations of statesmen do not always lead to the expected results. Rail-

ways have a tendency to create a population along their course. The Jews in 1891 acquired land in Bashan not far from the new line. The nomad tribes, which once ranged all over the regions east of Jordan, have been gradually driven back towards the deserts, and before a railway they will be forced to retreat yet farther. It is said that land is already being acquired in Moab by Jews, and schemes which proved impracticable when proposed by Mr Laurence Oliphant in 1881 on account of the remoteness and insecurity of the region, seem now as likely to become realities as are the Sharon colonies which the present writer proposed in 1878. There is certainly plenty of room for a Jewish population in Gilead should the Sultan see fit to allow their settlement along the line; and communication with the coast is now at last rendered easy. It is perhaps too early as yet to judge whether a fresh change of policy may not again close the country to the refugees; but the natural growth of the Jewish population already established would in time create a most remarkable change in the character of Syrian population, and a great improvement in the material prosperity of the country. There are regions in the Lebanon, and in Asia Minor, which might also absorb a large Jewish population, if permission still continues to be even tacitly accorded.

The reasons for this new phase of the question are still obscure. It may be that the

Sultan has convinced himself that Jewish settlers are useful to his Empire. The Koran does not favour the Jews, but it certainly does not command their persecution. The old-fashioned Turkish tyranny is so mild, in comparison with the active malevolence of Russian rulers, that the refugee must regard himself as possessing a freedom which he never knew in his Russian home. The corruption of the official class may be equally great, but the injustice and hatred to be encountered are much less terrible. There can be no doubt that a very large influx may be expected, though it will be controlled by Turkish regulations, to the benefit of those who are allowed to enter. At a time when America and Western Europe are gradually restricting Jewish immigration, and when even Great Britain has considered herself obliged to pass an Alien Act mainly against the Jews, it is a great boon to the race that the Turkish dominions should be open, even if only for a time. It may be that the Sultan considers a common hatred to be a very useful bond of union; and Jewish hatred of his fallen

enemy is not likely to be forgotten while the memory of the recent massacres is still fresh in the minds of those who have escaped. The discontented Moslems of Syria are equally held in check by the increase of a new population professing another faith.

As regards ourselves, we should be only too glad to see Palestine increasing in civilisation and prosperity, as an outpost between Egypt and the Russian base west of the Caucasus. The final outcome of such changes is yet in the distant future; but it is clear that if, after the death of the present Sultan, the question of the near East should again be raised, the Jews, if in the meantime they have established their claim by actual occupation of the land,¹ will have to be considered by statesmen in any settlement of a Syrian question; and that the solution of that question — though as yet not generally expected — may be the extinction of all the rival European claims, by the establishment of a neutral Palestine as the “legally assured Home for the Jewish people.”

C. R. CONDER.

¹ See the speech of Dr Weitzmann of Manchester at the Annual Zionist Conference at Cologne, in ‘*Die Welt*,’ the Zionist organ, 7th Sept. 1906, p. 7.

IN SOUTH DOWN GORSE COVERTS.

"COVERTS" we call the far-extending patches of gorse which clothe the steep sides of the valley, and cap the hill brow above with a golden crest in the evening sunlight. A covert it is for rabbits and foxes, else would fire be applied at the time the stems and portions of the thorny foliage are sere and dry in March, to swallow with its hungry flame all but the charred stumps, from the base of which the sturdy green shoots rise again phoenix-like from its ashes. I have witnessed the onrush of such a fire, originating accidentally by the side of a foot-path at the head of a valley: it crept amongst the dry grass around each flank of the doomed patch, until, gaining in strength and volume, both sides closed in upon the centre with crackle and roar.

Many rabbits perished miserably in the inferno, unable to discover exit; others which reached the open presented a most pitiable appearance, having been licked by the lambent tongues of flame until they were entirely bereft of their furry coats: so transformed were they by the process, that one did not for the moment recognise them as bunnies. Then one crept forth from the burning, shorn by the same agency in much the same manner as the fashionable poodle suffers under the shears of the artist, showing a very light build to stern as he

scuttled away, and quite destitute of the white altruistic flag by which he is supposed to signal danger and guide toward safety any member of his race who may be in his company.

Memory reverts to a quieter evening scene. Rabbits seek cover beneath the green gorse at my approach, giving a last upward wave of the white flag as they disappear. A chorus of blackbirds and thrushes comes to me from every side, the thick foliage, although thorny to penetrate, affording them abundant shelter for their nests. One ceases to notice the constant intermingling lays, the notes are so familiar; but a trill from the brow above at once attracts attention. There is a metallic ring in the sound very similar to that produced by the ratchet of the reel attached to fishing-rods. Were I by the riverside, the first impression would be that an angler was winding in his line to shorten his cast. Still the oft-repeated song continues. It is the voice of the grasshopper warbler heard in a somewhat unlikely locality, sedgy wasteland and tangled hedgerows being the usual habitat for that migrant. Yet this one has pitched amid the gorse coverts after crossing the Channel, so is taking a rest by the way, and, not to miss a chance of finding a mate, trills out his love-song by snatches as he searches amongst the

wild-raspberry canes and dew-berry brambles for insect food. We often see his brown back and fan-shaped tail in late standing corn during the Downland harvest at the time he travels toward the south, but at that season he is silent. I climb the hill to find the spot from whence the voice emanates: the bird is somewhat of a ventriloquist, and causes me to take several different tacks in the upward ascent. He is some four feet from the ground, in a stunted thorn-bush, the newly opened leaves of which quiver with the vibration of his body being passed along the twigs each time the metallic trill is produced. I am just thinking what a rare chance has come in my way for watching this performance, when a pair of carrion-crows leave the larger thorn-trees above, intending to start down into the valley, but on seeing an intruder they turn suddenly with sounding flap of wings and hoarse croak. This incident causes the warbler to drop, affrighted and silent, into the tangled undergrowth beneath. I make several steps nearer and stand expectant: will the interruption cause him to sulk and disappoint me after the upward climb? No! Within a few moments, during which there is no sign of the bird's whereabouts, a mouse-like form is seen ascending the spiral stems of honeysuckle-bine which have strangled by their clinging embrace a stunted elder-bush, until gaining a secure perch on a side branch, with quivering wings

and throat commences to trill within four feet of my ear, then, becoming aware of my presence, flits across to a red-stemmed dog-wood bush, and catches a small grey moth which was disturbed from the under side of a leaf as the bird settled. This would seem to whet his appetite, for he passes on into the bramble and cane thicket in silence. The Dartford warbler was in the middle of last century a permanent resident in these gorse coverts, but has now become extremely rare. He was a very shy, retiring creature, and hard times must have fallen to his lot when the heavy snowfalls crushed down the prickly stems until they lay along the ground, making even the rabbits' roads impassable. Seldom were these warblers seen except whilst fox-hounds or rabbit-beagles pushed through the interlaced masses of thorny foliage; then for a moment I have seen them come to the surface, still peering below to try and learn what the commotion might be, and drop into the depths again as soon as they supposed danger was passed.

Sauntering along at the foot of a steep gorse-covered bank, I notice freshly turned earth, not stirred by violent scratching, but simply raked over—no doubt moved by some member of the columba family, in search of the gorse seeds ejected by the explosion of the hard-shelled pod, developed for their protection as the yellow flowers faded and fell last summer. During the heat of a sunny August afternoon the

noise made by these pods opening to expel the enclosed seeds, and the distance to which they are thrown, is quite startling. The turtle-doves discover this scattered provender ere they start south to winter in Africa: perhaps they have returned to our shores again, and have been hunting for the remnant of last year's food-supply. They certainly have returned, for on the soft turf in a sheltered nook lie three or four greyish feathers with just the suspicion of a purple tinge: the bird has evidently rested here and preened its plumage after the long aerial voyage. Of what food are these excrements beside them the residue? From what part of the Dark Continent did the bird select the granules of stone to grind out the digestible part of their substance?

Some small obdurate seed may escape the triturating power of the strong muscular walls of the gizzard and defy the penetration of the gastric juices, and so germinate thousands of miles from the parent stock; but unless it were a native of some mountain altitude, it would stand but a poor chance of establishing itself in our rigorous climate. Many plants may owe their distribution to this mode of seed transit by far-flying migrants; although, perhaps, the more likely suggestion would be that some predatory bird or animal took advantage of the weary pinion of a winged wayfarer to secure a meal, and left on the ground, or buried as

store for future use, the crop or glandular stomach containing the embryo plant before it entered the mill which prepared it for digestion. Is there not some traveller's tale that nutmegs must needs pass through the alimentary canal of some bird before they can indulge in the reproduction of their own species? Yew-trees, which have a habit of coming up in unexpected places, owe their wide dissemination to following a like intestinal adventure, after being swallowed within their gelatinous red covering by members of the thrush family.

A softly articulated coo, coo, coo, comes from an elder-tree above me—the first voice of the turtle in the land! It sounds like a gentle, tired, drowsy note,—just a recognition of courtesy to his mate beside him; quite a different note to the bolder tones which vibrate through wood and coppice at nesting-time.

One wishes to leave them in peace, but a startled blackbird shrieks an alarm of danger, and out flutter three brownish-grey birds, showing the broad white edging to their tails as they turn sharply to top the bank.

Near by a sweet, mournful little ditty arises from a stunted brier, in which the tiny form of a willow-wren is flitting from branch to branch in pursuit of insects with a diligence ever telling that a perpetual life-long struggle for existence has developed his active habits. If such be thy love-song, little one, what shall be thy plaint?

I climb up to the top of the bank, to meet the horrid odour of decaying animal matter floating across from the bushes on the level beyond: it is one of those scents which, besides being perceptible to the nostrils, makes one's face burn just below the eyes, and memory swiftly reverts to a gruesome incident connected with this very covert. A woodman, cutting and faggoting the gorse for the purpose of making shelters for the flocks in winter, came upon the skeleton of a man. Judging from the stout, neatly-laced, hobnail boots,—still containing the numerous bones of the feet,—together with brass buttons with a locomotive engine embossed upon them attached to the remnants of his cap, the man evidently belonged to the navy class: many such were accustomed to wander from farm to farm to assist in harvest work, but how this one came to make this patch of gorse his last couch will never be known. A few bronze coins, of dates from 1862 to 1867, lay beside the thigh-bones, and lent some idea as to the length of time which had elapsed since the secret was enclosed by dense prickly foliage. An ominous crack ran over the top of the skull, marked by a mere line of green lichen, but it was thought that a huntsman's horse plunging through the cover as his rider cheered his hounds might have caused this sinister injury with an iron-shod hoof. The coroner was communicated with, but did not consider it necessary to hold an inquest on the remains;

so the village constable collected them together and wheeled them to the churchyard in the vale below, there to be buried “without a name, unwept, uncoffined, and unknown.”

Any suspicion aroused by the repulsive scent that the gorse shrouded further mysteries is soon dispelled, for, gibbeted by the neck on a thorn-tree, is the putrid corpse of a large tabby cat which has fallen a victim to the vigilance of the keeper. I know his markings well. Last autumn he dashed out from hiding as I galloped along the green ride skirting the ridge above, causing my horse to shy and swerve in his course. I remember the scared, alert glance the creature gave as it cantered away,—a look which is never exhibited by domestic animals, but is soon developed if they become feral. Such a glance was given by a huge rusty-coated cat which I once surprised in a by-lane, where he had by some subtle means taken a full-grown hare at disadvantage, and by casting it on its back in a deep wheel-rut, dispatched the strong-limbed creature by biting through and through those slightly protected organs of the throat which present such a vulnerable point of attack. At the time the cat was disturbed at his meal he had gained an entrance into the body, in search of that favourite feline delicacy the liver—a method of procedure which often brings convicting evidence against the cat tribe. These tame carnivora which return to wild habits do not appear to regain

their ancient instinct which enables them to avoid snares: living on terms of intimacy with man's domestic appliances has largely removed suspicion of these dangers. The rusty-coated poacher fell into the keeper's unmerciful gin or clam-trap the same evening on returning to renew his repast, and suffered the death penalty through his taste for game.

The vagrant life adopted by cats in the spring mating season leads many a thoroughly domesticated pet through field and woodland to distant homesteads, and having once learned to stray, they thus drift into a Bohemian existence in rural haunts.

Across the valley, in which the intervening gorse covers have now assumed a dull sameness of colouring, still sounds the trill of the grasshopper warbler: there is something peculiar about the note, for, in spite of the increased distance, its volume is much the same to the listening ear as when but a few feet away. The voice continues to be heard from afar until I pass over the ridge with its row of circular tumuli, and intervening solid matter muffles the metallic song to silence.

Away northward stretches into the blue distance the Sussex Weald, known as Andred's Wald by the ancients, at the period when its dense oak forests defied even the rude cultivation of those times, compelling the ploughmen to drive their furrows on the more open country of these hillsides, there to form the terraces which

still bear record of their narrow fields.

On one portion of the level surface of such a terrace below me a greyness has covered the brown turf. This effect is not produced by the bleaching of last year's bents under the influence of winter rains and vernal sunshine: had such existed they would have been trodden into dust, and scattered to the winds weeks ago by the score of little feet which make this spot their playground, for a hill vixen has chosen this exposed spot for a home for her family of five cubs. Coming up from their nursery in the earth beneath, these youngsters have brought with them finely powdered chalk on their tiny pads, and spread it during their gambols until it lends a colouring to the surrounding sward. Here, too, may be found the playthings of the brood, consisting of odds and ends collected by their mother while on forage,—the wing of a duck, the long hind-leg bone of a hare with the furry foot still attached, the fore-limb of a lamb, which has assumed the mummy form, the dry skin contracting as it became denuded of hair by constant friction, together with the hoof of a young calf, which would have shown a polished surface had not the needle-pointed teeth left their impress upon it. What frolics the cubs indulge in ere the stress of life lengthens their ears and elongates the mask!

In this kindergarten what an education and training are attained for after-life! With

cautious advance and quiet presence one may watch through the top of a juniper-bush the whole curriculum. First the stealthy *début*, during which eyes, ears, and nostrils are evidently at tension,—sight, hearing, and sense of smell being brought into requisition to guard against surprise. Each piece of the before-mentioned property is visited, and tested by scent to note if any enemy have visited the domain. A dog could not pass without a sniff at such articles. Would the canine breath leave a taint upon them, and thus give record of an intruder? The investigations being found satisfactory, the five cubs commence the well-known evolutions of "Follow my leader." A lively chase it is: over the edge of the bank they disappear into the earth below, to emerge the next second from the well-worn hole at the top; if the foremost have gained a yard or two in the winding galleries, he secretes himself behind an ant-hill; meanwhile his pursuers stand around in doubt as to whether their forerunner has not remained underground, until they are suddenly aware of a snake-like zigzag rush through their midst, and we understand how the lesson was learned that carries a fresh fox through a pack and away into cover before hounds realise his proximity.

Stealing away among tufts of grass and heather, they crouch and spring upon imaginary prey, or jump high in air to waylay some passing

chafer, striking it down with outstretched paw, to be crunched up and swallowed with evident relish.

The oncoming gloom at twilight gives them confidence to wander, when their dusky colouring conceals their further movements from human observation.

Across the edge of the bank runs a shallow depression, the old scar of a deep trench once cut into this main earth at quite a different scene and season to the incidents last narrated.

The shepherds tending flocks on the Downs are employed to stop these earths on hunting mornings: nevertheless a fox hard pressed by hounds found his way into this subterranean stronghold, no doubt entertaining the idea that he had escaped his pursuers.

It was Christmas Eve, and as the huntsman was fourteen miles from kennel the hounds were counted preparatory to a move homeward; but a terrier which had accompanied the pack through the day was missing. This dog was the property of a neighbouring squire who had returned home during the afternoon. The huntsman thought that "Chum" had missed his master and turned back also: the suggestion that the terrier had gone to ground in pursuit of our quarry was scouted, so with the usual "good-night" huntsman, hounds, and whips started for kennel.

Slipping from my horse and leaving him in charge of a companion, I visited the earth

which the pack were marking when called off. Up from the depths of the winding galleries came the sound of a scuffle, with muffled snorts and hard breathing, but not the sharp yelp of a terrier. Could another fox have been found in possession and resented the intrusion? This in itself seemed a mystery worth exploring, even if the chance of rescuing a favourite in distress had not urged us to excavation.

Horses were taken home and a quick return made with spade and pick. The underground tussle still continued. Placing a long pole in the hole from which the sound came, so as not to lose the right direction in the labyrinth of tunnels, we commenced to dig with all speed, for less than an hour of daylight was before us.

To the westward dense rain-clouds were casting a heavy shade, which foretold early darkness. Fortunately the village police-constable came to reconnoitre, and, being requisitioned to assist, doffed the long blue coat and wielded the pick like a navvy. What a development of muscle it must require to swing that implement all day! To those uninitiated to its use the upward lift, downward swing, jar as it takes the ground, and final leverage of handle to prise out the bite that has been taken, when carried on at emergency speed, is only a pleasure for a few minutes, whilst a stiffness of shoulders next day will remind you of plying certain muscles unaccustomed to toil and tension.

We could hear the duel still below us when we cleared the hole of *débris*, and were satisfied that the dog was one of the combatants; yet all our attempts to call him off were futile. The trench was deepened and driven farther into the hillside, and, thanks to the relief shift, we made good progress. Rain commenced to fall, and descended heavily on our backs. On clearing away the earth and chalk, and opening the hole to which the pole guided, we could at length see the white hind legs and short tail of the terrier. Then we started tunnelling, and soon were within reaching distance. The longest arm of the relief party secured for its hand a grasp of the legs, but was quite unable to withdraw the animal.

Tunnelling was recommenced in good earnest by the fast-failing light. On clearing away the falling rubble the next time, it was seen that the fox had taken possession of the upper jaw and nose of the dog, while the latter retained a firm hold of the under jaw of the fox.

The pole was tried to bring about a separation, but failed to dislodge the firmly clenched teeth; nor was a parting effected until the cold steel of the spade was inserted into the vulpine mouth, whilst his assailant was dragged out backward.

Opportunity was given for the fox to vacate his citadel, but this was ignored. It would never do to leave him

in possession—so bad for his morals, you know! He would creep underground on any future occasion when he might be disturbed by hounds, instead of employing stout heart and strong limbs, combined with craft and cunning, to run his pursuers out of scent, as a good fox should. Besides, we wished to give him a view-halloo at close quarters; so taking his attention with the end of the pole, a hand caught hold of the brush and legs, and swinging Reynard upward to avoid his teeth, sent him flying down the hillside amid a chorus of loud halloos. Having overcome the given impetus, he stopped, humped up his back as if to show resentment of such treatment, and trotted off into the gathering gloom.

I handled that fox's pate two seasons later: he fell victim to hounds without a run whilst hiding in some cabbages close to the farm homestead, and I have always suspected that he would not deign to run away from canine enemies. Perhaps he had suffered from swelled head and lost all sense of proportion, as so many humans seem liable to do!

Whatever was the cause of his lingering in danger, he paid the death penalty. Three teeth being missing, together with numerous scars on the

skin of the lower jaw, established his identity.

The terrier also carried certain shrewd marks around his muzzle through the remainder of his life. What would have happened if we had not come to the rescue must be left to conjecture, as neither combatant appeared willing to relinquish the struggle by loosing hold of his opponent.

"Chum" was fed and housed for the night after the fray, and next morning started off alone for the five-mile journey across the hills with a letter attached to his collar. He visited the manor-house, and finding no one at home, followed the tracks of the inmates to the church door, and stood there to deliver the missive giving the account of his adventures, with the compliments of the season, to his master at the close of the Christmas morning service.

That Yuletide is fast fading into the past, and the boy who took the letter from the collar of the Christmas messenger, and was so delighted with his prowess, now takes his share of the white man's burden in the Soudan, suppressing the slave-trade on the Abyssinian frontier. May fortune favour him with comrades as firm in loyalty and courage as the companion of his youthful day,—the fox-terrier Chum!

ERNEST ROBINSON.

THE DAFT DAYS.

A NOVEL.

BY NEIL MUNRO,

AUTHOR OF 'JOHN SPLENDID,' 'THE LOST PIBROCH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

"I CANNA be bothered with that Shakespeare," Kate cried hopelessly, after many days of him; "the man's a mournin' thing! Could he not give us something cheery, with 'Come, all ye boys!' in it, the same as the trawlers sing in Colonsay? There was far more fun last week in the penny Horner."

So Bud dipped in the bottomless well of knowledge again and scooped up Palsgrave's 'Golden Treasury,' and splashed her favourite lyrics at the servant's feet. Kate could not stand the 'Golden Treasury' either; the songs were nearly all so lamentable they would make a body greet. Bud assured her on the best authority that the sweetest songs were those that told of saddest thought, but Kate said that might be right enough for gentry, but they weren't the thing at all for working folk. What working folk required were songs with tunes to them, and choruses that you could tramp time to with your feet. History, too, was as little to her taste; it was all incredible, —the country could never have kept up so many kings and queens. But she liked geo-

graphy, for the map enabled her to keep an eye on Charles as he went from port to port, where letters in her name, but still the work of Lennox, would be waiting for him.

The scheme of education was maintained so long because the town had come upon its melancholy days and Bud began to feel depression. The strangers had gone south with the swallows; the steamer no longer called each day to make the pavement noisy in the afternoon with the skiff of city feet, so different from the customary tread of tackety boots; the coachman's horn, departing, no longer sounded down the valley like a brassy challenge from the wide, wide world. Peace came to the burgh like a swoon, and all its days were pensive. Folk went about their tasks reluctant, the very smoke of the chimneys loitered lazily round the ridges where the starlings chattered, and a haze was almost ever over the hills. When it rose, sometimes, Bud, from her attic window, could see the road that wound through the distant glen. The road! —the road! —ah, that be-

gan to have a meaning and a kind of cry, and wishfully she looked at it and thought upon its other end, where the life she had left and read about was loudly humming and marvellous things were being done. Charles Maclean of Oronsay, second mate, whom she loved unto destruction, now that he was writing regularly, fairly daft himself to get such charming curious letters as he thought from Kate, had been adjusted by the doctor, and was once again on the heaving main. It would be Cardiff or Fleetwood, Hamburg, London, or Bilbao, whose very name is like a story, and his tarry pen, infected by the child's example, always bravely sought to give some picture of the varied world through which he wandered. Of noisy ports did he communicate, crowded with ships; of streets and lofty warehouses, and places where men sang, and sometimes of the playhouse, where the villain was a bad one and the women were so braw.

"What is braw?" asked Bud.

"It's fine clothes," said Kate; "but what's fine clothes if you are not pure in heart and have a figure?" and she surveyed with satisfaction her own plump arms.

But the child guessed at a wider meaning for the word as Charles used it, and thought upon the beauteous clever women of the plays that she had seen herself in far Chicago, and since her vicarious lover would have thought them braw and plainly interesting, she longed to emulate them, at least

to see them again. And, oh! to see the places that he wrote of, and hear the thundering wheels and jangling bells! And there was also Auntie Ailie's constant stimulus to thoughts and aspirations that could meet no satisfaction in this little town. Bell dwelt continually within the narrow walls of her immediate duty, content, like many, thank the Lord! doing her daily turns as best she could, dreaming of nothing nobler. Dan had ranged wider in his time, and knew the world a great deal better, and had seen so much of it was illusion, its prizes "Will o' the wisp," that now his wild geese were come home. He could see the world in the looking-glass in which he shaved, and there was much to be amused at. But Ailie's geese were still flying far across the firmament, knowing no place of rest. The child had bewitched her! it was always the distant view for her now, the region unattainable; and though apparently she had long ago surrendered to her circumstances, she silently irked at her prisoning here, in sleep-town, where we let things slide until tomorrow, while the wild birds of her inclination flew around the habitable wakeful world. Unwittingly—no, not unwittingly always—she charged the child with curiosity unsatisfiable, and secret discontent at little things and narrow, with longings for spacious arenas and ecstatic crowded hours. To be clever, to be brave and daring, to venture and make a glorious name!—how her face would

glow and all her flesh would quiver picturing lives she would have liked to live if only she had had the chance! How many women are like that! silent by the hearth, seemingly placid and content as they darn and mend and wait on the whim and call of dullards.

Bell might be content and busy with small affairs, but she had a quick, shrewd eye, and saw the child's unrest. It brought her real distress, for so had the roving spirit started in her brother William. Sometimes she softly scolded Lennox, and even had contemplated turning her into some other room from the attic that had the only window in the house from which the high-road could be seen, but Ailie told her that would be to make the road more interesting for the child. "And I don't know," she added, "that it should worry us if she does indulge herself in dreams about the great big world and its possibilities. I suppose she'll have to take the road some day."

"Take the road!" cried Bell, almost weeping. "Are you daft, Ailie Dyce? What need she take the road for? There's plenty to do here, and I'm sure she'll never be better off anywhere else. A lot of nonsense! I hope you are not putting notions in her head; we had plenty of trouble with her father."

"It would break my heart to lose her, I assure you," said Aunt Ailie softly; "but——" and she ended with a sigh.

"I'm sure you're content

enough yourself?" said Bell; "and you're not by any means a diffy."

"Indeed I am content," admitted Ailie, "at least—at least I'm not complaining. But there is a discontent that's almost holy, a roving mood that's the salvation of the race. There were, you mind, the Pilgrim Fathers——"

"I wish to the Lord they had bided at home!" cried Bell. "There's never been happy homes in this land since they started emigration." And at that Miss Ailie smiled and Dan began to chuckle.

"Does it not occur to you, Bell," said he, "that but for the Pilgrim Fathers there would never have been Bud?"

"I declare neither there would!" she said, smiling. "Perhaps it was as well they went, poor things! And, of course, there must be many an honest decent body in America."

"Quite a number!" said Ailie. "You would not expect this burgh to hold them all, or even Scotland: America's glad to get the overflow."

"Ah, you're trying to make me laugh, the pair of you, and forget my argument," said Bell; "but I'll not be carried away this time. I'm feared for the bairn, and that's telling you. Oh, Ailie, mind what her mother was—poor girl! poor dear girl! play-acting for her living, roving from place to place, with nothing you could call a home; laughing and greeting and posturing before lights for the diversion of the world——"

"We might do worse than

give the world diversion," said Ailie soberly.

"Yes, yes, but with a painted face and all a vain profession—that is different, is it not? To make the body just a kind of fiddle! It's only in the body we can be ourselves—it is our only home; think of furnishing it with shams, and lighting every room that should be private, and leaving up the blinds that the world may look in at a penny a-head! How often have I thought of William, weeping for a living, as he had to do sometimes, no doubt, and wondered what was left for him to do when Mary died. Oh, curb the child, Ailie! curb the dear wee lassie,—it's you it all depends on; she worships you; the making of her's in your hands. Keep her humble. Keep her from thinking of worldly glories. Teach her to number her days, that she may apply her heart unto wisdom. Her mind's too often out of here and wandering elsewhere: it was so with William,—it was once the same with you."

Indeed it was no wonder that Bud's mind should wander elsewhere, since the life about her had grown so suddenly dull. In these days Wanton Wully often let his morning sleep too long possess him, and hurrying through the deserted dawn with his breeches scarcely on, would ring the bell in a hasty fury half an hour behind the proper time. But a little lateness did not matter in a town that really never woke. Men went to work in what we call a dover—that is,

half asleep; shopkeepers came blinking drowsily down and took their shutters off, and went back to breakfast, or, I sometimes fear, to bed, and when the day was aired and decency demanded that they should make some pretence at business, they stood by the hour at their shop-doors looking at the sparrows, wagtails, and blue-bonnets pecking in the street, or at the gulls that quarrelled in the syver sand. Nothing doing. Two or three times a-day a cart from the country rumbled down the town, breaking the Sabbath calm; and on one memorable afternoon there came a dark Italian with an organ who must have thought that this at last was Eldorado, so great was his reward from a community sick of looking at each other. But otherwise nothing doing, not a thing! As in the dark of the fabled underland the men who are blind are kings, George Jordon, the silly man, who never had a purpose, and carried about with him an enviable eternal dream, seemed in that listless world the only wide-awake, for he at least kept moving, slouching somewhere, sure there was work for him to do if only he could get at it. Bairns dawdled to the schools, dogs slept in the track of summer traffic, Kate, melancholy, billowed from the kitchen window, and into the street quite shamelessly sang sad old Gaelic songs which Mr Dyce would say would have been excellent if only they were put to music, and her voice was like a lullaby.

One day Bud saw great

bands of countless birds depart, passing above the high-road, and standing in the withering garden heard as it were without a breath of wind the dry rattle of dead leaves fall. It frightened her. She came quickly in to the teatable, almost at her tears.

"Oh, it's dreff'le," she said. "It's Sunday all the time, without good clothes and the gigot of mutton for dinner. I declare I want to yell."

"Dear me!" said Miss Bell, "I was just thinking things were unusually lively for the time of year. There's something startling every other day. Aggie Williams found her fine new kitchen-range too big for the accommodation, and she has covered it with cretonne and made it into a what-not for her parlour. Then there's the cantata—I hear the U.P. choir is going to start to practise it whenever Duncan Gill, next door to the hall, is gone: he's near his end, poor body! they're waiting on, but he says he could never die a Christian death if he had to listen to them at their operations through the wall."

"It's not a bit like this in Chicago," said the child, and her uncle chuckled.

"I daresay not," said he. "What a pity for Chicago! Are you wearying for Chicago, lassie?"

"No," said Bud, deliberating. "It was pretty smelly, but my! I wish to goodness folk here had a little git-up-and-go to them!"

"Indeed, I daresay it's not a bit like Chicago," admitted Auntie Bell. "It pleases my-

self that it's just like Bonnie Scotland."

"It's not a bit like Scotland either," said Bud. "I calc'lated Scotland 'd be like a story-book all the time, chock-full of men-at-arms and Covenanters, and things father used to talk about, Sundays, when he was kind of mopish, and wanted to make me Scotch. I haven't seen any men-at-arms since I landed, 'cepting the empty ones up in the castle lobby."

"What *did* you think Scotland would be like, dear?" asked Ailie.

"Between me and Winifred Wallace, we figured it would be a great place for chivalry and constant trouble among the crowned heads. I expected there'd be a lot of 'battles long ago,' same as in the Highland Reaper in the sweet, sweet G.T."

"What's G.T.?" asked Auntie Bell; and Bud laughed slyly, and looked at her smiling Auntie Ailie, and said: "We know, Auntie Ailie, don't we? It's GRAND! And if you want to know, Auntie Bell, it's just Mister Lovely Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury.' *That's* a book, my Lord! I expected there'd be battles every day——"

"What a bloodthirsty child!" said Miss Ailie.

"I don't mean truly truly battles," Bud hurried to explain, "but the kind that's the same as a sound of revelry off—no blood, but just a lot of bang. But I s'pose battles are gone out, like iron suits. Then I thought there'd be almost nothing but cataracts and ravines and—and—

mountain-passes, and here and there a right smart Alick in short trunks and a feather in his hat, winding a hunting-horn. I used to think, when I was a little, wee, silly whiterick, that you wound a horn every Saturday night with a key, just like a clock; but I've known for years and years it's just blowing. The way father said, and from the things I read, I calc'lated all the folk in Scotland 'd hate each other like poison, and start a clan, and go out chasing all the other clans with direful slogans and bagpipes skirling wildly in the breeze. And the place would be crowded with lovelorn maidens—that kind with the millstones round their necks, like Queen Mary always wore. My, it must have been rough on dear old Mary when she fell asleep in church! But it's not a bit like that; it's only like Scotland when I'm in bed, and the wind is loud, and I hear the geese. Then I think of the trees all standing out in the dark and wet, and the hills too, the way they've done for years and years, and the big lonely places with nobody in them, not a light even; and I get the croodles and the creeps, for that's Scotland, full of bogies. I think Scotland's stone-dead."

"It's no more dead than you are yourself," said Miss Bell, determined ever to uphold her native land. "The cleverest people in the world come from Scotland."

"So father used to say; but Jim, he said he guessed the cleverer they were the quicker

they came. I'm not a bit surprised they make a dash from home when they feel so dead and mopish and think of things and see that road."

"Road?" said Uncle Dan. "What road?"

"My road," said the child. "The one I see from my window: oh, how it rises and rises and winds and winds, and it just *shrieks* on you to come right along and try."

"Try what?" asked her uncle curiously.

"I dunno," said Bud, thinking hard; "Auntie Ailie knows, and I 'spect Auntie Bell knows too. I can't tell what it is, but I fairly tickle to take a walk along. Other times I feel I'd be mighty afraid to go, but Auntie Ailie says you should always do the things you're afraid to do, for they're most always the only things worth doing."

Mr Dyce, scratching the ear of Footles, who begged at the side of his chair, looked over the rims of his glasses and scrutinised the child.

"All roads," said he, "as you'll find a little later, come to the same dead end, and most of us, though we think we're picking our way, are all the time at the mercy of the schoolmaster, like Geordie Jordon. The only thing that's plain in the present issue is that we're not brisk enough here for Young America. What do you think we should do to make things lively?"

"Hustle," said Bud. "Why, nobody here moves faster'n a funeral, and they ought to gallop if they want to keep up with the band."

"I'm not in a hurry myself," said her uncle, smiling. "Maybe that's because I think that *I'm* the band. But if you want to introduce the Chicago system you should start with Mrs Wright's Italian warehouse up the street,—the poor body's losing money trying to run her shop on philanthropic principles."

Bud thought hard a while. "Phil—phil—What's a philanthropic principle?" she asked.

"It's a principle on which you don't expect much interest except in another world," said her uncle. "The widow's what they call a Pilgrim, hereabouts ;

if the meek were to inherit the earth in a literal sense, she would long ago have owned the whole county."

"A truly Christian woman!" said Miss Bell.

"I'm not denying it," said Mr Dyce; "but even a Christian woman should think sometimes of the claims of her creditors, and between ourselves it takes me all my time to keep the wholesale merchants from hauling her to court."

"How do you manage it?" asked Ailie, with a twinkle in her eyes; but Dan made no reply,—he coughed and cleaned his spectacles.

CHAPTER XVII.

There was joy a few days later in the Dyce's kitchen when Peter the postman, with a snort that showed the bitterness of his feelings, passed through the window a parcel for Kate, that on the face of it had come from foreign parts. "I don't ken who it's from, and ye're no' to think I'm askin'," said he; "but the stamps alone for that thing must have cost a bonny penny."

"Did they, indeed!" said Kate, with a toss of her head. "Ye'll be glad to ken he can well afford it!" and she sniffed at the parcel, redolent of perfumes strange and strong.

"Ye needna snap the nose off me," said the postman, "I only made the remark. What—what does the fellow do?"

"He's a traveller for railway tunnels," retorted the maid of Colonsay, and shut the window with a bang, to tear open the

parcel in a frenzy of expectation, and find a bottle of Genuine Riga Balsam—wonderful cure for sailors' wounds!—another of Florida Water, and a silver locket, with a note from Charles saying the poem she had sent was truly grand, and wishing her many happy returns of the day. Like many of Charles's letters now, its meaning was, in parts, beyond her, until she could learn from Bud the nature of the one to which it was an answer,—for Bud was so far enraptured with the wandering sailor that she sometimes sent him letters which the servant never saw. That day the breakfast service smelt of Florida Water, for Kate had drenched herself with the perfume, and Miss Bell was sure she had washed the dishes again with scented soap, as was the habit of the girl when first she came from

Colonsay, and thought that nothing but Brown Windsor would do justice to the tea-set used on Sundays. But Bud could see the signs of Shipping Intelligence, and, as soon as she could, she hastened to the kitchen, for it was Saturday, and on Saturdays there were no lessons in the Dyce Academy. Oh! how she and Kate fondled the bottles lovingly, and sniffed passionately at their contents, and took turn about of the locket! The maid had but one regret, that she had no immediate use for Riga Balsam; but Bud was more devoted than that—she gently pricked the palm of her hand with a pin and applied the Genuine. "Oh! how he must love me—us, I mean," she exclaimed, and eagerly devoured his letter.

"What did you say to him in the last?" asked Kate. "He's talking there about a poetry, and happy returns of the day."

Bud confessed she had made a poem for him from his beloved Kate, and had reckoned on fetching a gift of candy by telling him her birthday was on Monday. "But really I'd just as lief have the balsam," said she, "it's perfectly lovely; how it nips!"

"It's not my birthday at all," said Kate. "My birthday's always on the second Sunday in September. I was born about the same time as Lady Anne—either a fortnight before or a fortnight after; I forget mysel' completely which it was, and I daresay so does she."

"No, but Monday's my birthday, right enough," said Bud,

"and seeing that we're sort of loving him in company, I s'posed it would be all the same."

"So it is, I'm not complainin'," said the maid. "And now we'll have to send him something back. What would you recommend?"

They considered many gifts appropriate for a sailor,—sou'-westers, Bible-markers, woollen comforters, and paper-knives, scarf-pins, gloves, and ties. Bud was sure that nothing would delight him like a book about a desert island, but Kate said no, a pipe was just the very ticket—a wooden pipe with silver mountings; the very one to suit was in the window of Mrs Wright's Italian warehouse.

"What's an Italian warehouse?" asked the child.

"You have me there!" said Kate, "unless, maybe, her husband was Italian before he went and died on her. 'Italian Warehouse' is the only thing that's on her sign. She sells a thing for almost any price you like to offer, because the Bible says it's not the thing at all to argy-bargy."

"I know," said Bud; "it's what we call running a business on—on—on philanthropic principles. I'd love to see a body do it. I'll run out and buy the pipe from Mrs Wright, Kate."

She departed on her errand down the town, at the other side of the church; and the hours of the forenoon passed, and dinner-time was almost come, and still there was no sign of her returning. Kate would have lost her patience

and gone to seek for her, but found so much to interest at the window that she quite forgot her messenger. Something out of the ordinary was happening on the other side of the church. Wanton Wully knew what it was, but of course he was not telling, for he was out as public crier, rousing the town with his hand-bell, and shouting "Notice!" with an air that promised some tremendous tidings; but beyond mysterious words like "bed-rock prices," which he mumbled from a paper in his hand, there was nothing to show his proclamation differed from the common ones regarding herring at the quay or a sale of delf down-by at John Turner's corner. "What are ye crying?" they asked him, but being a man with the belief that he had a voice as clear as a concert singer, he would not condescend to tell them. Only when some one looked across his shoulder and read the paper for himself was it found that a sale described as "Revolutionary" was taking place at the Italian warehouse. Half the town at once went to see what the decent body was up to. Kate saw them hurrying down, and when they came back they were laughing. "What's the play?" she asked a passer-by.

"A sale at the Pilgrim weedow's," she was told. "She's put past her Spurgeon's Sermons and got a book about business, and she's learnin' the way to keep an Italian warehouse in Scotch."

Kate would have been down the town at once to see this

marvel for herself, but her pot was on the boil, and here was the mistress coming down the stair, crying "Lennox, Lennox!" The maid's heart sank. She had forgotten Lennox, and how could she explain her absence to a lady so particular? But for the moment she was spared the explanation, for the bark of Footles filled the street and Mr Dyce came into the lobby, laughing.

"You're very joco!" said his sister, helping him off with his coat. "What are you laughing at?"

"The drollest thing imaginable," said he. "I have just left Captain Consequence in a terrible rage about a letter that a boy has brought to him from Mrs Wright. It seems he's as much in debt to her as to most of the other merchants in the place, but wasn't losing any sleep about it, for she's such a softy. This letter has given him a start. He showed it to me, with the notion that it was a libel or a threat that might be actionable, but I assured him I couldn't have written one more to the point myself. It said that unless he paid at once, something would be apt to happen that would create him the utmost astonishment."

"Mercy on us! That's not very like the widow: she must be getting desperate."

"It was the wording of the thing amused me," said Mr Dyce, walking into the parlour, still chuckling,—"'something will be apt to happen that will create you the utmost astonishment'—it suggests

such awful possibilities. And it's going to serve its purpose, too, for the Captain's off to pay her, sure it means a scandal."

Kate took the chance to rush down town in search of her messenger. "This way for the big bargains!" cried some lads coming back from the Italian warehouse, or, "Hey! ye've missed a step"—which shows how funny we can be in the smallest burgh towns; but Kate said nothing, only "trash!" to herself in indignation, and tried by holding in her breath to keep from getting red.

The shop of the Pilgrim widow suffered from its sign-board, that was "far too big for its job, like the sweep that stuck in my granny's lum," as Mr Dyce said. Once the sign had been P. & A.'s, but P. & A.'s good lady tired of hearing her husband nicknamed the Italian, and it went back to the painter, who partly paid with it a debt to the Pilgrim widow, who long since rued her acquisition. She felt in her soul it was a worldly vanity,—that a signboard less obtrusive on the public eye would more befit herself and her two meek little windows, where fly-papers, fancy goods, sweetmeats, cigarettes, country eggs, and cordial invitations to the Pilgrims' Mission Bethel every Friday (*D.V.*), eight o'clock, kept each other incongruous and dusty company. A decent pious widow, but ah! so wanting any saving sense of guile. The Pilgrim Mission was the thing she really lived for, and her shop was the Cross she bore. But

to-day it was scarcely recognisable: the windows had been swept of their stale contents, and one was filled with piles of rosy apples, the other with nuts that poured in a tempting cataract from a cask upset with an air of reckless prodigality. A large hand-lettered bill was in each window; one said—

HALLOWE'EN! ARISE AND SHINE!

and the other—

DO IT NOW!

what was to be done being left to the imagination. All forenoon there had been a steady flow of customers, who came out of the shop with more than nuts or apples, greatly amazed at the change in the Pilgrim widow, who was cracking up her goods like any common sinner. Behind the railed and curtained box in which she was supposed to keep her books and pray, there seemed to be some secret stimulating influence, for when bad payers tried to-day to get a thing on credit, and she was on the point of yielding, she would dart into the box and out again as hard as steel, insisting that at every Revolutionary Sale the terms were cash. She was giving bargains, but at her own price, never at her customers', as it used to be. The Health Saline—extract of the finest fruit, Cooling, Refreshing, Invigorating, Tonic (though indeed it looked like an old friend from Rochelle with a dash of sugar and tartaric)—was down a ha'penny, to less

than what it cost, according to another hand-done bill upon the counter. When they asked her how she could afford to sell the stuff below its cost, she seemed ashamed and startled, till she had a moment in behind the curtains, and then she told them it was all because of the large turn-over; she could not afford to sell the saline under cost if she did not sell it in tremendous quantities.

Did they want Ward's Matchless Polishing Paste?—alas! (after a dash behind the curtains) she was completely out of it. Of late it had been in such great demand that she got tired of ordering it every other week wholesale. Yes, she was out of Ward's, but (again the curtained box) what about this wonderful line in calf-foot jelly, highly praised by the — by the connoisseurs? What were connoisseurs? A connoisseur (again on reference behind the curtains) was one of these wealthy men that could swallow anything.

"I'll tell ye what it is," said the tailor, "I see't at last! She's got a book in there; I've seen't before—'The Way to Conduct a Retail Business'—and when she runs behind, it's to see what she should say to the customers. That's where she got the notions for her window and the 'Do it Now!'"

But he was wrong—completely wrong, for when Kate came into the shop with "Have you seen Miss Lennox, Mrs Wright? I sent her here a message hours ago," Lennox

herself came from the curtained box saying, "Hello, Kate; saw you first! What can we do for you to-day?"

"My stars! you'll catch it!" said the maid. "They're waiting yonder on you for your dinner."

"I was just heading for home," said Bud, making for the door.

"My child! my child! my angel child!" cried the Pilgrim widow, going to kiss her, but Bud drew back.

"Not to-day, please; I'm miles too big for kissing to-day," said she, and marched solemnly out of the Italian warehouse.

"What in the world were you doing away so long?" asked Kate. "Were you carrying on at anything?"

"I was paying for Charles's pipe," said the child, returning the money she had got for its purchase. "That's the sweetest lady, Mrs Wright, but my! ain't she Baby Mine when it settles down to business? When I wanted to buy the pipe, she was so tickled she wanted me to have it for nothing, seeing I was Mr Dyce's niece. She said Uncle Dan was a man of God, and it was a pretty old pipe anyway, that had been in the window since the time she got changed and dropped brocaded dolmans. You'd think it made her ache to have folk come in her shop and spend money; I guess she was raised for use in a free soup-kitchen. I said I'd take the pipe for nothing if she'd throw in a little game with it. 'What game?' said she—oh, she's a nice lady!—and I

said I was just dying to have a try at keeping a really really shop, and would show her Chicago way. *And I bet I did, Kate MacNeill!*"

She came in with the soup, but no question was put till her uncle asked the blessing, and then, before a spoon was lifted, Auntie Bell said, "Lassie, lassie, where in the world have you been?"

"Keeping shop for Mrs Wright," said Bud.

"Teht! teht! you're beyond redemption," cried her aunt. "A child like you keeping shop!"

"A bonny pair of shopkeepers, the widow and you! which of you counted the change?" said Uncle Dan. "Tell us all about it."

"Well, I had the loveliest time," said Bud. "It would take till tea-time to tell just 'zactly what a lovely day it was, but I'll hurry up and make it a front scene. What you said, Uncle Dan, about her running a shop on phil—on philanthropic principles made me keen to see her doing it, and I went down a message for Kate, and offered to help. She 'lowed herself she wasn't the best there was in the land at keeping shop, and didn't seem to make much money at it, but said thank the Lord she had the priceless boon of health. I was the first customer she'd set eyes on all the morning, 'cept a man that wanted change for half-a-crown and hadn't the half-crown with him, but said he'd pay it when he didn't see her again, and she said she felt sure that trade was going to

take a turn. I said I thought it would turn quicker if—if— if she gave it a push herself, and she said she dared say there was something in it, and hoped I was in the fold. I said I was, and at that she cried out 'Hallelujah!' Every other way she was a perfectly perfect lady; she made google eyes at me, and skipped round doing anything I told her. First she cleared all the old truck out of the windows, and filled them up with nuts and apples for Hallowe'en, till they looked the way windows never looked in Scotland in all creation before, I s'pose. 'They'll think it kind of daft,' says she, scared-like, 'they're not like any other windows in the place.' 'Of course not,' I said, 'and that's the very thing to jar the eye of the passer-by.' Jim Molyneux said a shop-window was like a play-bill, it wanted a star line—a feature—a whoop. Then I tried to think of the 'cute things shopkeepers print in Chicago, but couldn't remember any 'cepting 'Pants a dollar a leg, seats free,' but the widow said she didn't sell pants. Then I thought of some natty little cards I'd seen that said 'Arise and Shine!' and 'Do it Now!' so I got her to print these words good and big, and put them in the window. She wanted to know what they meant, but I said I couldn't tell from Adam, but they would make the people wonder, and come in the shop to find out, and then it would be up to her to sell them something and pry the money out of them before they baulked. Oh,

Auntie, how I go on!" and here Bud stopped almost breathless and a little ashamed.

"Go on! go on!" cried Ailie.

"Well, I got behind a curtain into a little box-office, where the widow kept a cash-book awfully doggy-eared, and a pile of printed sermons, and heaps of tracts about doing to others as you should be done by, and giving to the poor and lending to the Lord. She read bits of them to me, and said she sometimes wondered if Captain Brodie was too poor to pay for eighteen months' tobacco, but she didn't like to press him, seeing he had been in India and fought his country's battles. She said she felt she must write him again for her money, but couldn't think of what to say that would be Christian and polite and gentle, but still make him see she wanted the money pretty bad. I said I would tell her what to say that would suit just fine, and I dictated it——"

"I saw the letter," said Uncle Dan, twinkling through his glasses. "It was a work of genius,—go on! go on!"

"Then folk began to come in for nuts and apples, and asked what 'Arise and Shine' and 'Do it Now' meant. She said they were messages from the angel of the Lord—meaning me, I s'pose,—though, goodness knows, I'm not much of an angel, am I, Auntie Bell? Then the folk would fade away, looked a bit rattled, and come back in a while and ask the price of things. She'd say she

wasn't sure, but she thought about a shilling, and then they'd want the stuff on credit, and she'd yammer away to them till I got wild. When they were gone I had a good heart-to-heart talk with her, and said phil—philanthropic principles were a great mistake in a small Italian warehouse, and that she ought to give the customers a chance of doing unto others as they would be done by. She made more google eyes at me, and said I was a caution, sure enough, and perhaps I was right, for she had never looked at it that way before. After that she spunked up wonderful. I got her to send Mr Wanton through the town with his bell, saying there was everything you wanted at Mrs Wright's, at bed-rock prices; and when people came in after that and wanted to get things for nothing, or next to it, she'd pop into the box where I lay low, and ask me what she was to say next, and then go out to them as sharp as a tack and show they needn't try to toy with her. She says she made more money to-day by my playing shop Chicago-way than she'd make in a week her own way. Why, I'm talking, and talking, and talking, and my soup's stone cold!"

"So's mine," said Uncle Dan, with a start.

"And mine!" said Auntie Ailie, with a smile.

"And mine too, I declare!" cried Miss Bell, with a laugh they all joined in, till Footles raised his voice protesting.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION AT TENOS.

ON the edge of the quay at the Piræus groups of agitated Greeks were making futile efforts at embarkation. The clamour of their shrill voices was answered by the whistling steamers, which wilfully sought to increase the excitement by suggestions of departure. Their sonorous threats had the desired effect on the simple peasants, who, Greeks themselves, had not learned the immensity of Greek procrastination. They were filled with an ever-increasing fear that the *Kephallenia* would steam off for Tenos while they, standing on the quay, vainly sought for row-boats to convey them to her. Much distress might have been avoided if they could only have realised the utter impossibility of missing a Greek steamer. Large as their families and impedimenta were, difficult as the numerous babies might be to handle, there would be time for everything to be taken on board, even the last bag of bread, cheese, and oranges. Punctuality has no place in the practices of a self-respecting Greek captain.

Through the midst of this distress and ineffectual haste we two English girls made our way, and readily found a boatman willing to take a foreign fare, for foreigners are all rich and easily cheated out of an extra drachma. He afterwards realised, to his sorrow, that we too were pilgrims bound, like his compatriots, for Tenos.

That was when we would pay him no more than double his legal price.

Once on board the *Kephallenia*, we felt our pilgrimage had begun. All around were our fellow-pilgrims to Tenos. It was the week of the Annunciation, when the annual festival, the greatest of the Greek Church, is held in the island of Tenos, one of the largest of the Cyclades. All the week boats ply busily from Athens to Tenos; but the important events of the festival take place on the Friday and Saturday, and towards the end of the week the passenger traffic is heavy. Leaving on Thursday evening, the *Kephallenia* was one of the last boats to sail, and she was literally packed. Not a corner, above and below stairs, was unoccupied. All over were small encampments crowded up against each other. Each little circle had its rugs and coverlets, its provisions and its babies. The babies were soon transformed into seemingly inanimate bundles of wraps; the older people made themselves cosy with rugs, and had a picnic supper. A genuinely happy tone prevailed as we left the lights of the Piræus behind. Merry laughter and snatches of song came from the girls and young men, and all were filled with the enthusiasm of their enterprise. To many it was the red-letter day of their quiet lives, the memory

of which would ever remain with them.

But Cape Sunium, fatal to peace and calm, had to be rounded. The change was quick. A stormy sea produces scenes more graphic than agreeable on board a Greek pilgrim ship. One shuts one's eyes, but the sense of hearing is alert, and reports a tale of woe. The voices which a short time before had been raised in cheerful song changed their tune, and groans and wails were wafted on the night air. As time went on, some seemed to pass through the stage of being afraid they were about to die, and to reach the point when their only fear was that death would not come to relieve them.

The evil grew less as we got amongst the Cyclades, and the morning sun did his best to revive the most miserable on board. A joyful cry told that the sacred island was in sight. On the hillside nestles the little white town, resplendent in the sunshine as only a Greek village can be. As the landscape comes flashing nearer, the vision is dazzled by its brilliancy. The clear atmosphere between the bright blue sky and the deep blue sea adds to the vivid impression of the stony, treeless country, with its grand hilly outlines, the shining white town stretching down to the sea, and the gleaming marble church towering in the background. Here is the goal of our pilgrimage—the Church of the Evangelistria, our Lady of the Annunciation. All crossed them-

selves and piously prayed as they gazed upon the centre of religious Greece.

The whole of the pilgrimage and festival at Tenos bears the stamp of pagan influence. It is one of the most apparent survivals of the ancient Greek religion. The nation has always shown in a marked degree that love of pageantry which generates processional ceremonies, and the religious impressionability which makes them fit subjects for miracles. In the old days the religious year was marked by a rapid succession of different pilgrimages and festivals. Now modern life necessarily limits the number, but the spirit remains the same. The festal gathering at Epidauros was one of the largest of the pagan pilgrimages. From all parts crowds came to that famous temple of the Healer Asklepios. Games, theatrical performances, and dances were held, and the god wrought many wonderful cures on true believers, even as the Virgin does to-day at Tenos. But an especially close parallel exists between the Tenos festival and the ancient pilgrimage to Delos. The island of Apollo was the pivot of Greek religion in pagan days. All the states of Greece sent their envoys. From Asia, Egypt, and Macedonia came many ships to join in the Delian festival, the chief event in the religious year. To-day, under the Christian Church, Tenos holds the position which Delos then enjoyed. The two islands lie in close proximity. The geographical reasons which

made Delos eminently suitable as a centre apply to Tenos also, for it is equally convenient for Greece, Asia, Egypt, and Turkey, whence come pilgrims each year.

Tenos as a sacred isle is still in its childhood. Less than a century ago, the Panagia—the Greek Madonna—declared her desire that a church be built on the spot where the Church of the Evangelistria now stands. The story of its foundation began on the day on which the War of Independence was declared—25th March (O.S.) 1821. This date was taken as the festival day for Tenos, and it is also the Greek national festival. Hence it is a time of double rejoicing.

In the year 1821 an islander had a vision of the Virgin. It was the usual story of a dream and a sacred picture, which accounts for the foundation of so many Greek churches. She commanded him to dig for her picture in a certain place. He obeyed, but found nothing. A year later his vision was confirmed by a nun, who thrice received a similar command. The priest decided that the message was really heaven-inspired, and took the matter in hand. In his excavations he found a well and the ruins of a church, and, according to the orders of the Panagia, he built on this site the little church which to-day is called the Church of the Well, or of the Discovery. While building operations were in progress in January 1823, a workman discovered the now famous sacred picture, thus fulfilling the

Virgin's behest. The picture presented a most dilapidated appearance, for it had been cut in two during the excavations, and also it had been burned in the Saracen invasion. However, it was judged to be a masterpiece by St Luke, and from the time of its discovery up to the present day it has been credited with the working of most marvellous miracles. Its first act was the cure of the plague-stricken inhabitants of Tenos, and since that time it has been the centre of attraction for all the sick who come to the festival. Apart from its curative powers, the devout Greek believes it to be connected in some mysterious way with the liberation of his country, on account of its synchronous discovery. The rational view of its presence in the earth is not hard to seek. Both the picture and the well must have belonged to the ancient church which stood on the same site. An inscription is still to be seen on a back door of the present church, telling how a chief priest, Isidoros, had erected the Church of St John. This Church of St John was burned down by the Saracens in 1200. The discovery of ancient marbles on the site shows that a temple had once stood there. Thus the spot has always been holy ground.

The present Church of the Annunciation was built in honour of the discovery of this picture, over the Chapel of the Well. It is now the most prominent building in Tenos, and stands on rising ground to

the north of the town. The approach is made by a narrow, flagged street—the Sacred Way of Tenos. That Friday morning, as we walked up to the church, we passed many pilgrims wending their way, each after his own fashion, to the goal of their pilgrimage. Some were fulfilling vows, and ascending the steep path laboriously on hands and knees. One woman, with loosened hair, was toiling up on her knees kissing the flagstones. Last year she had made a vow that, if the Madonna would cure her daughter of epilepsy, she would bring thus a silver offering, a Madonna and Child, to her shrine at Tenos. The daughter recovered, and the mother was now faithfully carrying out her part.

Another pilgrim on the Sacred Way that morning was armless and legless, a wretched cripple, who was half rolling up the hill. More luxurious was a man in a sedan-chair with six bearers. His death-like face told clearly that he was one of those who have recourse to the Panagia as a last resource when despaired of by doctors. The healing of disease, appealing as it does to all humanity, is one of the chief features of the festival, and from the miracles Tenos derives its great renown. If possible, the sick man comes himself. Otherwise his relatives intercede for him by their presence and prayers in the church.

Continuing our walk up the Sacred Way, we amused ourselves buying all kinds of souvenirs from the booths which

lined each side of the path. It was a regular market-fair for all the neighbouring islands. Funny peep-shows were there for the frivolous, and the oracular doves were doing a splendid business in fortune-telling. In the large courtyard in front of the church similar booths had been erected; but these, being on sacred ground, sold only sacred articles. Many of them were presided over by priests, who eagerly sought purchasers for their wares. Tempting offers of a silver eye for two shillings, or a heart for one shilling, were made to us, in case we might wish to beg some favour from the Madonna in the ocular or cardiac line.

The church was decked in festal attire. Flags were flying, and arches of flowers and foliage spanned the entrance. But the most picturesque and attractive spectacle was the multitude of pilgrims. All over the wide courts gaily dressed Greeks were sauntering about. The entire absence of foreigners was remarkable and refreshing. Tenos has not yet undergone the American invasion. In our plain travelling coats and hats we were a dull contrast to the other women, who were wearing their freshest finery. Brightly coloured kerchiefs framed their strong brown faces, and partly covered the two long plaits of hair which are their chief pride. Neat little jackets, embroidered and braided, opened over gay vests, and their short white skirts of coarse linen had a deep band of bright embroidery at the foot. But at-

tractive as such costumes are with their beautiful embroideries, the women are put utterly in the background by the sartorial effects in which the men indulge. The amount of care and attention which a Greek's costume demands and receives explains the fact that the women are the workers. For even when the costume is successfully donned, it is not to be expected that the person inside of such a wonderful creation would condescend to exert himself. His most fitting occupation, as the Greek has long since decided, is to saunter about with a string of beads in his hand as a plaything, so that he may not be entirely unoccupied. This wonderful attire is varied in several ways. The coat and vest may be cut and embroidered according to individual taste. Wide loose sleeves of pleated white linen match the fustanella or kilt, which is pleated with an exceptional fulness. It stops above the knees, and shows tightly-buttoned leggings, well-shaped, and usually of white cloth. The national shoes are red, with turned-up toes, ornamented by a huge black tassel on the point. A white cloth overcoat, with the necessary hood, completes the peasant costume.

These picturesque figures wandered up and down the wide marble staircase which leads up to the church door. On the terrace at the top of the steps are several antique columns brought from a temple on Delos. As one stands beside them, straight in front

lies their home—the little island sacred to Apollo, the now deserted Delos. On either side rise the bare heliotrope Cyclades; Syra and Andros towering to the right, and to the left Mykonos with its three hundred little white churches. Right below, the white-flecked blue waters of the Ægean sparkle in the sun, and, nearer still, clear against the blue, are the white houses of Tenos.

Large open courts, surrounded by porticoes, lie on both sides of the great church. As in the ancient temples, these porticoes are used for sleeping-places by the pilgrims. Within, the church was a seething mass of all sorts and conditions of Greeks. We had to wedge our way slowly through, and were in constant danger of suffocation in the garlic-laden atmosphere. Three streams of people were drifting to the screen at the altar end of the church. We joined them, and as we got nearer we saw that there were three openings in the screen, at each of which a priest was standing. The two priests at either side were spooning out sacred water to an eager crowd, one by one, after the fashion of a medicine-giving nurse. Mouth after mouth in endless succession presented itself wide open to receive the spoon. In the middle, morsels of sacred bread were being distributed to a similar line of suppliants. Other pilgrims were paying homage at various shrines throughout the church. The famous picture of the Virgin is enshrined near the centre of

the building, to the left as you enter. It lies on a small altar, enclosed in a gilded box and covered with glass. The picture is small, measuring only one foot by one and a half foot, but the whole is a mass of silver and precious gems. Only the head of the Virgin and the Archangel Gabriel are visible,—small black objects, the features of which are so charred as to be scarcely distinguishable. It is, however, not beauty of execution but miraculous powers which give the picture its pre-eminence. Round this altar the eagerness of the great crowd was intense. Each was waiting for his turn to kiss the glass lid while he prayed his special prayer for the Madonna's help. The emotion of the pilgrims was pathetic. We felt that even the little black Madonna must be touched with pity as we saw one strong Greek have to be removed by force from the altar. He selfishly refused to leave off kissing the glass. Some rubbed the glass with pieces of cotton-wool, not, as one might imagine, to cleanse it after so much osculation, but to invest the wool with the Madonna's miraculous powers. Thereafter it would serve as a curative amulet. Above the picture hangs a lamp in which the faithful dip their handkerchiefs. The grease thus acquired is believed to have miraculous powers. Continual candle-selling goes on at this shrine. Each worshipper buys his little candle from the priest, and it is fixed up beside the picture. When

he departs the priest takes it out and sells it over again—a pious fraud for the benefit of the church.

Desperate for some ozone, we extracted ourselves from the church and drank in the view and the fresh sea breeze before descending to the Chapel of the Well, which is now the crypt of the church. Over the entrance is an inscription to the effect that here was the scene of the discovery of the holy picture. It is a long, narrow crypt, wrapped in mystic obscurity, and filled with sanctified stuffiness. But the more vitiated the atmosphere, the more intense the drama. Here in the evening the religious fervour would reach its highest pitch. At this morning hour the chapel was filled with a crowd who were pushing up to the end, candles in hand, to reach the priest who stood ready to bless them and give them the Cross to kiss.

Other crypts open off this chief chapel. Some are used as lodging-houses, and many families were encamped in them. In one crypt, to the right, baptismal ceremonies were being performed. All devout mothers seek to bring their babies to Tenos for baptism. It places them under the special protection of the Panagia from the first. Several little red specimens, stripped of all clothing, did not seem to appreciate their good luck, although a reverend father was carefully sprinkling them with a bottle-brush dipped in oil and water. Then search was made for some hair on the

top of their heads, and with a huge pair of scissors the priest cut off a lock, which the child could ill spare at that early age, as a first offering to the Panagia. Sometimes the mother, in her eagerness to do the best for the baby, has him weighed and offers his weight in candles to the church. Then she knows that the boy has had a good start in life. It was a physical impossibility to remain long shut up with the pilgrims. Outside was the sunniest of skies, the bluest of seas, and a whole town *en fête*. Boats were constantly arriving with their loads of pilgrims—picturesque caiques, with coloured sails, from the neighbouring islands, and steamships from Egypt and Smyrna bringing devotees of various nationalities. The little island was invaded by about fifteen thousand visitors. They thronged the streets and transformed the quiet village into a noisy metropolis. Yet the influx was deplorably small compared with previous years, when the average had been forty-five thousand. There were other attractions this year, for parliamentary elections detained many people at home. Still, to us the multitude seemed a goodly one.

The occasion is a rich harvest-time for the people of Tenos. The picturesque side, which attracts us foreigners, does not appeal to them. Nor are they wholly filled with religious enthusiasm to the exclusion of all other ideas. Now was their opportunity to plunder the outside world

through the legitimate means of selling. Only twice a-year strangers come into their power. On the fifteenth August, the Virgin's feast-day, Tenos is again *en fête*. These two days are the chief dates in the islanders' calendar. All who have anything saleable hawk it round with the terrible perseverance which a Greek seems to possess only when he wishes to effect a sale.

Now, too, is a general awakening among the hotel-keepers and would-be landladies of the island. But only a very few of the pilgrims can be victimised by them. The ordinary Greek comes with coverlets, prepared to sleep either in the church or in the porticoes. Only the ultra-luxurious seek a bedroom in the town. These Sybarites we reluctantly joined, after an inspection of the ecclesiastical sleeping accommodation.

Near the church are the two hotels of the place. The exteriors are white, and to the uninitiated they suggest purity and freshness. But experience has taught us that such are not the characteristics of Greek hotels, and we knew we would fare better in some private domicile. There was no lack of offers as we went down the street. Eager ladies seemed to dart from every door. "You want a room? Come with me. I have a beautiful house."

The timeliness and frequency of the invitation suggested that the people of Tenos were possessed of occult powers of divination. Doubtless our foreign and lost appearance

betrayed our homeless condition. The houses, lovely, no doubt, in their owners' eyes, were not of a type which appealed to us. We decided we would not risk spending a night in the midst of so much beauty. It was still early in the day, and we would make some further attempt to find moderate cleanliness. As the hours went past, and we were still in search of the clean, our views began to change, and we found comfort in the thought of our faithful travelling-companion, the box of insect-powder. Up a narrow winding street we met a genial old soul, who begged us to come and inspect the veritable palace which she was fortunate enough to inhabit. Our weary and hungry condition made the humble room appear quite attractive, and we settled down to the arduous task of bargaining. The enormous sum of thirty shillings was demanded for the one small bed. We hooted with derision in a way that always proves effective. Sorrow at our avarice and hardness of heart was depicted on our hostess's face. She was a lone woman, she said (though her husband, mother, and children appeared afterwards), the room was magnificent, and we could have it for a month at the same price. As it happened, we were not to stay more than a night, so that we could not avail ourselves of such a bargain. At length we played the last card in all such negotiations. We walked away. Then, in true Greek fashion, she pursued us and

begged us to take it at our own price. No doubt the family has been living in luxury since that feast-day.

The evening of Friday brings the festival to the highest pitch of intensity. At eight o'clock a bell tolls to announce the beginning of the vigil, during which the miraculous cures take place. These are, after all, the most exciting and interesting events of the occasion, and the attention of all is fixed on the vigil. Long before the bell breaks noisily on the village, anxious pilgrims have taken up the best positions. The Chapel of the Discovery is the Holy of Holies, where principally the sick people resort, but also others who have come to perform some special vow, or with some particular aim. Those invalids who are crowded out of the little crypt get points of vantage in the upper church, while people who have come out of general piety find more comfortable quarters in the surrounding porticoes, or in the rooms leading off them, after they have attended the service of praise which opens the vigil.

Between nine and ten o'clock that Friday evening we stumbled round the dark porticoes and looked into the rooms. In every corner some family was ensconced. The numbers this year might be small, but it was difficult to see where any more could be packed away. Comfort is a comparative state, and certainly these out-of-door pilgrims, cold as the night air was, were to be envied by the others inside. The

Church of Our Lady of the Annunciation was blazing with lights, and crammed so full that entrance seemed impossible. By serpentine wriggles we got in, however, and from the time of our entrance to our exit we suffered from difficult breathing. The atmosphere felt solid, and it was certainly highly odoriferous. Sustained by curiosity, we held out for some time. A much more powerful means of support must be the religious enthusiasm which kept the others in the church throughout the night.

After a service of song and an address by the priest, the vigil was passed in various acts of private and personal devotion. The several shrines were worshipped in turn. The sick lay still and awaited divine aid. All along the wall and at specially sacred spots we saw them lying. Some blind men were flat on their faces over the gratings which open from the crypt. They were seeking to recover their eyesight by means of the healing vapour which rises from that holy place, and which can only be bad air and microbes.

Down in the Chapel of the Discovery we found everything in anticipation of miracles. The small crypt was crowded to suffocation. Along each side were rows of sick people three or four deep, leaving room in the middle for only one person's feet to pass along. Down this narrow passage two streams of people had to move, going to and return-

ing from the altar at the end. It was a slow procession, but boldly facing suffocation, we joined it. Half-choking, treading on others and being tramped upon promiscuously, we progressed, and had plenty of time to scrutinise the people lying all along the walls. All ages were there—from very old men to the youngest of babies, — and all diseases seemed to be represented. We saw many and varied deformities and disfigurements. Paralytics and epileptics were amongst the crowd. Their faces were a sad study in distress, for, with the exception of those who had already fallen asleep, the expressions unanimously betrayed feelings of great discomfort. But that was not surprising. The astonishing part was that no deaths were reported in the morning.

The first shrine on the left is raised at the spot where the sacred picture of the Panagia and the Archangel was found. Naturally the place is invested with the greatest sanctity, and deep reverence is paid to it by the pilgrims. We, too, necessarily stopped, and saw earth being scooped up from the hole and distributed in paper packages by the presiding priest. It is believed to be specially beneficial for the eyes. At this shrine was standing one of the mad women who had been brought for cure. As we passed she was seized with an outburst and raved, clutching those near her. A priest came and calmed her by holding the Cross before her eyes.

On we went, visiting the

sacred well and the other little shrines, and always passing between the rows of wretched sufferers. The farther from the door, the better was the position for cure and the worse the atmosphere. Up at the extreme end numbers of very sick-looking subjects were lying in a kind of stupor, to judge from their dazed expressions. One could readily believe that the atmosphere would stupefy even a healthy person.

The therapeutic side of the Tenos pilgrimage is invested with the greatest interest. The presence and the care of the sick at a festival have a parallel in the Catholic Church when the pilgrimage to Lourdes takes place. Great differences, however, exist between the two celebrations. The method of cure which predominates at Tenos is not practised at Lourdes. The Greeks have derived it from pagan days. The Christian Church, when superseding the pagan religion, adopted many of the old methods to ensure the popularity of the new religion, and this practice was one which survived. It was common in many temples of the pagan gods. Sick people used to frequent the temples in search of healing, and with that end in view they slept in the temple expecting to have a dream, after which they would awake cured. Many cures received in this way are on record. To take the most famous example: at Epidauros a countless number of such cures were performed in the temple of Asklepios. Some of them

are recorded in the extant tablets of inscriptions. The general formula runs thus: The patient was asleep in the sacred hall when the god Asklepios appeared to him, and either touched him, performed some operation, or merely spoke to him, and in the morning he awoke cured. Persons who had been delivered from all sorts of diseases have recorded their experiences, and made offerings to the temple in gratitude. Blindness was a particularly common affliction to be removed.

Practically the same temple-sleep is performed to-day at Tenos. All sorts of sufferers come to pass the night before the day of the Annunciation in the Chapel of the Discovery, or in the church above. Their aim is to secure the best post for a visit from the Panagia. All day they have been in her presence in the church or surroundings, and all their thought is permeated with her or her miraculous image. It is not surprising, therefore, that they should dream of her. In many cases kept on record by the officials of the church, the gracious Lady has appeared to the sufferers as they lay either in the crypt or in the church. She has blessed them, and in the morning they have been found cured of their diseases. Every year about eight or nine miracles of this nature occur. The church officials used to publish an annual list of them, but have now ceased to do so, as it was considered an advertisement for the church. One miracle may

be quoted, to show the striking parallel with the Epidaurian cures.

A stranger from Moldavia became paralysed during a night-watch. Doctors were of no avail. He was taken to the Chapel of the Well, and on Resurrection Day he thought he heard a voice, when he fell asleep, telling him to arise. He awoke, thought it was a dream, and fell asleep again. A second time he heard a voice, and saw a white-robed woman coming into the church. She was of great beauty. In his fear he arose and walked about. His recovery was so complete that he could follow the procession round the town the following day.

This year, as usual, several pilgrims were favoured with healing after a night in the church. We saw a young man, a Greek, on the Friday night who was totally unable to see, and had been blind for some time. On the Saturday morning he had his sight restored. He told us that he had fallen asleep in the crypt and had a vision of the Panagia, who had blessed him.

It is unnecessary and unprofitable to discuss the genuineness of such miracles.

When the morning of Annunciation Day dawns, the vast majority of the pilgrims find their wishes unfulfilled. It is a sad sight to see the cripples being carried back from the church, whither they had gone

in hope not long before. But there is still one chance of cure.

At 10 A.M. a doxology is held, and then the great procession is marshalled, and the picture is carried through the town. Starting from the church, the archbishop goes first, and is followed by the chief priests, one of whom carries the sacred picture—a precious burden. They descend the stairway, and on the steps are lying huddled together all the disappointed sick,—men, women, and children. They hope to receive healing by the passing over of the holy men with the sacred picture. The archbishop plants his foot on each one, and down the Sacred Way for some distance the same carpeting of human bodies is stretched. Eager crowds, a seething mass of faces, are in front, behind, and at each side. When the round of the town has been made, the steamers at once begin to whistle for departure. Bag and baggage, babies and invalids are hurried pell-mell down to the quay. Boats ply busily, and families settle on board as before. The great event is over. And home they sail, richer in many devout memories, clasping carefully their paltry treasures—little wooden Virgins of the Lily, or a simple but sacred talisman from the church,—which will be used as the panacea for future family ailments.

MARY HAMILTON.

THE LIFE OF ISABELLA BIRD (MRS BISHOP).

HAVE you ever been taken into a studio by an artist to look at the portrait of a friend, and been delighted and surprised and captivated by the likeness? That is exactly what will happen to the friends of Mrs Bishop who read Miss Stoddart's life of her.¹ In it you can trace her development from the somewhat superior little girl of Tattenhall Rectory into the courageous and splendid personality of her last years.

Her father, the Rev. Edward Bird, was related to the Wilberforces and the Sumners. His daughters were brought up in the same intellectual and evangelical traditions; and at their grandmother's house, Taplow Hill, "the grandchildren," as Miss Stoddart says, "breathed the atmosphere of 'causes,' and were in contact with their leaders during all the second quarter of last century."

The description of the life is interesting.

"Family prayers began the morning. All servants, outdoor as well as indoor, were summoned and set in line to hear the Squire read the lesson and a prayer for the day out of Thornton's Family Prayers. Then the old gentleman rose up and bowed to men and maids as they filed out past him with curtsies and salutes. Breakfast followed, when letters were read aloud, for postage was a consideration then, and letters were framed with decorum for general reading—those from India exciting special interest. The ladies of the

family took no sugar in their tea, and felt the sacrifice to be a sacred protest against slave-grown products. Oddly enough, although they daily mourned its absence, they took sugarless tea long after the emancipation in the West Indies."

The children rode a great deal, and Isabella was always in the thick of everything: besides that, she was a leader born, and if any one required a down-setting it was quite sufficient to quote her opinion as against the evildoer.

Anti-slavery, Protection, Emigration, and Sunday Observance were among the great questions in which the Birds were interested, and it was one of the charms for them in the Scotland of 1850, when they began to spend their summers on the West Coast, that the people hallowed the Sabbath. That, as much as its great beauty, his daughter used to say, attracted Mr Bird to Scotland; and soon he became known to many of the Presbyterian clergy, and often preached in Highland churches as he travelled about.

Isabella Bird made her first long journey in 1854. The air at Wyton (a quiet living in Huntingdonshire to which her father had been presented) was very relaxing, and, always a delicate girl, she was now in danger of becoming a chronic invalid. The doctor ordered a complete change, and suggested a sea voyage: as it hap-

¹ The Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs Bishop), by Anna M. Stoddart. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, W. 1906.

pened, this was easily arranged. Some Canadian cousins who had been visiting in England were on their way home, and they invited Isabella to join them. She enjoyed herself immensely in America; and when we remember that she was only twenty-three, it is not without a smile that we read a sentence like this, taken at random from Miss Stoddart's narrative: "Mr Ross was President of the Legislative Council, and knew all that her thirst for general and particular statistics desired, and she made notes of political, ecclesiastical, educational, industrial, and economic matters in most favourable circumstances in his house."

Great travellers are obviously born and not made; and processions of the sort of people who afterwards questioned the veracity of Miss Bird's statements might have walked through Canada and the Rocky Mountains without the eyes to see, or the industry to note down, what she saw. Her father had given Isabella Bird £100, with leave to stay away until it was finished, and it was seven months before she returned. Even then she brought £10 back with her! At her father's suggestion she began to write an account of her travels, compiled chiefly by the aid of her letters and the notes she had made by the way. Mr Murray published her book under the name of 'The Englishwoman in America.' It was the first of a long series of delightful books of travel, and was very well received both in England

and America. Of course it is not to be expected that in this book Miss Bird had arrived at either the political judgment or the brilliancy of expression to which she afterwards attained, but though inexperienced she already showed an extraordinary power of observation.

Miss Stoddart earlier in her book tells a story of this same acute observation. Isabella Bird was only twenty-one, and had gone up to London to visit some cousins. When leaving the station in a cab some one threw in a small bundle of advertisements, and as they fell the girl noticed another little parcel which had evidently been there before, and looked decidedly more interesting. She opened it, and read what proved to be a plot written partly in cipher, the object of which was to assassinate a member of the Government at the Duke of Wellington's funeral. She put the paper into her pocket, and was just making up her mind what to do when a foreigner stopped her cab and, rushing up to the window, asked if he had left anything there. Miss Bird handed him the packet of advertisements and drove on. After a few minutes she put her head out of the window and told the cabman to drive to the Home Office. There they thought so seriously of the matter that it is believed they altered the route of the procession; and certainly a detective was put on duty at Winchester House to preserve her and her cousins from any revenge which might have been attempted.

In 1857 Miss Bird went again to America. She stayed with Longfellow, and met Thoreau, Lowell, and Emerson. Her father died, to her inexpressible grief, shortly after her return, and Mrs Bird and her two daughters left England and made their home in Edinburgh.

Among the new friends there were Dr Guthrie, Dr John Brown, Dr Hanna, and Dr Robert Macdonald of North Leith. "Chalmers and his consequences," as Lord Cockburn said, had certainly awakened the Scottish Church out of the unillumed state into which it had fallen about 1810. Miss Anna Stoddart met Miss Bird for the first time at Professor Blackie's house, and describes her appearance:—

"The memory of a small slight figure dressed in mourning is still vivid—of her white face shining between the black meshes of a knitted Shetland veil; of her great observant eyes, flashing and smiling, but melancholy when she was silent; of her gentleness and the exquisite modesty of her manner; and above all, of her soft and perfectly modulated voice, never betrayed into harshness or loudness, or even excitement, but so magnetic that all in the room were soon absorbed in listening to her."

She was busy during these Edinburgh winters. Her weak spine made her spend much time on her back, and she wrote many delightful articles for magazines. Her greatest interest, however, was the emigration of some of her Highland friends. Her work for them was enormous. She undertook the correspondence about their settlements, pro-

vided outfits for them, and when the terrible moment of embarkation came she was always there, cheery, hopeful, and capable, so that the sting of the parting was hardly felt. For those who stayed at home she tried to start industries. Mr Murray's cheque for her book was used to help to provide deep-sea fishing-boats for some West Highland fishers who were unable to help themselves; and few people, perhaps, know that she originated the Harris tweed industry, which is now such a flourishing business.

About this time Miss Bird paid her first visit to Applecross, and Lady Middleton says of her, what no one else seems to have expressed, that "her slow, deliberate manner of speech might have been a little tedious in one less gifted," though, as a matter of fact, in her case the choice of words was so perfect that it made one quite willing to wait.

Another subject in which she became absorbed was the housing of the poor. She was keen, even violent, in her writing upon this matter, but she found the people of her day very slow to turn their attention to social questions.

After Mrs Bird's death the Edinburgh house was given up, and Miss Bird reluctantly acknowledged that for the sake of her health she must go away on another voyage. She felt very homesick, and entered in her diary, "All his days he eateth in darkness, and he hath much sorrow and wrath with his sickness." She went

to Australia, then to New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands, and on her way home she came across America, and took her famous ride in the Rocky Mountains.

In the winter of 1877 she was occupied in a very different way, making preparations for the Livingstone Memorial bazaar. Among those interested in medical missions, for training on behalf of which this memorial was to provide funds, was Dr John Bishop. He became a great friend of both the Misses Bird, and, being a microscopist, he was deeply interested in the elder sister's studies of the Atlantic ooze. They saw much of one another, and Dr Bishop asked her to marry him. She could not at the time agree, but Dr Bishop continued to be as familiar and trusted a friend as ever.

Miss Bird, in the following spring, was again busy packing her trunks. This time she went to Japan and to the Malay States. Of these journeys Miss Stoddart writes:—

"There can be no doubt whatever about the immense intellectual and spiritual increase garnered from these Eastern travels. Her books from this time indicate a loftier aim and wider outlook than those already published and that in preparation. They are more masculine in their scope, and evince a more powerful and accurate apprehension of each nationality, as the complex and separate expression of humanity produced by different equipment, circumstances, and development. The exuberance of detail and reiteration, which dimmed somewhat the brilliance of her 'Six Months in the Sandwich Islands,' falls away; the judgment is no longer in fetters; the mind is more richly endowed,

less censorious, less stultified with prejudice; the spirit, no longer dwarfed within stereotyped bounds, grows in wisdom and understanding."

Mr Murray bespoke a book on Japan. 'A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains' came out after her return from the East. It was delightful, and was read by a happy, if sometimes incredulous, public. "Mountain Jim," one of the characters in this book, "appeared" to Mrs Bishop on the day of his death, and the story circulated over the country. "If Mrs Bishop," wrote Froude, regretfully refusing a dinner invitation on account of a less attractive previous engagement, "would only teach us thought reading, so that we might know beforehand our friends' kind intentions towards us, how much more delightful our lives would be!"

She went to Tobermory in order to obtain quiet for writing her book on Japan.

"We spend our days thus," wrote Miss Henrietta; "she writes in the sitting-room till dinner at 1.30, and I either sit out in the wood, or in my own room downstairs which I have fitted up as half a drawing-room. After dinner we go out for a stroll, come in about 3 or 3.30 and have a cup of tea; then I leave her to write till 7, and I go down to do business or make visits in the village. After tea at 7 we go out for a longer stroll, and usually come in about 9. Nowhere could she have such freedom from interruption. Keeping the house is a great burden to my mind! Dinner seems always upon it, for it is so difficult to get anything. And I like to have everything perfect, and when it falls short of this perfection I always feel vexed and disheartened."

"I think, perhaps," wrote Miss Bird of the delightful

months spent thus with Miss Hennie at Tobermory, "that I shall never again have such a serenely happy four months." Perhaps the sad augury was true. Next summer she lost this always loved sister, and in her broken-hearted days seemed to lose all interest in outside things. When the parcel containing copies of her 'Unbeaten Tracks in Japan' arrived, she had not the heart to open it.

In December she became engaged to Dr Bishop, and in March of the following year they were married in the little church of St Laurence, at Barton-on-the-Heath, her cousin Major Wilberforce Bird giving her away.

One cannot read the chapter of Mrs Bishop's life entitled "Marriage" without feeling a little regret. She insisted on being married in deep mourning, and when she returned to Edinburgh "her first preoccupation was her grief and loneliness." Dr Bishop, she tells us, asked nothing but that when the final parting should come she might be able to say, "You have made me less miserable."

Her book on Japan was a great one, and still holds its own. Not so long ago an Englishman, asking a Japanese what was the best book on Japan, was told that Bird's book gave a better idea of the interior than any more recent volume.

Mrs Bishop was recalled from Tobermory, whither she had gone to recruit, on account of her husband's illness. He got blood-poisoning from some work at the infirmary, and was terribly ill. The servants

superstitiously said he would not get better, because he was so good; but for the time being he seemed to recover, and went back to work.

Another book, 'The Golden Chersonese,' came out in 1883. It was written with great effort, but has never been so popular as some of Mrs Bishop's other works. Her health, too, was far from satisfactory, and her husband's still less so. He seemed to lose strength, and, in spite of all that human love could devise, the doctors saw him growing rapidly worse.

"We are now fighting death inch by inch," Mrs Bishop wrote, September 9, 1883. "It is an awful time. Death may occur at any moment from 'fatal syncope'; but perhaps even now God will hear prayer, and preserve that useful, unselfish, stainless life. I now realise that his devoted love has stood between me and the worst desolation, ever since he led me from the death chamber at Tobermory."

From this attack, which took place in the south of England, he recovered, and again at Tobermory in the following summer he gained weight, and seemed, while the days were sunny, to improve. But really there was never any hope of a permanent recovery, and in March 1886 he died at Cannes. Often during his illness he would say that this was the happiest time in his life; and indeed his wife's care of him was very touching. She understood illness and weakness so well from her own experience. Mrs Bishop had been privileged to have, both in her unmarried and her married life, the love of most

singularly gifted and Christ-like people; and during the weeks which followed her husband's death she thought much of this, and looking forward, dedicated in a special way what remained of her life to the causes which had lain so near his heart.

"I should be traitorous to the blessed memories of those whom I have loved and lost if I did not seek to show my gratitude for the good things of my past life. Henceforth I must live my own life, responsible to God alone and my conscience. It must be lonely and darkened by the shadow of death, but by God's help I trust it will be neither selfish nor repining."

This was absolutely the spirit of her remaining years. She went to Edinburgh in the beginning of June, and spent her time distributing her husband's books and papers according to his wishes. From there she went to Tobermory. The people of Tobermory were accustomed to seeing her go about however wild the weather. She wore a big ulster, an ancient felt hat, and snow-boots. Lady Victoria Campbell, whose knowledge of the people of the Western Isles gave her great understanding of their needs, visited the Cottage in March 1887. She wanted to start a branch of the Y.W.C.A. for the girls of Tobermory, and she asked Mrs Bishop to help, and to give occasional addresses to the members. Life is so full of preparations! Mrs Bishop thought that, for want of any one better qualified, she would give these addresses to the girls: and while she was speaking to them on subjects

like "Thrift," "Courtesy," "Dress," or "I'll do it to-morrow," she was, unknown to herself, learning the great art of public speaking. She thought that a piece of advice which she noted down ought to be embroidered on all the red tape of women's societies—try to preserve "a loving, sisterly, cordial manner, making the friend more prominent than the official."

It will be remembered that before her marriage she had worked with Dr Bishop to further the interests of medical missions. Now that he was gone, it was her ambition to build a missionary hospital in his memory, and her first hope was that it should be at Nazareth. This was found, owing to local difficulties, to be impracticable; but she determined that somewhere in the East she would choose a site for building.

Plans for new journeys passed through her mind, and on February 15, 1889, she sailed for India. At Islamabad, in Kashmir, was found a site for the John Bishop Memorial Hospital, and, later on, returning from a little excursion into Lesser Tibet, she founded a small hospital near Amritsar in memory of her sister.

She was now filled with the idea of a Persian journey. From Karachi she sailed up the Persian Gulf and thence to Bagdad. Of the country she formed a very sad impression. The people were so miserable and often so oppressed, and the women especially seemed to her to have such burdened

lives, that her heart went out to them in great pity. She had learned a little surgery at St Mary's Hospital, Paddington, before this journey, and now she was thankful for her skill. Even the scenery was depressing.

"I know now pretty well what to expect in Persia," she wrote, "not to look for surprises of beauty and luxuriance, and to be satisfied with occasional oases of cultivation among brown, rocky, treeless hills, varied by brown villages with crops and spindly poplars and willows, contrasting with the harsh barrenness of the surrounding gravelly wastes."

But her journey through Armenian country, by Van, Bitlis, Erzeroum, and Trebizond, made up for all this by its marvellous beauty. The vast ruined buildings—signs of a dead Armenian greatness—made her sorrow all the more for the Nestorian Christians, who were never safe from the Kurd. They appealed touchingly to her, and begged her to send out missionaries to bring them fuller light.

From this time, says Miss Stoddart,

"Mrs Bishop's attitude [to missions] was one of uncompromising and unflinching support. There had been a time when she would make a detour of twenty miles to avoid a mission-station, being not only apathetic about its work, but in some degree averse to its interference with native creeds and its too frequent political indiscretion."

Her biographer lays great stress on Mrs Bishop's changed attitude, and she is right. Time had taken her dear ones from her, and with them all the engrossing trivialities of home life. Now, with the same vigour and untirableness

which she had put into every interest of her earlier life, she threw herself into the cause of foreign missions.

She returned to England after twenty-two months' absence. The years that followed were full of public work, and the preparation of her book on Persia.

At Mr Murray's house she was invited to meet Mr Gladstone, who wanted to hear what she had seen of the sufferings of the Armenians and Nestorians. He took her down to dinner, and after she had told him about what she had seen, she turned to him and said, "Now, Mr Gladstone, you have asked me a great many questions and I have done my best to answer them; may I venture to ask you one?" "Certainly," said Mr Gladstone. "Then, what was the Nestorian heresy?" "Ah," he replied, "that is a matter in which I am profoundly interested;" and for a solid half-hour he explained the subject to her, until she was perfectly clear upon every point.

Mrs Bishop spoke in one of the Committee rooms of the House of Commons to Members of both Houses upon the relations and condition of the various peoples subject to the Sublime Porte, and the defenceless position of Syrians and Armenians. She was dreadfully nervous at the beginning, but lost all self-consciousness as time went on. She was a great speaker, and immense audiences crowded to hear her wherever she went. The large proportion of her public utterances were on behalf of missions; occasionally

she gave geographical lectures, and once or twice she spoke upon the political aspect of affairs. If it was at all possible, she never refused to speak; and, often at great personal inconvenience, she went from place to place addressing meetings.

Her spine had always been weak. Her heart was not strong; and in 1893 an affection at the base of one lung was discovered, which affected her breathing. Even this did not stop her work, and she fulfilled all her engagements for that year, and early in the next she set off again for the East.

She travelled across Canada to Yokohama. Her destination was Korea, and here, after a splendid sail up the Han river and a ride across the Diamond Mountains, she heard of the outbreak of the Japanese War. She reached Chemulpo on the 21st of June 1894, and found a Japanese fleet in the harbour, and an army of 6000 orderly and quiet troops already landed. Mr Wilkinson, the Vice-Consul for Great Britain, called and requested her to leave that night. Mrs Bishop was in some difficulties. Her money and luggage were at Seoul, whither the Japanese were marching, and she had only enough money to pay for her passage to Chefoo, which did not even leave her sufficient to hire a jinriksha when she got there. Miss Stoddart has an amusing description.

"She walked up in the heat to the British Consulate, feeling for the first time in her life a quavering sense of sympathy with the unfortunate

whose lack of all things thrusts them back upon mendicancy. She had neither passport nor letters of introduction—they were in the bank at Seoul; her dress was very shabby; she fancied that her porter eyed her with suspicion."

She, however, found a friend in need in Mr Allen, the Consul, who took her to the bank, answering for her identity, and introduced her to some ladies who supplied her with enough things for her immediate wants. Thus provided, she continued her journey to Newchang. This was an ugly town, and the rain never stopped, but Mrs Bishop received so much kindness there that she always loved to talk about it afterwards. From this time she travelled hither and thither, always arriving when that was possible, as she used laughingly to say, at a crisis. She was on the Liau River when the floods were higher than they had been for a generation, and reached Peking just when Sir Robert Hart was requesting all English residents to leave, in anticipation of a Japanese invasion. In spite of contretemps she delighted in everything.

"I am utterly steeped in the East," she wrote. "I think, take it altogether, that this journey is wider and more absorbing in its interests than any I have had. I am so thankful for my capacity for being interested. What would my lonely life be without it? . . . Instead of going home this spring, I have decided to remain for this year in the Far East. I find it quite impossible to tear myself away."

So in 1896 she went up the Yangtze. "One long glory and sublimity," she called it, and after 900 miles of land

journey determined, instead of returning, to push on towards Tibet.

Her return to England did not take place till March 19, 1897. "*Dei gratie*, three years and two months," she wrote in her diary. Mrs Bishop's English activities, now she was back, began once more. A book on Korea and her neighbours was undertaken. It required much study and hard work, and, as she wrote to Sir Thomas Grainger Stewart, when it was ultimately published in 1898, it was less as a book of travel than as a book on the political situation that it was commended.

At this time Mrs Bishop thought she would again try the experiment of having a house in London. She had been sorry to return to England, and said she felt more at home in Seoul and Tokio than in any place in Great Britain, except Tobermory. But all the same, this house which she took in Earl's Terrace was more nearly a home to her than either Maida Vale or The Hurst, Huntingdonshire, where she afterwards lived. Many of her friends remember happy days spent with her there, and how pretty the house became under her hands.

'The Yangtze Valley and Beyond' was brought out during the Boer War, and received in consequence less attention than her book on Korea. She regretted this all the more because she wished the reading public to know her views on China. The Western

Powers she described as breaking down the ancient Chinese civilisation for the sake of commercial advantages, and this without giving any equivalent. Lord Salisbury, to whom her volume was dedicated, twice wrote to her about it. Would he share the surprise of other readers who had to reconstruct their ideas to a China that was "one of the most democratic countries on earth"?

Mrs Bishop went to Scotland in the winter of 1899, and at the following May term gave up the little cottage at Tobermory. She took a gloomy view of the change that was coming over the people. The Sabbath was gone, as she had loved it in her early days, and with it the hours of thoughtfulness which made Highlanders so receptive to spiritual impressions. She regretted the self-restraint imposed by its rigidity, even on those upon whom it had no other effect, and in homes where Sunday observance in its old sense still held sway she urged the parents not to lessen their strictness. All the things especially connected with her sister she transferred to the house in Huntingdonshire, which she now rented.

It became evident to Mrs Bishop in 1900 that there was something wrong with her other than the usual symptoms of illness, to some of which, alas! she had been accustomed all her life. She came to Edinburgh, and was there told that her fears were correct, and that she was threatened with a

serious and fatal malady. In the face of danger she was always a brave woman, and nothing in all Miss Stoddart's pages is more touching than a letter written to one of her cousins from Otterslaw:—

"I don't want to be an invalid before the time, and am trying to be as plucky as possible. I know that I shall not be forsaken in any case, and this knowledge makes me feel cheerful and calm, great as is the change in my life."

She had planned to go to China, but her illness increased rapidly, and she was unable to leave Edinburgh. An intimate friend asked Dr Alexander Whyte to call on her, and his visits were a great comfort to her. As for Dr Whyte, he wrote: "I was the invalid during those remarkable weeks, and Mrs Bishop was the comforter and the consoler. Her intellectual freshness and her spiritual ripeness and tenderness were a constant delectation to me."

The end came about noon on October 7, 1904. Long ago, when children, the little people at Tattenhall Rectory had invented a word for the rush of conversation which took place when they met after one of them had been away,—they called it a "shouting." And now when Isabella Bishop, last of them all, was going Home, her mind drifted back to the language of childhood. "Oh, what a shouting there will be," she said.

It may be that in this volume Miss Stoddart has dwelt too much on the domestic side of the traveller's life, sacrificing

somewhat the wider interest of her public career. Mrs Bishop used to say that as a girl she had, at her cousins', the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Winchester, met every one she wished to know except Disraeli, and she bore the impress of the intellectual circles to which she had thus been admitted. Her letters were vivid, and people instinctively kept them instead of putting them into the waste-paper basket. Her books were letters amplified, and they are so charming that had Miss Stoddart, with her great literary skill, been able to dwell more upon their characteristics, she might have sent a new generation of readers back to them with fresh delight. Mrs Bishop was among the greatest and most courageous of women travellers. Her spirits rose in proportion to the difficulties to be surmounted; and in addition to her observant eye she had a beautiful way of expressing things, that made her readers hunger for a sight of the far shores of her wanderings.

Those who have looked down the winding road from the cottage at Tobermory will thank Miss Alison Barbour for her charming photograph; and, indeed, all the illustrations add greatly to the attractiveness of this delightful book. And in it Miss Stoddart has portrayed for us, as few could have done, the untirable and brilliant mind, the often feeble body, the loving and broadening soul, and the wide and philanthropic charity, of Isabella Bird Bishop.

WITH A CAR TO THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ON THE HEELS OF DE WET.'

THE Steam Packet steered her busy course between the sun-shadows cast by the huge fighting machines of the Channel Squadron, which at the moment had sought the anchorage of Queensborough roadstead. The warships lay moored indiscriminately, with true naval disregard of the rights of the fairway, dressed in all the lean panoply of manœuvre trim, the cynosure of a thousand admiring cockney eyes as the Sunday morning Flushing packet and the Clacton coast-boat passed out of the harbour.

"Lor," said the little pompous red-faced man, leaning over the rail of the Flushing boat and addressing the passengers in his vicinity with the easy *bonhomie* of the man who has grown opulent in turf finance,—“Lor,” he said, as he nodded his head in the direction of one of the newest type of scouts, “with battleships like that, my boy, wot’s the good of worrying the lads to march about the Surrey Hills carrying enough dead-weight on their backs to stop the best bit of blood in training? Why, look at ’em; see ’ow that one rides upon the bosom of this bloomin’ deep. Wot I says is, with a bally certainty like that there battleship, wot’s the use of hedging with a army?”

“That’s wot I says,” answered the little man’s long,

languid, lean-chested companion. “That’s wot I says, but wot kind of a ship do you reckon that to be?” The little man turned upon his cadaverous satellite the look of contemptuous superiority which in their class is the surest indication of intimacy. “Lor, Bill, you may have an eye for spotting winners on form, but it’s pretty evident that you wouldn’t make much of a book on the Channel Stakes. Why, anybody with arf an eye as was educated could recognize that ship. Why, it’s the Dreadnought, like as which there’s no other ship afloat. Smaller did you say than those others? Come, now, you’re trying to play the idiot boy. In course it’s smaller than them others; why, that’s the very bloomin’ secret we learned from the Japs, isn’t it?—that the small man wins. That’s wot we’ve been keepin’ from these Germans all this time. Why, we’ve just arf a score of them Dreadnoughts behind the startin’ machine and we walks over!”

The editor of the ‘Metropolis Review,’ who had been holding forth to the three second-line officers on the machinations of the friendly Power which the three officers were about to visit, stopped short in his arguments that German policy had been responsible for every misfortune in Europe during the

last three years, even to the ill-success of the little Queen of Holland in providing an heir, and gasped—

"To think that such ignorance is possible, and that one is wasting one's life in the faint hope of educating such *canaille!*"

The Major smiled at the Editor's vehement denunciation of his countrymen's ignorance: in the uneven path of a checkered career he had seen much of men and matters, and the thought flashed through his mind whether the profound ignorance of the masses in the matter of foreign affairs were more dangerous to the country's welfare than the over-developed imagination of the educated. Keeping this reflection to himself, he hazarded an opinion that there were worse people than the Germans in Europe even, and certainly worse countries to visit. The Editor of the Review turned on him,—
"Never been in Germany before?"

The Major. "Yes, I have, but my two companions have not."

The Editor. "Then you ought to know what is in store for you; and you say that you are taking a motor-car with you! My gracious, sir, you will come back a wiser and a sadder man. Taking a motor-car to the manœuvres in Silesia! Why, the manœuvres will be over before you get your car through the Customs."

The Major. "Surely not."

The Editor. "I promise you every difficulty will be placed in your way. Your present

tolerant enthusiasm will be evaporated by the pin-pricks of officialdom."

The Major. "In which case our visit to Germany will hardly be a pleasant introduction to the fascinations of protection."

The Editor (in desperate earnest). "Protection has nothing to do with it. It is the crass determination of the Teuton to baulk and hinder anything British, whether it be political movement or commercial enterprise."

The Major. "As I said before, the instinct of protection——" At that moment indifferent steering on the part of the quartermaster of the Clacton boat nearly brought about a collision between the two packets, and in the excitement of the moment the Editor and the Major were parted. . . .

For the benefit of those who have not travelled by the morning boat *viâ* Flushing to Hamburg, and also to instruct those who may contemplate taking a motor-car from this country to Germany, it may perhaps be advisable to make some detailed description of the object of the tour which is the subject of this veracious narrative.

Fired by the statement made publicly by the Secretary of State for War, of enhanced position to their service, three Yeomanry officers determined to explore Germany by means of a 25 h.p. motor-car, and, incidentally, to find themselves—Providence and the mechanism of a French-built car being willing—in Silesia during the

Kaiser-manöver. After much consultation with various shipping agents, it was found desirable that the car should be shipped direct to Hamburg by sea from Harwich, while the members of the expedition, including the owner who was also driver of the car, made the journey to Hamburg by the ordinary passenger route—Queenborough to Flushing by sea, Flushing to Hamburg by rail. The car was shipped direct in charge of the owner's miniature chauffeur, a typical English town-bred youth of fourteen, who usually divided his time between valeting his master and rubbing the brasses on the car; who rejoiced in the name of "Tommy," and attached as much importance to his own personality as might a Grand Duke or a pre-revolution daimio.

It was in these premises, and with the understanding that the car, with Tommy complete, would be waiting for them on the docks, that the Three Explorers arrived in Hamburg and acquired the knowledge of its many stations. We have noticed that Englishmen arriving in the morning in a new or strange country follow precisely the same procedure. This, we presume, is an instinct common to the race. Anyway, the Major and his two subalterns, understanding no German, and being flung out of the *train de luxe* by an excited attendant at some unheard-of station, gathered their traps together, touched their caps to a policeman, and thereby captured a cab and

were driven to the Hamburger Hof. Arrived at the hotel, events followed each other in the following inviolable sequence: a bath, a breakfast, and a visit to "Cook's."

With the visit to Cook's came the first disillusionment.

"Certainly, your motor-car has arrived; we will find it on the dock when we go down," and the polite young shipping clerk filled the Explorers with hope.

"That's ripping," said the senior subaltern; "we will be able to make Berlin to-night."

The polite young clerk smiled a sickly sort of smile as he answered—

"Berlin is a very long way, gentlemen; perhaps you have no acquaintance with the German Customs. But, of course, there are plenty of trains to Berlin."

"What do you mean?" queried the Major; "it surely won't take us more than an hour to clear the car?"

"I see, gentlemen, that you have not very much experience of the German Customs. You will be fortunate if you clear one department per hour, and you will experience many departments before your car is free of official control. But I will come with you, and we will see. There is another gentleman who has a car which arrived two days ago; he is still clearing. We will see who will get off first."

Ten minutes in a taximeter cab brought the party to the dock, just in time to arouse Tommy from the first fit of despondency that had ever

been known to overtake him. And in the circumstances he was to be forgiven. He had left London in charge of the car with an apple, a night-shirt, and 13s. in his pocket. He had arrived at Hamburg, it is true, with most of his capital unexpended and his nightshirt; but he had heard that indescribable soul-moving music, the escape of a burst inner tube, three times during the journey. He had arrived with his three flat tyres, to see rude dockyard hands, undeterred by his earnest representations, wheel the car about to the total destruction of the punctured tubes; and when his rightful master found him he was fast losing hope of ever seeing his own again. It was a pathetic sight to see this little stranger mounting guard over his maimed car and reckoning every foreigner as an anarchist.

"Sir," he said, with a tinge of both scorn and reproach in the inflection of his voice, "do you know that they can't understand English?"

His master, who was known to his intimate friends as "Birdie," to some extent mollified his miniature henchman by inferring that they hadn't had the opportunities of the Board school. Not that this explanation entirely satisfied Master Tommy, for all through the tour his attitude towards such Germans as were ignorant of his native tongue was one of distrust and superior contempt.

Everything comes to him that waits. On the dock the Explorers experienced wait

number one. It took an hour, with the aid of an expert brought from a garage in the town, and with all hands piped to quarters, to get the tyres right. Then, by standing in a line behind the interpreter and repeatedly capping an unctuous individual in a uniform hat, the latter consented to have the car swung by a crane to the road level. This operation took half-an-hour more. Clear of the dock-shed, petrol had to be administered. Consequently by the time the car arrived at the Customs it was eleven o'clock. But arrival at the Customs buildings did not mean by any means emancipation. It was but the beginning of the trouble.

"Have you the certificate from the automobile society?" interpreted the clerk from Cook's. Birdie allowed that he had not. "That is a pity," answered the clerk, "as you see there will be much trouble."

The Major was then ushered into a room where three fiercely moustached clerks, dressed in the habiliments of soldiers, rapped out a string of interrogations. The attitude of the inquiry was that of a self-righteous magisterial board to a felon. The Major stood hat in hand while Cook's clerk, all obsequious, gave answer in a thin voice to the following multitude of questions.

"Where have you come from? Where are you going? Why are you going there? When will you go there? Which way will you go there? When will you come back? Which way will you come

back? How long will you be away? What is the make of your car? Why did you bring a French car to Germany? What is the number upon your car? Who gave you that number? What is the weight of your car?"

These desperate and besworded custodians of the excise having exhausted their stock of queries, condescended to give permission for the car to be weighed. The little party of English Explorers man-handled it on to the bridge scale. Its weight being entered, the Major was directed to go to the police station and make his peace with the Commissary of Police.

Looking at his watch, the Major found that it was already twelve o'clock. Wearily he hired a cab, and was driven to the Scotland Yard of the flourishing seaport. Here he was invited to mount to the fourth storey. A curious installation of recurring lifts, moving on an everlasting belt, carried him to the required floor, and then the interpreter found entry in the Registration room. Here for the first time were met officials in office who were not in uniform and sword. A nicely-spoken, fair-haired Saxon took up the Major's complaint. He understood English with considerable difficulty, and made himself coherent in the same language with the greatest labour. But, doubtless wishing to profit by the occasion, he scorned the interpreter, whom he waved to a far corner of the room, and then intimated that in half-an-

hour's time he would be pleased to accompany the Major to inspect the alleged motor-car at the docks. The Major, still hat in hand, retired to the rude bench provided for the accommodation of the mere civilian when waiting upon the lowest grade of police inspector or inspector's clerk. It was half-an-hour to the second when his Excellency the junior clerk signified that it was his pleasure that the inspection should now take place. As the Major did not know at what moment some department to which he might be required to present himself would not declare itself closed for the day, or for several days for that matter, if it suited their inclination, he suborned the driver, and drove at breakneck pace to the docks.

On arrival the Major found that Birdie and the senior subaltern, sick to death of the artistic architecture of the German Custom-house, had hied off to seek refreshment and more attractive surroundings in the town. At the present this did not matter, but it was to furnish an excuse for a further official delay later.

The police clerk broke in unceremoniously upon the privacy of the four fierce Custom-house officials. The five men then entered upon what appeared to be a bitter and recriminating altercation over the motor-car, but which was really a simple and friendly settlement of the various tags of red tape which were still loose in their respective departments. The fiercest and fattest of the Custom-

house officials, having banged the desk at least fourteen times, and having, with both hands clenched and turned skywards, delivered his peroration at the top of his deep voice, the business was clinched, and the little police clerk turned to the Major and said, "Where is your chauffeur?"

The question was awkward, because Birdie, who did the driving of his own car, and who was in consequence chauffeur to the expedition, was in the town, absent without leave, consoling himself with iced lager; while Tommy, who sat in the car with all the outward and visible signs of chauffeurdom, was in no mood to show that deference to the German official which, in like circumstances, is the foreigner's sole chance of salvation. For at least a quarter of an hour the little police official was adamant. The four blustering Custom-house officials, hand on hilt, gave him solid support. The man from Cook's was speechless from terror. One can imagine that his state of mind was that of the diplomat who has failed in his diplomacy, and momentarily anticipates the penalty of failure.

But there is a little bird that sits up aloft which looks after the interests of poor vagrant Englishmen. This little bird brought its influence over the Major, and prompted him to suggest to the police officer that if he would only wait five minutes until the beer-drinkers returned, he should be driven not only back to the police station, but to any other place

in the town that he desired. He softened immediately, and the hands of the Custom-house clerks fell away from their sword-hilts. Within the prescribed time the absentees returned, and the explorers thought that at least freedom would come with them.

False confidence! The maze at Hampton Court is an open and clear stretch of country in comparison with the ways and means of the German Customs' procedure. Although he had waived the necessity for the production of a chauffeur's pass, yet the police officer was not going to lose his chance of a free ride in a motor-car. He intimated that if we would carry on with our business he would await our pleasure. With this he snuggled down in the office with the four rampant clerks. The Major was conducted to a room in the far end of the building. Here a shabby and ill-uniformed clerk entered up the particulars of the car in duplicate. His record was then taken to three different officials for counter-signature. Each of these officials in turn, according to his particular grade of dignity, kept the poor wretched applicant waiting, until at last the Major had entirely forgotten the sensation of having a hat on his head. Finally, the order was given to the cashier for the purpose of receiving a deposit. This, mark you, was the only part of the business that was put through with any rapidity. A duty of 50 marks and a deposit of 200 marks had to be paid over the

counter before the Customs would clear the wretched car. A white-bearded sportsman, who seemed to be just a trifle more human than the majority of his confreres, took the gold with avidity and handed back in turn a bundle of Custom-house clearances, gorgeous in official seals and bewildering in tabulated regulations. It was just about two o'clock. Anyway, it was over, and with a light heart the Major stepped back to where his friends were waiting at the car. The little police clerk was with them. He was not going to lose his drive. As he took his place in the car he called the interpreter to him. "You will explain to your master," he said, "that it will be necessary for his chauffeur to go this afternoon and be examined in driving. Also, any time after four o'clock this afternoon, when I shall be back in office, I shall be pleased to issue a pass and number, provided he has a plate fixed on the car stating the maker's name, the horsepower, and the total weight. I will now give a card to Mr —, who will hold the examination at his garage. Of course I cannot say if you will find him at home, because he is a great motor-driver, and is often away from Hamburg for days."

The Major had no words that would adequately express his feelings when the man from Cook's translated this Parthian shot. A wave of resignation had now overtaken the whole party. The Major knew better than to be abusive, since his

companion in misfortune with the other car had attempted to steer a course for himself on the British "subject" tack. He had immediately got into shoal water, and was still trying to release his car when the three Explorers were the other side of Berlin.

At all events the most crying want for the moment was the desire for lunch, and as soon as the policeman had been deposited at his destination Birdie steered the car straight for the Hamburger Hof. Leaving it at the nearest garage with instructions to have everything ready, including the name-plate, the Explorers turned into the hotel café for the first real restful half-hour they had had since their breakfast in the morning. Still determined to get clear of Hamburg that day, the Explorers had little enough time to spare in profiting by their lunch rest. As soon as the last morsel of food had been eaten, they entered upon a search for the motor-expert who was detailed to hold the examination. Providence was again in favour of the travellers, and the expert, after keeping them waiting for just three-quarters of an hour, finally consented to be driven round Hamburg. The Police Bureau was due to open for the issue of passes at four o'clock, and it seemed, if the authorities were fairly *facile*, the Explorers might hope to be seriously on the road to Berlin by five o'clock. But there was no end to the wait-a-bit thorns. The party returned to the garage at a quarter to four, to be met by

the facer that it had been impossible to get a plate for the distinguishing detail. The Major suggested to the interpreter that, in the circumstances, it would perhaps be as well to ask the police clerk to dispense with these distinguishing details, especially as the name of the car and its horse-power were on the *chassis*, and the gross weight would interest nobody except the Customs officials, who had already weighed it to their satisfaction. But the man from Cook's shook his head, and said, sadly enough, that if he knew the procedure of the Police Bureau on these counts, there would be little chance of them issuing a driving licence and the official car number that afternoon. There was but one expedient, and that was to paint the numbers on the splash-board. This brilliant idea came to the Major, and the white paint being at hand, the car was speedily equipped. It was a toss-up whether the police clerk, since he had suggested a brass plate, would be large-minded enough to accept the makeshift. But possibly the servile attitude of the Major, and the memory of the fleeting dignity of the drive through the city, cleared the atmosphere, for at half-past four the party emerged from the Bureau, the Major grasping the official number, and Birdie, owner of the car, in possession of a first-class certificate as the Major's chauffeur. It was back to the garage, and a final application of white paint to make absolute the new number.

The release was too much for the Major: he pressed his hat firmly on his head, and swore volubly for fifteen minutes. "Just by way of preventing the affectation of this thrice-cursed servility from sinking into my bones," he explained, in mitigation of his conduct. By five o'clock the car was on the road, it having taken three civil Englishmen and one obsequious German clerk nine hours and three hundred marks to get it from the landing-stage on to the high-road to Berlin.

There is a wonderful fascination in the motion of a well-balanced high-power motor-car. In few other mechanical contrivances is to be found such direct evidence of man's skill and power as in those compact and subtle engines, which in response to the gentle pressure of a lever accelerate the speed of the vehicle to sixty miles an hour, or stop it dead within half a dozen paces. We know that the steam locomotive of the railway companies and the various denominations of manufacturing machinery are even more wonderful creations than the motor-propelled carriage, but their power is not so directly impressed upon our daily life. You cannot bring your railway engine to your front door, or stable your steam-weaver in your coach-house.

The fascination of the car was upon the Explorers as the 30-h.p. Gnome carried them through the Hamburg suburbs. They leaned back in their seats satisfied with the triumph over

German officialdom, and elated with the prospect of a splendid run to Ludwigslust. It had been the advice of the man in charge of the garage that the Explorers should attempt to make Ludwigslust that night, and place 60 kilometres of the Berlin road behind them. Provided the roads are good, 60 kilometres is not much to a 30-h.p. car when all is going well. But if black care be the companion to the horseman, it will rack the ingenuity of contemporary philosophers to enunciate the particular qualifying adjective to adequately describe the brand of "care" habitually ensconced in the back seat of a motor-driven vehicle.

For the first ten miles out of Hamburg the Explorers had no cause to complain beyond several lengths of cobbles,—a species of roadway which, fashionable in Germany half a century ago, is now only preserved in the vicinity of towns and villages. The Senior Subaltern, who to his friends responded to the name of "Ethel," divided his time between reading the very excellent road-map which the Continental Tyre people have published for the instruction of their clients, and in comparing the country the car was passing through with the Midlands. Suddenly his reflections were cut short by that sound which, to the motorist, is the most depressing in his category.

"That's a puncture," remarked Tommy, as he automatically began to search for

the tool-case. Birdie brought the car up with a soft anathema. A short inspection showed the occupants of the car that the last hour of daylight would be cut out in manual labour. The pleasures of motoring had begun! Ethel seized the ratchet-jack and, prone on the highway, began to raise the injured wheel. The Major undertook the less laborious function of removing the splash-board, while Birdie busied himself with the valve, chiding Tommy the while for his constant lapses of memory with regard to the tools applicable to this special injury. It may be said here, in parenthesis, that this was practically the accident drill formation always adopted, and during the brief tour the Explorers became so expert in the exercise that they reduced the delay on a common puncture from three-quarters of an hour to five-and-twenty minutes. A few minor alterations were made in the actual formation, but as a rule Ethel took the ground, Birdie the manipulation of the tyre and inner tube, and the Major the air-pump. Tommy, who from the outset was proved to be absolutely useless in every capacity except a dog-like affection for his master, usually collected nuts and screws and spanners by day, and held the acetylene lamp by night.

Three-quarters of an hour saw this particular wound healed, and with the assurance of the Major that there would be a magnificent moon after eight o'clock, the expedition

settled itself down for a 50-kilometre run. But there is little room for continuous optimism in the life of the motor voyageur. The road was improving, and with it Birdie's spirits, so that when it reached the confines of the village of Geesthacht the car was eating up the kilometres. At least half of the way to Ludwigslust was done when another tyre gave out. Birdie stopped the car, and with the tired air of a man who has no anathema left in which to express his feelings, detached one of the lamps and surveyed the damage.

"That," he said, "was a new tube in Hamburg."

The very lameness of the exclamation was indicative of the driver's feelings. The others of the party were silent. Their silence was eloquent of despair.

The silence was broken by Tommy. "It's a good thing, sir, that it happened in a village."

"And why?" queried the Explorers.

"At least we shall get some dinner, sir." Prompted by his stomach, Tommy was the best philosopher of the party.

"Is there a hotel?" queried Birdie.

"It's not marked in the guide-book, but I noticed that that lamp on the white house we just passed showed up the word *Gasthaus*, which seems a subject worthy of investigation," was the Major's ready response.

There was nothing for it but

to agree. The car was turned slowly round, and Birdie took his party, on a flat tyre, to the entrance of the little white hostelry. A portly Teuton came shuffling down the steps and introduced himself as the host. As was to have been expected in a village so far from any great town, the host had no English; but, with the natural intelligence of his class, the one word "zimmer" hurled at him in three interrogative keys produced the gesticulation of assent. The Explorers' first care was for their machine. There was a convenient yard behind the hostelry. Into this Birdie slowly manœuvred the vehicle, and proceeded to examine the latest damage; while the Major and Ethel endeavoured to discover somebody who would be able to appreciate the meaning of their united efforts in broken French. The solitary waiter of the establishment—the class of servitor who gives the appearance of having been born in his dress clothes, and who certainly sleeps in them—showed sufficient knowledge of the diplomatic tongue to follow something of the conversation with which the host was besieged. Anyway, a gleam of intelligence passed over his face, as he separated himself from the little knot of interested spectators which was fast gathering in the courtyard, and disappeared. This waiter, if he had been better groomed and had cultivated political temple curls, would have passed almost in any crowd for Win-

ston Churchill. The likeness was so complete, even to the suspicion of an impediment in his speech, that the Explorers throughout their tour always spoke of Geesthacht as "Winston." This was a coincidence, since later in their travels they were to meet the embryo Minister in the flesh, masquerading as a gay Hussar. In five minutes the waiter returned, and the Explorers were rapidly brought to attention by a soft voice that inquired in English whether the speaker could be of any service. Tommy was the only member of the expedition who was not put out of countenance by the fact that a native of such a remote village should speak his mother tongue. From his insular standpoint the speaker was the only intelligent person in the place, and he turned to her from his operation of lighting the lamps with the request that she would order a beef-steak for supper.

The new-found interpreter proved to be the wife of the local grocer. She had spent twelve years as a stewardess on the Far Eastern run of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company. This accounted for her proficiency in English. Birdie's demands upon the interpreter were less mundane than those of his miniature chauffeur. He had arrived at the knowledge that his last spare inner tube for his front wheels was punctured, and that unless Geesthacht could supply the wherewith to mend it, there would

be a pretty kettle of fish. Frau Grocer put the question to the assembled villagers, and elicited the reply that there was only one man in the village to fit the case. This was Hermann the blacksmith. Immediately the spectators understood that the services of Hermann the blacksmith were required, volunteers were forthcoming to summon him. The interpreter explained that not only was he an expert who renewed bicycle tyres, but that he was also the village *farceur*.

In a short time Herr Hermann had been rescued from a neighbouring beer-garden, and arrived with enough tools to demolish the most stubborn motor-car. Judging from the hilarity of the spectators, it was a matter of deep regret to the blacksmith that our fate had been decided on the merits of an inner tube and not by the machinery. But he accepted the situation with the usual good grace of German villagers, and, after a request for beer, promised us to have the puncture mended and the tube ready for work at the end of an hour.

The principals of the expedition put their heads together in the light of the acetylene lamp which Tommy had lighted, and studied the map of the road to Ludwigslust. The way was long, and in spite of the promise of a midnight moon it seemed that the way was dark. Also at that moment a fragrant whiff of a frying fillet stimulated the consultants to consider the advantages of an early morning start in preference to

a midnight trail. And so it fell out. The blacksmith, true to his word, had the inner tube¹ patched by the time the succulent fillet had ceased to exist. But the effect of an excellent meal, and more excellent beer, had decided the explorers to "plump" for an early morning start.

Nor was this little roadside inn without its fascinations. It was just a roadside hostelry tucked away in a simple village one stage out on the great Hamburg-Berlin high-road. As the explorers followed the prototype of Winston to their chambers, they found that the *Gasthaus* boasted a luxury of appointment which had remained unchanged since the early decades of the nineteenth century. But the explorers were much too tired to make more than a cursory examination of old oak panelling and heavy antique furniture. The repletion of a solid, if well-cooked, supper, the accumulated weariness of their struggle with the Hamburg police and Customs, and of their manual labour on the road, heaped heavily upon them. Climbing into their great four-posted troughs of beds, they pulled the fat pillows over them and immediately fell asleep, dreading the "Winston" knock, which was to awake them with approaching daylight. . . .

There are few sensations in this world which in the ecstacy of their delightfulness can equal a summer-morning

drive in a high-power car, when the road is perfect, the weather fine, and the engines are straining to do better than the driver's check on the combustion-chamber will allow. In the reverse, there is no sensation so dispiriting and deplorable as that which overcomes a motorist when either the road is impossible, the machinery recalcitrant, or the season obdurate. But it was in the first of these series that the Explorers took the road on the morning after their accident on the Berlin road.

Birdie, who was usually philosophic both in success and adversity, waxed quite optimistic under the influence of the morning air. The road was superb, just undulating enough to make it interesting, and the car was moving like a living creature. The Explorers were into the village of Lauenburg before the stolid inhabitants had opened the shutters of business. The requirements at Lauenburg were merely a matter of motor-spirit. But as the car drew up panting in front of the shop which boasted the motor sign, it was surrounded by a group of interested schoolboys. Following the proverbial Continental custom, a custom which might well be introduced into this country, all the boys were dressed in the uniform of their particular gymnasium. They were bright, jolly, square-headed little fellows. Each was carry-

¹ This patch lasted throughout the whole tour.

ing a satchel, but what surprised the Explorers most was the fact that suddenly from the midst of the guttural jargon with which the youths were discussing the merits of the car there burst out a voice in pure English interrogation, "I say, are you people from England? It is not often that we see so many English people here in Lauenburg." A little fair-haired urchin was pushed to the front by his confrères. He proved to be a Lincolnshire boy, who had been sent, by parents more shrewd than the majority of English parents, to school in Germany in view of the advantages that such education would give him in after-life.

But the Explorers had no time to spend in Lauenburg, or anywhere else, in the discussion of the merits of scholastic education; they were racing against time; sixty hours hence they were due to be on the extreme border of the German Empire. Unless they were able to make Berlin that very night, it was probable that they would miss much of the main object of their tour. As they left Lauenburg they had at least two hundred kilometres to cover before they made their legitimate halting-place that night. But the day was young and the season was fair, so as matters stood there was nothing really desperate in the effort.

The car was still putting her back into it and racing along at a good thirty to forty kilometres an hour, so that the occupants only had a chance of

minutely studying the beauties of the scenery when of necessity Birdie had to slow her up over the cobbles, which in motoring are the most striking features of German villages. But it was a delightful journey. In comparison with the south of England the German farmers are behind in their season, so that much of the journey was made through an air heavy with the fragrance of new-mown hay.

In this spirit the Explorers came to Ludwigslust, and skirted round the magnificent park which encloses the Schloss of the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin. In Ludwigslust it was necessary to find comforts both for man and machine. The party had started from Geesthacht upon the lightest of breakfasts, and Birdie had some growing anxiety with regard to his inner tubes since Tommy informed him, with the indifference for which this young person was remarkable, that a certain supply of these essentials had not been packed in the journeyman trunk. The Major, who understood less about motor-cars and more about gastronomy than his fellows, volunteered to search out a place for food. From its exterior the Hotel Stadt Hambourg appealed to his taste in wayside hostelries. Two miniature waiters, who responded to the names of Fritz and Hans, bowed him into the oak-panelled salon. After some gesticulation and

a particular amount of tribulation, the menu was produced. A minute study of this document resulted in the Major being able to decipher one solitary entry. This was "beef-steak *à la Tartar*." It must be said in justice to the Major that he took no count of the "*à la Tartar*"; the "beef-steak" had a homely ring, and it was put on order for the whole party. As a result of this luncheon the Major became exceedingly unpopular with his junior officers for at least half an hour; while Tommy, who was never afraid to butt in where angels would have exercised shyness in treading, expressed his contempt both of the Major's powers of selection and the Germans' art in cookery. He was never able to disassociate himself from this contempt even until the end of the journey. For the benefit of the uninitiated we would point out that "beef-steak *à la Tartar*," the delicacy that Hans and Fritz deftly arranged before three hungry Englishmen and one ravenous English boy, is composed as follows:—

One piece of *raw* beef-steak minced very fine, rolled into a ball, flattened on the top, garnished with a thin slice of pickled cucumber, with the yolk of a raw egg balanced on the summit. (The Major asks people who are ignorant of German dishes when travelling in Germany to remember this recipe, for if raw meat may be digestible, it does not improve the tempers of those

who are used to taking cooked meats as their ordinary form of nourishment.)

The cycle-smith, who called himself a motor expert, at Ludwigslust cheered the little party of Explorers with his description of the road to Berlin. Moreover, he showed his gratitude for the custom that had been brought him, or probably for the enormous profit that he had made out of the confiding foreigner, by presenting the party with a guide-book specially given by the Continental Company to help wanderers on the road. This is interesting, since it shows that, in effect, that churlishness and want of charity which we in this country are so prone to associate with everything German is more or less non-existent when the traveller gets beyond the official pie-crust, which is the least digestible portion of the Kaiser's kingdom. The Explorers, from start to finish of their journey through Germany, received nothing but good-humoured civility and unbounded kindness from every one with whom they came in contact, excepting perhaps the police and Custom-house authorities. That they suffered many restrictions during their passage through the Customs was only what is to be expected from a country so official-bound.

Trailing the dust of Ludwigslust, the Explorers ate up the road until they arrived at Perleburg. Here a short halt was made for the self-indulgent purpose of imbibing lager beer.

Between Perleburg and Friesack Birdie began to coax the car. "What is wrong?" said Ethel.

"She is missing a bit," replied the driver.

"What is she doing now?" queried the Major.

Birdie looked over the side and estimated that the pace was between twenty and twenty-five. "It is not enough on this road,—she should be doing double this pace, especially in the afternoon; she is pulling against me somewhere, I am not quite sure yet where it is. I wonder if they have bent her in any way in swinging her in and out of that ship."

But for the moment the pace was good enough to get them to Berlin that night, and at this juncture Birdie was not prepared to give himself away on the subject of the excellence of his car.

Thus the expedition came to Friesack. Friesack was full of entertainment. Although these motor enthusiasts were in search of manœuvres, yet the manœuvres that they wished to follow were still three hundred miles away in the direction of Poland. Friesack, however, was the centre of another set of manœuvres, and when the car pulled up in the square opposite the statue of the Elector Frederick I., the Explorers found themselves in the middle of a park of artillery. A division of artillery was billeted in the town, and the new shielded quick-firers were all drawn up in battery line in

the centre of the town. On this account, to a large extent, Friesack had dressed itself in gala colour. That is to say, the girls in the shops had put an extra finish of ribbon round their necks, and the various keepers of beer-palaces gave an unwonted prominence to eagles and the red, white, and black. The new quick-firing artillery had attractions beyond all else in the village for the Major, and when at last he was warned off by a sentry for being over-zealous in the interest he showed for the Krupp design of quick-firing breech-block, he found that both the subaltern officers had deserted him. Ethel, with the quick eye for the most favourable line, which is an instinct with most British cavalrymen, had noticed an attraction in a neighbouring tea-and-cake shop which was not altogether confined to the display upon the counter. Birdie, who though not quite so quick was not less expeditious than his brother officer, had removed the car to the local garage, and having dismissed the master of that institution on some errand to his workshop, was engaged, when the Major unearthed him, in making an exceptionally comely daughter of the house understand a smattering of German which, learnt in childhood, required almost the full limit in galantry to be rendered intelligible. These conflicting factors delayed the expedition at least half-an-hour longer in Friesack

than was necessary for the internal lubrication of the car.

Berlin was still about seventy kilometres distant, and it was well past four in the afternoon when the travellers left Friesack vanishing behind them. But the way was still good,—in fact, it was excellent,—and though the car was still resenting the pace, and her machinery showed those signs of peevishness which every driver knows too well, yet Birdie seemed confident that they would be able to make Berlin that night. He spoke confidently for the present, but shook his head as he remarked sagely, “We shall have to have her overhauled in Berlin. I cannot for the life of me think what is wrong with her. It seems to me that when I had her overhauled in Reading they must have used the wrong oil. There is nothing amiss with the carburetter, and she sparks all right; but she is not the car that she was in England a fortnight ago.”

In spite of Birdie's forebodings, she carried on very well that night. The country in the evening proved to be most delightful. At intervals the car would rush through little old-fashioned villages, scaring the inhabitants at the unusual sight; then it would plunge into hundreds of square miles of pine-forests. Here and there were evidences of the coming manœuvres. In one place a group of staff officers were discovered reconnoitring for position. In another a cavalry fatigue-party was busy placing

black flags to indicate that such country was too broken for the movement of mounted troops; and at a third point the car overtook a column of route moving into one of the positions assigned to the various units in this autumn war game, which is carried on from one end of the German Empire to the other.

As night fell and Tommy was instructed to light the lamps, the travellers had placed another big slice of their journey behind them, and were only ten miles from the town of Nauen. Owing to the early start and the bad choice of the lunch on the part of the Major, the nourishment of the day had been of an impoverished kind. As a consequence, the travellers promised themselves a square honest meal at Nauen, and from thence a midnight drive into the metropolis, with the reservation, which is usual in such cases, of the right to change the programme after dinner.

It was just about seven o'clock when the car pulled up in front of the chief hotel in Nauen. Being so close to Berlin, the local celebrities were more used to motor-cars than they had been at most of the hotels on the Hamburg road, and accommodation was immediately found in the inner court for the vehicle. The hotel combined, like the majority of such institutions in Germany, a beer-garden with a residential establishment. It was also provided

with a very excellent bar in the main reading-room. To this bar the travellers drifted, and fell to the choice of the "slap-up" dinner they had promised themselves. They found that full attention was not for them that evening, since an unusual event was attracting the solicitude of all the waiting hands in the establishment. A regiment of Cuirassiers of the Guard, *en route* for the manœuvre-area the Explorers had just passed through, were billeted for the night in Nauen, and the officers of this *corps d'élite* were the principal guests in the hotel that the Explorers had themselves selected.

It so chanced that when the Explorers had finally decided upon their repast, they turned to the man behind the bar, who spoke French, and demanded the exact distance by road between Nauen and the capital. Just as the question was asked, an officer of the Cuirassiers was passing. Seeing at a glance, even if the execrable French accent did not declare the fact, that the inquirers were English, he turned to the bar and said in perfect English, "The distance is thirty kilometres." He was duly thanked, but appeared to be as keen to continue the conversation as the Explorers were to have the natural indications of the road explained to them. In common politeness the Major offered him a drink. This was refused, but a gold bejewelled cigarette-case was produced to

further the acquaintance. The three travellers, somewhat sobered by the massive character of the cigarette-case, helped themselves demurely, bowing with a grace which their ill-assorted attire scarcely warranted. The Cuirassier officer then introduced himself, but so slurred his denomination that the travellers never caught his name. The next move was obvious. The Major invited him to join the Explorers at their dinner-table. The Cuirassier bowed politely, and regretted that he had already dined, but suggested that as the travellers were so kind, he would be glad to join them at the table, and would like to bring some of his brother officers who also spoke English. The incident was really very friendly and pleasing.

The three travellers occupied the table which had been prepared for them, and in a few minutes four stalwart Cuirassier officers came and joined them. There were mutual introductions, followed by a class of entertainment which at one time looked as if it would wreck all the well-laid plans which the Explorers had made to reach Berlin that night. The Cuirassiers insisted that they were the hosts as far as libations were concerned, and they hoped that their guests would join them in a beverage they affected themselves. This was a mixture of German champagne with claret,—a mixture which is most seductive to the taste,

but against this seduction the uninitiated are warned. As is only proper on such occasions, the Explorers were not to be outdone by the aborigines, and bowl after bowl of this "Cuirassier punch" disappeared with a rapidity which could have left nothing to be desired from a wine-merchant's standpoint. Half way through the *séance*, however, Birdie, who was possessed of a worldly wisdom which his youthful looks belied, had found it necessary to withdraw for the purpose of examining his car. Nothing could have been more fortunate than this withdrawal.

To many this little evening gathering may point a moral; but the moral that we are able to adduce from it is the one which remains uppermost in our minds after a close study of the German people in their homes—namely, that a very erroneous estimate exists in this country of the natural feelings of the German and his individual attitude towards Britishers. Those belonging to the ambitious classes, and certain of those of the commercial caste, may entertain some bitterness owing to the successes of this country, but as a whole the feeling is exactly the opposite; and, as is shown by this simple narrative, Englishmen conducting themselves with that decorum which every country has a right to demand from its visitors, are received, not with sullen politeness, but with every charity and good-fellowship. We would ask our readers to

picture in this country a similar circumstance, whereby three German explorers arrive in some garrison town and find the hotel filled with officers of a Household cavalry regiment. Would the fact that the three addressed the bar-tender in German prove so attractive to British officers that they would, in the first place, go out of their way to render the visitors every assistance, and, in the second, invite them to join in an evening's entertainment? We will not venture upon an answer ourselves.

The Major allowed that he was prepared to stay in Nauen for a night; but his subordinates, of whom Birdie was the most vigilant, maintained that it would be far better to carry out the original programme and make the capital. As soon as the Cuirassier hosts found that their visitors were determined to push on to the capital, they immediately advised upon the choice of a hotel, and to make sure that the Explorers should receive every attention, one of the officers wrote a letter to the manager of the Hotel B——.

At midnight the party broke up with the best of mutual understandings, and as Birdie let in the clutch the officers of the Cuirassiers gave the Explorers a hearty send-off. The journey through Spandau to Berlin was without incident worthy of record, except a note of admiration with regard to Birdie's driving. Whether it was the brilliant lighting as the car neared Berlin and

rushed along Charlottenburg Chaussee, or whether it was the kick in the "punch bowl," it is impossible to say, but Birdie as a driver showed a recklessness of spirit, tempered with a finish of execution, that he equalled on no other occasion during the whole journey! Only once he missed the way and took the car on to the pavement: that was just as he entered Unter den Linden.

Two minutes later the car was brought to a standstill in front of the Hotel B——. Three bright-visaged, but more or less dishevelled, Englishmen demanded a lodging from the night manager. Exquisitely dressed in a perfectly fitting frock-coat, the manager looked over the heads of the three disreputable-looking wayfarers. He had no room, the hotel was packed. Then the Major bethought him of the letter

which his late boon companions had pressed upon him.

"This," said the night manager, taking the envelope, "is addressed to the manager. I am only the night manager. Do you authorise me to open it?" The Major slightly nodded in assent.

The magnificent flunkey tore the envelope and glanced down the page. One look at the signature and the starchiness in his attitude entirely dissolved. "I beg your pardon, sir. Of course we have room. If we had not, when Royalty commands us by letter we must obey. We make room. Gaspard, give these gentlemen 218, 219, and 220. I think you will find that you will be very comfortable. If you will come with me, sirs, I will personally conduct you to your suite."

BOSTON.

AMERICA, the country of contrasts, can show none more sudden or striking than that between New York and Boston. In New York progress and convenience reach their zenith. A short journey carries you back into the England of the eighteenth century. The traveller, lately puzzled by overhead railways and awed by the immensity of sky-scrappers, no sooner reaches Boston than he finds himself once more in a familiar environment. The wayward simplicity of the city has little in common with the New World. Its streets are not mere hollow tubes, through which financiers may be hastily precipitated to their quest for gold. They wind and twist like the streets in the country towns of England and France. To the old architects of Boston, indeed, a street was something more than a thoroughfare. The houses which flanked it took their places by whim or hazard, and were not compelled to follow a hard, immovable line. And so they possess all the beauty which is born of accident and surprise. You turn a corner, and know not what will confront you; you dive down a side street, and are uncertain into what century you will be thrust. Here is the old frame-house, which recalls the first settlers; there the fair red-brick of a later period. And everywhere is the diversity which comes of

growth, and which proves that time is a better contriver of effects than the most skilful architect.

The constant mark of Boston is a demure gaiety. An air of quiet festivity encompasses the streets. The houses are elegant, but sternly ordered. If they belong to the colonial style, they are exquisitely symmetrical. There is no pilaster without its fellow; no window that is not nicely balanced by another of self-same shape and size. The architects, who learned their craft from the designs of Inigo Jones and Christopher Wren, had no ambition to express their own fancy. They were loyally obedient to the tradition of the masters, and the houses which they planned, plain in their neatness, are neither pretentious nor inappropriate. Nowhere in Boston will you find the extravagant ingenuity which makes New York ridiculous; nowhere will you be disturbed by an absurd mimicry of exotic styles; nowhere are you asked to wonder at mountainous blocks of stone. Boston is not a city of giants, but of men who love their comfort, and who, in spite of Puritan ancestry, do not disdain to live in beautiful surroundings. In other words, the millionaire has not laid his iron hand upon New England, and, until he come, Boston may still boast of its elegance.

But the pride of Boston is

Beacon Street, surely one among the most majestic streets in the world. It suggests Piccadilly and the frontage of the Green Park. Its broad spaces and the shade of its dividing trees are of the natural beauty which time alone can confer, and its houses are worthy its setting. I lunched at the Somerset Club, in a white-panelled room, and it needed clams and soft-shell crabs to convince me that I was in a new land, and not in an English country-house. All was of another time and of a familiar place—the service, the furniture, the aspect. And was it possible to regard the company as strange in blood or speech?

The Mall, in Beacon Street, if it is the pride, is also characteristic of Boston. For Boston is a city of parks and trees. The famous Common, as those might remember who believe that America sprang into being in a night, has been sacred for nearly three hundred years. Since 1640 it has been the centre of Boston. It has witnessed the tragedies and comedies of an eventful history. "There," wrote an English traveller as early as 1675, "the gallants walk with their marmalet-madams, as we do in Moorfields." There malefactors were hanged; there the witches suffered in the time of their persecution; and it is impossible to forget, as you walk its ample spaces, the many old associations which it brings with it from the past.

It is, indeed, to the past that

Boston belongs. No city is more keenly conscious of its origin. The flood of foreign immigration has not engulfed it. Its memories, like its names, are still of England, New and Old. The spirit of America, eagerly looking forward, cruelly acquisitive, does not seem to fulfil it. The sentiment of its beginning has outlasted even the sentiment of a poignant agitation. It resembles an old man thinking of what was, and turning over with careful hand the relics of days gone by. If in one aspect Boston is a centre of commerce and enterprise, in another it is a patient worshipper of tradition. It regards the few old buildings which have survived the shocks of time with a respect which an Englishman can easily understand, but which may appear extravagant to the modern American. The Old South Meeting-House, to give a single instance, is an object of simple-hearted veneration to the people of Boston, and the veneration is easily intelligible. For there is scarcely an episode in Boston's history that is not connected, in the popular imagination, with the Old South Meeting-House. It stands on the site of John Winthrop's garden; it is rich in memories of Cotton and Increase Mather. Within its ancient walls was Benjamin Franklin christened, and the building which stands to-day comes down to us from 1730, and was designed in obedient imitation of Christopher Wren. There, too, were enacted many

scenes in the drama of revolution; there it was that the famous tea-party was proposed; and thence it was that the Mohawks, drunk with the rhetoric of liberty, found their way to the harbour, that they might see how tea mixed with salt-water. If the sentiment be sometimes exaggerated, the purpose is admirable, and it is a pleasant reflection that, in a country of quick changes and historical indifference, at least one building will be preserved for the admiration of coming generations.

It is for such reasons as these that an Englishman feels at home in Boston. He is anchored to the same past; he shares the same memories, even though he give them a different interpretation. Between the New and Old England there are more points of similarity than of difference. In each are the same green meadows, the same ample streams, the same wide vistas. The names of the towns and villages in the new country were borrowed from the old some centuries ago; everywhere friendly associations are evoked; everywhere are signs of a familiar and kindly origin. When Winthrop, the earliest of the settlers, wrote to his wife, "We are here in a paradise," he spoke with an enthusiasm which is easily intelligible. And as the little colony grew, it lived its life in accord with the habit and sentiment of the mother country. In architecture and costume it followed the example

set in Bristol or in London. Between these ports and Boston was a frequent interchange of news and commodities. An American in England was no stranger. He was visiting, with sympathy and understanding, the home of his fathers. The most distinguished Bostonians of the late eighteenth century live upon the canvases of Copley, who, in his son, gave to England a distinguished Chancellor, and whose career is the best proof of the good relations which bound England to her colony. Now Copley arrived in England in 1774, when his native Boston was aroused to the height of her sentimental fury, and he was received with acclamation. He painted the portraits of Lord North and his wife, who, one imagines, were not regarded in Boston with especial favour. The King and Queen gave him sittings, and neither political animosity nor professional rivalry stood in the way of his advancement. His temper and character were well adapted to his career. Before he left New England he had shown himself a court painter in a democratic city. He loved the trappings of life, and he loved to put his sitters in a splendid environment. His own magnificence had already astonished the grave Bostonians, and he is described, while still a youth, as "dressed in a fine maroon cloth, with gilt buttons."

I have said that Boston loves relics. The relics which it

loves best are the relics of England's discomfiture. The stately portraits of Copley are of small account compared to the memorials of what was nothing else than a civil war. Faneuil Hall, the Covent Garden of Boston, presented to the city by Peter Faneuil some thirty years before the birth of "Liberty," is now but an emblem of revolt. The Old South Meeting-Place is endeared to the citizens of Boston as "the sanctuary of freedom." A vast monument, erected a mere quarter of a century ago, commemorates the "Boston Massacre." And wherever you turn you are reminded of an episode which might easily be forgotten. To an Englishman these historical landmarks are inoffensive. The dispute which they recall aroused far less emotion on our side the ocean than on the other, and long ago we saw the events of the Revolution in a fair perspective. In truth, this insistence on the past is not wholly creditable to Boston's sense of humour. The passionate pæans which Otis and his friends sang to Liberty were irrelevant. Liberty was never for a moment in danger, if Liberty, indeed, be a thing of fact and not of watchwords. The leaders of the Revolution wrote and spoke as though it was their duty to throw off the yoke of the foreigner,—a yoke as heavy as that which Catholic Spain cast upon Protestant Holland. But there was no yoke to be thrown off, because no yoke was ever imposed, and Boston might

have celebrated greater events in her history than that which an American statesman has wisely called "the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right."

However, if you would forget the follies of politicians, you have but to cross the bridge and drive to Cambridge, which, like the other Cambridge of England, is the seat of a distinguished university. You are doubly rewarded, for not merely is Cambridge a perfect specimen of a colonial village, but in Harvard there breathes the true spirit of humane letters. Nor is the college a creation of yesterday. It is not far short of three hundred years ago that John Harvard, once of Emmanuel College in England, endowed the university which bears his honoured name. The bequest was a poor £780, with 260 books, but it was sufficient to ensure an amiable immortality, and to bestow a just cause of pride upon our own university. The daughter, indeed, is worthy her august parentage. She has preserved the sentiment of her birth; she still worships the classics with a constant heart; and the fame of her scholars has travelled in the mouths of men from end to end of Europe. And Harvard has preserved all the outward tokens of a university. Her wide spaces and lofty avenues are the fit abode of learning. Her college chapel and her college halls could serve no other purpose than that for which they are designed. The West,

I believe, has built universities on another plan and to another purpose. But Harvard, like her great neighbour Boston, has been obedient to the voice of tradition, and her college, the oldest, remains also the greatest in America.

Culture has always been at once the boast and the reproach of Boston. A serious ancestry and the neighbourhood of a university are enough to ensure a grave devotion to the things of the spirit, and Boston has never found the quest of gold sufficient for its needs. The Pilgrim Fathers, who first sought a refuge in New England, left their country in the cause of what they thought intellectual freedom, and their descendants have ever stood in need of the excitement which nothing save pietism or culture can impart. For many years pietism held sway in Boston. The persecution of the witches, conducted with a lofty eloquence by Cotton Mather, was but the expression of an imperious demand, and the conflict of warring sects, which for many years disturbed the peace of the city, satisfied a craving not yet allayed. Then, after a long interval, came Transcendentalism, a pleasant mixture of literature and moral guidance, and to-day Boston is as earnest as ever in pursuit of vague ideals and soothing doctrines.

But pietism has gradually yielded to the claim of culture. Though one of the largest buildings which frown

upon the wayfarer in Boston is a temple raised to the honour of Christian Science and Mrs Eddy, literature is clearly the most fashionable anodyne. It is at once easier and less poignant than theology; while it imparts the same sense of superiority, it suggests the same emancipation from mere worldliness. It is by lectures that Boston attempts to slake its intellectual thirst—lectures on everything and nothing. Science, literature, theology—all is pat to the purpose. The enterprise of the Lowell Institute is seconded by a thousand private ventures. The patient citizens are always ready to discuss Shakespeare, except when Tennyson was the subject of the last discourse, and zoology remains attractive until it be obscured by the newest sensation in chemistry. Yet the appetite of Boston is unglutted and insatiable. Its folly is frankly recognised by the wise among its own citizens. Here, for instance, is the testimony of one whose sympathy with real learning is evident. "The lecture system," says he, "in its best estate an admirable educational instrument, has been subject to dreadful abuse. The unbounded appetite of the New England communities for this form of intellectual nourishment has tempted vast hordes of charlatans and pretenders to try their fortune in this profitable field. 'The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.' The pay of the lecturer has grown more

exorbitant in proportion to the dilution of his mixture, until professional jokers have usurped the places once graced by philosophers and poets; and to-day the lyceums are served by a new species of broker, who ekes out the failing literary material with the better entertainment of music and play-acting."

I am not sure whether the new species of broker is not better than the old. So long as music and play-acting do not masquerade in the worn-out duds of intellect, they do not inflict a serious injury upon the people. It is culture, false and unashamed, that is the terror. Now, culture is the vice of the intelligence. It stands to literature in the same relation as hypocrisy stands to religion. A glib familiarity with names does duty for knowledge. Men and women think it no shame to play the parrot to lecturers, and to pretend an acquaintance with books whose leaves they have never parted. They affect intellect, when at its best it is curiosity which drives them to lecture hall or institute—at its worst, a love of mental dram-drinking. To see manifest in a frock-coat a poet or man of science whose name is printed in the newspapers fills them with a fearful enthusiasm. To hear the commonplaces of literary criticism delivered in a lofty tone of paradox persuades them to believe that they also are among the erudite, and makes the sacrifice of time and money as light as a wind-

blown leaf. But their indiscretion is not so trivial as it seems. Though every man and every woman has the right to waste his time (or hers) as may seem good, something else besides time is lost in the lecture hall. Sincerity also is squandered in the grey, dim light of sham learning, and nobody can indulge in a mixed orgie of "culture" without some sacrifice of honesty and truth.

Culture, of course, is not the monopoly of Boston. It has stretched its long arm from end to end of the American continent. Wherever you go you will hear, in tram or car, the facile gossip of literature. The whole world seems familiar with great names, though the meaning of the names escapes the vast majority. Now the earnest ones of the earth congregate in vast tea-gardens of the intellect, such as Chataqua. Now the summer hotel is thought a fit place in which to pick up a smattering of literature or science, and there is an uneasy feeling abroad that what is commonly known as pleasure must not be unalloyed. The vice, unhappily, is not unknown in England. A country which had the ingenuity to dub a penny reading "university extension," and to send its missionaries into every town, cannot be held guiltless. But our poor attempts at culture dwindle to a paltry insignificance in the light of American enterprise; and we would no more compare the achievement of England in the diffusion of learning with the

achievement of the United States, than we would set a modest London office by the side of the loftiest sky-scraper in New York. America lives to do good or evil on a large scale, and we lag as far behind her in culture as in money-making.

When I left Boston for the West, I met in the train an earnest citizen of a not uncommon type. He was immensely and ingenuously patriotic. Though he had never left his native land, and had therefore an insufficient standard of comparison, he was convinced that America was superior in arms and arts to every other part of the habitable globe. He assured me, with an engaging simplicity, that Americans were braver, more energetic, and richer than Englishmen; that, as their buildings were higher, so also were their intelligence and aspirations. He pointed out that in the vast continent of the West nothing was lacking which the mind of man could desire. Where, he asked, would you find harvests so generous, mines so abundant in precious metals, factories managed with so splendid an ingenuity? If wine and oil are your quest, said he, you have but to tap the surface of the munificent earth. One thing only, he confessed, was lacking, and that need a few years would make good. "Wait," said he, with an assured if immodest boastfulness, — "wait until we get a bit degenerate, and

then we will produce a Shakespeare"! I had not the heart to suggest that the sixteenth century in England was a period of birth, not of decay. I could only accept his statement in awful appreciation. And emboldened by my silence, he supported his argument with a hundred ingeniously chosen facts. He was sure that America would never show the smallest sign of decadence until she was tired of making money. The love of money was the best defence against degeneracy of every kind, and he gasped with simple-hearted pride when he thought of the millions of dollars which his healthy, primitive compatriots were amassing. But, he allowed, the weariness of satiety might overtake them; there might come a time when the ledger and counting-house ceased to be all-sufficient, and that moment of decay would witness the triumph of American literature. "Ben Jonson, Goldsmith, and those fellows," he asked, "lived in a degenerate age, didn't they?" I assented hastily. How could I contradict so agreeable a companion, especially as he was going, as fast as the train could carry him, to take a rest cure?

Such is one victim of the passion for culture. He had probably read nothing in his life save the newspapers and Dickens's 'American Notes,' a work to which he referred with the bitterest resentment. But he had attended lectures, and heard names, some of which

remained tinkling in his empty head. To his confused mind English literature was a period of degeneracy, one and indissoluble, in which certain famous writers lived, devoting what time they could snatch from the practice of what he called the decadent vices to the worship of the bottle. There was no harm in him. He was, as the common phrase has it, his own enemy. But he would be better employed in looking at a game of baseball than in playing with humane letters, and one cannot but regret that he should suffer thus profoundly from a vicious system.

Another victim of culture comes to my mind. He, too, was from Boston, and as his intelligence was far deeper than the other one's, his unhappiness was the greater. I talked to him for a long day, and he had no conversation but of books. For him the visible world did not exist. The printed page was the beginning and the end of existence. He had read, if not wisely, at least voraciously, and he displayed a wide and profound acquaintance with modern biography. He had all the latest *Lives* at his finger-tips. He knew where all our great contemporaries lived, and who were their friends; he had attended lectures on every conceivable subject; withal he was of a high seriousness, which nothing could daunt. For him, as is but natural, the works of Mr Arthur Benson held the last "message" of modern

literature. He could not look upon books as mere instruments of pleasure or enjoyment. He wanted to extract from them that mysterious quality called "help" by the elect of the lecture hall; and without the smallest persuasion he told me which authors had "helped" him in his journey through the world. Shelley, of course, stood first on the list, then came Walt Whitman, and Pater was not far from the top. And there was nothing more strange in this apostle of æsthetics than his matter-of-fact air. His words were the words of a yearning spirit. His tone was the tone of a statistician. Had he really read the books of which he spoke? Did they really "help" him in the making of money, which was the purpose of his life, or did they minister to a soul diseased? I do not know. But I do know that there was a kind of pathos in his cold anxiety. Plainly he was a man of quick perception and alert intelligence. And he seemed to have wasted a vast amount of time in acquiring a jargon, which certainly was not his own, and in attaching to books a meaning and purpose which they have never possessed.

Such are two widely different products of the lecture hall, and it is impossible not to see that, various as are their temperaments, they have been pushed through the same mill. And thus we arrive at the worst vice of enforced culture. Culture is, like the overhead railroad, a mere saviour of time.

It is the tramway of knowledge which compels all men to travel by the same car, whatever may be their ultimate destination. It possesses all the inconvenience of pleasures taken or duties performed in common. The knowledge which is sincere and valuable must be acquired by each man separately; it must correspond to the character and disposition of him who acquires it, or it is a thin disguise of vanity and idleness. To what, then, may we attribute this passion for the lecture hall? Perhaps it is partly due to the provincialism, characteristic of America, and partly to an invincible energy, which quickens the popular ambition and urges men to acquire information as they acquire wealth, by the

shortest route, and with the smallest exertion.

Above all, culture is the mark of a new country, and America no doubt will outgrow its domination. Even now Boston, its earliest slave, is shaking off the yoke; and it is taking refuge in the more modern cities of the West. Chicago is, I believe, its newest and vastest empire. There, where all is odd, it is well to be thought a "thinker." There, we are told, the elect believe it their duty "to reach and stimulate others." But wherever culture is found strange things are done in its name, and the time may come when by the light of Chicago's brighter lamp Boston may seem to dwell in the outer darkness.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

THE NEW EQUALITY.

*“ There is a generation :—
O how lofty are their eyes !
And their eyelids are lifted up.”*

O YOU on whose oriflamme proudly waves
The gallant remark that you won't be slaves,
Come, rise in your freeborn hordes,
And fight, till your warrior-throats are hoarse,
For Freedom (by picketing, peace, and force),
And—Down with the House of Lords !.

You know of the trouble and time We've spent
In getting this bluffable Government
Compressed by a regal thumb ;
You know that their followers come to heel
Whenever We whistle,—it may be zeal,
Or not—but they have to come.

The Tory (who isn't allowed to speak),
Tho' willing in spirit, is far too weak
To hamper our wild careers ;
And We should be perfectly free to make
And tinker the law for our own sweet sake,
Except for the House of Peers.

This bevy of bishops and popinjays
Is all that remains of the bad old days,
When even an Upper House
Was equally free with the lowest class
To give their opinions, as bold as brass,
And act by their native *nous* ;

And after the change, when they must have known
That We had come forward to claim “our own”
(And possibly others', too),
When all must be gathered in Freedom's fold,
To think as they're ordered, and speak when told,
And do what We bid them do,

Instead of appearing to care one straw
For leaders whose popular word is law,
 They coolly collect,—discuss
The Dogmas of Liberty,—think they're free
To think what they like, and to disagree,
 And argue the point with—Us!

Oh, where is your Freedom of Thought and Speech?
If merely from being beyond Our reach
 These rebels presume to talk,
To think, and to act by their private lights,
Are they to consider that *they* have rights?
 Oh, not by a long, long chalk!

Then down with them! Teach them to bend their necks
(As We have taught others) to DEMOS, REX!
 And then they can talk their fill;
For under the laws of the new *régime*
The Will of the People must be supreme;
 And We are the People's Will!

J. K.

MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD.

THE POPLAR UNION—THE RAPID GROWTH OF PAUPERISM—THE POLICY OF
MESSRS CROOKS AND LANSBURY—THE DIVERSIONS OF MR M'CARTHY—
AN EXPERIMENT IN SOCIALISM—RECENT LEGISLATION—THE GOVERN-
MENT'S ILL-OMENED ECONOMY.

To all save the ratepayers, who did not call the tune but paid the piper, the report on the Poplar Union lately presented to the President of the Local Government Board is a document full of entertainment. Never in the history of the world has Bumble triumphed more magnificently. Never has idle poverty been so generously rewarded. And we have no doubt that to-day many a stalwart working man, as he tramps sadly to his work, is regretting the good time, not far distant in the past, when he might have a good meal for the asking, and when free beer and free tobacco were the easy privilege of the leisured citizen.

In the year 1893—a year disastrous to all the inhabitants of Poplar who were indiscreet enough to earn their own living—Mr Crooks and Mr Lansbury were elected to the Board of Guardians as the representatives of the Labour Party. From the moment of their election until an inquiry was ordered these two Guardians dominated the Board. How, with a majority against them, they were able to have their own way is not quite clear. Mr Lansbury says that he and Mr Crooks over-awed their colleagues "by their

sweet reasonableness." But by whatever means they acquired their authority, its results were instantly visible. The number of paupers and the cost of their keep went up by leaps and bounds. The sum spent in 1894 upon relief, indoors and out, was £46,000. This rose in ten years to £84,000. Mr Crooks's ambition was clear. He boasted that, under his auspices, the workhouse had become a model one "for attending to and properly feeding and clothing the poor." Every inducement was held out to the citizens of Poplar to become paupers. As the report grimly says, "It is clear that in their efforts to improve the standard of comfort in the workhouse, the Poplar Guardians have spared no expense." It is easy to spare no expense when the money you squander is not your own; and no doubt the Guardians sunned themselves in their reputation of cheap benevolence. The paupers fed on the fat of the land. Margarine being repulsive to their refined palates, butter was substituted, and the butter was the "best." And, lest the able-bodied paupers should find the enforced idleness hang heavy on their hands, they were allowed the twin

solace of beer and tobacco. In the golden age of the Union, one hundred pints were drawn every day from the Gargantuan tun, which seems to have been the rallying-point for inmates and Guardians alike. With a gratified humour the paupers celebrated the open-handed munificence of their Master by calling his cellar "The Madeley Arms" or "The Horn of Plenty," and it is evident that they all lived together on terms of democratic familiarity. Nor were the inmates asked to undertake any difficult jobs in return for the handsome treatment they received. There was no meanness at Poplar. "The Horn of Plenty" stood open to all, and the Guardians were too fine in spirit to invite their guests to the performance of any humiliating task. It was not for them to pick the obstinate oakum, or to waste their manly vigour in the useless breaking of stones. Why should honest poverty be thus degraded? Besides, there was nothing that the Guardians loved so much as a full house, and in order to entice the critical pauper they wished to make everything as pleasant as possible. Taskwork being thus eliminated, there was not much to employ the leisure of the inmates. The Guardians, being the devoted slaves of the Labour Party, did not like to compete with those who declined to accept their hospitality, and they preferred "to employ outside labour for work, such as gardening and painting, which in many workhouses is done

by the inmates." What, then, could the hopeless pauper do when he was tired of eating and drinking? The value of land in Poplar did not permit him the luxury of an 18-hole golf-course, and if he did not consent to chop wood he ran the risk of getting no exercise at all. And there is a limit to the demand of chopping wood, even in the most comfortable workhouse. As a visitor sadly observed in October 1903, "There is now such a superabundance of chopped wood on the Guardians' hands that they have been obliged to stop all wood-chopping until their surplus store is exhausted. Consequently the able-bodied loafer is having an excellent time."

But even idleness may pall, even the intermittent joy of wood-chopping may hang heavy on the unaccustomed hand. Yet the pauper of Poplar had no need to despair. If he were bored, an agreeable change was provided for him. His town residence, "The Horn of Plenty," was supplemented by a country house at Laindon, in Essex. This seems to have been admirably adapted for its purpose. There was no wall round the mansion, by which the visitors could be kept in at night; nor, indeed, was there any serious attempt at restraint. After working-hours, which, it need not be said, were not distressing, the inmates were free to go or come as they would; and as some generous person allowed each man 6d. a-week pocket-money, they were able to

amuse themselves like men of spirit. They slept out, they begged, they frequented public-houses; and as the simple countryside was not accustomed to their town ways, the Superintendent of the Police was indiscreet enough to declare that Laindon was "a nuisance and a menace to that part of the district." Could you find a worse instance than this of rural intolerance? Here was the pick of the Poplar Union ready to brighten the tedious life of a village in Essex, and the Chief Constable does not scruple to assert that it was "a rowdy lot"!

Nevertheless, easy as the life was, the lack of wholesome exercise was felt by the paupers at Laindon also. The farm could be worked by four agricultural labourers, and how were the visitors to kill time? It is true that they went out for a ramble every evening, and that once a-month they had two days' holiday, and a return ticket paid by the Guardians. And then there were occasional demonstrations of the unemployed to attend, also at the public expense; and, walking in processions being naturally thirsty work, there was a glass or two of beer on the way home. But these interludes came too seldom, and the gentry of Poplar, used to excitement, soon tired of their seclusion upon an Essex farm; and we are told that one inmate so far forgot himself that he wrote to his wife threatening to beat her unless she found him some money within a week.

The generous policy followed by the Guardians of Poplar had the inevitable result of vastly increasing the number of paupers. Though neither poverty nor population increased, the resources of the Union were strained to the last point. In 1905 no less than 47 per thousand were receiving outdoor relief in Poplar, though the average for London was no more than 11 per thousand. And, with success, the paupers grew in courage. They seemed to believe that it was for their benefit that the State existed, and their arrogance, established in this belief, grew enormously. Even in the times of their utmost prosperity they demanded alms. There was, for instance, the case of Mrs Carey, a lady who well deserves to be remembered. She was one of a deputation which called upon Mr Balfour in 1905; and she harangued him after the flaunting eloquence of her kind. She declared that her husband was a dock labourer, and that he only had one or two days' work a week. And then she added these burning words: "If something is not done, we shall soon have to eat one another, or else there will be bloodshed." Nothing was done, nobody was eaten, and there was no bloodshed. The fact was that the husband of the flamboyant Mrs Carey had earned £2, 15s. 3d. the week before, and had no need to imitate Saturn. But the Guardians were not to be balked of their generosity, and Carey got the relief for which his wife clamoured.

But while the paupers were making the best of public munificence, what were the Guardians doing? The worst of them were sharing the cakes and ale liberally provided at "The Madeley Arms," the best of them were giving us a brilliant commentary upon practical socialism. And all were exultant. Mr M'Carthy, for his part, had no fear: he declared in his pleasant way that "the Local Government Board had not the 'guts' to fight the Guardians"; and took refuge in the Master's parlour. From a dramatic point of view, the report does scanty justice to Mr M'Carthy's prowess. But even the bald official prose will give some impression of the joyousness of life as lived in the Poplar Union. "Though Mr M'Carthy," says the report, "was not the only Guardian to take meals with the Master of the Workhouse, he was the greatest offender in this respect. He urged, as an excuse, that the food came from the Master's rations; but this is not a contention that can be accepted, as the rations are intended for the personal use of the officer. If an officer was limited to his proper allowance of rations there would be no margin for entertaining. It follows that Mr M'Carthy took his meals at the expense either of the Union or the Master. There is evidence that on some occasions when he was having supper with the Master extra luxuries, such as oysters and salmon, were sent out for by the latter." Evidently Mr M'Carthy was a man whose society was worth having, and

we may take some comfort in the knowledge that not only has he himself a position in the Post Office, but that three of his relations are still loyally serving their country in the Poplar Workhouse.

The free-and-easy administration of the Union had the inevitable consequences. Joviality cannot be indulged for nothing. In the first place, discipline was destroyed. The paupers, who witnessed the light behaviour of the Master and the Matron, could not be expected to preserve an air of gravity. The evidence of the Chaplain is pathetic and conclusive. If ever a man was out of place the Chaplain was out of place at the Poplar Union. "The conduct of the Master in taking the Guardians to the beer-cellar," says he, "got about amongst the inmates, and the conduct of the Master recently has gone abroad. That also has got to be known to the inmates. And we have in the House, of course, I am sorry to say, inmates of a low type of character, and hearing of the conduct of the Master it has made the work of the Chaplain very difficult indeed." So much for the indiscipline, which, bad as it is, is not the worst effect of mismanagement. It is in the matter of contracts that there is the easiest opportunity for corruption. The simple and obvious practice of accepting the lowest tender was not followed at Poplar. The report furnishes instance after instance where the highest tender was accepted, to the great detriment of the rate-

payers, and we trust that the cold, conclusive statement of the Local Government Board's Inspector will be carefully pondered by those who do not believe that prodigality is the first necessity of municipal government. On the other hand, the benevolent philanthropist, who cares not how recklessly the money of others is squandered, will be soothed by the reflection that in the palmy days of the Poplar Union the pauper fed upon the best butter that the market could supply, and that he had a fancy, which was generously gratified, for "Denny's full-branded bacon at elevenpence-halfpenny a pound."

The evil which is done by the misguided and indiscriminate charity which prevailed at Poplar is incalculable. On the one hand, the inmates, who carelessly accept the public bounty, rapidly and cheerfully surrender their self-respect. On the other hand, the rate-payers, forced to pay twelve shillings in the pound, were many of them driven to the verge of starvation. Everywhere in Poplar there was the same story of industrial depression and ruined tradesmen. Manufacturers, rather than submit to the wanton exactions of Bumble and his brethren, took their works elsewhere, and thus increased the poverty of the place. That the extravagance was unnecessary is clearly proved by the fact that no sooner was a public inquiry ordered than the number of paupers declined as rapidly as the rates. Nor is it diffi-

cult to assign the responsibility for the maladministration to the proper quarter. Such men as Mr M'Carthy are probably found on every board, and they would have no chance of playing their antics if their more influential colleagues kept a hand and an eye upon them. But it is not disputed that from 1894 Mr Crooks and Mr Lansbury ruled Poplar with a word, and upon them must fall the heaviest weight of blame. Nobody has cast the slightest imputation on their personal integrity. In the words of the report, "they neither ate nor drank with the workhouse officials, and they suggested to the Local Government Board more than once that the contracts should be altogether taken out of the hands of the Guardians." But it is not enough that a public official should keep his hands clean. He must also do the work which he imposes upon himself; and, as Messrs Crooks and Lansbury doubtless went upon the Board of Guardians to gratify their private ambition, very little excuse can be found for their dereliction of duty. The report points out in their favour that they "are busy men, holding a number of offices entailing continuous work, and naturally would not have time, even if they had the inclination, for doing the routine work of managing an institution like the Poplar Workhouse." It would be difficult to make a flimsier defence. The statement explains, it does not excuse, the conduct of Messrs Crooks and

Lansbury. Nobody is compelled to sit upon a board; it is the easiest thing in the world not to be a Guardian; and the Government, which does not think that an able-bodied man is capable of voting twice, should interpose at once and decree that no politician for the sake of self-advertisement or in devotion to a public cause should be permitted to sit in more than one deliberative assembly.

The question of the guilt which attaches to Mr Crooks and Mr Lansbury cannot be better summed up than in Mr Davy's own words. "Giving the fullest weight to all considerations," says he, "Mr Crooks and Mr Lansbury must still be held in no small degree responsible for the effects of a policy which has led to the pauperisation of great numbers of the inhabitants of the district, to the subsidising of women's casual labour, with the inevitable growth of sweating and of starvation wages, and to an increase of the expenditure which has inflicted much hardship on struggling tradesmen and others. They have done much public work in Poplar, but they cannot be wholly exonerated from a certain responsibility for the sordid misdoings of some of their colleagues." Such relief as these poor words can give is theirs, but they are not likely to find it satisfactory. Mr Crooks, with an inapposite magniloquence, has declared that History will justify him. But History has a way of for-

getting the unessential, and she is not likely to have any word of good or evil to say of a careless Guardian, who was too busy attempting to serve the State in two places at once, to guard his own borough from corruption and extravagance.

The one bright spot in a sordid business is the resolution of Mr John Burns. Few men have a wider experience of the evils of Local Government than he. Few men have been a party to more municipal extravagance. And, on the principle of "set a thief to catch a thief," no one could have been found better adapted for the work he has undertaken. But the inquiry, for which he deserves the fullest credit, has an interest far beyond the limits of Poplar. Mr McCarthy and his friends have afforded us an excellent opportunity of studying the evils of socialism. Their theory of local administration may be summed up in one word—plunder. They sternly resolved that those who had should feed and house those who had not. In their campaign of vicarious benevolence, they cared not what hardships they inflicted; they were indifferent into what depths of moral debauchery they hurled their idle clients. If their policy were widely followed it would merely mean the pampering of the unfit, the conferring of privilege upon those least entitled to it, and the cold-blooded ruin of thrifty citizens. The situation is as old as politics. Aristotle, who knew, none better, the evils

of democracy, summed up the case of Poplar some two thousand years ago. "Where there are revenues," said he, "the demagogues should not be allowed after their manner to distribute the surplus; the poor are always receiving and always wanting more and more, for such help is like water poured into a leaky cask." For the moment, at least, the leakage in Poplar is stopped, and it is the business of the self-respecting rate-payers to see that the auger of extravagance is never again brought into use.

The party which once dominated the Guardians of Poplar has now captured the power, if not the offices, of Parliament. If it can, it will apply to the whole body of the State the treatment which has involved Poplar in ruin. Its first object is to pour all the money it can lay its hands on into the leaking cask of futile benevolence. The men who grudge every halfpenny spent upon the Navy, who think it no shame to disband regiments which have carried their colours to victory on many a battlefield, who believe that economies may best be effected by weakening our national defences, are ready to squander millions on encouraging the idle. The hard-working citizen will get no sympathy from them. It is his business to pay the rates and taxes, which are wasted in saving those who will not toil from discomfort. If these men gratified their ambition, they would turn the whole of England into a

vast workhouse, where, while the money lasted, there would be free beer and free tobacco for all, and no work for any one. The question of Army Stores and incompetent War Ministers would receive its final answer, for there would be no Army and no War Office. The fleet, once the pride of England, would be distributed over our larger rivers, and would serve as passenger-boats for the inmates of our workhouses, when they were disposed to take a brief holiday from the arduous task of doing nothing. And when our enemies sailed up the Thames, they would encounter no resistance, but only well-scrubbed, whitewashed workhouses, ready to serve as barracks for their troops. Such is the ideal of Poplar, and it is satisfactory to think that, owing to the unexpected energy of a single Minister, it will not be realised for some time to come.

The official policy of our present Government resembles the policy of Poplar in this, that its object is to weaken all sense of personal responsibility. The object of the Land Tenure Bill, for instance, now before the House, is to compel landlord and tenant to agree only upon such terms as the Government allows. It overrides the Law, and makes naught of contracts. If it have any meaning at all, it is that every landlord in England is a reckless marauder, intent on bringing his tenants to ruin. It substitutes for the pleasant relation which now exists,

actions of damage and tedious arbitration. "If the tenant sustains any damage from game which he has not the lawful right to kill, he shall at any time during the tenancy be entitled to compensation from his landlord for such damage, and any agreement to the contrary shall be void." If the effect of this clause, as is likely, is to discourage the preservation of game, it is the tenant who would suffer most cruelly. However wicked it may be to own a rood of land, the landlord still believes, erroneously perhaps, that he also has the right to live, and, if sport be rendered impossible, he will have no other resource but to raise the rent of his farms. Indeed every clause of this Bill contains a limitation of responsibility, a defiance of contracts; and we can imagine nothing more unfortunate for the hapless tenant, nothing more convenient for the shameful agitator, than the dual ownership thus set up.

If the Land Tenure Bill insists upon unnecessary provisions, the Trade Disputes Bill, in order to give a privilege to the working man, removes all restrictions of any kind whatsoever. Henceforth the Trades Unions may exert what tyranny they please. No tortious act will be forbidden them, if it be performed in contemplation or furtherance of a trade dispute. The masters are given the same privilege of law-breaking as the men; and if the Bill be carried in practice to its logical conclusion, we may have a very good chance of witnessing authorised

battles and legal bloodshed in the streets. But the great cruelty of the Bill is that it is aimed not so much at the masters as at those workmen who, for reasons of their own, decline to join a Trades Union. These unhappy men, if they persist in their course of independence, will be exposed to a ruthless tyranny, compared with which the Bureaucracy of Russia is an organ of mild persuasion. Man is a wolf to Man, and the lot of those who in future dare to oppose the omnipotent, irresponsible will of the Trades Unions is not enviable.

The Government of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been in office a year, and we hope that the Prime Minister and his colleagues are proud of their achievement. Besides the two Bills that we have mentioned, they are attempting to pass two others of equal ignominy. Of the Education Bill we will say nothing—that is receiving at the hands of the Lords the revision of which it stands in desperate need. The Plural Voting Bill is a piece of cynical effrontery, the avowed purpose of which is to keep the Radical Party in office for ever. Happily none of these measures is yet passed, and before the Bills are converted into Acts they must sustain a heavy weight of opposition. In the more important task of administration, the Government has shown itself as hopelessly inefficient as in the business of law-making. In the cause of economy the Naval programme of 1905 has

been annulled. The First Lord of the Admiralty, corrupted no doubt by evil communications, has eaten his own words, and swallowed his own plans. Not merely has the Admiralty dropped one of its great battleships, it has also decided to reduce the British fleets, in regular commission with full crews, by seven battleships and four armoured cruisers. The same dangerous policy is pursued at the War Office as at the Admiralty. Mr Haldane, not content with starving the great department which is placed in his care, has outraged the sentiment of the Army by removing the Scots Greys from Edinburgh, and by threatening to withdraw its only cavalry regiment from Scotland. Lord Rosebery, in an eloquent speech delivered at Edinburgh, appealed to the Government's sense of interest, and reminded it that the principle of territoriality was deeply fixed in the tradition of our army. "If they wanted," said he, "to have a good recruiting-ground in Scotland for the

Greys or any other cavalry regiment, it was not a sagacious policy to remove them." Lord Rosebery will appeal in vain. As he said, he "has no influence with the Government,"—a truth which no one regrets more than we; nor is his lack of influence the easier to bear, from the obvious fact that he threw it deliberately away.

The harm inflicted upon the Colonies by our reckless demagogues is as great as that done to the Services. The unsettlement of South Africa, the renunciation of all that we fought for in the war, are refinements of treachery which a patriot does not like to contemplate. In one short year, which will be ever one of the blackest in our annals, these amateurs in the art of government have done their best to compass the ruin of England at home and abroad. The one consolation left us is that almost every one of the Ministers has publicly discredited himself, and not even the largest majority since 1832 can save a discredited and divided Government from ruin.

INDEX TO VOL. CLXXX.

- Abdul Hamid II., claims of, as Khalif, 291 *et seq.*, 786—attitude of Germany towards, 306 *et seq.*
- ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN AND KHALIF, AND THE PAN-ISLAMIC MOVEMENT, 291.
- ABSOLUTE MONARCH, A WINTER AT THE COURT OF AN, 587.
- ACCIDENT, SOME ETHICS AND AN, 694.
- Ajaccio, description of, 657.
- Amir of Afghanistan, the, Mission to, from the Indian Government, 587 *et seq.*—reception of the Mission by, 596 *et seq.*—signing of the Treaty by, 607—State Durbar held by, in honour of the Mission, 608 *et seq.*—a private audience with, 610.
- Arabia, efforts of Abdul Hamid to gain possession of, 296 *et seq.*
- Argyll, the Duke of, on the condition of the crofters, 268.
- Army and Navy, introduction of a common system of training for the, 141.
- Bazaars of Constantinople, a visit to the, 497.
- BÊTE-NOIRE, A MAN'S, 311.
- Bird, Isabella (Mrs Bishop), girlhood and early journeys of, 821 *et seq.*—marriage of, 825—widowhood, and travels of, in the East, *ib. et seq.*—last illness and death of, 830.
- BIRD, ISABELLA (MRS BISHOP), THE LIFE OF, 821.
- Blue-stocking, origin of the term, 452.
- BLUE-STOCKINGS, THE, 452.
- BOSTON, 850.
- Boston, the city of, 850—the historic past of, 851—the relics of, 853—the culture of, 854 *et seq.*
- Boswell, James, connection of, with the blue-stocking societies, 452.
- Botha, Louis, the vaunted generalship of, 253.
- BUCHANAN, GEORGE, 1.
- Buchanan, George, portrait of, on the cover of 'Maga,' 1—birth and early career of, 2—life of, at St Barb, 3—at the Scottish Court, 4—becomes a Professor at Bordeaux, 5—is handed over to the Inquisition, 6—friendship of, with Rabelais, *ib.*—the poems of, 8 *et seq.*—return of, to Scotland, 11—attack on Queen Mary by, in the *Detectio, ib. et seq.*—character of, 13 *et seq.*—slander of, by the Roman Catholic Church, 15.
- Buller, General, want of co-operation between Lord Roberts and, in the South African War, 248 *et seq.*
- BUNKER, COUNT, Chaps. XXXIV.-XXXVII. (Conclusion), 90.
- CABINET, THE COALITION : BEHIND THE SCENES, 343.
- CAKE OF MITHRIDATES, THE, 760.
- CAPITAL SHIP, THE SPEED OF THE, 435.
- CAPTIVES, TURKISH : HAREM LIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE, 733.
- Carter, Elizabeth, career of, as a member of the blue-stocking society, 462 *et seq.*
- Cats, domestic, return of, to wild habits, 792.
- Cavalry, the use of, in warfare, 119—services of the British, in South Africa, 120.
- CHURCH OF ENGLAND, THE SCHOOLS, AND THE LORDS, THE, 282.
- CHURCHES, THE SCOTTISH : AN APPEAL, 728.
- COALITION CABINET, THE : BEHIND THE SCENES, 343.
- COMMITTEE, EDUCATION BILL IN, 142.
- Compensation, claims for, arising out of military manoeuvres, 159 *et seq.*
- CONCERNING A GENERAL STAFF, 520.
- CONSTANTINOPLE : A REMINISCENCE, 485.
- Constantinople, approach to, from the sea, 485—striking objects in, 486—system of espionage in, 487—fatalism

- of the inhabitants of, 488—Amusements of, 490—scenes in, by night, 492—the street dogs of, 493—some ceremonies of, 494—the bazaars of, 497—the fire-brigade of, 500.
- CORSICA, A PEEP AT, 656.
- Corsica, the amenities of, 657—traveling in, 659 *et seq.*
- COUNT BUNKER, CHAPS. XXXIV.—XXXVII. (Conclusion), 90.
- COURAGE, THE MAN WHO HAD NO, 774.
- CROFTERS, PAST AND PRESENT, 264.
- Culture, the pursuit of, in Boston, 854 *et seq.*
- CURZON, Lady, the death of, 290.
- DAFT DAYS, THE, CHAPS. I.—III., 17—IV.—VI., 181—VII.—IX., 361—X.—XII., 502—XIII.—XV., 639—XVI., XVII., 797.
- DEAN SWIFT IN DUBLIN, 676.
- Délégué, power of the, in French political life, 765.
- Desert-game, peculiar adaptation to environment of, 400.
- De Wet, Christian, ability of, as a military leader, 121 *et seq.*—tactics of, at Sannah's Post, 122—the pursuit of, 255 *et seq.*
- Diamond Hill, the battle of, 252, 254.
- Disruption minister, a Highland, description of, 58 *et seq.*
- Doorn Kop, advance of the Gordon Highlanders at, 117.
- Dry-fly, fishing with the, in Montenegro, 197 *et seq.*
- East Africa, proposed Jewish colony in, 784.
- East-coast crofter, description of, 270.
- Eastern Question, handling of the, by the Coalition Cabinet, 344 *et seq.*
- Eccelesiastical Discipline, report of the Royal Commission on, scope of the, 282 *et seq.*
- EDUCATION BILL IN COMMITTEE, 142.
- Education Bill, the new, Lords' debate on second reading of, 575 *et seq.*—the Cowper-Temple clause of, 583—effect of West Riding judgment on, 584.
- Egypt, spread of Islamism in, 300 *et seq.*—letter to Sir Edward Grey on the Pan-Islamic agitation in, 309.
- 'Eighth Duke of Argyll, the: Autobiography and Memoirs,' edited by the Dowager-Duchess of Argyll, review of, 343 *et seq.*
- Elections, the *modus operandi* of, in France, 764 *et seq.*
- 'Elizabeth Montagu, the Queen of the Blue-Stockings,' by Emily J. Climeson, notice of, 454 *et seq.*
- Elk-hunting, the sport of, in Norway, 104 *et seq.*
- EMPIRE, THE MILITARY OBLIGATIONS OF, 275.
- English staghound, origin of old, 381.
- EQUALITY, THE NEW, 859.
- EUROPE, THE GREATEST GAME-BEAST IN, 104.
- FAIRWAY, THE, 70.
- FESTIVAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION AT TENOS, THE, 810.
- Field-firing, training of soldiers in, 156.
- Fire-brigade, a turn-out of the, at Constantinople, 500.
- FOLK, FISH, AND FLOWERS IN MONTENEGRO, 197.
- FORTY SINGING SEAMEN, 86.
- Fox, Charles James, the centenary enthusiasm regarding, 550—career of, as a man of pleasure, 551 *et seq.*—failure of, as a politician, 554 *et seq.*—treacherous conduct of, 556 *et seq.*—eloquence of, 559—scholarly gifts of, 560.
- Foxhounds, origin of modern, 382, 384—differences in qualities of, 385—acuteness of scent in, 387—good constitution of, a necessity, 388.
- France, conduct of military manoeuvres in, 161.
- FRENCH GENERAL ELECTION, THE WORKING OF A, 763.
- French, Sir John, qualities of, as a leader in war, 253.
- FROM THE SHORE, 548.
- Fuller, Sir J. B., resignation of the government of Eastern Bengal by, 414.
- General Staff, a, the duties of, 520—necessity for such an organisation as, 521—establishment of a Great, 523 *et seq.*—recommendations of the Esher Committee regarding, 527—Mr Arnold Foster's Minute on, 530—inauguration of, in India, 532.
- GENERAL STAFF, CONCERNING A, 520.
- "GENTLEMAN OF RANK, A," 327.
- GEORGE BUCHANAN, 1.
- German Custom-house, some vexations of the, 834 *et seq.*
- GERMAN MANOEUVRES, WITH A CAR TO THE, 831.
- Gordon Highlanders, advance of the, at Doorn Kop, 117.
- GORSE COVERTS, IN SOUTH DOWN, 789.
- GOVERNMENT BILL AND THE WEST RIDING JUDGMENT, THE, 575.
- 'Great Agricultural Estate, a,' by the Duke of Bedford, notice of, 562.
- GREATEST GAME-BEAST IN EUROPE, THE, 104.
- GREEN FROGS, MY, 470.
- 'Gulliver's Travels,' reception of, by the public, 680.
- GUNGA WATER, 534.
- Haldane, Mr, reduction of the Army by, 276 *et seq.*—scrutiny of the new Army scheme of, 279 *et seq.*
- Harvard University, founding of, 853.
- Hashish-dens of Constantinople, the, 492.

- HEATHER-BURNING, ON, 258.
 HIGHWAYMAN, THE, 244.
 Hill - country, training of soldiers in moving over rough, 156.
 India, spread of Pan-Islamism in, 303 *et seq.*—prosperity of, under British administration, 403—Lord Curzon's government of, *ib.*, 411—Mr Morley's speech in the House of Commons as Secretary of State for, 404 *et seq.*—last share in the government of, by the Indian people, 406 *et seq.*—foundation of English rule in, 413.
 INDIA, THE NEW SPIRIT IN, 403.
 IN SOUTH DOWN GORSE COVERTS, 789.
 IRVING, SIR HENRY, 613.
 Irving, Sir Henry, elaborate mounting and preparation of plays by, 618—individuality of, as an actor, 619—last days and characteristics of, 621.
 Islam, rally of the scattered forces of, by Abdul Hamid II., 295—Arabia as the cradle of, 296 *et seq.*—revival of, in Egypt, 300 *et seq.*—and in India, 303.
 Jews, the Polish, 781—the English type of, 782—colonies of, in Palestine, 783 *et seq.*
 Johnson, Esther (Stella), Dean Swift's friendship with, 688—alleged marriage of, 689 *et seq.*
 Kabul, arrival of the Afghan Mission at, 597—description of, 598 *et seq.*—excursions around, 603 *et seq.*—departure of the Mission from, 611.
 KALAHARI, A TREK IN THE, 389.
Katori and *Kashima*, the Japanese battleships, entertainment given on board the, 124 *et seq.*
 LAND FOR MILITARY TRAINING, 153.
 Land Tenure Bill, scope of, 563 *et seq.*
 LAND, THE RADICALS AND THE, 561.
 Lectures, the appetite for, in Boston, 854.
 'Les Désenchantées,' by Pierre Loti, notice of, 733 *et seq. pass.*
 'Life of Isabella Bird (Mrs Bishop)' by Anna M. Stoddart, review of, 821 *et seq.*
 LIFE OF ISABELLA BIRD (MRS BISHOP), THE, 821.
 Lindley, surrender of Colonel Spragge's Yeomanry at, 250 *et seq.*
 LONDON, 750.
 LORDS, THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND, THE SCHOOLS, AND THE, 282.
 Macleod, Rev. Dr Norman, on the condition of the crofters, 268.
 'Maga,' portrait of George Buchanan on cover of, 1.
 MAN WHO HAD NO COURAGE, THE, 774.
 Manœuvres, value of, as a military training, 158—drawbacks as regards prosecution of, *ib. et seq.*—conduct of, in France, 161—most suitable ground for, 162 *et seq.*
 MAN'S BÊTE-NOIRE, A, 311.
 'Memoires et Avantures d'un Homme de Qualité,' story of an old book entitled, 327 *et seq.*
 Military engineering, training of soldiers in, 157.
 MILITARY OBLIGATIONS OF EMPIRE, THE, 275.
 MILITARY TRAINING, LAND FOR, 153.
 Militia, the neglect of the, 139.
 Milner, Lord, on the defence of the Empire, 276.
 MITHRIDATES, THE CAKE OF, 760.
 Mobility, problem of, in ships, 435 *et seq.*
 Montagu, Mrs., "Queen of the Blues," early life and letters of, 455 *et seq.*—marriage of, 458—the *salon* of, *ib.*—Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare by, 460—antipathy of, to Dr Johnson, 461—the literary and social group surrounding, 462.
 MONTENEGRO, FOLK, FISH, AND FLOWERS IN, 197.
 Montenegro, history of the people of, 201 *et seq.*—the peasantry of, 204—the women of, 207—fishing in the rivers of, 209 *et seq.*—flora of, 211.
 More, Hannah, as poet-laureate of the blue - stockings, 466 *et seq.*—Mr Birrell's strictures on, 468.
 Morley, Mr John, speech of, in the House of Commons, as Secretary of State for India, 404 *et seq.*
 MOVING TOWARDS A TERRITORIAL ARMY, 137.
 "Muirburning," old Scots Acts regarding, 259—conflict of interests in, 260—some rules regarding, 261—stock of grouse improved by, 262.
 MULE, OUR FRIEND THE, 631.
 Mule, the, treatment of, 631—vices of, 632—finer qualities of, 633 *et seq.*—special characteristics of, 636.
 MUSINGS WITHOUT METHOD :—
 July: The Outrage at Madrid, 128—The Qualities of the Anarchist, *ib.*—A Victim of Temperament, *ib.*—"Political Crime," 129—The "Honour" of Assassins, 130—How to treat the Anarchist, 131—Henrick Ibsen, *ib.*—His Life and Works, 132—The Folly of Ibsenism, 134.
 September: The Radical Government, 415—Our Prime Minister's Policy and Manners, *ib.*—The Tyranny of the "Mandate," 417—Nonconformity and Labour, 418—The Base Surrender in South Africa, 421—Vain Haters of their own Country, 422—The Worship of the Parish Pump, 424—The Single Triumph of the Radicals, *ib.*
 October: Charles James Fox, 550.
 November: 'The Times' and the Publisher, 719—The real Object of 'The Times,' 722.

- December*: The Poplar Union, 861—The Rapid Growth of Pauperism, *ib.*—The Policy of Messrs Crooks and Lansbury, 863—The Diversions of Mr M'Carthy, 864—An Experiment in Socialism, 866—Recent Legislation, 867—The Government's Ill-omened Economy, 869.
- MY GREEN FROGS, 470.
- Naval manoeuvres, the, of the present year, 447 *et seq.*
- NEW EQUALITY, THE, 859.
- NEW SPIRIT IN INDIA, THE, 403.
- NEW YORK, 622.
- New York, the contrasts of, 622 *et seq.*—the Riverside Drive at, 624—the sky-scrapers of, 625—the unrest of, 626 *et seq.*—the citizens of, 629.
- "Night of Power," ceremony of the, at Constantinople, 492.
- Norway, elk-hunting in, 104 *et seq.*
- Omound House, erection of, at the South Orkneys, 713—three Argentine scientists resident at, 715.
- ON HEATHER-BURNING, 258.
- Order of St Michael and St George, dedication service of a chapel to the, in St Paul's Cathedral, 126 *et seq.*
- OUR FRIEND THE MULE, 631.
- Ox-waggon, a trek in the Kalahari desert by, 390 *et seq.*
- Palestine, settling of Jews in, 783 *et seq.*—opening up of, by the Sultan, 786.
- PAN-ISLAMIC MOVEMENT, ABDUL HAMID, SULTAN AND KHALIF, AND THE, 291.
- PATRON, THE, 668.
- PEEP AT CORSICA, A, 656.
- 'Personal Reminiscences of Sir Henry Irving' by Bram Stoker, notice of, 603 *et seq.*
- Peshawar, march of the Afghan Mission from, to Kabul, 588 *et seq.*
- Political meetings, regulation of, in France, 770 *et seq.*
- Political parties, diversity of, in France, 763 *et seq.*
- PO-THEI, 351.
- Rabelais, the friendship of George Buchanan with, 6.
- RADICALS AND THE LAND, THE, 561.
- "RANK, A GENTLEMAN OF," 327.
- RECENT SOCIAL EVENTS OF STRIKING SIGNIFICANCE, 124.
- Religious education, provisions for, under the new Education Bill, 142 *et seq.*, 288 *et seq.*—fate of, under the new Education Bill, 575 *et seq.*
- Rembrandt, parentage and boyhood of, 36—apprenticeship and early career of, as an artist, 37—establishment of, in Amsterdam, 40—"The Anatomy Lesson" painted by, 41—marriage of, 43—death of his wife, 45—the work of, *ib. et seq.*—second marriage of, 51—ill-fortune and death of, 52—the art of, 53.
- REMBRANDT VAN RIJN, 36.
- Rifle-range, training of soldiers at a, 155.
- Ritualism, growth of, in the Church of England, 283 *et seq.*
- Roberts, Lord, on the defence of the Empire, 275.
- Rutland, the Duke of (Lord John Manners), death of, 425—early career of, *ib.*—return of, to the House of Commons, 426—the Young England cause espoused by, *ib.*—literary tastes of, 429—contributions of, to 'Maga,' 430—advocacy of Fiscal Reform by, 431, 433—appointment of, as First Commissioner of Works, 432—chivalrous character of, 433.
- RUTLAND, THE SEVENTH DUKE OF, 425.
- Sannah's Post, tactics of De Wet at, 122.
- Scotia, the, fitting out of, for South Polar exploration, 706—departure of, 707—the South Orkneys reached by, 709—wintering of, in Scotia Bay, 710 *et seq.*—relief of, from the ice, 715—subsequent movements of, *ib. et seq.*—return home of, 718.
- "SCOTIA," THE VOYAGE OF THE, 705.
- SCOTTISH CHURCHES, THE: AN APPEAL, 728.
- Scouts, need for training soldiers as, 157.
- SEAMEN, FORTY SINGING, 86.
- SEVENTH DUKE OF RUTLAND, THE, 425.
- Sheep farmer, description of a Sutherland, 62 *et seq.*
- "Shelving" of officers, the, by Lord Kitchener in the South African war, 251.
- SHORE, FROM THE, 548.
- Shrine of the Virgin, a Greek, 811 *et seq.*—stream of pilgrims to, 813 *et seq.*—miracles of healing at, 817 *et seq.*
- SIR HENRY IRVING, 613.
- Slaves, buying and selling of, in Turkey, 739 *et seq.*
- Small Holdings (Scotland) Bill, the, provisions of, 565—interests affected by, 566 *et seq.*
- SOCIAL EVENTS OF STRIKING SIGNIFICANCE, RECENT, 124.
- SOME ETHICS AND AN ACCIDENT, 694.
- SONNETS: A SOLDIER TO A SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR, 34.
- 'South Africa, "The Times" History of the War in,' edited by L. S. Amery, vol. iv., by Mr Basil Williams, first notice of, 116 *et seq.*—second notice of, 248 *et seq.*
- South Orkneys, the, wintering of the Scotia at, 710 *et seq.*—meteorological station erected at, 712 *et seq.*
- South Polar Region, the, former expeditions to, 705—the Scottish expedition to, *ib. et seq.*

- SOUTHRON IN SUTHERLAND, A, 55.
 Speed of battle-ships, the, 435 *et seq.*—the present-day demands for, 438—tactical value of, 439 *et seq.*—Russian and Japanese rates of, at the battle of Tsu Sima, 441—strategical value of, 443 *et seq.*—increase of, in vessels under construction, 449 *et seq.*—fighting power sacrificed to, 450.
 SPEED OF THE CAPITAL SHIP, THE, 435.
 St Paul's Cathedral, a dedication service in, 126 *et seq.*
 Staff selection, the process of, in the German army, 529.
 STAGHOUND, THE: PAST AND PRESENT, 381.
 State-aided schools, Government proposals regarding, 151.
 Stillingfleet, Benjamin, connection of, with the blue-stocking societies, 452.
 "Striking of the head," passion-play of the, at Constantinople, 495 *et seq.*
 SUTHERLAND, A SOUTHRON IN, 55.
 Sutherland, the scenery of, 55—the crofters of, 56—a Disruption minister of, 58 *et seq.*—a sheep-farmer of, 62 *et seq.*—Sabbath-breaking in, 66—some legends of, *ib. et seq.*
 SWEETHEART SWEEP, THE, 227.
 SWIFT, DEAN, IN DUBLIN, 676.
 Swift, Jonathan, life of, as Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin, 676 *et seq.*—publication of 'Gulliver's Travels' by, 680—interest taken in his Cathedral by, 683—the Deanery house of, 685—the story of Stella and, 688 *et seq.*—the affection of Vanessa for, 689—the alleged marriage of Stella and, *ib. et seq.*—the last days of, 693.
 TENOS, THE FESTIVAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION AT, 810.
 TERRITORIAL ARMY, MOVING TOWARDS A, 137.
 Territorial army, proposed scheme for the formation of a, 137 *et seq.*
 'TIMES' HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA, THE: I., 116—II., 248.
 Tobermory, life of Isabella Bird (Mrs Bishop) at, 824 *et seq.*
 TREK IN THE KALAHARI, THE, 389.
 Tsu Sima, speed of vessels at the battle of, 441.
 Turkey, the Sultan of, claims of, as Khalif, 291 *et seq.*, 786—attitude of Germany towards, 306 *et seq.*
 TURKISH CAPTIVES: HAREM LIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE, 733.
 Turkish women, longing for freedom amongst, 741.
 UNEXPECTED, THE, 164.
 Union of Scottish Churches, a call to the, 728 *et seq.*
 Vanhomrigh, Hester (Vanessa), affection of, for Dean Swift, 689—the last will of, *ib.*
 VAN RIJN, REMBRANDT, 36.
 Vesey, Mrs, as a member of the blue-stocking society, 468 *et seq.*
 "VI'LETS, WHITE," 212.
 Virgin, a Greek shrine of the, 811 *et seq.*
 Voluntary schools, the transfer of, under the new Education Bill, 145.
 VOYAGE OF THE "SCOTIA," THE, 705.
 'Voyage of the "Scotia," the,' by Three of the Staff, review of, 706 *et seq.*
 WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA, 'THE TIMES' HISTORY OF THE: I., 116—II., 248.
 War, training of an army for, 155 *et seq.*
 WATER, GUNGA, 534.
 Welsh education, proposals regarding, in the new Education Bill, 288 *et seq.*
 West Highland crofters, the, of fifty years ago, 265—former legislation as regards, 266 *et seq.*—contemporary opinion as to, 268—the emigration scheme for the help of, 269—the advent of the sportsman amongst, 270—cost of breaking up large farms for, 271—the value of, 272—the true betterment of, 274.
 WEST RIDING JUDGMENT, THE GOVERNMENT BILL AND THE, 575.
 "WHITE VI'LETS," 212.
 WINTER AT THE COURT OF AN ABSOLUTE MONARCH, A, 587.
 WITH A CAR TO THE GERMAN MANŒUVRES, 831.
 'Woman of Wit and Wisdom, a,' by Alice C. C. Gaussen, notice of, 462.
 Wood's coinage, the issue of, 679.
 WORKING OF A FRENCH GENERAL ELECTION, THE, 763.
 Wyoming, a day's fishing in, 696 *et seq.*
 Young England, the party of, in the House of Commons, 426 *et seq.*—public gains from the teaching of, 428—break-up of, 431.
 ZIONISTS, THE, 780.



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